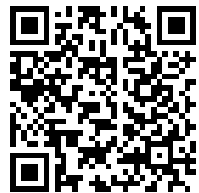
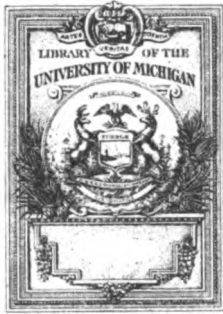

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



B 358980 DUPL



**PRESENTED BY
THE PUBLISHER**

802.6
I 6 11

Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Index

ENGLISH : : VOLUME VI

October, 1922—August, 1923

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

INDEX

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

October, 1922—August, 1923

AUTHORS AND TITLES

A	
A code for the journalist: J. M. Quirós y Palma	289
Aguiar, Justo Manuel: José Enrique Rodó	113
Alemán Bolaños, Gustavo: Revising American diplomacy	355
Amado Nervo's mysticism: Adolfo M. Sierra	236
An Argentine's impressions of the United States: peculiarities in the organization of the family; the position of woman; observations regarding some of the social problems of the day: Enrique Gil	135
Andrade Coello, Alejandro: Esthetic education	393
Anguita, Felipe: The Instituto Pedagógico of Chile	374
B	
Barbagelata, H. D.: Châteaubriand and American independence	291
Beltrán, Juan Ramón: Suggestion and delinquency: a study in the psychology of the criminal	192
Blanco Fombona, Rufino: The administrative incapacity of Spain during the period of her greatness	34
Bolívar: José Enrique Rodó	81
C	
Campos, José Antonio: Ecuadorian sketches	324, 361
Candiotti, Alberto M.: Pacifism in Latin America	173
Cárdenas, Raúl de: The Platt amendment	30
Carvalho, Ronald de: The Brazilian novel	214
Châteaubriand and American independence: H. D. Barbagelata	291
Chile: economic resources and development: Guillermo Varas C.	338
Córdova, Federico: Juan Montalvo	49
Cueva García, Juan: The America we can make	18
D	
Díaz Cisneros, César: Ideals of an international policy	312
Díaz Lozano, Enrique: Excavations in the valley of México; quaternary fossil remains and archaeological cultures	152
Domingo, Marcelino: The sword of independence	222
Don Quijote in the light of psychiatry: Eduardo Urzaiz	164
E	
Ecuadorian sketches: José Antonio Campos	324, 361
Esthetic education: Alejandro Andrade Coello	393
Excavations in the valley of México: quaternary fossil remains and archaeological cultures: Enrique Díaz Lozano	152
F	
Fluctuations in exchange and the depreciation of currency: Raúl Simón	182
Frers, Emilio: Plow deeply	333
G	
Gabriela Mistral: Julio Mercado	357
González, Eloy G.: The dissolution of Greater Colombia: a reply to don Gilberto Silva Herrera	320
González, Luis Felipe: The intellectual evolution of Costa Rica	250, 267
González, María Felicidad: The Paraguayan woman	111
Gutiérrez Nájera, Manuel: Lenten sermons of "El duque Job" (<i>Conclusion</i>)	23
I	
Ideals of an international policy: César Díaz Cisneros	312
Indigenous industries and the pottery of Teotihuacán: <i>Editorial</i>	248
Interamerican coöperation: Cosme de la Torre	377
Inurrigarro, Lorenzo: The winning of a people	179
J	
José Enrique Rodó: Justo Manuel Aguiar	113
Juan Montalvo: Federico Córdova	49
L	
Lemas Carísimo de Rodríguez Alcalá, Teresa: Paraguayan household traditions	3
Lenten sermons of "El duque Job" (<i>Conclusion</i>): Manuel Gutiérrez Nájera	23
Lima, Herman: The short story	303
Lobato, Monteiro: The balm-cricket and the ant	47
Lugones, Leopoldo: The dead cathedral	69
M	
Marín Vicuña, Santiago: Petroleum: notes for a monograph	75
Mercado, Julio: Gabriela Mistral	257
Mistral, Gabriela: Poems in ecstasy	210
The slogan	21
N	
Nervo, Amado: The story of my life	97

INDEX ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

O

Ódena, Ernesto León: The death of Añá: a Guaraní legend	124
Onelli, Clemente: The mysterious mammal	189
Orgaz, Raúl A.: The synthetic functions of the university	99

P

Pacifism in Latin America: Alberto M. Can-diotti	173
Palma, Ricardo: Peruvian traditions	295
Paraguayan household traditions: Teresa Lamas Carísimo de Rodríguez Alcalá	3
Peruvian traditions: Ricardo Palma	295
Petroleum: notes for a monograph: Santiago Marín Vicuña	75
Plow deeply: Emilio Frers	333

P

Poems in ecstasy: Gabriela Mistral	210
Poems in prose: Enrique José Varona	212

Q

Quiros y Palma, J. M.: A code for the journal-ist	289
---	-----

R

Revising American diplomacy: Gustavo Alemán Bolaños	355
Rodó, José Enrique: Bolívar	81
"Ronquillo": The outcome of a wager	279
Ronza, R.: The Latin-American nations and the world: Pan American tendencies in South America	201

S

Sierra, Adolfo M.: Amado Nervo's mysticism	236
Sierra y Sierra, B.: Uruguayan archæology	128
Silva Herrera, Gilberto: The dissolution of Greater Colombia	224
Simón, Raúl: Fluctuations in exchange and the depreciation of currency	182
South American letters: Luis B. Tamini	240
Subercaseaux, Guillermo: The origin of the Hispanic-American <i>peso</i>	206
Suggestion and delinquency: a study in the psy-chology of the criminal: Juan Ramón Beltran	192

T

Tamini, Luis B.: South American letters	240
The administrative incapacity of Spain during the period of her greatness: Rufino Blanco Fom-bona	34
The America we can make: Juan Cueva García	18
The balm-cricket and the ant: Monteiro Lo-bato	47
The Brazilian novel: Ronald de Carvalho	214
The dead cathedral: Leopoldo Lugones	69
The death of Añá: a Guaraní legend: Ernesto León Ódena	124
The dissolution of Greater Colombia: Gilberto Silva Herrera	24
The dissolution of Greater Colombia: a reply to don Gilberto Silva Herrera: Eloy G. González	320
The idea of patriotism: Juan Zorrilla de San Martín	146
The Instituto Pedagógico of Chile: Felipe An-guita	374
The intellectual evolution of Costa Rica: Luis Felipe González	250, 267
The Latin-American nations and the world: Pan American tendencies in South America: R. Ronza	201
The mysterious mammal: Clemente Onelli	189
The origin of the Hispanic-American <i>peso</i> : Guillermo Subercaseaux	206
The outcome of a wager: "Ronquillo"	279
The Paraguayan woman: María Felicidad Gon-zález	111
The Platt amendment: Raúl de Cardenas	30
The short story: Herman Lima	303
The slogan: Gabriela Mistral	21
The story of my life: Amado Nervo	97
The sword of independence: Marcelino Do-mingo	222
The synthetic functions of the university: Raúl A. Orgaz	99
The winning of a people: Lorenzo Inurrigarro	179
Three letters of Jorge Isaacs	160
Torriente, Cosme de la: Interamerican coop-eration	377

U

Uruguayan archæology: B. Sierra y Sierra	128
Urzaiz, Eduardo: Don Quijote in the light of psy-chiatry	164

V

Varas C., Guillermo: Chile: economic resources and development	338
Varona, Enrique José: Poems in prose	212

Z

Zorrilla de San Martín, Juan: The idea of patrio-tism	146
---	-----



OCT 30 1922

Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

PARAGUAYAN HOUSEHOLD TRADITIONS TERESA LAMAS CARISIMO DE RODRIGUEZ ALCALA	3
<i>From Tradiciones del hogar, a booklet published in Asunción, Paraguay, 1921</i>	
THE AMERICA WE CAN MAKE - - - - -	JUAN CUEVA GARCIA 18
<i>La Tribuna, Guayaquil, Ecuador, February, 1922</i>	
THE SLOGAN - - - - -	GABRIELA MISTRAL 21
<i>Repertorio Americano, San José, Costa Rica, April 17, 1922</i>	
LENTEN SERMONS OF "EL DUQUE JOB" (Conclusion)	MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA 23
<i>From a booklet published in Paris, 1922</i>	
THE PLATT AMENDMENT - - - - -	RAÚL DE CÁRDENAS 30
<i>Revista Parlamentaria de Cuba, Habana, Cuba, May, 1922</i>	
THE ADMINISTRATIVE INCAPACITY OF SPAIN DURING THE PERIOD OF HER GREATNESS - - - - -	SUFINO BLANCO FOMBONA 34
<i>Noticias, Buenos Aires, Argentina, September, 1921</i>	
THE BALM-CRICKET AND THE ANT - - - - -	MONTEIRO LOBATO 47
<i>Revista de Brazil, São Paulo, Brazil</i>	
JUAN MONTALVO - - - - -	FEDERICO CORDOVA 49
<i>Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, May, 1922</i>	

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

OCTOBER, 1922

NUMBER 1

INTER-AMERICA

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles or make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

INTER-AMERICA was established at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, among whose objects are the cultivation of friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and the increase of the knowledge and understanding of each other by the several nations.

INTER-AMERICA is edited at 407 West 117th street, New York. It is manufactured and distributed by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and company, of New York.

INTERNATIONAL ADVISORY EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

James Cook BARDIN, professor of Spanish, university of Virginia
Milton Alexander BUCHANAN, professor of Italian and Spanish, university of Toronto
Aurelio Macedonio ESPINOSA, professor of Spanish, Leland Stanford university
John Driscoll FITZ-GERALD, professor of Spanish, university of Illinois
Hamlin GARLAND, novelist and dramatist, New York
Antonio GÓMEZ Restrepo, secretary in the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, Bogotá
Guillermo HALL, professor of modern languages, college of business administration, Boston university, Habana branch, Habana
Helio LOBO, Publicist, consul-general of Brazil at New York.

Frederick Bliss LUQUIENS, professor of Spanish, Sheffield Scientific school, Yale university
Federico de ONÍS, professor of literature, university of Salamanca, and of Spanish literature, Columbia university
Manuel Segundo SÁNCHEZ, director of the Biblioteca Nacional, Caracas
Froylán TURGIOS, man of letters and journalist, director of *El Nuevo Tiempo* and of *Esfinje*, Tegucigalpa
Carlos de VELASCO, man of letters, director of *Cuba Contemporánea*, Habana
Armando DONOSO, man of letters and journalist, on the staff of *El Mercurio*, of the *Pacífico Magazine* and of *Zig-Zag*, all of Santiago, Chile
Benjamin FERNÁNDEZ y Medina, man of letters and publicist, minister of Uruguay at Madrid

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

English INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)	\$.80 per annum
Spanish INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)	.80 per annum
English and Spanish INTER-AMERICA (12 numbers)	1.50 per annum
Single numbers of either issue	.15 per copy

All communications should be addressed to

DIRECTOR OF INTER-AMERICA
407 WEST 117TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

PARAGUAYAN HOUSEHOLD TRADITIONS TERESA LAMAS CARÍSIMO DE RODRÍGUEZ ALCALÁ	3
From <i>Tradiciones del bogar</i> , a booklet published in Asunción, Paraguay, 1921	
THE AMERICA WE CAN MAKE - - - - -	JUAN CUEVA GARCÍA 18
<i>La Tribuna</i> , Guayaquil, Ecuador, February, 1922	
THE SLOGAN - - - - -	GABRIELA MISTRAL 21
<i>Repertorio Americano</i> , San José, Costa Rica, April 17, 1922	
LENTEN SERMONS OF "EL DUQUE JOB" (<i>Conclusion</i>)	MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA 23
From a booklet published in Paris, 1922	
THE PLATT AMENDMENT - - - - -	RAÚL DE CÁRDENAS 30
<i>Revista Parlamentaria de Cuba</i> , Habana, Cuba, May, 1922	
THE ADMINISTRATIVE INCAPACITY OF SPAIN DURING THE PERIOD OF HER GREATNESS - - - - -	RUFINO BLANCO FOMBONA 34
<i>Nosotros</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, September, 1921	
THE BALM-CRICKET AND THE ANT - - - - -	MONTEIRO LOBATO 47
<i>Revista do Brasil</i> , São Paulo, Brazil	
JUAN MONTALVO - - - - -	FEDERICO CÓRDOVA 49
<i>Cuba Contemporánea</i> , Habana, Cuba, May, 1922	

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

OCTOBER, 1922

NUMBER 1

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

TERESA LAMAS CARÍSIMO DE RODRÍGUEZ ALCALÁ was born in Asunción, Paraguay, in 1889, and she was educated in the schools of that city; her life, both before and after her marriage, has been devoted to literature and to philanthropy; she was one of the founders of the Asociación Nacional de Damas de Caridad, and she has been an active member of the Cruz Roja Paraguaya and other benevolent organizations; besides contributing a number of articles to the newspapers, she has published *Tradiciones paraguayas* and *Tradiciones del hogar*.

JUAN CUEVA GARCÍA was born in Loja, Ecuador, about forty-five years ago, and he was educated in that city; after practising law for some years, he occupied several important positions in the government service, and he was, for a time, the minister of Ecuador to Great Britain; for some twelve years, he has resided in New York, making occasional business trips to his own country or other South American countries; he has published many newspaper and magazine articles.

GABRIELA MISTRAL (the pseudonym of Lucila GODOY ALCAYAZA) was born in Vicuña, Chile, April 7, 1889; her limited academic instruction was received in the towns of her native province and at the Escuela Nacional Normal in Santiago; from 1905 to 1918 she taught in the Liceo de Niñas of Los Andes; in 1918 she was appointed principal of a Liceo de Niñas in Punta Arenas; later, owing to public interest in her literary work, the government was induced to appoint her to a principalship in Santiago; her first poems, *Sonetos de la muerte*, published in 1915, established her

reputation as a poet; among her works may be mentioned, in addition to the sonnets alluded to: *Hablando al padre*; *El árbol dice*; *Tarde*; *Los versos de noviembre*; *La maestra rural*; *Interrogaciones*; *El ruego*; *Himno al árbol*; *Amo amor*; *Yo no sé cuáles manos*; *Coplas*; *Al Señor*; and *¿Sientes allá abajo?*

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA: see *INTER-AMERICA* for August, 1922, page 336.

RAÚL DE CÁRDENAS Y ECHARTÉ was born in Habana, December 24, 1884; he was educated in the Instituto of that city and in the Universidad de la Habana, being graduated from the latter institution in 1905 with the degree of doctor of laws; since then he has practised his profession in Habana; he represented the province of Habana in the Cámara de Representantes from 1911 until 1919, during most of which time he served as secretary of that body; he is the author of a number of papers and articles on international subjects.

RUFINO BLANCO FOMBONA was born in Caracas, Venezuela, June 17, 1874; he is a novelist, poet, literary critic and director of a publishing house; after a somewhat stormy life in his native land, he has spent the recent years in Europe—since the breaking out of the war, in Spain. Among his works are: *El madrigal de las lágrimas*; *Don Juan*; *Pequeña ópera lírica* (for which Rubén Darío wrote the prologue); *El poeta*; *Patria*; *Trovadores y trovas*; *Cantos de la prisión y del destierro*; *El 19 de abril de 1910*; *hombre de hierro*; *La lámpara de Aladino*; *Letras y letrados de Hispano-América*; *Grandes escritores de América*; *Cuentos americanos*; *La americanización del mundo*; and *Historia de Ignacio Andrade y su gobierno*.

Inter = America

OCTOBER, 1922

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI



NUMBER 1

PARAGUAYAN HOUSEHOLD TRADITIONS

BY

Teresa LAMAS CARÍSIMO DE RODRÍGUEZ ALCALÁ

Interesting but pathetic regional stories of a familiar character, related in a sprightly manner, very characteristic of Paraguay, through which the reader catches glimpses of heroic and tragic incidents of a terrible war and its consequences.—THE EDITOR.

I

THE AVENGERESS¹

LIEUTENANT BAZARÁS had been commissioned to reconnoiter the enemy's position and capture some sentinels, from whom it seemed necessary to obtain information. It was a difficult and hazardous mission. It would be necessary to cross an extensive marsh, if he wished to elude the vigilance exercised by the allies over the easily accessible places. The temper of Bazarás's soul was of the kind that is capable of the greatest boldness. He was fond of danger; daring undertakings aroused his enthusiasm; he was about to court death with the same cheerful and confident spirit that would have been with him at a festivity. He had to start at night in order that the darkness might aid his expedition. Before setting out, he went to take leave of his mother, who shared with him the vicissitudes of the war, follow-

ing him from camp to camp, flying beside him in the combat, gallant and ready to receive him in her arms when it became his lot to fall, if such should occur.

The señora de Bazarás was a beautiful old lady, of the physical and moral type, now rare, of our grandmothers. She was capable of infinite tenderness, as she was, also, of the most unheard-of heroism. There shone in her face the noble expression of pride that is the unmistakable sign of ancient lineage and good blood. As white as the flower of the *samubú* was her hair, and her face was furrowed with deep wrinkles that told of experience and suffering. Seated in a wooden chair, near the door of the little improvised hut, deep in the forest near the camp, the old lady was spinning in the scant light of the gloaming. Like all our grandmothers, she would not have been able to pass the time, had she not employed it on that classic labor of the austere old homes of Paraguay.

"Mother, give me your benediction."

"Where art thou going, my son?"

"The general has just intrusted me with a difficult mission, and I must now be off."

¹This story received the first prize in a competition conducted by *El Diario* of Asunción, Paraguay, in 1919.—THE EDITOR.

The old lady drew to her the son she idolized, kissed him warmly and tenderly on the brow, without saying a word, and, while the young man retired, she, raising her eyes toward the heavens, blessed him, tracing in the shadow the holy sign of the cross.

"May God and the Virgin bless thee, my son, and bring thee back to me alive!"

Carlos, the lieutenant, was her pride and her reason for living. Her husband had died like a hero in a horrible affray with cold steel, and two other sons had been killed in a legendary assault, and on Carlos was concentrated all her tenderness and all her pride. He was not, however, the only son that remained to her; and when the old lady thought of the other son, her noble brow, thoughtful and sad, became clouded, she sighed, and a rebellious tear played traitor to her will to be strong.

She took up the chair and entered the hut. In the background, resting on the stump of a tree, cut for the purpose, a candle burned at the foot of the image of Our Lady of the Miracles, which she had brought from her family home in Asunción and which accompanied her in her wandering in the rear of the armies. She prostrated herself before the Virgin, kneeling on the damp earth of the floor, and she began to pray with the most intense fervor. She prayed for her son, who at that moment was once more exposing his life. Hour after hour passed with no interruption of her prayer or any change of position, wrapped, as she was, in the ecstasy of her fervent supplication to Heaven. From time to time there passed in front of the hut a patrol, which was making the rounds of the outer lines of the camp; and the soldiers, seeing the aged lady praying, were deeply stirred, and they silenced the noise of their arms, in order not to disturb her petitions.

Silence! Not a word, not the remotest sound.

The soldiers had dismounted to prevent the heavy laboring of the horses through the mud from betraying their presence to the enemy, who was on guard at a short distance. They were in the heart of the marsh. The green waters, on which the moonlight was gleaming, were frozen on that harsh night of winter. At times some

of the birds that nested in the scrubby bushes of the marsh were startled by the passing of the soldiers, and they had to remain quiet for a long time, submerged in the pestilential mire, that the sentinels, startled by the sudden flight of the birds, might not discover their presence. Then a viper would issue from its hole in the weeds and attack them, and the scene that followed would be frightful. To prevent all noise, they would take the dangerous creature and squeeze its head convulsively with all their strength, until they had silently killed it, without so much as breathing. If the reptile bit a man, he jerked out his knife and silently sliced off the bitten part and then continued to advance without uttering a complaint, without causing a sound.

A sentinel tried to utter a cry, but he could not. Hands of iron closed his throat, others took away his horse and stretched him on the ground; and, like him, three other sentinels fell into the hands of Bazarás's soldiers, lacking time for even so much as an outcry.

The enemy's camp was wrapped in deep silence, and it occurred to Bazarás to hazard awakening the sleeping battalions by assaulting them with his fifty men. He was even now mentally enjoying the delight of falling upon them like a whirlwind, making with sabers an attack of the kind that gave him much pleasure, and then retiring, to leave behind him panic and the traces of his swordsmanship.

Then the silence was broken by the sound of advancing cavalry, and his men had only time to throw themselves down and hide in the thicket. A captain with several officers appeared, stopped and shouted to the sentinels. No one replied, until suddenly the Paraguayans, obeying the sound of a soft whistle, sprang from the thicket, and, some with their lances, others with their sabers, fell upon the party. The captain alone escaped with his life, although wounded, after wounding Lieutenant Bazarás, on his part. The alarm soon spread in the hostile camp, and our men took at once to the marsh, with whose labyrinths they only were acquainted. They brought with them four of the enemy sentinels.

Day was breaking when the brave officer, after duly reporting to his general and after presenting him with the captured sentinels, went to see his mother. Motionless before the Virgin, she was still praying when, before any step was heard, a presentiment that only mothers can experience warned her that her son was returning. She arose and ran to meet him, thanking God for returning him to her. She embraced him tenderly, and only after the first transports did she become aware that Carlos was wounded. She was alarmed, but she controlled herself with extraordinary fortitude of spirit, examined the wound, assured herself that it was not serious and began herself to treat it; for two years of war had taught her to stay a hemorrhage and overcome an infection.

The lieutenant was sad and silent, and his mother observed that he was so. She tried to cheer him by telling him that his wound was insignificant and that he could soon renew his exploits.

"No, mother;" he answered, "that is not what makes me sad and downcast. I could have killed the one that wounded me before giving him time to defend himself, but when I recognized him, my blood froze in my veins, my hands trembled and I thought my heart was going to burst, and a sudden fever scorched my brain. While I was recovering my self-possession, he reached me with his sword and fled. If you only knew, my mother, who it was that wounded me!"

The aged lady trembled from head to foot at first, then her eyes blazed and she shouted rather than inquired: "It was *he*? Thou sawest him at last?"

"Yes; he is a captain of the allies."

Upon mother and son fell a heavy shadow of sorrow, of sadness, of vengeance.

At Curupaití the most frightful battle of the war was hardly fought. A handful of Paraguayans, in comparison with the imposing and incessantly renewed columns of the enemy, defended the immortal trenches with stupendous heroism. A woman, with the unmistakable air of a matron of distinction, in spite of the modesty of her dress, went up and down the line of defense, passing water to the

wounded and bullets to the sharp-shooters when it was necessary to do so. Her feverish eyes gazed toward the outside of the trenches, as if in search of some one. Suddenly an air of supreme resolution straightened her body and flashed in her eyes. She dashed to the parapet itself, seized a loaded musket, occupied a place that had just been left vacant by a soldier that had fallen wounded, and she fired. She again loaded the gun and fired once more. Then she cast aside the weapon and ran toward where Lieutenant Bazarás, now recovered from his wound, was fighting like a lion, and, without altering the accent of her voice—serene, solemn, implacable as justice itself—she exclaimed:

"Pedro has just died!"

"Didst thou see him, mother?"

"Yes; I sought him among the assailants, and when I saw him, I know not what terrible voices resounded in my soul. I saw the corpses of thy father and thy two brothers, who died defending our flag; I saw thy blood of the other night; I saw the immense misfortune of our poor country; and I could not restrain myself; an impulse stronger than my will placed a musket in my hands; I waited for him; I fired at him, and he fell pierced by my bullet!"

Only then did the fortitude of the aged lady give way; and, feeling herself a mother, she burst into bitter tears; whether of sorrow or of shame, I know not.

II

THE PORTRAIT

OUR soldiers fought hard there below. The Paraguayan capital was plunged in lethal sadness, heedful only of the doleful sound that came from the fields of battle. With the Fortieth battalion, famous in the annals of the war, had marched away to join the ranks of the combatants the best youth of Asunción. It was a memorable afternoon, that in which the Fortieth, commanded by Díaz, set out from the capital. Organized hastily, before entering the campaign it was subjected to an intense military instruction that was imparted to the men in what was formerly Plaza San Francisco—to-day Plaza Uruguaya—where the gentlemen of Asunción marched and

countermarched with a war-like air; deployed in squads and sham charges of heroism in view of their families, who gathered in multitudes to watch their evolutions. A few weeks sufficed to train these future heroes in the manual of arms and in military evolutions. Then came the order to start. The city flew to the landing to witness the embarkation of the gilded youth, who were leaving the delights of their homes to go to test the hazards of the sanguinary campaign. Tremulous hands, and handkerchiefs wet with tears, were raised like benedictions in the anguish of farewell, while slowly the vessels dropped their moorings, and the instruments of a military band spread on the air the strident notes of a noisy galop.

"I do not wish you to go to the landing to say good-by to me," my paternal grandfather had said to his wife, who rivaled him in heroic and generous effort to appear serene.

"I fear that I might lack courage, and I do not wish my weakness to be seen."

She remained silent. She was preparing with a care that her worry was unable to disturb the things that the soldier had to carry, from his necessary covering and the trifles of home pharmacopœia of an efficiency so highly lauded by tradition, to the warrior's favorite tidbits that the youthful wife had affectionately cooked. When the sergeant of his company, a friend and neighbor of his, went to look for him, my grandfather took tender leave of his family, gave—already on the march—the last counsels to his three little children, who were looking on in dismay, and was lost to view down the Calle del Sol: to-day Villarrica. He had the courage to refrain from turning his head even once.

It was an afternoon on which Madam Lynch² was visiting the home of my grandparents, which is still preserved, just as they ordered it built, on the southeast corner of the Calle Villarrica and that of Ayolas. On the front wall of the drawing-room, a full length portrait of the absent husband created for my grandmother the

illusion of the beloved presence. The vivid eyes and smiling lips seemed to animate the image with a breath of life, and in the impeccable elegance of the *ensemble*, which was distinctive of the soldier, the figure acquired a fascinating relief. Madam Lynch spoke of the news that a shipment, coming by way of Puerto Suárez, after a trip of more than a year, was bringing her a package from Paris. She dwelt, above all, on the preciousness and richness of the gown she was wearing, whose pearl gray color suited her admirably. An old negro slave was serving a cup of chocolate when, in an awkward moment, she slipped and, falling near Madam Lynch, let fall the contents of the chocolate pot on Madam Lynch's skirt. Madam Lynch uttered a cry of horror as she contemplated the ravages. The slave, terrorized, begged her pardon with childish fear, while the mistress, amid harsh scoldings of the author of the damage, tried to repair it as best she could. The explosions of Madam Lynch's anger and the lamentations of the slave were followed by a painful silence. The superb gown was rendered useless. In the lividness of her face and the hardness of her convulsed smile was reflected the inner fury that devoured the lady that had sustained the damage.

As if to put an end to the scene, a curious occurrence took place at that moment. My grandmother, who always occupied an easy chair placed in front of the portrait, noted that the latter had changed its position. She believed at first that it was an illusion of her sight, but, observing closely, she ascertained that the picture was moving. A prey to startling surprise, she called the attention of Madam Lynch to the phenomenon, and when she corroborated her, that the picture was, indeed, swaying, the portrait fell noisily to the floor.

It was an astounding occurrence. The picture was hanging by a strong cord, fastened to a hook firmly driven into the solid wall. The doors and windows were closed, so that it could not be supposed that a gust of wind had caused the picture to fall. To what could the fact be attributed?

The two ladies were filled with superstition regarding the mystery. Even the

²Thus known to history: Solano López's Irish mistress.—THE EDITOR.

slave forgot her recent fright and fell on her knees and counted her beads. My grandmother it was who broke the silence to say, between sighs that were forced from her by a sudden, inner presentiment: "José María is dead! My heart tells me so!"

Then, lifting the portrait, she moistened the paint—as she kissed it—with a flood of tears.

Two days later the long whistle of a steamboat that was approaching stirred the heart of the lady with strange emotion. She was sure that the boat brought her terrible news; and, leaving the work on which her industrious mind employed the time not demanded by the care of the house, she darted into the street to hasten to the landing. She had not gone two squares when the calling of a friendly voice stopped her. It was an officer that was returning from the camp.

"And my husband, what do you know of my husband?" she asked hurriedly and in a loud voice.

"I bring a message for you from the Mariscal,³ doña Teresa. The señor president says that the *Porteño*"⁴—it was thus that they called my grandfather don José María Lamas, because of his proverbial elegance and his frequent visits to Buenos Aires—"was able to die as jauntily as if he were dancing a minuet in the Club Nacional."

"My heart had already told me so," exclaimed the young widow, overwhelmed with weeping. Then, in a moment of calm: "When did he die?" she asked the friendly officer, who, moved by her sorrow, had remained silent.

"On the second of May, at five in the afternoon, at Estero Bellaco."

"Yes; on the second of May, at five o'clock in the afternoon," replied the unhappy woman mechanically; "the very day and the very hour in which his photograph mysteriously fell."

³Mariscal or Marshal Francisco Solano López, as he is usually designated by those that are friendly to his memory.—THE EDITOR.

⁴*Porteño*, from *Puerto*, "port," is an adjective and substantive used to describe the dwellers of the port, that is, the people of Buenos Aires, and what pertains to them and their city.—THE EDITOR.

The picture of the familiar tradition is still preserved in the home of my forefathers, saved from all the exigencies of the *residenta*, during which its owner guarded it as a treasure, never losing possession of it. To-day, when I observe the brilliant expression of its eyes and the clearly chiseled beauty of the whole face, on which are emphasized the well tended side-whiskers, I experience a singular impression as I imagine the gallant gentleman—who, according to the chronicles of the times, led memorable cotillions in the Club Nacional—fighting in a bloody thicket, barefoot, his torn shirt gaping over his breast, his uniform in tatters, covered with perspiration and glowing with heroism, until he fell, communicating with his last gasp the breath of life to the portrait that presided over the long, sad hours of waiting in his home.

III

PANCHA GARMENDIA

IN THE family gathering, when, during the hours that followed the siesta, my old aunts met to spin their recollections, relating traditions of their vanished past, things of before the war or such as happened during the sad days of the *residenta*, while I was a girl, I heard them speak of Pancha Garmendia as of a heroine and martyr. One afternoon, years later, I went to pay my respects to one of my aunts, whose eighty years of afflictions kept her indoors in her legendary house that counted three centuries of age. She asked me, full of consternation:

"But is it true that they are tearing down Pancha Garmendia's house?"

"Yes, aunt; it is but a heap of rubbish; does it distress you?"

The noble lady, whose marvelous lucidity could not be quenched by the years, and who saw with the eyes of her soul the things of her time and heard the remote inner echo of her triumphant youth, was painfully wrapped in her recollections. To her the old manor-house was a relic. She could see it only as beautified by the aureola of tradition, all fragrant with poetry and antiquity.

"Tell me something about Pancha,

Aunt Loló," I said to her, feeling that her soul was stirred by the recollection of that ideal figure of her sex and race. "On other occasions you have told me that you were acquainted with her and were her friend."

With unction, with intimate tenderness, mingled with bitterness, the old lady set herself to evoke the image of the martyr.

"Imagine," she said, "all the loveliness, majesty and grace of the most beautiful women with whom you are acquainted, united marvelously in one woman, and you will have Pancha Garmendia. She was fair, with the admirable pallor of the lily; tall, slender and harmonious, her face illuminated by blue eyes with a soft, dreamy gaze that gave her an angelic expression. Her hair—very black, glossy and curly—she always wore carefully done in a bandeau, or tied back in a low knot that hung gracefully above the whiteness of her neck. This method of dressing the hair had been rendered fashionable in Asunción by an artist that was playing at the time in the old theater that stood in the Calle Paraguay Independiente, between Atajo and Veinticinco de Diciembre, and we girls christened it with the picturesque name of *caú* head-dress.⁵ Pancha dressed prettily, because, since she was discreetly coquettish, she liked to wear trinkets that went with the natural charm of her beauty; and I assure you, daughter, that she succeeded marvelously well.

"Brought up by some aunts that adored her, the distinguished señoras de Barrios, they had made of her a girl who, although filled with virtues, possessed also the attractiveness of a culture somewhat unusual. Only fancy what this meant in those days, at a time when our parents refrained from teaching their daughters to read, in order to prevent us from communicating with our sweethearts.

"Panchita had a reputation for pride, but she was not really proud. She was, indeed, very dignified and haughty, and she opened her soul to the expression of sorrow only—

in the days of suffering that very soon dawned upon her—when, as she knelt before the Virgin, she implored her aid and consolation. One of the most lively and attractive young men of the time, Perico Egusquiza, fell in love with Pancha, and I recall, as if it were yesterday, that at a party that was given in the house of my cousins the Bazarases, in the street that to-day bears the name of Villarrica, and which was then called Calle del Sol, Pancha, herself in love with the young man, uttered to him the affirmative that was to weigh upon her life as an inviolable oath. At that time, however, Solano López was courting the girl, and when Perico and his sweetheart thought they were about to enter upon their happiness, Perico received one morning an order to leave the city. The separation must have been painful, but, steeled by her pride, she kept her anguish to herself, and only the holy image that watched over the purity of her bed-chamber witnessed the grief of her eyes and the trembling of her hands from sorrow on the mystical occasions of prayer.

"I saw her for the last time as I passed her house one day, which was quite near ours, on the corner of the Calle de la Ribera and the Calle Catorce de Mayo. She was seated near the window of her room; she wore a blue dress that set her off marvelously; the full hoop-skirt idealized the willowy delicacy of her figure, and the wide sleeves, which were then in use, emphasized the beauty of her divine hands: hands of eucharistic whiteness beneath the soft and transparent skin, the blue of the veins of which suggested the tracery of a dream; lily hands consecrated to bearing up gloriously, even unto death, the ideal veil of her immaculate purity! She looked as if she were reading, but the vague expression of her eyes indicated that her thoughts were far away—very far from the book that lay open before her—off there where another being, tortured by love, responded to her secret anxiety and followed the passionate rhythm of the throbbing of her heart. I seem to see her still, in all the dazzling beauty of her ideal perfection: the miraculous incarnation of an artistic fantasy. The years have

⁵Guaraní: "tipsy," the idea being, apparently, that the form of the head-dress suggested the topheavy and inconsequent carriage of a drunk person.—THE EDITOR.

passed, and the mutations of circumstances have devastated the panorama of my recollections; and yet I have not once passed the house that was Pancha's that my eyes did not see, as in a wonderful mirage, showing at the window that used to be near the corner, the figure of that girl whom sacrifice idealized, making of her name a sacred symbol to the Paraguayan women. . . ."

My aunt remained silent, and I, sharing her emotion, kept still also. I tried to let my imagination paint the figure of the heroine. I too saw her in her blue gown, a book open in her hands; the sweet, sad gaze of her blue eyes fixed on the distance. . . . After a moment I put an end to the silence:

"Tell me, Aunt Loló, how Pancha died."

"I shall tell you what I heard related on my return from the *residenta*. In López's tragic retreat to the frontiers of the country, Pancha Garmendia was forced to follow him. One of her aunts accompanied her. The Mariscal was wont to show solicitude on her account, in spite of the unshaken and disdainful firmness with which the girl held out against his passionate assault. Hunger, which had banished from her body the rosy flesh that gave richness to her beauty, caused her to accept the invitation, for in that Dantesque march across deserts, under the somber shadows of disaster, people had nothing to eat, save at the table of Solano López. They served her delicate dishes. Pancha was eating potted quail with a devouring eagerness that revealed her hunger. The Mariscal gazed at her with eyes of passion; the Lynch, who was mortified by Pancha's presence, did not remove from the girl the cold stare of her beautiful blue eyes that shone like steel.

Suddenly Pancha ceased eating.

"Will you eat nothing more, Pancha? Is it that you do not like the dish?"

"Yes; I am very fond of it, señor, but I desire to ask a favor of you."

"What do you wish?"

"My aunt, my poor aunt. . . . It is a long time since she has eaten anything. Will you let me carry the rest of the quail to her?"

"She spoke hesitatingly, her eyes filled

with tears, without lifting them, and her voice trembling.

"A burst of generosity seized López; he took the tin that contained the potted quail and offered it to Pancha, paying no attention to the irritation his gallant kindness had caused the Lynch and that the latter made not the least effort to disguise.

One afternoon, some days later, López was taking *mate*⁶ in his camp. He was walking back and forth with an agitated step, thinking of the sad fate of his arms, of the painful hour that was in store for him, of his power lost for ever and of which there remained to him only, like the stout hilt of a shattered sword, the unbreakable will that still made him feared in that sad flight through forests and over mountains, wandering like an apocalyptic shade, followed by his fantastic retinue of faithful and indomitable soldiers, hungry and half naked. Behind him he had left Asunción, the city of his love, filled with the memory of his gay and happy youth, whence he set out one day, at the beginning of the war, and whither he would never, never return. He had also abandoned his illusions of victory, which the heroism of his race could not achieve. He had naught to cherish save the bitter memory of his army, exterminated in the struggle, as in an infernal martyrdom. . . .

One of his aides approached him and, saluting him with the timid respect imparted by the general's presence, he communicated certain news to which he listened distractedly.

"Your orders have been carried out, señor. The girl has just been executed."

"Who?" asked the Mariscal vehemently and with surprise.

"Pancha Garmendia, señor," replied the aid.

"What do you say? Panchita?"

"López was about to raise to his mouth the *mate* that his attendant had just handed him, but a sudden tremor of his whole body caused him to drop it at his feet. His head inclined heavily forward, and an air of sorrow, anguish, desolation, clouded his face. He was going to say

⁶For an article entitled "Hierba Mate," see INTER-AMERICA for April, 1920.—THE EDITOR.

something, something terrible, but he kept silent, pressing his lips together and carrying to his forehead, to dry the excessive flow of perspiration that bathed it, his right hand, drawn by the intense pain he suffered."

My old aunt thus commented on her story:

"That was probably the first time the iron Mariscal had trembled. Pancha had been put to death because her name had appeared in the list of executions ordered for that day. In my time it was said that the death of that delightful creature, an amphora of virtue and an example of fortitude, had not been ordered by the Mariscal. The hand that trembled so much that it dropped the *mate* and the gleam of tears that flashed in those eyes that could not have been made to blink in the presence of the most frightful spectacles, silently revealed the greatest terror, silently disclosed the secret of the horrible tragedy."

Aunt Loló became silent; and as I went into the street and passed by the place where stands the martyr's house, I experienced the illusion of seeing her in the window, her figure dressed in blue, her gaze in the remoteness of reverie and her angel's face sweetly pensive with love.

IV

PAÍ-CHÍ

IT SOUNDS like one of d'Amicis's stories, but it was a real occurrence, one that took place in the days of our epopee.

I seem to be looking still at the great carts with high wheels, upholstered inside with rich scarlet velvet and drawn by double yokes of huge oxen, which stopped one day at the door of the old mansion of my maternal ancestors, in the street of La Ribera, to-day Benjamín Constant. They had come a great distance, from an *estancia* lost in the depths of Misiones.

At the time there was no means of reaching this region either by railway train—as there still is not—or even by diligence. One traveled on horseback or in a cart. The rich families had carts for the journey that were very handsome, very spacious, very comfortable, such as those that arrived that afternoon at the home of the Carísimos.

Two mulattos, sons of slaves, who had accompanied the vehicles on foot, placed a strong leather-covered chair at the tail of each cart, and thence began to descend ladies and children, the latter dancing with glee, marveling at the spectacle of the city, which they beheld for the first time. The household had heard the sharp tinkle of the little bells that hung from the long goads adorned with feathers of different colors, and mistresses and servants, abandoning their tasks and diversions, hastened to see who it was that was arriving.

Then was enacted one of those animated scenes produced by meetings between relatives that like one another and that see each other for the first time after long separations. The women of the house ran to receive those that were arriving, while the latter hastened to descend from the carts. "Nicá! Camé! Antonia! Loló! For the love of Jesús!"

They threw themselves into one another's arms and they kissed and patted one another amid transports of noisy pleasure, which also manifested itself in some by gentle weeping. Those of the household caught up the newly arrived children, while the ladies from a distance did the same to us, the youngsters of the family, who were fascinated both by the spectacle of the imposing carts that had come from so far away and the interminable strings of the fragrant *chipá*,⁷ the jars of *dulce de leche*⁸ and a restless ostrich⁹ that was lowered by the slaves. A colt that had followed its mother, after the carts, finally absorbed our attention.

That was a festive afternoon. The

⁷Guaraní: a slender loaf made of Indian corn meal and flour, and enriched with cheese, suet and seasoning.—THE EDITOR.

⁸A sort of caramel paste, prepared by slowly boiling milk, heavily sweetened with sugar and flavored with vanilla, for many hours until it thickens: a form of confection highly esteemed in all the Hispanic-American countries. In México it is called *cajeta de Celaya* (because it seems to have originated and to be best prepared in this city); in Chile it is given the name of *manjar blanco*. Goats' milk is used in the preparation of the best quality of *dulce de leche*.—THE EDITOR.

⁹The *ñandú* (from the Guaraní): a species of ostrich indigenous to the southern regions of South America; it is about four and a half feet high, of an ashy white color with dark tones, and it is a great runner and swimmer.—THE EDITOR.

neighbors of the Calle de la Ribera and those of the Calle del Sol, to-day Presidente Franco, appeared at the doors and windows when they heard the bustle, and a little afterward they also gathered to greet the Misioneros,¹⁰ for in that ancient quarter where the city was born, all were friends with a friendship handed down from grandfathers to grandchildren, if, indeed, they were not relatives.

When the tumult of effusive affection subsided, my Aunt Loló called me and said:

"Run to inform your mother that the cousins from Misiones are here."

It was necessary to repeat the order, as I, who had been stuffing myself from the jars of sweets that Toribia *Carapé*,¹¹ the old cook, had begun to put away in the closets, did not show much of an inclination to obey it.

"Run now, child!" she said again with an imperative accent.

I obeyed. I was at my home in a jiffy, for we lived near by. I recall that I rushed in helter-skelter, being anxious with an anxiety almost painful, to arrive and to return at once, and that I ascended the stairway in two or three bounds, when I did not find my mother on the first floor. As soon as I reached her—she was already descending, being alarmed by my cries—I could hardly speak.

"Mamma, the aunts from Misiones! They have brought many sweets, *chipá* and the prettiest colt! . . ."

My mother was very fond of these relatives. When the catastrophe of the war desolated our country and our home, leaving a formerly wealthy family in the greatest poverty, she, with several of her cousins, had been taken with her widowed mother, whose husband died like my other grandfather, at Estero Bellaco, to the Argentine city of Paraná, where a kind-hearted aunt helped to bring them up and educate them in the shelter of her home. When they returned to the country, now all grown, the cousins went to take up their abode in

Misiones, where there still remained to them a tract of land that the husband of one of them increased by his labor until he made of it a great *estancia*.

Just as she was, my mother dashed into the street. I ran ahead, anxious to participate in the general hubbub that had been raised in the house of my old aunts by the arrival of the travelers. The scene of the kisses, embraces and inquiries was repeated. My mother experienced a revival of her sad childhood lived in the home that her father had abandoned to enter the war and where they awaited with terror from moment to moment the arrival from the battle-field of the sad news that would plunge it into mourning.

Among the travelers was a tall, heavy, blond gentleman that I had never seen and that I had not noticed at first. I heard my mother greet him by the name Paí-Chí, and this name brought to mind one of the many traditions of the family that my Aunts Loló and Antonia Carísimo Jovellanos used to tell mewhere they spun cotton, picked in their own garden, or made the exquisite *yu* lace, at which they were expert.

"Paí-Chí! How are you!"

Paí-Chí! Was this the Paí-Chí of history, the heroic boy that had been picked up by his first cousin, María Antonia, wounded on the road, and carried in her arms: so small was the brave soldier of the patria!

Then, after Paí-Chí asked about his cousin María Antonia, the event of the tradition acquired a wholly legendary relief in my recollection. Yes; it was certainly the same, the hero of that story that had so often made me feel I know not what deep pride of race and family; and I stood stupidly staring at him, believing I saw in his strong virile head the horrible wound that had shed so much blood that day. . . .

I forgot the sweets, the *chipá* and the colt.

"Aunt María Antonia, tell us the story of Paí-Chí."

The good lady—Aunt María Antonia was a saint!—who had hastened to the ancient manor-house of her ancestors when she had received the news of the arrival of the cousins from Misiones, gathered about

¹⁰Literally, and when used in its general sense, "missionaries:" employed here, of course, as a proper adjective to denote persons from Misiones, clearly defined regions of Paraguay and Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

¹¹In Guaraní, "dwarf:" applied in this case as a pet name.—THE EDITOR.

her all the children and related to us the story that Aunt Loló was to repeat to us on other occasions.

I listened, pale with emotion.

"We were going along a road that crossed a mountain. We had left the city by order of the Mariscal, when it was announced that the Brazilians were preparing to enter the harbor.¹² It was the *residenta*, that tragic wandering of the Paraguayan people in search of the shade of their anguished flag, driven by defeat to the confines of the country. We were almost all women: my mother, her sisters, Aunts Loló, Isabel, Antonia, Nicá, Mercedes and my cousins: all the latter very young, like myself. With us went only one uncle, aged and broken down, who, far from being of any assistance to us, required aid of us in order not to drop by the wayside. We did not know as a certainty where we were going. We went forth leaving everything to chance, all impelled by fear, grieving for our dead, without knowing what had happened to our living relatives. Frequently were to be seen *taperas*¹³ amid the ruins of which we were wont to rest from the fatigue of the journey. Lands, formerly cultivated, were covered with thick *maciega*,¹⁴ and even the birds had fled, terrified by the noise of war: astounded, perhaps, by that somber devastation and that gloomy silence. At times we found an old man lying in the road, at the foot of a tree, perishing with hunger and weariness, awaiting death as a relief; at other times, a cross and a mound of recently stirred earth indicated that there lay for ever some poor pilgrim of the *residenta*. Women, children and old men: we did not meet a single young man. The young men did not flee. They died fighting. Trees with trunks half charred told us that a patrol had passed by there and had camped near them. We of the *residenta* made no

¹²Although Asunción is situated on the Paraguay, so broad is the river and so marked is the recess, formed by an indentation and a bend, that the latter is called *puerto*, "port," "harbor."—THE EDITOR.

¹³Ruinous and abandoned habitations, especially when isolated or in the deep forest: from the Guaraní *taperé* "uninhabited," "a village that was."—THE EDITOR.

¹⁴A plant with leaves similar to the Spanish *espadaña*, "reed-mace," "great cat-tail."—THE EDITOR.

fire, because we had nothing to cook. We ate wild fruits or cheated our hunger by gnawing coconuts and roots.

"For how many days had we been traveling? I do not remember, but they were many; they ran into weeks. One afternoon we were getting ready to rest amid the blocks of adobe of a ruined hut when we heard a hoarse moan. It still seems to resound in my ears. The hour was propitious to the disturbance of our minds by superstition, and the desolate scene of the spot was none the less so. We took refuge in the most sheltered part of the ruins; but the cry pursued us. . . .

"Do not be afraid," Aunt Isabel said at length; 'it must be some one wounded, perhaps. I am going to see. . . .'

"I was the oldest of the girls," continued Aunt María Antonia, "although I was only eighteen years old, and, mustering courage, I went with her to peer into the surroundings.

"I penetrated a *caraguatal*.¹⁵ It was from there that the moan of distress was coming. I saw a blood-stained body, and I ran toward it, my anxiety quickened by I know not what mysterious instinct. It was a boy, and he was in a faint. He still grasped a long saber, and a carbine was lying near him. I drew near, lifted him in my arms and wiped his face covered with blood and screamed:

"My God, but it is Paí-Chí."

"I ran with him through the thick *caraguatal*, tearing my clothes. All gathered about. . . . The mother of the wounded boy, who accompanied us, fell on her knees as if under the spell of a miracle.

"He had a deep wound in his head from which flowed much blood. I do not know what we did in that desolate spot, but the wounded boy soon came to himself, after we had stayed the hemorrhage and bound the half opened head. When he was able to speak, the soldier told us what had happened. The day before his squadron had been in the neighborhood, and the troops of the enemy had attacked it. The boy

¹⁵A thicket of *caraguata*: the Guaraní name of a plant of the family *Bromeliaceae*, with straight, stiff, spiny leaves. According to some authorities, it is the *Agave Americana*; according to others, a species of *Eryngium*.—THE EDITOR.

had fought like a giant, until a heavy saber blow had laid his head open. To flee from the rage of the imperialists, he slipped away the best he could without abandoning his arms, until he buried himself in the thickest part of the *caraguatal*, where we had found him. You can form an idea of how big the hero was," concluded Aunt María Antonia, "for when we resumed the march, and he was not able to walk, I took him up in my arms and carried him. . . ."

While my Aunt was telling the story, Paí-Chí also was listening silently, with his sad gaze fixed on the remote vision of his epopee.

We children gazed at him in astonishment, filled with admiration of his precocious heroism and proud that his blood was also a little ours.

V

THE ORIGIN OF THE MONKEY

THAT night *Mbaepochy*¹⁶ left hell. Not knowing against whom to direct his wickedness, he began to think, and he recalled that children were his enemies; of course, since their innocence concealed his wiles from them. Yet he would get even with them. He took a turn through all the houses in which there were children, and on the pure brows of the little ones he set his infernal gaze for a moment, leaving impressed on each of them something like a vague shadow.

When, on the following day, the children waked, it seemed as if they were stirred by a breath of extraordinary deviltry. They began by not wishing to say their prayers or wash their faces. The indulgent mothers coaxed them affectionately and, after giving them their breakfasts, sent them off to school. They all met and set out together. The morning was marvelously beautiful. From a wonderfully diaphanous sky descended floods of light upon the fields. The delicious freshness of the atmosphere was like a benediction, and a revelation of inexhaustible benignity. That day, with so lovely a beginning, seemed to wish to banish the evil wiles; but they came off victorious. The children, bent on mis-

chief, did not go to school, but they made off to a forest that rose in the distance with its dark and mysterious mass. When they reached the forest, the weather was very hot, and they were very thirsty. They were going to take out their lunches, but they no longer had them, as they had left them on the road with their books and school things for the sake of greater freedom. They hunted for fruit, but they found none. Then they took it into their heads to look for birds' nests. When they got tired of pulling to pieces those they found and of doing everything that was cruel to the defenseless nestlings, they suddenly came on a *pindó* tree, with its branches yellow with fruit. They were delighted and they began to shout and jump about merrily. They found a *tacuara* and knocked down the sweet nuts with it. Then it occurred to them to eat them in the tree; so they climbed to the highest branches.

Suddenly they saw coming toward them a woman with a child in her arms. She was extremely beautiful and she seemed to be very sad. The child she carried was wonderful; but, like the mother, it bore on its divine face a look of anguish. It was hungry. The disconsolate mother, covered with dust, pale from weariness, reached the foot of the tree in which the children were perched, and, with a very soft, supplicating and tender voice, she begged fruit of them for her child. The mother's great anguish aroused the laughter of the youngsters, who, while they were making her insolent remarks, began to throw the cores at her.

"Take that, if you wish to eat!"

Then the mother looked at them, and, stretching out her right hand toward them, she cursed them.

The day was fading, the sun was but a red disk that was disappearing in lakes of vermilion, and all the vault of heaven, like a furious eye, seemed to be bloodshot. The children were afraid and they began to call to one another; but their voices came only in the form of sharp squeaks. They looked at one another in surprise and with immense terror they saw that they were not the same. Their clothes had disappeared, and, on the other hand, their bodies had acquired hair, long tails and very big ears.

¹⁶The Guaraní name for the "devil."—THE EDITOR.

They tried to cry out, but they could not: their lamentations turned into hoarse screeches, accompanied by many and curious grimaces. They had become monkeys! Then, maddened, they began to run, yet not as before, but leaping and hanging from branches.

Night closed in, and when they tried to return to their homes, they could not. They had lost themselves for ever, and they were only able to see there, very far away, the distressing silhouette of the mother that always carried in her arms the white child, whose fair, aureoled locks rose from among the shadows like the chimerical lily of a dream.

VI

THE "TAPERÉ"¹⁷

WE WERE in Misiones. The solemn, silent, sad sunset of that day, which had been magnificent, and of whose splendid prodigalities of light there remained only faint and timid glimmers, overtook me while I was following a deserted trail that stretched between the two hamlets lost in the solitudes. I was accompanied by a guide, a man already old, with a great fund of knowledge regarding the regions; overflowing with stories and legends, learned in woodcraft and very fond of displaying his knowledge of the country. The good old man made an effort to open a conversation with me, but I, oppressed by the melancholy of the hour and the silence amid which we were moving, with the crunching of the straw beneath the hoofs of the beasts, had no desire to converse.

We soon reached the end of the trail. Beyond, stretched before my vision a broad plain, green, monotonous, and also silent. Only in the east rose a great tree, near which, as if to court its shelter, I made out a dark and shapeless object.

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is the *taperé* of the ghost," answered the guide.

We drew near, and by the light of the moon, which was just beginning to show, I could see it better. It rose mute, black,

formidable and tragic. Among the worm-eaten beams that had supported the roof, and those upright masses that had been walls, darted the black denizens of the night, the *mbopi*, describing fantastic circles. Timbers, posts, doors, window-frames, were all mingled, confused, merged, as if Time had taken a fancy to fuse everything there. Here and there stretches of the tottering walls left exposed, by the dropping away of the plaster, the coarse materials of which it was built, like the bones through rents in the shroud of a skeleton. Two posts alone stood very straight, resembling, in the diffused moonlight, arms stretched upward as if to make desperate supplications to the infinite. All the winds and all the rains of heaven had beat upon them without being able to lay them low.

From these ruins there seemed to issue a humble, sad, plaintive moan, and so deep was the poetry of bygone things laden with memories exhaled by these ruins, that I felt deeply moved.

"The *taperé*, but of whom?" I asked the old man.

"Of don Lorenzo; it was his house."

"And who was don Lorenzo?"

"He was one of the most successful land-owners of his time, until misfortune overwhelmed him. . . ."

I scented a story and I begged him to tell it to me.

The old man gave a last long pull at his cigar; then he put it out and stuck it in the pocket of his jacket; and in a slow voice, as if he were recalling something little by little, he told me the story.

"All this became a desert after the war. One of the first to settle again in these parts was a fine man named Lorenzo, a good man at work on an *estancia*, laborious and honest as the day is long. He was married, and his wife was surely as much of a woman as he was a man, for, if no one surpassed her in all these parts in beauty, few were equal to her as a worker. As for him, he rose early and went into the fields to look after the rounding up of his cattle, which year after year increased under the good care of their owner; while she got up equally early, and, busying herself with household duties—kneading as soon as it

¹⁷The Guaraní word from which the Spanish form, *taperá*, was derived. See note 13, page 12.—THE EDITOR.

was day, making cheese and preparing *typiraty*, taking care of the dairies and the fowls and darning the clothes—the hours fled. Don Lorenzo returned, at times, at the close of day; they ate, chatted awhile regarding the slight news of their tranquil life and labors and went to bed without needing to have a light; and thus passed a day and another day, amid a happy tranquillity.

“They had a son named Antonio. He grew up strong and manly in the wholesome surroundings of that existence in the heart of nature. As soon as he could keep his seat in a saddle, his father took him out with him every day among the occupations of the country. When he was still a very little fellow he was able to manage a horse and he passed the day galloping with the boldness of a good horseman. When he was old enough, his parents sent him to the town to school. Antonio rose with the dawn, had his breakfast and he himself immediately saddled his horse, and, carrying his books and school things behind him, he covered at a gallop the three leagues that lay between his house and the town. His lesson ended, he again mounted and with another gallop he was at home once more. In the school they had a great to-do over the lad’s quickness, so much so that when he had finished the five primary grades, the principal went to see don Lorenzo to tell him that it would be a pity for his son not to continue his studies. The boy was then eleven or twelve years old. They called him and asked him if he wished to continue his studies, and he replied that he did. It was decided to send him to Corrientes,¹⁸ and one morning, some months later, don Lorenzo, his wife and his son set out on horseback for San José-mi, where the boy was to embark to go to that city. He had some uncles there, and don Lorenzo had arranged that they should take care of him in their house.

“On the farm, husband and wife continued to work more earnestly than ever, desiring to accumulate a fortune for their son. As the latter had come into the world when his parents were already well on in years and as he was the only object of their

passionate worship, his absence increased it to the point of delirium. The most exquisite cheese that came from the hands of the señora, the most savory *chipá*, the most beautifully embroidered shirts: there could be no doubt as to whom they were for; and, on his part, every time don Antonio marked the calves he thought of his son and he felt a tremendous longing to increase his *estanzuela*¹⁹ in order to leave it, well stocked, to his Antonio. The difficulties and expensiveness of the trip caused the student to go but once to his home to pass the vacation, and so the news that, at length, after five years, Antonio had taken his degree and that he was ready to return produced indescribable rejoicing in the household.

The old people did not know what to do for joy. They laughed and wept without knowing why; the father selected the most beautiful horse for rides with his son; and the mother threatened to exhaust her whole well supplied *corral* and prepared dishes and more dishes, with savory pies and rice with milk, in honor of the young man.

“Helped by María, a beautiful brunette, fresh and blooming as a wildflower, whom the couple had brought up out of affection, the old lady employed a good part of the day in arranging the young man’s room. The girl had grown an abundance of flowers in the garden and she had placed them in rustic but attractive pottery jars, arranged coquettishly on the night table and on brackets. If the student’s mother was filled with a sense of affectionate anxiety, the girl was not less so, although she did not express in words what she felt.

“Don Lorenzo had started very early in the morning to go to meet his son. About mid-day a distant cloudlet of dust announced that some one was coming along the road; and for one of the *peones* to shout the news and the women to come forth to see for themselves, quivering with interest, was the work of a moment. A short time afterward Antonio dismounted near the palings that surrounded the house and threw himself into the arms of his mother, who received him weeping in a transport of wild joy.

¹⁸A flourishing Argentine city, situated on the left bank of the Paraná.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁹The diminutive of *estancia*.—THE EDITOR.

"*Virgen María*, who hast returned him to me! Oh, but you have become a man! And what a fine young fellow!"

"She seemed to be going to devour him with kisses. She embraced him violently, then she released him to gaze at him the better, and once again she threw her arms around his neck, regretting that she was not strong enough to carry him as when he was a child and she had put him to sleep in her lap.

"Is it not true, my girl, that he has grown up a handsome fellow?"

"*María* blushed for the first time in her life in the presence of him that had grown up with her, and for the first time also she hesitated to return the embrace that Antonio gave her. She did not answer the question, but you may rest assured that to her he was good looking enough. She thought so much of him! She had always liked him greatly, but now she felt the old affection in a very curious way. Her heart leaped, and a joy mingled with a mysterious fear caused her to tremble. She did not dare to look at him; she wished to say something to him, and her voice was swallowed up in her throat. . . .

"*Curepi* was the trusted *peón* of the house. He had the beauty of the strong, agile, bold men of the country. He loved *María*; he loved her in silence with a violent love like a force of nature, without her returning it. To render himself attractive to her, he had engaged in tremendous feats of courage, which had made him a name in all the country-side. In one of the revolutions, when the estate of his master had been attacked, he alone, fighting like a tiger, had defended the house, in the absence of don Lorenzo, who had gone to town. *María* would have loved him, perhaps, because the noble countryman deserved it; but how was she to do so if she already loved the son of the master, although she was unaware of the fact. She loved him too without cherishing any hope, for she was too humble to dare to dream. . . .

"Antonio returned her love. Thinking of her, when he was far away, he felt an increasing desire to study, and he had often asked himself whether or not, in his longing

to return home, the desire to see *María* had not weighed more than his desire to see his parents, whom, however, he loved deeply.

"The day of his arrival—when he saw her more beautiful than ever, her chaste creole beauty, which he had admired when he was thirteen, seasoned by her eighteen Aprils—he felt strange stirrings in his soul. Perhaps during his long absence the girl had given her heart to another. When he saw her shrink from him, and he felt that he had been coldly received, because of an embarrassment that caused her to remain silent, he experienced a sense of desolation, as he attributed to dislike what was wholly the reverse.

"He was anxious to remove the doubt. On the day following that of his arrival, when the girl went to serve him his *mate*, she herself all dressed out, with a deep red rose in her magnificent black tresses—as beautiful as dawn, as pure as the air of the mountains—Antonio spoke to her:

"This afternoon, when you go to the brook to bring the water, wait for me; I . . . wish to speak with you. . . ."

"Very well," she said simply.

"A mute interrogation appeared in her great innocent eyes. Could it be that she imagined what he was going to say to her?"

"*Curepi* was moving about near where they were, getting some farm implements ready, while the young people were talking, and when he overheard the dialogue, his jealous passion drove him to madness. Toward evening—a clear, bright evening—the young people made their way to the brook. The feelings the young man awakened in her were no longer a mystery to the girl. The divine inspiration had come to her; she knew that she loved him, that she wished to be his, and that he belonged to her, and she gave herself up to the dreams of happiness that overmastered her. So, when Antonio, as he met her, told her that he loved her, she raised her beautiful eyes in which was painted the intoxication of her soul, and she carried her hand to her heart as if to restrain its wild beats. Her frail little form straightened as if transfigured; a glow as of dawn radiated from her eyes, and when she tried to speak, she could not. . . . Antonio divined everything, and

he pressed his lips to the virginal mouth of the maiden; he stamped on it a kiss that sounded like a sweet arpeggio amid the murmurs of the waters of the brook.

"First a roar and afterward a shot snatched them from the ecstasy in which happiness had submerged them. Antonio carried his hands to his breast, his sight becoming dimmed, his legs gave way, he exhaled a moan and sank to the earth. The blood was flowing in jets from a wound he had received there where his hands were clinched in his effort to intercept the life that was escaping with it.

"The girl guessed it all.

"'Curepí, curses on you!' she exclaimed. Then she threw her arms about the wounded youth, reciting a marvelous prayer with which she implored the pity of the Virgin of her devotion, while trying to stay the blood and seeking to restore by her tenderness the heat that the beloved body was losing from moment to moment; and when the young man expired and grew cold and rigid, she suddenly felt stirred by an idea that flashed like a gleam of

madness in her eyes. She disengaged herself from the body, set out toward the house at a run, and, returning immediately, armed with a heavy knife, she drove it into her heart. After her came the poor old father and mother, without understanding what had happened; and when they saw their son dead and the girl stretched beside him, also dead, the shock and the pain caused them to drop dead, just where they were.

"Every now and then," concluded the guide, "during the late hours of the night, some one walks through these rooms like an agonized shadow, murmuring strange prayers that alternate with brief sinister bursts of laughter. They say it is Curepí, whose horror of his own tragic deed has overthrown his reason; but it has been impossible to prove it, for the travelers who, as they pass by here, see the shadow in the *taperé* stir, flee, spurred on by fear, thinking it a spirit. . . ."

The old man became silent. I, a prey to the horror of the place and hour, and recalling frightful stories of "hants," pricked my horse and started off at a gallop.



THE AMERICA WE CAN MAKE

BY

JUAN CUEVA GARCÍA

The call of optimism to youth: an Ecuadorian, for many years a resident of the United States, speaks out of the fullness of his experience and his faith and hope to the world and especially to his own countrymen words of cheer and sound sense; and he would approve of the punishment of "the prophets of misfortune, the visionaries of calamity," and he holds, with another, that "as he that disseminates the microbes of tuberculosis ought to be sent to prison, so he that sows immorality, hopelessness, pessimism and failure ought to be put in jail."—THE EDITOR.

THE aged are steeped in pessimism. With a dogmatic and uncompromising accent, filled with sarcasm and ridicule, they are always telling you that "it can not be done," that "it is impossible," that "you are a dreamer." They try to convince you that pessimism is "manly," and optimism, "childish;" that, if you wish to show "maturity," you must be skeptical, distrustful, of everything and everybody. So it has come to be a ridiculous pride of the Spanish race, even among goslings that have not yet gotten entirely free from the shell, to be pessimistic, while the optimist hides away, ashamed and, like Peter, he denies his Master time after time.

If we all adopted this mental attitude, what would become of the progress of the world? If we all surrendered to the idea that "it can not be done," what hope would remain to humanity?

Pessimism is cowardly; and there are so many cowards in the world that it is unnecessary that you should swell their ranks. See how many clerks there are that are satisfied with their positions and their salaries. They desire nothing more; they lack the strength to fight, which is the spring of vital youth. They think they desire something better, but they lack energy, the unconquerable longing to excel. If success came by merely desiring it lukewarmly, we should all be successful; but victory yields only to those that wrest it: men of unquenchable faith, visionaries filled with imagination and optimism.

It has been said that only one person in a thousand rises, and that the rest vegetate and disappear. You can be one in a thousand. To will is to be able. It is necessary,

however, to wish with the heart, with optimism, with faith, without giving heed to birds of ill omen, which always prognosticate disaster, failure, incapacity.

Now it is much easier to float with the current of a river, to go down hill, than it is to breast the torrent or to climb the beetling and perilous rock. If you do not feel that you have courage and faith, it is better for you to let yourself be carried downstream and to mingle with the demoralized, indolent and beaten: you are a zero added to the many other zeros that have been swallowed up by the countless ages.

If, however, there is in you the seed of manhood, do not yield to the prophets of disaster or give ear to the sirens of pessimism. Set your eye, your heart and the warmth of your young blood on the straight line that leads to the ideal. Turn not aside, and if you fail, begin again with redoubled vigor; never give up as beaten, "for none have ever failed that have never made an effort." Youth is full of vim and faith. Therefore on it depends the progress of the country and of humanity. The old that have been defeated, full of fear and caution, no longer contribute to the advancement of humanity. Those that propel the car of civilization are the few dreamers that are filled with tenacity.

To be satisfied is to stand still. See that endless army of mediocrities, content to earn each day's paltry bread and to live and die without victories and without defeats, without any higher aspiration than that of filling their stomachs and perhaps of winning the regard of the village. Why not separate yourself rebelliously from this army? You are young, you are brave, you

can aspire to great things. Nothing is too high for you, if you have a keen enough ambition. Yet be not content merely to desire. You must achieve, and achievement calls for struggle, the hazards of the campaign and the partial defeats that harbingers final victory.

You can transform your native land, revolutionize fortune. If you desire wealth pursue it honorably but implacably by the path of labor. If you would have glory, do the same. If you thirst for knowledge, give way to your thirst without limitations. You can accomplish anything; nothing is too great for you; but you must desire heartily, with optimism, with works.

In Paris there is a fertile center: the Latin quarter. Thence radiates glory. In the United States there is an army of titanic strugglers. Thence flows the sea of gold, of industries, of comforts, which were undreamed of by our ancestors.

If you study these men, you will always find in them an inexhaustible optimism, concentration of soul and life on an ideal that has never been abandoned. Hunger, cold, discomfort, loss of sleep: all have been suffered by these heroes of peace and progress; and they have not even recognized the fact, so absorbed have they been in work, so concentrated on the ideal and so dauntless in the strife. They have sacrificed everything for a single cause.

If you feel incapable of struggle and sacrifice, if you vaunt a sage pessimism, you are no longer young, whatever be your age, and for you were not written these lines that glow with affection for and interest in you, which are affection for and interest in the patria. One can be very young in years and very decrepit in spirit.

Some one has said that the strugglers that have not succeeded were defeated because they did not hold out for "one week more." The nearer the summit, the harder seems to be the climb; but just one step more, one more step, always one more, and we are on the other side!

Another has said "the darkest hour precedes the dawn."

I have heard of many battles in which both armies considered themselves defeated

at nightfall. Of the two, the one that would not budge from the field was victorious. The other was defeated. There were several examples of this fact during the European war.

The more you seem to be defeated, the nearer you are to failure, the deeper you ought to dig yourself into the trenches. Orderly retreats are not defeats.

Desire, without work, is not enough, or, rather, it is impossible to desire earnestly and at the same time remain static. Intense desire is dynamic. No man has constructed a house by merely desiring to do so; but if he raises a wall every year, in the short period of ten years, the house will then be finished, and life will have had an object, a reason for being. Ten years is little enough to a generation and to the patria. In modern sports, the athlete is trained for the struggle; he is denied alcohol, tobacco and opium, everything that would weaken the will and diminish the strength. Can you not break the old molds by training yourself for success as an athlete?

If you feel that alcohol, tobacco or opium stand in the way of your ideal, your strength, your success, either bravely break these fetters or shatter the ideal. There is no middle course. Either you desire success earnestly, like the few victors of the Latin quarter or of industry in the United States, and you are ready to cut straight through everything that crosses your path, or you will let yourself be carried away by the current, downstream, to mingle with the aged that speak cynically, out of pessimism or conservatism, or with contented mediocrity and vulgarity, satisfied to eat and drink and sleep, without caring a farthing for individuality, family, city or country.

In northern Canada, east of Alaska and south of the Arctic ocean, is a small region called Yukon. Wild and forbidding, with a harsh climate and with glacial winters, it is, at one and the same time, prodigiously fertile and beautiful in summer and tremendously rich in gold. Service, who has written such beautiful poems about that region, puts in the mouth of this singular piece of land the following lines, as if addressed to the rest of the world:

Send not your foolish and feeble:
 send me your strong and your sane—
 Strong for the red rage of battle;
 sane, for I harry them sore;
 Send me men girt for the combat,
 men who are grit to the core;
 Swift as the panther in triumph,
 fierce as the bear in defeat,
 Sired of a bulldog parent,
 steeled in the furnace of heat.
 Send me the best of your breeding,
 lend me your chosen ones;
 Them will I take to my bosom,
 them will I call my sons;
 Them will I gild with my treasure,
 them will I glut with my meat;
 But the others—the misfits, the failures—
 I trample them under my feet.
 Dissolute, damned and despairful,
 crippled and palsied and slain,
 Ye would send me the spawn of your gutters—
 Go! take back your spawn again!¹

This song is repeated day after day to all humanity by the god Success. It is not a question of race, it is not a question of locality; it is a question of courage, of optimism, of resolving to take the bull of difficulty by the horns, with hands of iron and a soul of steel, and to conquer it, master it, break its neck and lay it low before us reduced to an impotent mass, entirely at our disposal.

Think not, however, that this will be the work of a day or a year. "Zamora was not captured in an hour."

Some one has advanced the idea of decreeing a law that would severely punish the prophets of misfortune, the visionaries

¹Robert W. Service: *The Law of the Yukon*, in *The Spell of the Yukon and Other Verses*, page 20.—THE EDITOR.

of calamity. It has been held that ideas are either hurtful or beneficent, like bacteria, and just as he that disseminates the microbes of tuberculosis ought to be sent to prison, so whoever sows immorality, hopelessness, pessimism and failure ought to be put in jail. It is said that ideas are something real that change us into creators, after the likeness and image of God; that all machinery has been first in the mind of the inventor, not as something vague and formless, but in a definite manner and with all its details of wheels, axles, screws and bolts; that he who builds a house, first has in his mind the living image of what he is going to construct; that the political and social reformer, the educator, the amasser of a fortune, has a clear vision of results, pictures in his mind exactly what he is going to obtain, and, made a creator, carries to the field of reality what originated in his imagination.

You must have imagination, you must increase and intensify it (which is one of the greatest concerns of modern education). you must paint the result to which you desire to attain: great, broad, brilliant, distinct; and you must devote all the efforts of your young and indomitable soul to changing these images into realities, making light of the old-fashioned that call you a dreamer. Only man, in all nature, is capable of dreaming and creating. Happy are you, who, like God, can construct, out of nothing, from your own imagination, houses, workshops, railways, steamers, commerce, agriculture, peoples and nations, creating in the realm of the brain and modeling in beautiful and inexhaustible matter.



THE SLOGAN

BY

GABRIELA MISTRAL

The poet breaks out in apostrophic prose, which is interesting in sentiment and form as revealing the point of view of the writer and many others. When we encounter this type of literature, not uncommon in the southern countries of America, we are disposed to wish that the northern and southern continents were not so far apart, that the barrier of language did not separate us of the north from those of the south, that facilities for travel were greater, and, especially, that our friends of the south knew us better, not as we seem, not as some of our countrymen make us appear when they travel, not as we are judged by what may or may not be blunders of our successive administrations, but as we really are, in our hearts and in our average state of mind and attitude toward our neighbors.—THE EDITOR.

AMERICA, America! All for her; because all will come to us from her, misfortune or blessing!

We are still México, Venezuela, Chile, the Aztec-Spaniard, the Quechua-Spaniard, the Araucanian-Spaniard; but we shall be to-morrow, when misfortune shall cause us to groan beneath its yoke, but a single sorrow, a single longing.

Teacher: teach in thy class the dream of Bolívar, the first seer. Clamp him to the souls of thy pupils with the strong clamp of conviction. Proclaim America: her Bello, her Sarmiento, her Lastarria, her Martí. Be not drunk with Europe, intoxicated with the remote—alien because remote—and, besides, decadent, with a beautiful, fatal decay.

Describe thy America. Cause to be loved the luminous Mexican plateau, the green Venezuelan steppe, the black forests of the south. Tell everything about thy America; tell how they sing on the Argentine pampa, how they gather pearls in the Caribbean, how Patagonia is being populated with whites.

Journalist; be just to all thy America. Do not blacken Nicaragua in order to exalt Cuba; nor Cuba in order to exalt Argentina. Reflect that the hour is coming when we shall be one, and then thy thistle of contempt or of sarcasm will wound thee in thy own flesh.

Artist: show in thy work the capacity for fineness, the capacity for subtlety, for exquisiteness and for depth that we possess at one and the same time. Squeeze the juice from thy Lugones, thy Valencia, thy

Darío and thy Nervo; believe in our sensibility, which can vibrate like *the other*, can give off like the other the brief crystalline drop of the perfect work.

Industrial: help us to overcome, or at least to stop, the invasion they call inoffensive, and which is fatal, by fair-haired America, who wishes to sell us everything, to fill our country regions and our cities with her machinery, her cloths, even with that which we have, yet do not know how to exploit. Instruct thy workmen, instruct thy chemists and thy engineers. Industrial: thou shouldst be the leader of this crusade that thou hast abandoned to the idealists.

Hatred for the Yankee? He is conquering us, he is overwhelming us, through our own fault, because of our torrid languor, because of our Indian fatalism. He is disintegrating us through the agency of some of his virtues and of all our racial vices. Why should we hate him? Let us hate that in ourselves which renders us vulnerable to his spike of steel and gold: his will and his wealth.

Let us aim all our activity, like an arrow, at this inescapable future: Hispanic America, one, unified by two stupendous facts: the language that God gave her and the pain caused her by the north.

We fatten the pride of that north by our inertia; we are creating its opulence by our sloth; we are making it seem, by our paltry hatreds, serene and even just.

We discuss interminably, while it *does*, it accomplishes; we tear one another to pieces, while it compresses itself; like young

flesh, it makes itself hard and formidable; it binds with bonds its states from sea to sea. We speak, we allege, while it sows, founds, sows, tills, multiplies, forges; it creates with fire, earth, air, water; it creates minute by minute, educates in its own faith

and makes itself by that faith divine and invincible.

America and America only! What similar intoxication can the future hold? What beauty, what a vast realm for liberty and for all the greatest excellences!



LENTEN SERMONS OF "EL DUQUE JOB"

BY

MANUEL GUTIÉRREZ NÁJERA

(Conclusion)

SECOND SERMON

AS I, my señoras, preach on Sundays, and as the most solemn day of the Lenten period is Friday, I desire to participate in it at some church in order to

hear the word of God and take example of the great preachers that constitute the dignity and glory of the sacred desk. The truth is, however, that a multitude of profane requirements prevent my participating in these evangelical and edifying festivals, which are so much enhanced by your presence; and, since I entertain the most intense desire to be instructed in religious subjects, for the sole purpose of improving myself and perfecting you—morally, it should be understood, because you are already perfect in the physical sense and, they say, in the chemical also—what I do is to buy to-morrow's *El Tiempo* in order to read the gospel of the day, as I begin to read it at exactly twelve o'clock at night. What brilliant, what profound, what eloquent sermons! As if the Saviour of the world himself were speaking in them with the divine unction of his vivifying word! Among these apostolic discourses and the sermons of many respectable priests, there is the same difference as between saying "Jesús!" and saying "*chucbo*."¹

The gospel lesson of last Friday was, my señoras, that of the paralytic. He knew that by bathing in the Piscina (it seems that it was thus they called the pool of Bethesda), he would perhaps be cured; but, as he was a paralytic and as the rest were selfish, he was not able to move, and much less to cast himself into the water. It was

necessary that Jesus, the good man among the good, should come along and should say to him: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." Hence it was that he remained dirty—for, after all, he did not bathe—but he was healed by the work of divine Providence.

If I were a pessimist—but why should I be!—I should pray this prayer to the Redeemer every night: "My Jesus—that is, not mine, but everybody's Jesus—Jesus, be born again, for there are many paralytics and many Lazaruses and many Magdalens, and thou alone didst heal, raise, forgive! It seems that these people no longer remember thee. All are like those abandoned egoists that left the poor paralytic lying deserted on his pallet, without helping him, without taking him up, in order that he might enter the miraculous bath. For healing they charge; to raise, they are unable; to pardon, they are unwilling; Lord, be born again, for thy mercy's sake!"

Fortunately, as I have already indicated, I am not a pessimist. What a blasphemy to say that Mary the Virgin Mother no longer exists, when we have good mothers! How is it possible not to believe in the efficacy, in the present and active goodness of the morality proclaimed by Jesus, when there still echo, like distant music, in our ears, the maxims inculcated in us by a wise and loving father? Yes; there are many good fathers; I have known some; I know one . . . two . . . perhaps three; later, maybe, I shall know others; but there *are* good ones! Nevertheless, there are more paralytics and there are still more of those that do not help the paralytics.

The number of persons that can not move is almost as great as the number of fools. Paralytics of the purse, paralytics of the heart, paralytics of the will! . . . How the poor paralytics abound!

¹A word used colloquially and familiarly in addressing a dog: the point is that the word *chucbo* is a pet name applied playfully to any person whose name is Jesús.—THE EDITOR.

Yet paralysis is not an incurable disease. Jesus demonstrated it; and it has been proven that the best medicine is the kind he used: infinite goodness. In order that these motionless persons may move, it is necessary, first of all, to make them believe in one, by love, and then to make them believe in themselves, in their own strength; and thus they are healed and they arise and walk.

Some of you, my señoras, must have paralytic husbands: those that frequent the *cantinas* and the Jockey Club and the streets of the silversmiths and the stage doors . . . and elsewhere. I do not say it to injure them, and much less to hurt your feelings; but I think it is true. Those are paralytics who, because of inheritance, because of disenchantment or because of weariness lie down in vice or stretch themselves on beds of ease; but all those that are asleep, and are not dead, may be awakened. He that can not move by himself is to be taken up, however heavy he be, and borne to the place where he ought to go. To bear, señoras, is not the exclusive task of asses. You must have seen already, in one of the doorways of the Sagrario, San Cristóbal bearing Jesus; and Jesus bore all humanity. All the good mothers know how to bear their little children! In order to endure all this moral weight, not much strength is required: what is needed is much love. You will tell me, perhaps, that San Cristóbal was a big fellow. Granted; but this giant, so to speak, was carrying on his shoulders nothing but a child, and that same child was bearing up a whole world to save it. No; strength, bigness, stoutness of muscles, are not indispensable; what is indispensable is love.

Woman is the weakest of creatures, and, at the same time, the strongest. I know ladies that are supporting husbands that are thin and sickly, but that weigh a great deal . . . and they support them! All of you, when you wish, are very strong. So great is your strength that God himself needed a woman in order to become a man and redeem the world. You can rest assured that if there were no women, there would be no men.

However, is it enough to throw a husband over your shoulder and take him

through the streets in this fashion? I am coming to that. No; it is not enough. What ought to be done is to take him somewhere to have him healed. To bear husbands about in order to help them is all very well; but to carry them just to be carrying them is very stupid.

There are men, however, señoras, that are like the paralytic of the gospel, near the Piscina, with a desire to bathe in its wholesome waters; and their wives pass by them, just like the selfish Pharisees, without saying to them distinctly: "As you are not able, we shall carry you."

Who better than you can heal the sick? Healing seems to be something that belongs to woman. Physicians prescribe, write, study, say things in Latin; but it is women that speak to you of illness in a language you can understand, and they are the ones that have soft hands, the ones that heal. A wife is the best medicine, when it comes from an apothecary's that has a responsible person in charge, and, also, when no one has adulterated it on the way.

Healing: that is the profession of the good in life! I do not counsel young ladies to marry paralytics. No; for them there are hospitals. If, however, they are already married to these sad invalids, let them try to cure them. Above all, let them not paralyze them after they have married them; let them not be like those candle snuffing sacristans, who tramp about the great altar, putting out the candles when the Lenten ceremony is over. Do you think you have married to be happy, my beautiful hearers? Then you are wrong. How can marriage give what life does not give? You married to be twain . . . and then more. However, in this being twain and then *more*—by multiplying, be it understood, and not by dividing, because there are divisions that increase the home—there may be great happiness, when the husband and the wife know how to lay hands on it; but to secure it one must heal, señoras, heal much. It is understood that the cure must be mutual; but, since, because of their many occupations, the husbands have not come to this church, I speak to you alone.

Lean forward, as among us alone, and

basing what I have to say on my long experience in listening to confession, I am going to say to you that there are many husbands, even among those that pass for being very good, who are somewhat paralytic, that is, who, without ceasing to be good, are somewhat bad. Are you acquainted with them? . . . Yes? Of course! Perhaps intimately! Yet, I tell you I am an optimist; they are not incurable. Have not all of us a bit of paralysis in some part of our souls? Now, however, as was said by one of the most illustrious fathers of the Mexican church, the señor don Francisco Bulnes, only fools die of disease. You therefore, beautiful parishioners, can be confident of the cure of your excellent husbands that seem to be in such good health, but you must apply the required medicine. Cures can be effected without a physician, but not without a nurse.

The treatment is not so difficult, in my opinion; but if you pass by your husbands, as the Pharisees passed by the paralytic, they will certainly not be cured. The best thing is to do what Jesus did; to tell them they are well. I do not counsel you to say to them: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk;" because they might make off with it to some other place; but I counsel you to say to them simply, "Rise and walk!" being careful always to give them your support, in case they stumble in taking the first step.

Is not he somewhat paralytic that distrusts himself, that lacks faith and therefore possesses no hope, and, by the same token, repents of sometimes having had charity? Therefore say to him: "Walk; you can be a wise man or you can be a minister of state!" He will probably become a journalist or a lawyer's clerk; but anything is something. What is important is to say to him, "Walk!" and to make him believe in himself, in his own strength, as the paralytic of the gospel believed; and you will see whether or not he will move.

How many cases of moral paralysis are cured in this manner! What is paralysis? For the body to be asleep; but those whose bodies are weighed down with sleep you will awaken; and all of us, my señoras, have something asleep within us. We all

need an alarm-clock with a good loud bell. This is the problem when one marries: Will the bride turn out to be an awakener or an extinguisher?

Some are paralyzed by their affection; it is necessary to say to this affection: "Rise and walk!" Others are paralyzed on the green baize, on the marble of a table in the café, on the sofa of the lady friends that smile on them.

However, some—but not all—remain prostrate on the baize, on the table or on the sofa, because the woman, the only possible redeemer, does not speak to them as Jesus spoke to the poor invalid: with love and without asking him why and how he had fallen ill.

If you only knew, señoras, how a smile binds! If you only knew how, at times, even the bad are good, if you wish them well! If you would only convince yourselves that one hates champagne when one gazes at the fair hair or brown or black, but of one, that is, of another person that is one's! But what am I saying? You know it better than I do, and you will even say to me that, as I am a father, I ought not to know about it, but for that very reason, señoras, for that very reason.

Because I know it, and because I care a great deal for you (with your husbands' permission), I desire you to put my admonitions into practice. I wish you to be convinced of your own strength, and I say to you, as Jesus said to the paralytic: "Rise and walk."

Thus you will be happy, relatively; and bear in mind that my counsel could not be more disinterested, because I am very fond of consoling the unfortunates who, if they wept, would weep with very beautiful eyes.

THIRD SERMON

THEN cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well; and it was about the sixth hour.

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water. Jesus saith unto her: "Give me to drink."

(For his disciples were gone away into the city to buy meat).

Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him:

"How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria? (For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans).

Jesus answered and said unto her: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, 'Give me to drink,' thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

The woman saith unto him: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence then hast thou that living water?"

"Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children and his cattle?"

Jesus answered and said unto her: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again;

"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

The woman saith unto him: "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw."

Jesus saith unto her: "Go, call thy husband, and come hither."

The woman answered and said: "I have no husband." Jesus said unto her: "Thou hast well said: 'I have no husband.'

"For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband; in that saidst thou truly."

The woman said unto him: "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet.

"Our fathers worshiped in this mountain; and ye say, that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship."

Jesus saith unto her: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father.

"Ye worship ye know not what; we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews.

"But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

"God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

This, my señoras, is said by the gospel, which, doubtless, you read last Friday in your prayer-book lined with velvet the color of old gold. This was said by God himself, and one of his most eloquent ministers (and most charming, because he is a Frenchman), Père Didon, says the following in his remarkable and beautiful book *Jesus Christ*:

This meeting with the woman at Jacob's well, this demand of water to drink, this conversation, these ordinary incidents of life, gave occasion to Jesus for a manifestation of himself, which was touching and sublime in its confidential character. He was the Christ who had come, who was expected by the Samaritans, by the Jews and by all mankind; he proclaimed this to a sinful woman, whom his presence transformed, to whom his word revealed eternal life; he called himself the Gift of God; to whomsoever asketh of him, he communicates the Spirit which he called living water, borrowing this symbol from the water which he asked of the Samaritan. This Spirit, whereof none can know whence he comes and whither he goes, is known only by his effects, for he becomes in the soul of the believer a springing well, which alone quenches the thirst of infinite desire. As earthly springs rise to the level of their fount, so the living water of the Spirit leaves the depths of God, springs up in the conscience, and loses itself again in God. To give this living water was the function of Messiah; he is the true Jacob's well, dug by God himself, at the intersection of the roads by which passes the stream of mankind; he thus founded an eternal religion, the worship in spirit and in truth. Henceforward, Jerusalem is no more and Gerizim is no more: he is the only Temple, and this Temple is in every soul wherein the Spirit dwells, who adores God in the spirit of love and truth: that is his church and his kingdom.²

Another father, this one excommunicated—the Samaritans also, my señoras, were excommunicated—the reverend and virtuous priest, Ernest Renan, said, some years earlier, almost the same as that which was uttered by the very eloquent preacher whom I have just cited and who has not yet been excommunicated. This is to be found in the reference to the talk about which we are speaking:

He spoke for the first time the words upon which the edifice of eternal religion will repose. He founded the pure worship of all ages, of all lands—that which all lofty souls will practise until the end of time. Not only was his religion on this day the true religion of humanity, it was the absolute religion; and if other planets have inhabitants endowed with reason and morality,

²*Jesus Christ: Our Saviour's Person, Mission and Spirit*, from the French of the Reverend Father Didon, O. P., edited by Right Reverend Bernard O'Reilly, New York, 1891, volume i, page 216.—THE EDITOR.

their religion can not be different from that which Jesus proclaimed at Jacob's well. Man has not been able to hold to it; for man attains the ideal but for a moment. This word of Jesus has been a flash of light amidst gross darkness; it has needed eighteen hundred years for the eyes of mankind—what do I say? for an infinitely small portion of mankind—to grow accustomed to it. But the light will shine more and more unto the perfect day; and, after having traversed all the circles of error, mankind will come back to this one word as to the undying expression of its faith and hope.³

Is it not true, señoras, that Père Renan, and our Père Didon, who is in Paris, resemble each other at times? Is it not true that Love and Forgiveness—twin sisters—were those that founded Christianity and that ask alms to nourish themselves? Is it not true that to give water to the thirsty and hope to him that is languishing for want of it, without asking whether he believes in this or in that, or whether he has committed this or that sin, is always very beautiful?

As this effective virtue of indulgence is the one that I purpose to inculcate in Lenten sermons, because I hold it in the highest esteem and believe that on it greatly depends your domestic happiness, I could not let the gospel of the freest forgiveness pass unobserved.

I have already told you that Jesus did not pardon the woman taken in adultery; at least, nothing is said in the sacred book about her being pardoned. Jesus explicitly forgave the Magdalen; but she was a sinner and nothing more; and, in order that we may understand one another, I shall say that she was a Catholic sinner, and not a heretical sinner, like the Samaritan woman. You are well aware that the Jews regarded the Samaritans as some of us regard the Yankees. Besides, the Magdalen had repented of her sins and she loved the Saviour much: circumstances, both of them, that rendered forgiveness less difficult.

A good forgiveness was that of the Samaritan woman, the one with five husbands, the Yankee, the Protestant woman, the one that did not know Jesus, the one that

hesitated before giving him a drink of water, and the one regarding whom we are in doubt as to whether she was good-looking or ugly. That was indeed pardoning.

Some ladies—not you, of course, who are already saints, in a manner of speaking, because you have the sanctity of beauty and because I canonize you—are wont not to imitate the divine example of Jesus. To them there are two kinds of Samaritans: the Samaritan by race, the Yankee woman, the stranger; and the Samaritan that is such because of her way of living . . . the . . . the . . . the one that has not been so virtuous as some women, as you, have; and they pardon neither of them!

You will be scandalized, I know; for you, of course, did not so much as dream that injustices of the kind are committed: there are women that detest others simply because they are strangers; and by strangers I do not mean those alone that were born in another country. To the ugly woman, the beautiful woman is a stranger; to the stupid woman, the intelligent woman is a stranger; the rich woman is a stranger to the poor woman; and to the badly dressed woman, the woman that dresses well is a stranger. They would not even bring themselves to ask for a glass of water of these Samaritans, and, in all probability, the latter would not risk drinking the water that they might give them. Nevertheless, my señoras, these protectionists, these Chinese, would gain a great deal by saying to the Samaritans: "Draw near."

I, who am not a physician, think that everything is infectious, even beauty, even talent. A rich woman, one of those strangers that is finely dressed in silk, can teach another, a poor woman, how to dress well in wool. The difference will consist in this: that the garments of one are rich and pretty and those of the other are merely pretty; but what we men like is what is pretty.

What is necessary in life—above all, in wedded life—is to *imitate* the good. Why bother to invent, when it is so difficult?

The trouble is that many women, far from imitating the good, wheresoever they find it, although it be in Samaritan women, try to do the opposite. How often does a

³Ernest Renan: *Life of Jesus*, Boston, 1910, page 201.—THE EDITOR.

husband go to a certain house because in it they know how to make good coffee! At first such a one cares for nothing but the coffee; but because of much going and because his wife says to him every day, "That must be wretched coffee!" he ends by going because he likes the coffee and also the lady that serves it. How much better it would have been if the wife, who may be a friend of hers, and is not yet her enemy, had inquired of her: "Señora, how do you make that coffee?"

Therefore I say to those that hear me—no, I am mistaken! . . . to those that do not hear me—"Draw near! There are no longer any Samaritans and Jewesses! There is no longer a Jerusalem or a Gerizim."

There are enchantments, señoras, that may be stolen honestly. Even bad people can teach us something good . . . from a distance. The reading of prohibited books may be permitted to married women . . . always provided they confine themselves to certain passages. . . . Commonly—and I speak, of course, of those that are married to honorable men who love them—those that complain that other women have robbed them of the love of their husbands are accomplices in crime. At least they were victims by inadvertence, and there is no occasion to blame the police . . . I mean, the husband. In this same pulpit preached yesterday another father of the church an edifying sermon on the murder of the señor Hernández. He said—and he was right—that the murdered man was partly to blame. He made a habit of being alone, in the dark . . . and surrounded by jewels. Naturally, the temptation was strong.

I therefore recommend to you, not to leave your husbands alone or in the dark, because every husband that is alone seeks and finds company; and every husband that is in the dark finds a kind of Light for himself.⁴ To leave a husband alone is not to enter into his life, is not to keep up with his thought, is not to love what he loves and what his wife may love. To leave

him in the dark is not to wish, is not to know how, to kindle a light in the soul with a kiss.

When the catastrophe occurs, some think they have been robbed.

If, however, they have let themselves be robbed, my señoras! . . . if they, like the señor Hernández, left their jewelry exposed and in the dark! . . .

I shall not weary therefore of repeating to you that you request of the Samaritans, your racial enemies, all the good they can give you: this, especially of the Samaritans that I call "strangers," because they are of another beauty and another intelligence. As to the Samaritans that . . . that have five husbands, like the woman of the gospel story, I must also counsel you forgiveness: not friendship, by any means, but, indeed, indulgence. Jesus spoke with the woman of Samaria because he was a man. The Virgin Mother, the supreme archetype of woman, did not speak with her.

Nevertheless, my hearers, when they tell you about those poor Samaritans . . . go on being good!

I am not going to repeat to you Victor Hugo's celebrated verse, because this would be an act of unpardonable vulgarity; but what do you know? . . . What do I know? . . . What do we know? . . . Some are bad because they have inherited badness, as one inherits insanity; because their blood is like wine, as it were, adulterated; because their instincts and their passions are, as it were, drunk. Leave all this to the physician of souls, however; for we have not sufficient data on which to base a diagnosis.

Others, my señoras, have had five husbands, like the woman of Samaria, because four of them were bad, and the other is so perhaps, or is going to be.

There is an immoral maxim, which says: "*Get rich honestly if you can, and if you can not . . . get rich.*" In love, which is a tendency to acquire the best and the most beautiful, this maxim . . . continues to be immoral, but it is more human and even more pardonable.

In legendry are recorded many martyrs; but the number of those that have not wished to be martyrs is greater. What

⁴An untranslatable play on words: the Spanish word for "light," *luz*, begun with a capital, is a common Christian name for a woman, like Consuelo (consolation), Mercedes (mercies), et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

then? Is there no flesh? Is there no spirit? Has the latter no desire to know of love, and the former, to taste love?

What do you know of the disillusionments of those women that found nothing noble to love? Excuse some; forgive others; pity all.

Poor things! They are indeed the poor! . . . Those that ask for love because their souls have nothing to eat; those that

are alone when they are with their husbands!

For those that are bad just to be bad, beseech the mercy of God; for those that are not good, pray also, but with more tenderness. Do not speak with them, as Jesus spoke with the Samaritan—for Jesus was a man—do not ask water of them, but give it to them; yes: the living water of your counsels.



THE PLATT AMENDMENT

ITS ANTECEDENTS AND CHARACTER: RESPONSIBILITIES AND DUTIES OF CUBA IN RESPECT OF IT

BY

RAÚL DE CÁRDENAS

The Platt amendment, from the point of view of an intelligent and moderate Cuban, who regards it as the natural outgrowth of the principle of "isolation," of "the two spheres" and of the Monroe doctrine, and who holds that, although it was primarily designed only for the protection of the United States and Cuba, and hence that it is not sinister or hurtful in its essence, yet, nevertheless, "The interference of the United States in affairs of ours that are the exclusive prerogative of the public authorities is not in accord with the existing treaty in which the Platt amendment occurs. Intervention is authorized only when we are not able to maintain a government 'adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty' . . . but when 'life, property and individual liberty' are not threatened . . . the existing law is not one on which can be based constant intervention in our affairs." Finally, he recognizes that, after all, the Cubans themselves can "see to it that this amendment shall fall into disuse," by removing all grounds for interference by the United States.—THE EDITOR.

THE provision contained in article I of the Platt amendment—according to the terms of which "the government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign power or powers that will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign power or powers to obtain by colonization or for military or naval purposes or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island," as well as what is contained in article VII, "That to enable the United States to maintain the independence of Cuba, and to protect the people thereof, as well as for its own defense, the government of Cuba will sell or lease to the United States lands necessary for coaling or naval stations—" did not constitute a creation or an improvisation of the congress of the United States. Its precedents go back to a very remote date; their origin is to be found in the policy of "isolation" and in that of "the two spheres," conceived by Adams, even before the gathering of the convention at Philadelphia, and of which the Monroe doctrine came afterward to be but a more precise and concrete affirmation.

This policy consisted in keeping the nation withdrawn from the intricate labyrinth of European wars and in rendering it impossible for the neighboring territories to fall into the hands of some great power;

and one of the first opportunities in which it had occasion to be applied was in the case of Cuba. As a result of the Napoleonic wars, there was discussion in 1808 of the possibility of our country's passing into the hands of England or France; and this awakened so much concern among the Cubans that President Jefferson deemed it wise to address them in the following terms:

. . . if you remain under the dominion of the kingdom and family of Spain, we are contented; but we should be extremely unwilling to see you pass under the dominion or ascendancy of France or England. In the latter cases should you choose to declare independence, we can not now commit ourselves by saying we would make common cause with you but must reserve ourselves to act according to the then existing circumstances.¹

This policy, followed invariably by the Washington chancellery throughout the course of the last century whenever the Cuban question presented itself, was in harmony with the already mentioned provisions of the Platt amendment: to prevent the possibility of any foreign power's exercising dominion or jurisdiction in whatsoever manner over our island. It is a question therefore simply of a case of the so-called policy of "isolation," defined later, as we have said, in the doctrine

¹*The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, New York, 1892, volume i, page 334.—THE EDITOR.

that bears the name of the fifth president of the United States.

Probably the contents of the Platt amendment would have been limited to the provisions mentioned, if our republic had been established at a time earlier than that in which it was: in the second third, or even in the last, let us suppose, of the nineteenth century. Since, however, the establishment of our sovereignty almost coincided with the approval of the Anglo-American treaty of November 18, 1901, whereby Great Britain renounced in favor of the United States the rights that belonged to her in respect of the construction of a canal across the isthmus, from that instant, and in view of the growth which, thanks to this fact, North American interests assumed in the Caribbean sea, our powerful neighbors doubtless considered that the policy of expectance, summed up in the Monroe doctrine, was not sufficient for their purpose, but that something more positive was needed; and in pursuance of this tendency were set up, in the respective legal field, certain provisions by virtue of which the right of the Washington government to interfere in our affairs in stipulated cases was recognized. We refer to the provisions by which the government of Cuba engages not to contract excessive debts and consents that the United States shall intervene for "the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States," and obligates herself to maintain good sanitary conditions in the island.

This same interventionist tendency is what afterward led the United States to become a decisive factor in the insurrection that separated Panamá from Colombia and which caused her to assume a protectorate over Panamá and, later, over the Dominican Republic, Haiti and Nicaragua.

SUCH is the North American aspect, so to speak, of the Platt amendment. From the Cuban point of view, we ought not to see in this law, as Mr. Root said, any intention of attacking our indepen-

dence; but we ought, rather, to regard it, in the first place, as a consequence of our geographical reality, situated, as we are, near the southern coast of the United States, and in a dominant position in respect of the entrance to the gulf of México and the route to the Panamá canal; and, in the second, as a consequence of the fact that the United States is the only great dominant power of these latitudes.

We mention the latter, because, if any of the other republics washed by the "American Mediterranean"—Venezuela or México, for instance—were so strong that they might stand up against the United States and dispute with her the hegemony she exercises, we should not be a protectorate; we should probably be a neutralized state, like Switzerland or Belgium.

The case of our sovereignty does not involve an exception; it constitutes, rather, the rule, when it is a question of countries that are in similar situations. Above all, let us not lose sight of the fact that the interdependence of nations, as a consequence of the complexity of international relations in our days, in one form or another, affects both powerful and weak nations: the former, by imposing on them, under the pressure of interests in which all feel they participate, certain restrictions in their several activities, especially their military and financial activities; and the weak, by subjecting them to the protectorate of other stronger nations, or by proclaiming or recognizing them as neutrals. What changes then is the aspect of this interdependence; but the phenomenon is general. There is ground for the concept of the international community or the society of nations, when allusion is made to the whole body of them.

The provisions of the Platt amendment, which we have termed "Monroeistic," have not been applied; but, on the other hand, the exercise of the right to intervene in our affairs is more and more frequent. This interference was barely perceptible during the administration of General Gómez in the form of "notes," often sent by the Washington chancellery, and in which warning was given to our government, until the culmination was reached during the preceding and present administrations,

with the stay among us of General Crowder, the personal envoy of the president of the United States, who was invested with an authority that has not been defined, but which, to judge from what may be seen, resembles that which is exercised in other countries by functionaries called "residents."

The interference of the United States in affairs of ours that are the exclusive prerogative of the public authorities is not in accord with the existing treaty in which the Platt amendment occurs. Intervention is authorized only when we are not able to maintain a government "adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty" or when we are not able to fulfil the obligations imposed by the treaty of Paris; but when "life, property and individual liberty" are not threatened—and they are absolutely guaranteed to-day, as has been wisely set forth in a recent newspaper interview by the illustrious senator, Doctor Torrientes—and when we scrupulously discharge our international obligations, it is indubitable that the existing law is not one on which can be based constant intervention in our affairs.

WE OUGHT, however, to be sincere; we ought to recognize that we Cubans are, in part, responsible, whenever, as has often been the case, intervention has grown out of the mistakes of our rulers, the failures of our administrations. It was not for nothing that Manuel Sanguily and other illustrious Cubans said, in the questionnaire of *El Día* regarding the Platt amendment, that it would depend mainly on us to see to it that this amendment should fall into disuse.

Errors in our public administration do not constitute the only occasion we give to the government of the United States to interfere constantly with our affairs.

There is another cause as regrettable as, or more regrettable than, this: the frequency with which partizan politics has dominated national sentiment. To convince ourselves of this, it is sufficient to refer to the distressing example that is afforded in this respect by the conduct of the four citizens that have occupied the

presidency, one while in power, the others from the ranks of the oppositions. In 1906, Estrada Palma preferred intervention to compromising with the liberals; in 1917, General Manocal gratefully accepted the mediation of Washington to counteract a revolution; in the beginning of 1919, he summoned General Crowder to effect a reform in our electoral law; that same year the liberals addressed Washington to request the supervision of the elections in a document that bears, among other signatures, that of Doctor Alfredo Zayas; and, in 1920, General Crowder conferred with the president of the United States himself and asked him to annul our last elections and arrange for the holding of others under his inspection.

Moreover, in the recent elections, when General Montalvo "still" figured as a candidate for the presidency of the republic, the newspapers of his adversary said with glee that he was *persona non grata* in Washington; and the newspapers of the opponents of General Gómez replied, in turn, that the Washington government would "veto" the candidacy of the latter. Have we not ourselves contributed therefore as much as, or more than, the Americans to give to the Platt amendment a scope that it ought not to have?

On two occasions voices have been raised among us which, inspired—although it may seem a paradox—by a love for independence, have advocated a substantial change in our relations with the United States, in the sense of inviting her mediation in certain aspects of our affairs, in the manner that I proceed to describe.

The first of these occasions was in 1906. Growing out of the revolt of August of that year, when the feelings of our people were disturbed by Roosevelt's warning that we should lose our independence if we fell into the habit of insurrection, a group of Cubans that appreciated the risk we were running waged a campaign in favor of a more effective protectorate. Since political ability is acquired only with age and as the result of struggle, the United States is acting with notorious injustice, they said, in threatening us with the suppression of independence, if we continue to give proofs of inexperience; it

is fair, they added, since this is her attitude, that she share with us the responsibilities of self-government by assuming a true supervision of our affairs.

This proposal was not favorably received: it did not extend beyond a few newspaper writers. The second occasion to which we have alluded was as follows:

Four years ago, when President Wilson sent Estrada Cabrera his famous "note" to warn him that he must not again accept reelection, Doctor Orestes Ferrara, in the pages of *La Reforma Social*, and filled with rejoicing, lavished his praise on this "note." The Wilsonian theory, in opposition to the recognition of governments set up as the result of revolutions, was, he said, a tremendous injustice: it made the United States the *bull-dog*² of tyranny; that theory needed a complement, that of not tolerating tyrants, either, and it now has it, he added; and, although we do not concern ourselves with whether or not the interference of one government in the affairs of another be always a dangerous thing, it is illogical to suppose that the Washington government would destroy a native tyranny to replace it by one of its own.

We are partizans of neither policy: either that of the supervision of an intervener in all the affairs of administration, or that of limiting one's self to electoral affairs, as a means of preventing a tyrannical régime

²English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

from being perpetuated: in the first case, because supervision is incompatible with sovereignty, since it, in reality, suppresses it, while holding out the vague hope of restoring it some day; or with the second, because we are unable to understand how the Washington government can suppress a tyranny without this suppression's involving intervention; nor can we imagine either an intervener with powers limited to one realm. Let us suppose that the Washington government were overseeing elections among us, how could we tell it to limit its attitude to this subject; and if it intervened in everything, to what would our self-government be reduced?

We see only one way out of our uncertain and difficult position: that we recognize that it on us depends chiefly to see to it that the Platt amendment shall cease to be felt; and that the public authorities and the people shall act with this in view. The hour has now arrived when the nationalistic sentiment should give signs of life. Let us bear in mind that our republic is not the product of a diplomatic arrangement, but that it has very deep roots: it represents the efforts of three generations of Cubans, who bequeathed it to us, not that we might lose it, but that we might transmit it intact to our children. After all, the effort to preserve it is not to be compared in any way with the sacrifices it cost to obtain it.



THE ADMINISTRATIVE INCAPACITY OF SPAIN DURING THE PERIOD OF HER GREATNESS¹

BY
RUFINO BLANCO FOMBONA

Spain, during the period of her great colonial opportunities and undertakings, at her worst. While the picture is highly interesting in the graphic sense, although distressing as a presentation of fact and as a description of a long period of disaster and privation through which a whole people and its colonies had to pass; and while the strokes possess the characteristic vigor of the portrayer, the thoughtful reader will be disposed to feel that something must have been overlooked, that some gleam of brightness must have been missed, and that there were ameliorations and palliating circumstances and many good figures that are lacking in the composition, as we see it here, and that would contribute to soften the total impression.
—THE EDITOR

I CARLOS V AND FELIPE II

WE ARRIVE at the great days of Spain, the epoch of splendor, victory, megalomania and glory. A long series of circumstances and the formidable vigor of the Spaniards of the times changed Spain—a small country of only seven million inhabitants—into the first power of Europe and into a constant menace to the world. The Indies, first, and then also the Philippines, were hers. The seas were dotted with her ships. The mines of México and Perú glutted the exchequer of Spain. A single viceroy of the Indies was more powerful in territory, money and subjects than many a European monarch. Europe was envious and she combated Spain; but Spain was invincible. Where and over whom was she not victorious? The king of France she held a prisoner, the pontiff of Christianity, also a prisoner, with Rome put to the sack; the grand Turk she conquered; the Hollander she enslaved; Italy she governed by proconsuls and America by satraps.

Her vigor, although fundamentally martial, hewed a way to other manifestations of energy. In that hour of race exaltation, the energy of the race was shown in divers realms of activity. Although, as a

rule, of a character but slightly industrial, there existed very flourishing industries in the Spain of the day. Toledo, Segovia, Cuenca and Ciudad Real had become manufacturing centers of importance. Medina del Campo, Valladolid and Burgos held fairs that brought together countless traders from many parts of Europe. More than a thousand Spanish merchant-ships sailed all the known seas.

Arabian Spain, besides, in achieving Spanish unity, enriched the national patrimony by her scientific, artistic and industrial culture. Indeed, Moslem Spain had excelled, not only in her science and her arts, her universities and libraries, her religious tolerance and the splendor of her caliphs, but also in her industry and her agriculture.

Under the Arab caliphs Moslem Spain became the richest, most populous and most enlightened country in Europe. . . . New industries, particularly silkweaving, flourished exceedingly, 13,000 looms existing in Córdoba alone. Agriculture, aided by perfect systems of irrigation for the first time in Europe, was carried to a high degree of perfection, many fruits, trees and vegetables hitherto unknown being introduced from the East. Mining and metallurgy, glass-making, enameling and damaskeening kept whole populations busy and prosperous. From Málaga, Sevilla and Almería went ships to all parts of the Mediterranean loaded with the rich product of Spanish Moslem taste and industry, and of the natural and cultivated wealth of the land. Caravans bore to farthest India and

¹A fragment of a book in preparation.

darkest Africa the precious tissues, the marvels of metal work, the enamels and precious stones of Spain. All the luxury, culture and beauty that the Orient could provide in return found its way to the Moslem cities of the Peninsula.³

Were the Christian monarchs able to contribute to the spontaneous economic development of the country? Were they even able to prevent it from being paralyzed? They did not succeed in either the one or the other. It seems, rather, that they made a decided effort to destroy the national industries. They hampered them by the most absurd regulations and they burdened them with taxes. It might have been thought that there existed among the rulers a deliberate purpose to ruin the country by attacking her at her sources of life. Something of the same kind occurred in the case of agriculture: the expulsion of the Moors was a tremendous blow to it. One of the most prosperous industries of Castilla was that of cloth making. In 1549 Carlos V issued an absurd decree wherein was prohibited the manufacture of fine cloths. What was the object of this measure that was counseled by the *cortes* of Valladolid in 1548? To obtain a reduction of prices. Without considering that the advance in prices was due to the growing wealth of the country, one of the richest industries of Spain was dealt a mortal blow. Any that might improve the quality of cloths beyond the regulations were condemned to exile or to the loss of their property. Any that dared to place on their cloths their names or trademarks, in order to give to their merchandise a reputation, were threatened with dire evils. A little after this strange decree was issued, obstacles were placed in the way of the manufacture and sale of black *berber*⁴ cloth. This did not seem enough, and in 1552 the exportation of a multitude of articles of woolen manufacture was prohibited. The trade in wool that was carried on with Genoa, Florence and Tunis was therefore paralyzed.

³Martin A. S. Hume: *The Spanish People: Their Origin, Growth and Influence*, New York, 1901, pages 101, 102.—THE EDITOR.

⁴Derived from *berber* or *berber*, the ethnic name of aboriginal peoples of northern Africa, from the gulf of Aden to Morocco.—THE EDITOR.

Another highly perfected industry was that of preparing fine leathers. A decree was also issued against it. The exportation of dressed skins was prohibited; it was equivalent to aiming a dagger at the manufacturing of leathers, *cordobanes* and *badanas*,⁴ so numerous in Castilla. An imperial ukase reached as far down as the shoemakers. A shoemaker that did not confine himself to manufacturing foot wear according to the whim of the government was forced to abandon his trade.

This was not all. No national industry must be left standing.

Export trade must be restricted. Hence the shipment of iron and steel abroad must be prevented, according to the counsels of the *cortes* of Valladolid. Not even in the case of fish was it proper to export the surplus of the national consumption. It is not difficult to imagine the effects of these counsels and these measures on the industrial and economic life of Spain.

There was still more, however, for human imbecility is infinite. One royal ordinance prevented free internal commerce in grains; another, trade in wools; another, business in cattle of all kinds; another, commerce in ingredients for dyes and the elaboration of cloths; while at the same time the prohibition extended to the sale of cloths in quantities to those that did not have public shops, and of the latter, to the extent that they should sell only by the yard. One of such government measures, which seem to have been dictated by the genius of folly and which in reality were fathered by the counselors of the crown, consisted in forbidding the drawing, in the interior of Spain, of bills of exchange.

The blunders of the imperial administration of Carlos V did not occur accidentally, from time to time, nor even merely in time of stress; they were the result of conviction: they were methodical, systematic. Even the emperor of noisy memory signed still more absurd ordinances. Did he not prohibit the exportation of innumerable materials, thus destroying with the same pen the foreign commerce of Spain and the merchant marine that served as its foundation? Furthermore, when the export of certain materials was tolerated, the Spanish

⁴Dressed sheepskins.—THE EDITOR.

merchant was forced to import into Spain foreign merchandise; that is, prosperous national industries were killed, the export trade was destroyed, and the people were compelled to bring even what they did not need from abroad.

Taxes were multiplied, and as they were not sufficient to relieve the straits of the royal treasury, recourse was had to pledging the public revenues. The ordinary revenues of Castilla amounted in 1550 to the sum of nine hundred thousand ducats. Of this amount, the sum of two hundred thousand was pledged. Naples and Sicily produced eight hundred thousand, and that same year seven hundred thousand was pledged. The revenues of Flanders were also pledged in the main; as also were those of Milan, which amounted to four hundred thousand ducats. What were the economic results of the reign of Carlos V?

The result was that, as trade and revenues diminished and industry was shackled and suffocated, the extraordinary taxes granted by the *cortes* were increased day by day; and on them and on the destruction of the public wealth followed the ruin to which, to the astonishment of the world, the Spanish nation was reduced.⁶

Did Felipe, his counselors, confessors, ministers, inquisitors and the members of the Consejo de Castilla y de Indias, find palliatives for the economic blunders of the emperor? They did not suspect, even by instinct, if you will, that a public administration ought to have in view those two objects regarding which, with the passing of time, Adam Smith was to theorize: to place the nation in a position to secure abundant resources, and to supply the state with the means of maintaining the public services. In the time of Felipe, the wars with Holland, England and the Turks; military interventions in France; garrisons maintained in Italy; the vain desire to exercise universal monarchy, mainly at the cost of the blood and money of Spain, ruined the treasury, without benefit to the state. National pride reached a climax. The Spaniards, as the Venetian and Florentine ambassadors remarked, believed themselves to be an elect people;

⁶R. M. Baralt: *Historia de Venezuela desde el descubrimiento hasta 1797*, Paris, 1841, page 348.

“they were all convinced that they were a superior and sacred nation.⁶ Without protest on the part of the Christians, they effected the expulsion of the Israelites and Moors, which impoverished Spain by withdrawing from her thousands and thousands of her most laborious children, those that possessed the secret of exchange and of agriculture, those that contributed in large measure to enrich her and reflect credit on her.

When the Spaniards of Mosaic religion were expelled, foreigners, mainly Genoese, monopolized the banking operations and profits; lacking the Moors, and as the Catholics had been sent as soldiers to remote countries, there was no one to cultivate the fields; the industry decayed and decayed.

The fairs began to be deserted. The cities lost their inhabitants. The population declined. In 1594, the *cortes* said to Felipe II:

In places where wool was worked, where from twenty to thirty *arrobas*⁷ were wrought, not six are wrought to-day; where there were owners of cattle in great numbers, they have diminished in like proportion; the same happening in every realm of universal and private commerce.

There did not exist

a city among the principal cities of these kingdoms, nor any place where there has not been a considerable decrease in population, as may be seen from the multitude of houses closed and unoccupied, and from the decrease in the rental of the few that are rented and inhabited.⁸

Felipe was not lazy, nor did he let himself be governed by favorites. He imposed his will; he took an interest in everything, and as a good autocrat he desired to interfere and he did interfere in the least details of administration, without permitting his employees to take the initiative and without accepting the counsels of experts. When he traveled, he was followed by an interminable string of vehicles filled with official papers. He was called “the paper king.” Yet neither he nor his administra-

⁶Martin Hume: work quoted, page 403.

⁷A weight of twenty-five pounds: used throughout Spain and Hispanic America wherever the decimal system has not replaced it.—THE EDITOR.

⁸Cited by Baralt: work quoted, page 244.

tors could make up the disproportion between the economies of the government and the enormous expenses to which it was driven by the international policy—martial and imperialistic—of Felipe II.

Taxes increased in the same proportion as the straits of the treasury; and the multitude and excess of the former ruined the now already languishing industries.

Internal custom-houses, that is, between different regions of the Peninsula, rendered difficult and costly the life and commercial intercourse of the nation.

Innumerable revenue taxes, such as tolls, excises, et cetera, increased production more and more, but they diminished the earnings of the working people, without being able to meet the needs and demands of the treasury. The day came when Felipe II ordered the payment of four hundred *reales*,⁹ and the royal exchequer could not pay it; it did not have the sum. "The founder of the Escorial, the fitter out of the 'invincible armada,' the owner, in short, of the Indies, went from door to door to solicit aid of the powerful inhabitants of the court, on the basis of a shameful quota, as a mendicant might beg."¹⁰

Want knocked at the doors of the Escorial; and it not only knocked at the doors of the haughty palace, but also at the doors of Spanish homes; and all through the fault of unwise administrators, who wasted in futile and hurtful political and military enterprises the vast and unsuspected energies of a vigorous race and who legislated and governed contrary to common sense and the interests of the kingdom.

The country, hunger stricken, Felipe had recourse finally to a measure that must have wounded his pride. In 1573, "to save his own country from utter ruin he was obliged to open his ports at last to English trade, without restitution of the vast plunder that had been taken from him four years before."¹¹

Carlos V had a deficit of more than sixty-two million *reales de vellón* for one year. This deficit increased during the

reign of Felipe to an average of seventy-five millions.

An absurdity, like Felipe's policy, the résumé of that reign: the territory increased and decadence set in; or, rather, the territory of the country or the countries over which Felipe reigned extended, and the decadence of Spain, which began at that time, in the midst of splendor, also extended.

Neither Carlos nor his son nor the counselors of either seem to have suspected, even vaguely, how the wealth of the state ought to be created, distributed and consumed.

II

THE SUCCESSORS OF FELIPE II

IN THE time of the immediate successors of Felipe II, the economic situation grew worse, and decadence followed at a gallop. There appeared neither an able prince nor a minister of superior mind. All were religious, sensual, shortsighted, null. Princes in the hands of favorites were frankly degenerates, imbeciles, simpletons. The idiot Carlos II was not an exception, but a representative type of the Austrian princes of the Spain of that day. With soft flesh, fair skins, expressionless eyes, hanging lips, ponderous jaws: those bodies and faces reveal, in spite of the flattery of painters, the moribund spirit of that series of crowned idiots.

Not one of these men was an energetic reformer like Henri IV of France, who lifted his country from the prostration into which she had been plunged by forty years of war. To this people, ruined, creditless, without industries, without an army and without order, Henri bequeathed at his death a well ordered country, troops, the spirit of work, agriculture, factories, new sources of wealth, and possessed of material elements to humiliate the house of Austria; and the king of France could aspire to be the first monarch of Europe.

Not even clear ideas and the will to carry them out, like those that characterized Sully and other of Henri's counselors, such as Olivier de Serres and de Laffémas, were possessed by the favorites and counselors of the Austro-Spaniards. The two coun-

⁹The *real* alluded to here was probably the *real de vellón*, equivalent to the fourth part of a *peseta*, and hence to about five cents of our money.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁰R. M. Baralt, work quoted, page 344.

¹¹Martin A. S. Hume: work quoted, page 382.

tries had been in a deplorable condition. Why could not both have raised themselves, especially since Spain was the mistress of colonies and resources that France never dreamed of possessing?

Why should periods of prostration alternate in one of them with periods of prosperity—and she be able to save herself—and the other fall into decay without remedy? Without remedy? Was there any one to apply the remedy, however? This was precisely the misfortune of Spain: the state lacked physicians: statesmen, financiers, administrators.

No one observed the complex causes that contributed to the prostration of Spain; no one suggested, or took measures toward, an efficient policy. On the contrary, official measures conspired, as has been seen in the courts of Felipe II and Carlos V, to precipitate the ruin of the nation. She was no longer the commercial power that sent to the single port of Bruges forty thousand bales of wool every year. The looms of Sevilla declined to the number of four hundred.

This maritime nation that had dotted the known seas with her vessels, forgot, little by little, the art of ship-building, and she lacked charts. In 1756, with the departure of the Pinzones, she lacked able pilots; and the town of Juan Sebastián Elcano had not a competent seaman. The army was not in a much better condition. The soldiers deserted or they died of hunger without receiving their pay, or they received it irregularly. The frontier cities were ungarrisoned, the forts in ruins, the parks without arms, the arsenals empty.¹²

The squadron consisted of only six galleys. In these conditions even the military spirit of this nation, which had been so warlike, was partially and temporarily eclipsed. In the war of succession to the throne of Carlos II, no Spanish soldier stood out. The French forced the first Bourbon on Spain. Voltaire, in treating

¹²Foreigners, mainly the sons of rulers rivaled by Spain, painted, not infelicitously, the decadence of Spain. Buckle, in his *History of Civilization in England*, wrote with a seemingly disinterested purpose in respect of Spain. He often appealed to Spanish sources in dealing with Spain, but an excessive complacency, a delight too Saxon and Lutheran, is perfectly evident in his exposition of Spanish decadence.

of the century of Louis XIV, passed lightly over this war, almost without mentioning the Spaniards as military factors.

The bankrupt state could not meet its obligations. The king, the first swindler of the kingdom, deceived his creditors. "How can the king grant so many favors, make such a show and incur so many expenses?" asked the ambassador of the republic of Venice, Simon Contarini, in the time of Felipe III. "I reply to everything," he wrote, "that he does so by not paying. Whence result so many laments. Yet, as the state incurs expenses, and as the public funds, misapplied, slip through their hands and most often find their way into private purses, recourse is had to pledges and promises, which consume the best part of the treasury."

"The government lives," explained Contarini, "by always obligating itself to the Genoese for the provisioning of Flanders and for other expenses that arise, for terms of five or six years, and receiving one ducat for three ducats to be paid; and thus it is that the exchequer is in such a bad way."¹³

This king, the absolute lord of continents, owner of México and Perú, the sole producer of the gold that was flooding the world, did not pay his servants, and he lacked the superfluities he deemed necessary to marry off his daughter. With this poverty—absurd because it was unreasonable and excuseless—were joined vanity, prodigality and disorder, both in public expenditures and in private. The king sent to the French ambassador daily, as a gift:

eight peacocks, twenty-six milk fed capons, sixty hens, a hundred pairs of squabs, a hundred pairs of turtle-doves, a hundred rabbits and a hundred hares, twenty-four lambs, two hind quarters of beef, forty pounds of beef shin-bones, two head of veal, twelve tongues, twelve pounds of sausage, twelve Ganovillas hams, three sides of bacon, a four *arroba* tub of lard, four *fanegas*¹⁴ of biscuits, eight *arrobos* of fruit, six skins of wine, each of which contained six *arrobos* of a different kind of wine.¹⁵

¹³Fuentes: work quoted, page 67.

¹⁴The *fanega*, still in use in the Hispanic countries in which the metric system has not replaced the traditional units, is, according to the standard of Castilla, a dry measure equivalent to 55.5 liters.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁵Ricardo Fuentes: *Favoritas y validos*, "Biblioteca Nueva," Madrid, pages 192, 193.

The duke of Lerma, Felipe III's minister and favorite, who governed absolutely the slight intellect of the prince and who enriched himself by despoiling the public treasury, spent on a roistering trip to the frontier of France four hundred thousand ducats. Another thirty thousand he gave to the marquis of Labiche to enable him to go to take the baths. When Felipe IV himself conducted to Fuenterrabia the *infanta* María Teresa, whom he was going to give in marriage in France, the *infanta* was provided with an outfit worthy of the Queen of Sheba. The carriages occupied a stretch six leagues long. What a retinue! What pomp! There were forty-eight litters, seventy coaches of state, twenty-six hundred mules with side-saddles, seventy parade horses, nine hundred saddle mules and seventy-two enormous tilt carts. The silver plate and perfumes alone of the *infanta* were carried by sixty horses; her tapestries, by twenty-five. Twenty great boxes, covered with red satin and garnished with silver, conveyed her gowns; another twenty, her linen. In two chests, overlaid with gold, went her gloves. Merely for alms, she had fifty thousand pistoles.

This splendor, worthy of the masters of the New World, concealed absolute poverty. It was like the brocade under which the bedizened dames of the middle ages were wont to hide the leprosy that was gnawing at their white breasts.

This unbridled luxury was an insult and a challenge to the poverty of the nation; but the nation lacked collective consciousness and it did not feel the insult. Who at that time would entertain the thought that the people possessed any rights? The people were ground down under taxes to enable kings to be lavish. The money belonged to the monarch; the debt, to the people. This seemed—and it still seems—natural. The people paid. Taxes increased. Everything was taxed.

The burdened people is coming to resent
That they are not taxed for drawing their
breath,¹⁶

said the honored and energetic don Fran-

¹⁶El pueblo doliente llega a recelar
No le eciben gabela sobre el respirar.

cisco de Quevedo to King Felipe IV, who replied by persecuting him.

The misgovernment, administrative deficiency and poverty of the court became worse in the time of Felipe IV than in that of Felipe III; and, although it seems impossible, they were still worse in the time of Carlos II than in that of Felipe IV. Felipe IV, like his father and his ancestors Felipe II and Carlos I, did not hesitate to appropriate, for his private needs, the gold the Spaniards sent from America. Felipe IV, dissolute and lacking in scruples—save those of a religious character, which did not hinder him much in his royal debauches and his petty rascalities—went to useless extremes of shamelessness. Did he not place in the churches baskets in which might be dropped alms to relieve the poverty of the king of Spain?

Carlos II's horses died of hunger in the royal stables; there was no money with which to buy the daily supply of feed they ought to have eaten and did not eat.

Felipe V's horses had such a hard time that it occurred to an ambassador of France to make this witticism: "The fate most to be lamented is that of the horses; they can not ask alms."

In the autumn of 1630, the sovereigns, and especially the queen, had a lively desire to enjoy the delights of the season in the beautiful gardens of Aranjuez. The journey was already arranged, but it was necessary to interrupt it because of a lack of money. As a pretext it was said that the pest was in . . . Málaga. To deceive the queen, resort was had to the ridiculous comedy of sending off a drove of mules loaded with the royal equipment, which was to return under some pretext. The queen, who learned the truth, was angered with the jest. Then the ministers decided on a trip to the Escorial near by. To make it, the marquis of Villars, the ambassador of France, entered in his memoirs:

they sold a government in the Indies for forty thousand *escudos*, and two offices of auditor-general for twenty-five thousand; they took all the money brought in by the ordinary revenues and the custom-houses of Madrid, and they laid hands on half of a fund of a hundred thou-

sand *escudos*, set aside to pay for the equipment of the galleys of the *galeones*.¹⁷

If the owners of America reached such extremes of want, what must have happened to the middle class and the people?

The middle class lived, and not willingly, a life of more than ascetic frugality.

The gentleman, impoverished, but honest, good, When he falls ill, nor bread nor lamb hath he for food,¹⁸

Quevedo reminded the monarch, as he painted for him the distressing economic condition of the kingdom.

The evocation of an able writer of our days, based on the best sources, will give an idea of the want and the straits of the middle classes in the Spain of the seventeenth century:

The meal hour draws near; the señora waits; the hidalgo returns to his inn. The noble gentlemen have nothing in their houses in quantity. The hidalgo goes out again and buys for the three—master, mistress and servant—a quarter of kid, fruit, bread and wine. Very modest is the meal. The property of a Spanish gentleman did not yield anything better.¹⁹

This hidalgo of the evocation was not one of the worst off. He had, if you please, a few farthings with which to buy what he ate. The most of the people did not have. The Spanish hunger of the seventeenth century became classic. You will find it in the life and works of Cervantes, in the ragged clothes and shoes of Góngora, in the mendicant life of Rojas, in all the picaresque novels, in accounts of travel, in the data gathered by sociologists and historians. It was then that the *pícaro* appeared as literary material, from Lázaro de Tormes to Pablo de Segovia, and from Rinconete of Sevilla to Guzmán of Alfarache. In literature and in the Spanish history of that time are known not only the figures of the *pícaro* and the *Celestina*,²⁰ but also of the beggar in

¹⁷*España vista por los extranjeros*, volume iii, page 184.

¹⁸*El bonrado, pobre y buen caballero*
Si enferma, no alcanza a pan y carnero,

¹⁹Azorín: *El alma castellana*, Madrid, 1920, pages 27, 28.

²⁰Derived from the title of and a personage in Fernando de Rojas's work, printed about the end of

all his forms: the begging friar, the **fasting** student, the hungry hidalgo, the ribald **poet**. The scribes gnawed their thumbs, **for** the want of anything more nourishing. The writers, not excepting Cervantes persecuted "the great" with **memorials** and supplications. No one had a *maravedí*.²¹

The soldiers were in rags; and in rags and beaten for their daring were **the** sacristans, in love with scullery maids, brought on the stage by the most illustrious geniuses. I put Cervantes at **the** head. Many clergymen became pick-pockets.

As to the people, they were literally dying of hunger. The frightful spectacle they presented in the last years of the seventeenth century has often been recalled. In 1680 men and women fought in the streets of Madrid over a piece of bread. More than 20,000 beggars from the country overflowed the starving capital. Life was lived in the face of the fury of the enraged and famished rabble. In the capital, five hundred crimes exempt from punishment were committed annually. To distract hunger and to turn aside the threatening instincts of cruelty, the fierce and gratuitous spectacle of the *autos de fe* was exhibited.

The provinces were no better off. Sevilla was reduced to the fourth part, or less, of her population. Hardly the twentieth part of her lands was under cultivation. "The provinces," generalized the ambassador of Louis XIV, "were as completely exhausted as the capital."

From the king down, no one had any money. No one? Exception ought to be made in favor of the favorites of the crown and of the higher clergy. The very ministers themselves and the favorites knew how

the fifteenth century, entitled *La Celestina, o Tragicomedia de Calixto y Melibea*.—THE EDITOR.

²¹A Spanish coin, at times real and effective, at others imaginary, which had different values and denominations: the last in use was of copper, worth the thirty-fourth part of the *real* of the same coin, or the 0.735 part of a *centésimo* (hundredth) of the present *peseta*. As the depreciated Spanish *peseta* of to-day (ordinarily equivalent to the former franc, or twenty cents) is worth only about fifteen and a half cents, the *centésimo* (corresponding to the French *centime*) is worth a little more than a seventh of a cent, and a *maravedí* would be worth about a ninth of a cent.—THE EDITOR.

to reap their harvest in Spain, because in Spain administrative immorality kept pace with administrative incapacity. The duke of Lerma, the count duke of Olivares and Cardinal Alberoni rolled in wealth.²² As to the clergy it was always a privileged caste in Spain, and therefore it always possessed what the rest lacked: opulence. It was already very rich, even before the liberalities of Felipe II.

According to Navajero:²³

The archbishop of Toledo has an income of eighty thousand ducats, and the major church has no less; the archdeacon, six thousand ducats; the dean, from three to four thousand, and I think there are two deans; the canons, who are many, receive, some of them, eight hundred, and none of them less than six hundred, ducats. So that the lords and masters of Toledo, mainly of women, are the priests, who have very beautiful houses and spend and shine, leading the merriest life in the world, and no one brings them to book.

Navajero says the same, more or less, of Sevilla, et cetera: the clergy was rich and lorded it.

Malversation and financial irregularities launched their desolating wave. For the gathering and administration of the taxes there was an army of collectors, gougers and bailiffs at the beck and call of the treasury. Their number was infinite, like that of the sands of the sea and the stars of heaven. There existed no less than eighty thousand collectors and administrators. Each of them was a diminutive duke of Lerma, a petty count duke of Olivares, a diminutive

²²The duke of Lerma handled the money of the nation as if it were his own. The will of the monarch governed her. In order to get possession of that of the queen, he suborned the queen and her favorites: the countess of Barajas and the Jesuit Ricardo. When Lerma fell, he was forced to return, to a single one of his friends, about 1,400,000 ducats. The count duke was insatiable. He accumulated offices and millions; he collected legally from that exhausted country almost half a million ducats a year, apart from an annual shipment that he was able to send to the Indies. As to his income by means of connivance and peculation, none could estimate it. The favorite minister of Felipe V, Cardinal Alberoni, was accused of arranging a treaty of commerce with England disadvantageous to Spain, and for the signing of which he received 100,000 pounds sterling. Prior to these three bloodsuckers, the same thing had occurred. After the brilliant career of that noted favorite named Godoy, who from a simple guard of the corps rose, with his breeches in his hand, to be an all powerful minister, field-marshal, duke of Alcuia, knight of the order of Toison, Príncipe de la Paz and absolute master

Príncipe de la Paz; that is, each was a great robber on a small scale.

The ministers let the ball roll. The king, as a rule, had not the slightest news as to what was happening in his kingdom. All these monarchs wore the visible stigma of degeneracy. Felipe III was deemed incapable of wielding the scepter; Felipe IV, with a repugnant prognathism like Lombroso's criminals, thought of nothing save the libidinous distractions provided for him by the court hangers-on that dominated him. Carlos II, who could not speak until he was ten years old, never knew the names of the principal cities of his own kingdom. He was a cretin.

The Spanish Bourbons, with the exception of Carlos III, were no better than the Austrians: the first Bourbon, Felipe V, was as degenerate and as great an idiot as the last Austrian. He suffered from flatus; he did not tear himself from the bed of his wives, Marie Louise of Savoy, first, and Isabel of Farnese, afterward. These princesses governed the will of the prince, and, in turn, they were governed by the intrigues of the court.

Fernando VI, it is said, suffered from the same disability as the singers of the Sistine chapel and the guards of the seraglio of the grand Turk.

The state went from bad to worse. The marquis of Villars left an exact and somber picture. The governors of Flanders, Naples and the Indies returned laden with ill gotten millions, and, as their sole punish-

of Spain. When he fell from power, by the force of events independent of royal control, his property—500,000,000 *reales*—was confiscated, against the will of both kings, for Carlos IV also liked him. As to Fernando VII, he was a brazen robber; his odious figure did not lack even this hateful aspect. While to the navy, for example, was due twenty months' wages, and while the soldiers, who saved Spain from the Napoleonic conquest and ingenuously and stupidly restored the Bourbons to the throne of Spain, were not paid, either, Fernando played a trick behind the back of the nation with the emperor of Russia and bought of him some rotten ships, which were worth nothing and were of no use, for the sum of 13,600,000 rubles, which he paid within the peremptory period of seven days. He caused millions to be granted for his libidinous escapades, and he took and deposited millions in his name in the Bank of London. Afterward, during other reigns . . . but the smell of what was rotten in Denmark is too close at hand!

²³Work quoted, pages 373-374. "Carta desde Toledo, 12 de septiembre de 1525."

ment, they received new rewards. The state did not pay "the sums due to the allied princes."

The *ayuntamiento*²⁴ of Madrid, which contracted debts with powerful neighbors, did not pay what it owed; and neither did private individuals. They did not pay because they were unable to do so. "The provinces were as exhausted as the capital, and in some places in Castilla the people had to exchange merchandise among themselves, owing to the absolute lack of money." Even in the king's house nothing was paid for, as likewise in that of the queen-mother.²⁵

In the country that owned Zacatecas, Potosí and the soil and subsoil of Nueva Granada, there was neither silver nor gold in circulation. Hard money had disappeared; and Spain, remarked a Spanish economist of the nineteenth century, "although she was the richest nation in mines, was the poorest in money." In order to secure money, families that could do nothing else sold to foreigners their jewels, their silverware "and everything that was dearest to them."²⁶

The government went farther; it sold offices. In Madrid, about 1680, instead of four *corregidores*,²⁷ there were twenty. These offices sold at prices as high as fifty thousand *escudos*. The government went even a step farther: it sold titles of nobility. His Catholic majesty did not hesitate to sell such titles even to the Jews that could pay for them. The marquis of Villars communicated to Louis XIV the news that the title of marquis had been sold for fifteen thousand pistoles to the son of a wealthy Israelite. This money enabled the prince of Parma to go to take charge of the government of Flanders.²⁸

²⁴A corporation, composed of the *alcalde* or mayor and the several *concejales* or aldermen, for the administration of the civic affairs of a city or town.—THE EDITOR.

²⁵*España vista por los extranjeros*, volume iii, page 190.

²⁶*Ibidem*.

²⁷Without an exact equivalent in English: literally, correctors, but, in practice, officials, appointed by the crown, who exercised in a more or less definite district the functions, at one and the same time, of magistrates and mayors or civil governors.—THE EDITOR.

²⁸*Ibidem*, volume iii, page 191.

The king, the ministers and the clergy were the chief smugglers.

The king himself was wont to be the first to break the laws of trade, by granting to different business men permission to introduce contraband goods, for some pecuniary service or for the large sums they paid to the crown.²⁹

At other times he granted hurtful export licenses that ruined trade for the benefit of bold fellows that were able to propitiate the crown. This tariffed benevolence degenerated into "a fiscal expedient and a shameful monopoly." For money, "the authorities themselves set an example in trampling on the laws."³⁰

The insatiable count duke of Olivares counted among his perquisites the annual embarkation of a ship laden with merchandise to the Indies. "The so-called counselors of the treasury," said Ambassador Contarini, "are the very ones who, in order to increase their own credit, destroyed that of the nation and had large dealings with the Genoese."³¹

The clergy, a petted class, had no more moral scruples than the kings and ministers, and they aided conscientiously in plundering the country. Given to speculation, they exported without paying any duty whatsoever on current merchandise, and they sought to and did override everything when any article might not be exported and to the reverend gentlemen the exportation of it seemed to be a fat enterprise. "The ordinary authorities were worn out by a constant denial of jurisdiction to exact entrance duties, port charges and tithes." "The clergy deemed themselves exempt by the laws."³² and because of their influence they were.

Offices were sold. Office-holders also sold themselves. "It was usual to bestow public offices on unworthy persons," said Colmeiro. Employees of the treasury were easy to corrupt. The prohibitions against importing and exporting were, in the main, dead laws, as the merchants evaded them by worming themselves into the good will of the ministers and the coast-

²⁹Colmeiro: work quoted, volume ii, page 357.

³⁰Colmeiro: work quoted, chapter ii, page 354.

³¹Fuentes: *Reyes, favoritos y validos*.

³²Colmeiro: work quoted, volume ii, pages 370-371.

guards, who, from being shepherds, had changed into wolves. They were pernicious examples that dominated and corrupted all classes, shedding their pernicious influence, as we have seen, on the highest positions of the state. The corruption of those that occupied the higher positions led to the corruption of those that occupied lower ones. Every minister, every favorite, had a hundred accomplices and tools. The chain of fraud, which began at the foot of the throne, ended with the anonymous underling. Besides, the subalterns, in addition to being thieves, were lazy and negligent. No one bothered about anything.

In the time of Felipe V, that is, in 1720, there was introduced, as a very progressive revenue measure—and one that had no other motive than bureaucratic laziness—"the plan of not examining merchandise that it might pay duty according to its quality, but by feeling the wrappings; that is, of collecting on goods according to the size of the bales or packages that contained them, without opening or valuing them. Every cubic *palmo*³⁵ paid the same whether it was of Holland laces or Alconchel baize. Foreigners, who manufactured all the fine goods, hurt Spanish commerce and the Spanish treasury; and it was the state that fostered his novelty, which was in no wise behind the ordinances of Carlos V against the woolen goods and leather industries, nor the provisions of Felipe II against internal trade in grains and the circulation of bills of exchange. Laziness had permeated the nation to such an extent that sixty thousand Frenchmen came every year to Spain to do the field work that should have been done by the lazy friars gathered in the convents, and which they did not do. These sixty thousand Frenchmen carried away with them what they earned; that is, they took out of Spain what might have remained in the pauperized land.

Other administrative branches were conducted with no more rectitude than the treasury was. Justice, for example, was an open market where everything was bought and sold. By the use of money, Villars said in his

Memoirs, rich criminals could go free; the poor escaped because nothing would be gained by sentencing them.³⁴ As violence has always been highly esteemed in Spain and among the peoples of Spanish race, criminals were the order of the day. From four to five hundred persons were murdered publicly every year in Madrid, noted the ambassador of Louis XIV, without any one ever seeing to it that the guilty were punished.³⁵

Extortion and embezzlement have not been characteristic of a single epoch in Spain, but to all epochs; and on the stool of the accused might be seated, among the kings, those from Carlos V to Fernando VIII; among the soldiers, those from the "gran capitán" to the lowest of the captains-general of Cuba and the Philippines; among the ministers and favorites, those from Xevres to Alberoni, and from Lerma to Godoy.³⁶

It is not alone in Spain that speculation has its own way. The America of Spanish origin is not behind her, and at times she surpasses her. Some of those countries present a most shameful spectacle in this respect. Venezuela, for example, is the paradise of official thieves. Other countries rival Venezuela.

What occurred to the financiers of Spain to improve the situation? What was the opinion of the economists?

To men of public affairs nothing seemed more simple, as has been seen, than the sale of offices, the plundering of private in-

³⁴*España vista por los extranjeros*, volume iii, page 186.

³⁵*Ibidem*, volume iii, page 186.

³⁶What is happening to-day? There, not long ago, was shot to death, in the heart of Madrid—Calle and Puerta de Alcalá—the president of the council of ministers, don Automóbil Dato. The president was driving in an automobile. The assassins fired on him from a motorcycle and escaped at full speed. The police—the corps of the president's guards—could not follow them because they lacked proper vehicles. Regarding this occurrence, *El Sol* of Madrid, commented on March 10, 1921: "And this occurred in spite of the fact that the state has made ample provision for police equipment, the national budgets often being burdened with fat sums allotted to vigilance. Something therefore is wrong; this something emphasizes the absurd prodigy that an allotment that might produce great efficiency does not reach those directly charged with guarding public safety." Another Madrid daily, *El Liberal*, with greater courage than *El Sol*, is more explicit in these accusations.

³⁷Handbreadth.—THE EDITOR.

dividuals, the despoilment of the *galeones* that brought money for commercial transactions, the pledging of the revenues of the state, the taxation of everything, the burdening of everything, the squeezing of everything dry, the ruination of everything. In the time of Felipe IV there was no public revenue, ordinary or extraordinary, that was not pledged.

The country groaned beneath a burden of taxes. Quevedo, a man of genius, a patriot of great civic courage, told Felipe IV that the people resented "not being taxed for drawing their breath." This was, in truth, what was lacking: to put a tax on the air, a duty on the respiratory organs.

Taxation oppressed Spain; but the treasury underwent no reaction. The deficit during the reigns of Felipe II and Felipe IV was placed at more than seventy-five millions *reales de vellón* per annum. In the time of Felipe V, the situation became worse, and the deficit increased to very nearly two hundred and seventy-three million.

From the time that decadence manifested itself, there were patriots that concerned themselves with the economic question. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century a writer, Cellorigo, bestirred himself in behalf of the "restoration of the republic of Spain;" and with the passing of the years the concern of men capable of thinking and of entertaining an opinion on the subject of political economy increased. What did they say? What was it they discussed for the improvement of the condition of the treasury, of commerce, and, in general, for the prevention of the economic shipwreck of the country? Fernández de Navarrete, who called the monarchs "our sacred kings," thought, in 1622, that foreigners ought to be expelled. Seruela, in 1631, contented himself with little more than sighing for the former plenty, while a friar, Benito de Peñalosa, treated of the five excellences of the Spaniard that ruined Spain.

There was even constituted a *junta*, in the days of Felipe III, to study the causes of the ruin of Spanish industry. The *junta* consulted the great men. An economist of the period, Damián Olivares, in a memorial addressed to the *junta*, set forth his views:

I understand that this opinion that we ought to maintain trade with foreigners, in order that the kingdom may enjoy an abundance of merchandise by this means, is an expedient of the devil himself, which he has placed in the hands of those that stand up for him in order to destroy the kingdom that God has kept so Catholic and Christian.³⁷

Gracián Serrano taught:

It would be better for the Spaniards to go about dressed in skins rather than use foreign cloths and clothes.³⁸

Some argued that Spain ought to suppress all buying abroad; because, with the departure of the gold and silver of the country, the strength of the nation decreased. According to the theories of the period, merchandise loses in value and is used up, while gold remains the same; to exchange gold for merchandise, although necessary, would be very bad business. If some of the economists advocated that nothing should be bought in Europe, others took the ground that nothing should be sold to Europe, outside of Spain. Why? Because, by not permitting the outgo of the raw materials that the nation produced—"the raw products"—Spaniards would be forced to elaborate these materials, and, "*virtue would be preserved in a great number of persons: maidens, widows, married women of good quality, and even in nuns.*"³⁹

If the crops of exportable products exceeded what was needed in the Peninsula, it did not matter: neither then ought the excess to be exported, even to the colonies, although the colonies, on their part, needed the overproduction of these articles that they did not produce. This overproduction, "*it would be wiser to burn it than to send it abroad.*" Such an absurd theory, suicidal for a country with colonies, was not new in Spain. Beginning with 1548, the *cortes* of Valladolid besought the monarch "*to oppose the withdrawal of merchandise from the kingdoms of Spain for the said Indies;*" giving as a reason "*the increase in the cost of subsistence—cloths, silks, cordobanes and other things of which there*

³⁷Manuel Colmeiro: *Historia de la economía política*, volume ii, page 335.

³⁸*Ibidem*, chapter 2, page 341.

³⁹Manuel Colmeiro: work quoted, volume ii, page 336.

was in those kingdoms general use and need—and from having understood that this resulted from the great export of this merchandise that was being made to the Indies."⁴⁰

Could the internal disease from which the nation suffered be remedied by applying such ideas of economic therapeutics, so widely heralded then, and not alone in Spain?

The colonies could have saved the mother-country. They did not save her. Between the mother-country and the colonies were interposed the intellectual haze and the suicidal inexperience of the Spanish politicians and economists.

III

THE COLONIES

THE Indies were a source of wealth to the mother-country. How did the mother-country foster and exploit that wealth? How did Spain carry on her trade with the Indies? The colonies lived sequestered; they had no contact with the world. Foreigners were neither permitted to trade with them nor to establish themselves in them. Spaniards themselves might go to them only with difficulty. The colonies might trade exclusively with the mother-country. They were not even free to trade among themselves. Did there exist, however, facilities for this very trade? All the commerce with the three Spanish Americas was carried on, not with entire liberty for the whole of Spain, but with a thousand hindrances and through a single Spanish port, which was first Sevilla and later Cádiz. From this sole port sailed the few vessels that the wars of Europe, apathy and the pirates permitted. As commercial life and material existence of all the neo-Hispanic continent, it may be said, depended on these few vessels, they lived, in that continent filled with gold and silver and which yielded products sufficient to maintain the world, in incredible and incomprehensible want and in a state of momentary economic perturbation. The products yielded by America were at times not opportunely exported for lack of vessels. Besides, often while waiting they spoiled without benefit to any one, but,

*Baralt: work quoted, page 353.

rather, for the ruination of all. Industries that were exploited in Spain might not be developed in America.

There was no one to introduce other industries into either America or Spain. There was an almost constant shortage in the New World of what was most indispensable to life, from agricultural instruments to clothing. Besides, as only one port was authorized along the vast extent of South America, the transportation of merchandise from that single port to a hundred, two hundred, five hundred, a thousand or more kilometers inland, on mule back, cost a fortune and increased the price of the merchandise to an exorbitant degree. Some merchandise reached its destination with a surcharge of five hundred and even of six hundred per cent.; and the merchants had to earn something over and above the excessive cost.

The Indies, nevertheless, produced for the mother-country mountains of gold.

All this was swallowed up in absurd European wars.

How did Spain transport the products from one world to the other?

She transported them by means of the *galeones*—they made the trip annually or biennially—that fired the imagination and spurred the avarice of Dutch, English and French corsairs. The Dutch alone captured, between 1623 and 1636, more than five hundred Spanish vessels loaded with gold and silver from the Indies.

The court awaited with anxiety the arrival of the *galeones*. When they were delayed, it was feared that they had fallen into the hands of pirates. In those longed for *galeones* treasures indeed traveled. The *galeones* that carried to the New World from fifteen to twenty millions of Spanish merchandise or merchandise taken from Spanish ports, brought on each return journey from twenty to forty millions in American products. They brought, besides, the crown money.

In 1686 the *galeones* consisted of twenty-seven vessels that aggregated 15,000 tons; and the armed fleet that accompanied and protected them, of twenty-three vessels that aggregated 12,500 tons. The merchant fleet and the *galeones* totaled therefore fifty vessels, with 27,500 tons. Traffic,

however, fell off, in proportion as everything decayed. During the war of succession, the *galeones* ceased to cross the seas. The fair at Porto Belo, on Tierra Firme, which was a sort of Feria de Medina del Campo, and to which every year or every two years flocked half of America for supplies, was deserted for three consecutive years. In 1737 the fair at Porto Belo had to close.

The fleet that sailed from Cádiz in 1720 amounted to only 6,000 tons.

As America had to live, and as she was not sufficient unto herself; as she needed goods from Europe that the mother-country either sent her with "galeonic" slowness or did not send, contraband became a most urgent necessity. America, since she no longer lived by Spanish commerce or lawful commerce with foreigners, because she was not permitted to do so, maintained herself by contraband. With foreign goods also went as contraband English, Dutch and French ideas: a double harm to Spain—a material injury and a detriment of a moral character.

To facilitate commercial relations between the mother-country and the colonies the Bourbons introduced the so-called "vessels of register;" the exclusive right to trade with America was transferred from Sevilla to Cádiz; and the right to traffic with the Indies was no longer limited to the Castilians alone, but it was extended to all Spaniards.

Weak palliatives! Sometimes licenses to load vessels were granted with slowness and difficulty. At other times the merchants intentionally delayed the vessels in order to raise the prices of goods.

It was not unusual that, when Spanish goods arrived, they found the ultramarine markets glutted with foreign merchandise, introduced as contraband with the connivance and to the private advantage of the

Spanish authorities in the colonies themselves.

What with that which was introduced surreptitiously and that which Spain herself bought in the rest of Europe to send to her colonies, there came a moment in which America lived, it may be said, by her foreign trade and contraband, in spite of restrictions and monopolies. The foreign merchandise introduced there during the eighteenth century has been calculated by the economists at more than eighty per cent of the total.

During the same century, the number of boats that left Spain for America did not reach forty; those of other nations exceeded three hundred.⁴¹

Practical ineptitude was united with doctrinal stupidity. Certain provincial officials seem to have adopted the deliberate purpose of wresting from the mother-country the advantage that she might have derived from her possessions in the New World. In 1735, for example, Felipe V prohibited the merchants of México and Perú from making shipments of treasure to Spain in order to supply themselves with Spanish merchandise. Why then possess colonies?

The incapacity of the mother-country in the realm of political economy she herself made manifest. Her ruin was inevitable.

Martinique and Barbados yielded France and England more, about the middle of the eighteenth century, than all the islands, provinces, kingdoms, and empires of America yielded the Spaniards.⁴²

A moment arrived in which all the politicians of Spain asked themselves whether the immense Spanish empire was a benefit or a heavy burden to the mother-country.

⁴¹Colmeiro: work quoted, volume ii, page 418.

⁴²*Ibidem*, page 421.



THE BALM-CRICKET AND THE ANT

BY

MONTEIRO LOBATO

An old fable—how many old fables there are!—in a new garb—and the number and variety of garbs is seemingly inexhaustible!—with a practical application to life, and, especially, to modern life with its universal emphasis on the material and its equally universal hunger and search for the immaterial, the ideal, the noble and the beautiful.—THE EDITOR.

THERE was a young balm-cricket of very brilliant coloring that was wont to chirp at the foot of an ant-hill. She¹ only stopped when she was tired; and then her diversion was to observe the laborious ants in their endless task of storing the hampers of Antborough.²

After a while, however, the good weather passed, and then came the fine rains of January. All the animals, huddled together, lay tucked away in their warrens, waiting until the frightful downpour should cease. The poor balm-cricket, shelterless in her withered crevice, decided to seek help of some one.

Hobbling along, with one wing dragging, she made her way to Antborough. She knocked.

Up came a shivering ant, swathed in a cotton kerchief.

"What do you wish?" she said, examining the crestfallen beggar, covered with mud, and coughing, coughing.

"I came in search of shelter. The drizzle never stops, and I. . . ."

The ant eyed her over and over from head to foot, wrinkling her brow:

"And what were you about in the good weather, that you did not build a house of your own?"

The poor balm-cricket, shivering, replied, after a spell of coughing:

"I sang, you know quite well. . . ."

"Ahem! . . ." exclaimed the ant,

recollecting. "It was you then that sang in this dead tree while we were running back and forth storing the hampers."

"The very one; it was I. . . ."

"Come in then, little friend! Never shall we be able to forget the good hours your music afforded us. Your chirping entertained us and made our work light. We always thought how happy we were to have so charming a singer as a neighbor! Come in therefore, friend; here you have bed and board as long as the bad weather lasts."

The balm-cricket entered, stopped coughing and again became the singer of the shining sun and the blue sky; and throughout the whole rainy season she enlivened Antborough by the vibrations of her strident music.

Later, when the sun reappeared and the balm-cricket departed, all the young ants confessed, with sad longing, that it was the pleasantest rainy season they had ever spent.

THERE was, however, a bad ant that could not understand the balm-cricket, and she coldly drove her away from her door. This took place in Europe, in the middle of winter, when the snow covered the earth with its mantle of ice.

The balm-cricket, as was her wont, sang without ceasing throughout the livelong summer. When winter came, she found herself in need of everything, without a house to shelter her, and without as much as a bite to eat.

Desperate, she knocked at the ant's door and tried to borrow—borrow, mind you!—some miserable scraps of food. She would pay. She would pay, with loud oaths, for the food lent her, as soon as the weather would permit.

¹Of course the balm-cricket like the ant, introduced just below, had to be females, since, grammatically, *cigarra*, "balm-cricket," and *formiga*, "ant," are feminine.—THE EDITOR.

²Formigopolis (*formiga*, "ant," and the familiar *polis*, from the Greek πόλις "city") in the Portuguese original, a place name, made, doubtless, by the author.—THE EDITOR.

The ant, however, was a heartless usurer. Hence she became envious. As she herself could not sing, she hated the balm-cricket mortally, because she saw that she was loved by everybody.

"What did you do during the good weather?"

"I . . . I sang!"

"Sang? Then dance now!" and she closed the door in her face.

Result: the balm-cricket died there,

frozen to death; and when spring returned, the world wore a sadder aspect. It was that, in the symphony of things, it missed the strident note of that balm-cricket that had died as a result of the ant's miserliness. If the usurer had died instead, nobody would have missed her.

ARTISTS—poets, painters, musicians—are the balm-cricket of humanity.



JUAN MONTALVO

BY

FEDERICO CÓRDOVA

We have waited a long time for an opportunity to give our readers an adequate article in English on this great literary figure. We now have the pleasure of doing so. The author presents a study of the man, his work, the times in which he lived, the difficulties, opposition and persecutions he encountered, the influence of his life on his contemporaries and on posterity, and, fortunately, a sufficient number of quotations from Montalvo to enable the thoughtful reader to form an estimate of his thought and literary style.—THE EDITOR.

I

IT IS related in a famous anecdote that, in the month of September or October, 1808, when Napoleon was in Erfurt, a few leagues from Weimar, Goethe was invited to visit the emperor; and that he found him lunching at the time, with Talleyrand and Daru beside him and Berthier and Savary behind him. Witnesses of the scene said that Napoleon, after looking at him fixedly, exclaimed: "Vous êtes un homme!" a phrase that impressed the mind of the flattered poet.

We could repeat the same, as we begin this essay, in reference to Juan Montalvo; for, in truth, if we were asked to express in broad synthesis our opinion of the great Ecuadorian writer, we should say without hesitation: "He was a man!" We desire to indicate by these words that there were gathered up in his person, along with the virility of his character and the plenitude of his mental faculties, such a sum of knowledge and such noble and elevated purposes, that they made of him one of those rare prototypes of the human species that serve as an expression of all the excelsitudes.

Juan Montalvo was born on April 13, 1833, of distinguished and well-to-do parents, in the city of Ambato, the capital of the province of Tungurahua, in the neighborhood of Quito—the ancient dwelling-place of Incan civilization—near smoking Cotopaxi; he grew up in the contemplation of the beautiful Andes, which rear toward the clouds their lofty peaks crowned with snow; he admired the green prairies of his fertile native soil; beneath the burning rays of the Ecuadorian sun his thought soared like the Andine cordilleras,

and he dreamed of pure ideals, of good men and of upright and able rulers.

His name, which is that of a personality that still seems to possess a heart that beats and an intelligence that dazzles, was like one of those constellations that visit us only very infrequently, but the vivid light of which leaves our minds illuminated for many years. An indefatigable and energetic paladin of liberty and progress; an irreproachable man; a disinterested patriot; a brave champion, who never yielded an inch when he espoused and defended the truth; implacable toward the tyrant, and, on the other hand, tender and complacent toward the weak, Juan Montalvo was a true character, and, beyond all doubt, one of the greatest writers of the beautiful language of Castile.

He himself declared:

Humble with the Lord, haughty with the haughty, I make myself small, like Philotas, when I have to do with kindly and modest people. For the vile, contempt; for the wicked, hatred; for the criminal, horror.

One of his biographers, Roberto Andrade, said:

I have never seen the head of a man better set on his shoulders than that of noble don Juan.

He added:

His face was brown and lean; but his features were very regular: smallpox had pitted his countenance. . . . His neck was firm and flexible; his chin, round; his lips, on the lineaments of which was chiseled the habit of thought, as well as incorruptibility of life, were lightly covered with a long, thin moustache. Exiles, privations, calumnies, disappointments; the daily

employment of the inner strength denominated energy; meditation, study, solitude, dissillusionments—many and cruel—especially profound melancholy: all this had wrinkled the skin, with the passing of the years, on the right suture, as has been observed by the señor García Ramón, and stamped on his physiognomy a trace of "concentrated bitternesses."

He had a straight nose, a broad forehead and curly hair, after the manner of Lord Byron. His eyes, black and "deep because of the smallness of the cornea, affable and affectionate, were traversed by fugitive flashes of the inner fieriness of that spirit."

However, let us leave the pen to the author himself, who gives us his portrait in the following sprightly lines:

My face is not one to be taken to New York to be exhibited, although, in my opinion, I am neither a *zambo*¹ nor a mulatto. My father was English for whiteness, Spanish for the jauntiness of his physical and moral being. My mother, of good blood, was a lady of notable gifts; but he that has bad fairies while in the cradle seldom if ever loses them. I venerate Edward Jenner, and I can not complain that this benefactor of the human race reached the world too late: it is not his fault if vaccine—because it was stale or because it might have been that the infernal virus had already taken possession of my veins—did not produce any effect, either small or great. Those invisible witches, filthy Circes, that convert men into monsters, set their dogs to devour me; and, thanks be to God, I issued from that black battle with sight and intelligence. Everything else went anticipatorily, to remind me perhaps that I should not forget my remains and should soon go to seek them in the delicious realm we call burial. Stop; oh no, you must not say that I may enter the lists with Scaron and Mirabeau: thanks to Heaven and to my mother, I was not left blind or one-eyed or hairless or as pitted as I might have been; and perhaps on this account I have failed to be a Milton or a Camoens or *the greatest* head in France; but the adored fairness of childhood, the dissolution of roses that ran beneath the velvety skin, took leave, alas! they took leave; I have missed them enough, and on a

¹In the classic Castilian sense, "bow-legged;" used to designate a cross between a negro and an Indian: pronounced in America, *sam'-bo*: in the Castillas, *tham'bo*. Probably the name "Sambo," so frequently applied to an unknown negro in our south, and supposed to be a nickname derived from Sam or Samuel, finds its origin in *zambo*, as pronounced in America.—THE EDITOR.

thousand occasions of my life. Developed like a Saint Bartholomew, with that very tender skin on which might have been imprinted the shadow of a bird that might pass over me: go forth to devour the sun on the sandy wastes of that Libia, as it were, which is burning beneath the equatorial line. It would not be too late to be handsome; but these virtues of the body: where are they prescribed? and I do not know how to supply them. Let us console ourselves, O brothers of Æsop, that we are not gallows fruit, and that, in spite of our ungentleness, we have not been so bereft of luck as not to have caused tears to be shed and lost our wits in this mad world, where the good-looking are wont to be left in the lurch while the ugly rascals are never satisfied with good fortune. Æsop, I have said: did he perhaps possess the lofty stature with which I make my way or this head that is a continuous explosion of enormous rings of jet? These eyes that go like black bullets to the hearts of my enemies and like globes of celestial fire to those of beloved women? This beard . . . I wish I had my shot-gun here: God, in his inscrutable designs, said: "Nothing would please this fellow more than a beard; therefore he must live and die without it; let him be content with what I have given him, and let him not withhold the thanks due for such spontaneous favors!" Thanks be given thee eternally, Lord: if to live and die an honest man; if to help my neighbors with my slight powers, it had been necessary to part with my hair, here thou wouldst have it, here; and behold, it is not that of Absalom, the handsome traitor.²

Like Shakespeare, Victor Hugo and Dante, he was combated, persecuted, expatriated. Far from his beloved country, he wrote, like so many others that despotism, tyranny and religious hatred have cast out of their native land. He wandered through Europe. An exile in Ipialis, Colombia, and in Paris, he wrote the *Siete tratados* and *Mercurial eclesiástica o Libro de las verdades*—which, as its name indicates, was designed to cleanse rottenness—and, homesick at times, he sighed for his mountains and plains and his river Ambato, the companion of his meditations; but he did not fall, like our singer of the Niagara,³ into "the infinite sadness of

²*Siete tratados*, volume i, pages 131-133.

³José María Heredia was born in Santiago, Cuba (1803-1839); at the age of eighteen he published his *Ensayos políticos*; later he visited México, studied

other worlds," which was to annul, almost, the marvelous faculties of the Cuban bard. Banishment is, sometimes, a stimulus that quickens genius. On the island of Guernsey, Hugo wrote his *Les travailleurs de la mer*, and, far from France, he launched also *Les châtements*, that grandiose *J'accuse* of the poet who, if all could pardon, he would never pardon.

Anyway, there is always to be observed in Montalvo the attraction that nature had for him, and his delight in solitude. Following him through his life and through his works, this marked predilection of his spirit may be noted. Of the nature of his idolized Ecuador he speaks in *Capitulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes*; and in *El cosmopolita*, in the chapter he devotes to the Luxembourg, after describing that palace with a master hand, he makes original remarks about Paris and his solitary rambles through the gardens of the Luxembourg, whose parks the author of *Chactas* frequently visited. He recalls in this work, with moving phrase, the death of the great Ney. Nothing escaped his glance. When he describes other countries and certain places, he is a Pierre Loti, who sees everything, hears everything, feels everything, and he knows how to tell of it all in such a manner that it reaches our hearts. A good example of his method is the description of his walks at night through the cemetery, when he speaks or writes of Père Lachaise:

I like wanderings of this kind: a walk in the cemetery is a deep lesson of wisdom. I go there, friend; I find there the human race, gathered together, leveled, under a perfect government: all silent, obedient and orderly; those that loved: Abelard and Héloïse; those that were rich: Casimir Périer, Laffitte; those that captured the world by their genius: Molière and Racine; those that delighted with their art:

law in Habana and established himself as a member of the bar of Puerto Príncipe; involved in a patriotic conspiracy in 1823, he was banished, and he sought refuge in the United States; then he went to México and was made minister of the Audiencia by President Victoria; during all these years he cultivated his gift of poetry; while he wrote such a work as *Lecciones sobre la historia natural*, he was a poet to the marrow, and the great reputation he acquired in his brief career is based on such masterpieces as *Al Nidgara*, *Al octavo*, *En el teocalli de Cholula*, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

Rachel and Talma; those that suffered: Héloïse and all the rest; for suffering is a seed of the heart, a gift of mankind, which can not be surrendered even in the midst of wealth, and the voice of which does not cease to be heard, even in the crash of the music that makes us to dance with fury.⁴

One sentiment, above all others, seemed to predominate in Juan Montalvo's soul: his immense love of liberty. Here we have, in our judgment, the reason why he enjoyed solitude from his youth and felt attracted by nature; why he later consecrated his whole life to combating fanaticism and tyranny. He felt that it was as necessary for him to breathe the pure air as it was to think freely. He would have smothered in narrow quarters; he could not have endured a prison. He himself declared: "I should have died in a calaboose." Captivity was not for him. The fate of some great men—Tasso, for example—who consumed themselves in the darkness of the prison, would have been intolerable to him. Montalvo would not have consumed himself; he would have succumbed. Light was as indispensable to him as breath itself. He penetrated so deeply into the heart of nature, he felt and identified himself so completely with her, that he seemed to have been born to be her faithful interpreter. In the flights of his imagination we contemplate the murmuring brook; the playful breeze that stirs the fields; the vaporous moon; the ardent sun that gilds the earth; the limitless pampas and the horizons, losing themselves yonder in the distances that the gaze hardly reaches.

Montalvo's probity as a writer was certainly exemplary. This was a characteristic virtue of his; unlike those that consider it lawful to hire out their pens, the Ecuadorian writer conceived that the publicist exercises the mission of an apostolate in diffusing his own ideas, with which he ought to be consistent, and not to betray them for the price that may be paid him; and he was not in this respect one of those that preach one thing and practise another, but of those that give proof of their virtue; which is the only way of

⁴*Joya literaria*, pages 140-142.

knowing when it is true virtue and not a mere piece of Pharisaism. In exile, without resources, and in need of them for his subsistence, he never thought of earning anything by his writings. When a certain friend counseled him to write small monthly works, which would be well received and paid by the public,⁵ he regarded the suggestion as an insult; and long afterward he said: "This good fellow thought my pen might be turned to the use of a spoon."

On another occasion, as Yerovi himself tells us, several South Americans planned the establishment of a Spanish newspaper, during one of his residences in Europe, and they agreed to offer the direction of it to Montalvo; but the person intrusted with speaking to him was guilty of the imprudence of telling him, to cause him to accept, that it would be a *good business*. Montalvo replied immediately: "My pen does not lend itself to affairs of pecuniary gain."

However, if Montalvo awakens great admiration in us by this beautiful quality of his spirit, we are none the less impressed by the firmness and constancy of his political ideas and his pure love for his country. In respect of the former, he declared in the prospectus of *El Cosmopolita*⁶ that he did not offer to pass over politics in the study of the subjects with which he was going to occupy himself:

it being, as it is and ought to be, the chief and greatest thing that ought to concern citizens. The free men of Athens and Sparta were under obligation to attend the meetings in which were discussed the interests of the republic: the helots were left out; the law compelled them to keep away. Solon denounced as infamous the citizens that did not take part in civil strife; with greater reason would these wise legislators have condemned to infamy those that keep away from and make light of public discussions in which is ventilated what pertains to morality, rectitude and justice of government, for the benefit and well-being of the constituent members of what is called society, the nation, the state.

Confirming this opinion, and as a consequence of it, one encounters

⁵Yerovi: page 72.

⁶*El Cosmopolita*, page 8.

that strange philosophy of the Cyrenaics, which counsels not to take much interest in the affairs of the republic; or at least to be indifferent to them, because they deem it unjust that worthy and honest men should expose themselves to danger from the foolish and the vile.

He replied:

All things considered, this is but a sophism which, if followed, would bring down untold evils upon mankind; for it does not need to be demonstrated that if the good leave the field, the bad will dominate everything, and governments will become competitions in rascality.

The instructiveness and wisdom that these conceptions involve ought to be made use of by a certain class of ours, which frowns on taking part in the labors of our primary conventions, called ward committees, and whose dereliction makes it possible for the elements that are least qualified for the management of public affairs to secure control of the offices. It is known to all that these organisms appoint their delegates to the municipal conventions—which are those that elect the candidate for the mayoralty and the councilmen—and that from the municipal assemblies are formed the provincial assemblies that designate the candidate for the provincial governorship and counselors and representatives; and, finally, that these provincial assemblies appoint their delegates to the national assembly, which is the one that in turn makes nominations for the highest officers of the republic: that is, the president, the vice-president and the senators. So that, since this electoral organization constitutes a chain whose links are so closely and intimately united that it is impossible to hope from it that it will efficiently fulfil the purposes for which it was created by law, if from the beginning it has suffered from an initial vice in its component elements, which are not qualified in the intellectual and moral sense. Montalvo's opinion as to our political evils was clear, precise and decided. He had observed the disease thoroughly, and he pointed out with firmness the origin of the mystification of republican government among peoples of our kind. See in what a wise manner he discusses this subject:

The ill being of the South American republics

sists not so much in their bad laws as in the fact that good laws are not obeyed, that the executive has, according to them, too much authority, and that when he does not possess it, he arrogates it to himself with a strong hand.⁷

Later he adds, as if to develop his thought:

Do you know under what form of government we South Americans are constituted? Under despotism: despotism pure and simple. I find no other name to give to this preponderance of the executive, this nullity and debasement of the legislative power; this abandon or perversion of the judiciary. The president has his own way, in spite of laws and of good citizens; the president manages the congress according to his whim; the president has the ear of the judges. If moved by evil inclinations, he plunges headlong into tyranny with the greatest facility, without the least danger; and the ruin that he works is accomplished by the excesses of the great master of the Turks. We call ourselves *republicans*, and, very much attached to the name, we take little account of the essence of things. What republic can there be when the legislative power is a mere tool of the executive? You will say that this is the result of abuse, when it is the work of tyranny. I do not say otherwise; but I add that this abuse is now a system, that this tyranny has come to be a necessary quality of the man in power, because the codes have lost their vigor and efficacy, or rather, that they never had any; because the fundamental law has no foundation; because public reason has no weight in the mind of the despot; because justice is a coin that judges refuse; because little affection is lavished on political liberty, or it is not understood in its entirety; because human dignity hardly expresses itself among these unfortunate peoples, who passed from the colony to anarchy, from the hands of viceroys to those of certain rude and ignorant soldiers, who understood that liberty and abuse were one and the same thing. We need to educate ourselves, if we would be well constituted; we need to be civilized, if we would become acquainted with our true happiness: that happiness of first quality, which springs from civic virtues, from measured liberty, from pure patriotism, from equality rightly comprehended.⁸

With so perfect a vision of the evils from which our unhappy people suffer through

the weakness, stupidity and ambition of their so-called *presidents*, we can understand how much Montalvo must have suffered when he beheld his country misgoverned by those good señores—García Moreno, Urbina and Veintemilla—"flayed and portrayed by him," according to the felicitous phrase of Vargas Vila. Therefore we are not surprised, nor do we regard it as an exaggeration of Montalvo's, that he should have approved of tyrannicide in the following brilliant lines of the treatise entitled *Los héroes de la emancipación de la raza hispanoamericana*, which we reproduce:

The life of a base tyrantling, without antecedents or virtue; the life of one that gulps down human flesh by instinct, without reason and perhaps without knowing it; the life of one of those malefic beings that take it on themselves to destroy the moral part of a people by killing its soul with the poison of fanaticism, a substance abstracted by putrefaction from the tree of darkness; the life of one of these monsters, both hateful and despicable, is worth nothing. The scourge of the good, the terror of the pusillanimous, the ruin of the worthy and the courageous; enemies of God and of man, they may be slain, as a tiger, a serpent, is slain.⁹

These ideas, thus uttered, in this manly way, alarmed many pusillanimous spirits, who considered them too daring; and they awakened in their day, at the same time as fervent partizans that put them into practice, deadly enemies that persecuted him to the point of endangering his very life, which was saved miraculously in the time of García Moreno, thanks to the generous sentiments of the youth of his country. Nevertheless, exile was the heavy price in exchange for which that generous patriot was able to save his life. Heartrending are the words he devotes to the exiled in an article entitled "The Proscripts," which can not be read without tears. In Ecuador, as in almost all the other countries of the world, dictators have had in the clergy their staunchest support; and in Montalvo's unfortunate land the evil has been still greater, owing to the large preponderance which, as it seems, has been possessed there by the conservatives: a party to which the

⁷El Cosmopolita, page 256

⁸El Cosmopolita, page 257

⁹Siete tratados, volume ii, page 91.

clergy belong, as is natural. The sorrow and anguish that this reality must necessarily have produced in the mind of the great writer were perhaps those from which sprang the following bitter utterance:

All the poor Ecuadorians are cut out with the same scissors: artful for life; incapable, in the sphere of religion, of thinking or believing differently from the way their grandmothers thought and believed; devoted to dressing themselves out as saints and given to surrounding their waists with belts of leather.¹⁰

The strictness of the clerical marriage and the despotism that prevailed at that time in Ecuador explain that both were equally objects of attack and of war without quarter, which Montalvo, throughout his life, waged in order to free his country from such scourges of humanity. Let it not be believed, however, that Montalvo was an atheist; on the contrary, he was a sincere believer. He believed in God and he deeply admired Christianity. What he hated was Pharisaism.

His admiration of Jesus was such that he wrote in the midst of his enthusiasm:

Jesus as man is a great man, the greatest of all men; Jesus Christ as God, it is, that keeps virtue alive in the world and holds the rein on crime. The law of Jesus Christ ought not only to be the religious law, but even more the political law. If we despoiled this great prophet of his divine character, we should set human societies on the verge of an abyss: man is not sufficient to restrain man; God is necessary: therefore Jesus Christ is God.¹¹

Afterward, in mystic rapture, he added:

What a satisfaction to speak with God in solitude, withdrawn from men, wrongly qualified by them, but titled, decorated, by the Sovereign of the heavens!

(As may be seen, he that qualified his own people as too religious, is himself religious in so high degree that he goes so far as to attribute divinity to the personality of Jesus, and he declares that the law of Jesus ought to be not only the religious law, but also the political law; and, not content

with all this tribute of admiration of the Christian religion, he flees to solitude to speak with God, just exactly as Santa Teresa de Jesús might have done. We are not surprised, but, on the contrary it seems in accord with his manner of thinking, that he should have believed that "the Creator breathed upon man and imparted to him his essence and created him for immortality."¹²

Well then: analyzing these ideas of Montalvo's in the light of a sane criticism and without our lack of sympathy with any religious creed's influencing the judgment we may form in the slightest degree, the great admiration the eminent writer awakens in us, which is so great that we do not find an equal to him among the cultivators of our language; and bearing in mind that we are dealing with a man of extraordinary learning, who wrote at the end of the nineteenth century, when the natural sciences had advanced considerably, and that, if, indeed, we may not make absolute affirmations, in maintaining that our discoveries and experiences are definitive, we can, on the other hand, maintain, without its being a presumption, that many of the ancient systems and beliefs held to be true are erroneous and false. In view of all this, which does not cloud or impassion our mind, but rather enables us to appreciate and judge better, may we in truth say that Juan Montalvo was a philosopher? By no means. Not even when we admit all his ideality, will it be possible to accept him save as a "philosopher poet," according to the expression of one of our great friends.

Montalvo possessed a deep knowledge of history; he was profoundly informed regarding art, in its varied manifestations; he was a master of expression—he was familiar with other languages besides his native tongue—and he was not ignorant of the religious and philosophical systems of all times; but I think he did not possess an equal mastery of the exact and the natural sciences. Hence, in our opinion, his mind could not free itself of certain beliefs, the result of the environment and epoch in which he was born, and even perhaps an inheritance that caused him to talk, like a believer, in categorical manner.

¹⁰*El Cosmopolita*, page 192.

¹¹*Ibidem*.

¹²*El Cosmopolita*, page 307.

The point has not yet been made wholly clear; but there can be no doubt that the influence exerted by religious beliefs inculcated in the early years or inheritance itself, or both at the same time, cause enlightened minds, in some cases, to experience a sense of weakness in this respect, as if there might be in them some want that science attempts in vain to fill. Just as the children of certain countries, whose members—the head or the feet—are deformed in their tender infancy, and who retain later these deformities, which are transmitted from fathers to children, so it is to be observed—and we have had notable cases—that men of great learning and well organized minds have refused to accept certain truths because they contradicted the dogmas of their religion. These deformities, as it were, of their intelligences are due in such cases merely to the errors of those that taught them in their youth, who did not permit them to engage in free discussion or to reason about what was in a way beyond the range of their prejudices.

It is necessary, besides, in order to gain a complete idea of what Ecuador was in Montalvo's days, to turn our gaze toward the past that we may appreciate the environment in which our admired writer had to attain his development. With a firm hand Bunge¹³ describes it thus:

Above all, her population was, according to approximate estimates, three-fourths Indian, three-eighths *mestizo* and one-eighth white Spanish. Her climate, although she lies in mountainous regions, is equatorial; her geographical position, on the Pacific; her antecessors: three centuries of colonial life under a system of Spanish absolutism. Under this system of isolation, she was the most *isolated* colony of Hispanic America; she could not communicate directly by the Atlantic with Europe, like México, Central America, the Antilles, Colom-

bia, Venezuela or the Río de la Plata, or by a regular detour along the route of the ships, like Chile; nor was she rich or coveted by her own people or foreign corsairs, like Perú or Alto Perú. . . . Besides, she lacked good roads, which would have been very difficult to construct and maintain across mountains and swamps.¹⁴

He said farther on:

Such isolation preserved in Quito, more than in any other colony, the outworn doctrines of the Austrias.

This explains, along with other causes, which Bunge himself points out, such as the lack of a republican stock and of democratic education, why this "republic," like her unfortunate sisters, was the arena of continuous discords and of the greatest anarchy. In Ecuador, however, for reasons already noted, the evil was "deeper, if possible." A product of that environment and of that period was Gabriel García Moreno, a very much disputed, personality but who, although he be granted intelligence and culture, owing to our impartiality, must be admitted to have been a mystical tyrant, although more inclined to action than to celestial contemplation. García Moreno! The deranged offspring of fanaticism and tyranny, he was, even to his own people—fashioned, as it was, in those days of obscurantism, by many superstitions—a national misfortune, which benevolent critics will seek in vain to mitigate. If any one considers this opinion exaggerated, let him recall that García Moreno's first act of government was to suppress the university in Quito and all the other centers of learning, because they were "nests of freemasonry." He consecrated "the republic" to the heart of Jesus; he recommended the dedication of all of it *ad majorem Dei gloriam*; to perform acts of humility, such as kissing the floor in secret, and to engage in all kinds of humiliations, in order to avoid meriting them; and, finally—and the most extraordinary of all—the concordat of 1861, the object of which was nothing more, according to Bunge himself, than to establish, literally, in Ecuador, the most absolute theories of a Catholic theocracy.

¹³Carlos Octavio Bunge, an Argentine lawyer, sociologist, historian and man of letters: he served as secretary of the Argentine legation in Spain, and he was afterward a judge of the Argentine criminal court of appeals, a member of the faculty of law and sciences and of the faculty of philosophy and letters of the Universidad de Buenos Aires; he attended the Second Pan American Scientific Congress, held in Washington, December, 1915—January, 1916, as a delegate of the Sociedad Argentina de Derecho Internacional.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁴Carlos Octavio Bunge: *Nuestra América*, page 331.

This president, with the "atavic heart of a Torquemada," was one of those against whom Juan Montalvo waged his war. We shall see later, when we examine his works, the important part the lives and acts of these despots played in the tortured existence of the most illustrious of the Ecuadorians.

When we reflect on what might have been accomplished in a more propitious environment by these extraordinary men, who cherished such sensitive hearts in their breasts and such powerful intelligences in their brains, and who, notwithstanding the hard battle in the daily struggle for existence, when everything was hostile to them, have bequeathed to us such exquisite productions that constitute to-day our wealth in the days in which it has been our fate to live; when we see them with the eye of the imagination writing during the advanced hours of the night those immortal pages, in the same way that Benvenuto Cellini modeled his charming figures in bronze, without their entertaining, while they did their tasks, any thought of remuneration, but only of turning out perfect work that would arouse the artistic emotion conceived of by their inspiration; when we contemplate them, poor but proud, eking out a miserable existence, while others brutally enjoyed all the pleasures that appealed to the senses; when we feel better because of them, by experiencing the spiritual satisfactions produced by their works, then we can do no less than lift to them the homage of our souls as a well earned tribute for all they suffered and dreamed.

For those of us who, with José Martí, believe that suffering is a sublime and permeating pleasure, and that to suffer is more than to enjoy—is truly to live—we realize that a person like Juan Montalvo always had on his lips—ready for suffering, either moral or physical, and however great or intense it might be, as Juan Valera remarks—the phrase of the stoic and would exclaim: "Never shall I confess that thou art an evil."

Perhaps this sentiment was the source whence sprang his great productions: *Siete tratados*, in the manner of Montaigne's *Essais*: *El espectador*, like Addison's *Spec-*

tator; and *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes*, which the illustrious "maimed of Lepanto" would not have disdained to sign.

II

THE abundant literary work of Juan Montalvo is difficult to estimate as a whole, because it is scattered. The editions have been small, and the few copies that exist are to be found in the possession of his admirers. Some of his books were published by relatives and friends after his death. His principal works are: *El cosmopolita*,¹⁵ *Las catilinarias*,¹⁶ *La dictadura perpetua*, *El regenerador*, *Mercurial eclesiástica*,¹⁷ *El espectador*,¹⁸ *Siete tratados*,¹⁹ *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes*, *o Ensayo de imitación de un libro inimitable*,²⁰ *Granja*, *El descomulgado* and *Geometría moral*.²¹

The volume of *El cosmopolita* that we have at hand is very curious. It is the second edition of this work, published in Quito, Ecuador, in 1894, brought out by one of Montalvo's relatives and limited to a very small number of copies, which, according to the confession of the publisher himself, did not exceed a hundred. The first edition, published by the author, has disappeared, and if there exists a collection of this frenziedly sought work, according to the publisher, in must be in the possession of persons that would never make use of it as the original of a new book. He added:

Convinced of this truth, a friend of ours and an admirer of Montalvo's placed at our disposal a small rotary press, with a supply of type barely sufficient to set up a few pages; and as we fortunately possess the complete collection of the work we have reproduced, we set about the task, although it was with the intention of contenting

¹⁵Second edition, Quito, 1894.

¹⁶Quito, 1906.

¹⁷Paris, 1884.

¹⁸Three volumes, Paris, 1886, 1887, 1888.

¹⁹Two volumes, Besançon, 1882.

²⁰Besançon, 1905.—Author's note.

We have before us an edition of *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes*, published in Barcelona in 1898, and an edition of *Siete tratados* (two volumes) published by Garnier Fils, Paris, without date, but apparently quite recently.—THE EDITOR.

²¹Madrid, 1902.

ourselves for the present with the reproduction of the first three numbers, the most difficult to be come at, owing to their scarcity. The work once begun, we have been able to print them all, although page by page, with the constancy and resolution inspired by a great affection.

Worthy of praise was the labor of this new publisher of *El Cosmopolita*, who has bestowed upon us the pleasure of reading it and has saved this work of art for posterity.

A note at the end of the Advertencia [Advice to the Reader] that precedes it, says:

This publication dates from January '66 until January '69, interrupted many times by political difficulties in which the author was involved.

The book consists of six hundred and fifty-seven pages and it contains nine numbers of that very valuable publication, collected at last as a volume.

From the first lines we encounter the indefatigable polemist that is the object of our study and admiration. Filled with faith, he wrote:

Tyranny comes to an end, yes; tyranny also has its day, and at times it may be the shortest one of all, just as the psalmist says:

"I have seen the wicked in great power,
And spreading himself like a green bay-tree.
He passed away, and, lo, he was not;
Yea, I sought him, but I could not find him."²²

El cosmopolita is, according to Yerovi, the personification of Montalvo, to such an extent that he fancied Montalvo would appear with *El cosmopolita* under his arm, on the day of judgment, before the Supreme Being, and say to him: "I am this book."

With all respect that is due to Yerovi's judgment regarding Montalvo, we shall say, nevertheless, that in others of his works, as it seems to us, his personality is revealed more fully. For example, in *Las catilinas*, *Mercurial eclesiástica* and *Geometría moral* we find at every step and in all their pages the polemist, the stylist and the incomparable dialectician.

However, the work attracted so much attention that don Miguel Antonio Caro, according to Yerovi's testimony, wrote

Montalvo a letter, on reading one of the first numbers of *El Cosmopolita*, in which he used the following expressions:

I say to you without flattery that in your writings I have been surprised by a rare embodiment of qualities, on the one hand, difficult to find combined in one person, and, on the other, in no sense common in American authors. I find in you a natural and severe style, a great abundance of idioms and turns, picturesque language and chaste phraseology. As to the substance, I note elevation of views, greatness of thought and richness of recollections.

Rufino Cuervo wrote him:

I hope you will have the goodness to send me the collection of *El Cosmopolita*, for it would be the jewel of my library. In addressing you, I do so impelled by the interest that naturally animates all people in respect of works which, because of the philosophy and erudition they contain, as well as because of their vigorous and chaste language, honor the nation that has the glory to count their authors among her sons.

We do not produce here Vargas Vila's brilliant estimate of Montalvo, since it is so well known. We recall merely that in his judgment "no one in Latin America has written better in the Spanish language."

Montalvo not only had his admirers; he also had his censurers, and among them were not wanting severe ones: some that did not like his style; others that did not share his opinions. Among the latter we must count Rafael M. Merchán, who held a different "moral opinion" regarding certain historical personages with whom Montalvo concerned himself. It is not our purpose to take sides with either party in the discussion. We appreciate Montalvo's work from the artistic point of view, and, in this sense, as we have already said, we consider it unnecessary that art should possess the odor of sanctity.

Besides, we confess that we are not swept off our feet by critics. Criticism is a thankless task. We prefer artists. To produce, to create, an artistic work seems to us to be more important than to come afterward with a meter in hand to determine whether it has attained to or gone beyond the just measure or failed to do so. Criticism is easy; the ancients said so

²²*El cosmopolita*, page 3.

long ago. What is difficult is to produce works in some sense definitive; and, above all, the criticism we ought not to endure is that of certain moral critics who, in approving or disapproving or any production, from the esthetic point of view, bring forth the pronouncements and the maxims of the inspired visionary of Nazareth. Afterward these critics, who feign great impartiality in their judgments, are precisely the ones that descend to the level of personalities; and when he that deems himself treated ill in this respect strikes back, they call themselves circumspect and remind him of the regard they owe the public.

This occurred, for example, in the case of the author of the *Estudios críticos*,²⁵ who, in judging *Siete tratados*, did it in so ill considered a manner that he treated the talented Ecuadorian writer as little better than a lunatic, calling him lascivious and trying to make bad jokes about celibate writers and those that become widowers very young and that remarry, going so far in his recklessness or levity as to counsel Montalvo, before publishing his imitation of Quijote,

to marry first and then not to publish it without consulting his wife beforehand, that she might tell him what men of his social quality ought not to write.

Such personal and immoderate criticism forced Montalvo to answer him with a sharp article that he entitled, "To Go to War and to Marry are Never to be Counseled," published in his admirable *El espectador*. In it he said to Merchán certain things as delicious as the following:

This affair of dragging woman into the realm of our political and literary controversies, not to say wrangles, is to be regarded a grave impertinence. A French author says that his compatriots never speak of their women in the presence of their friends, because they fear that they know them better than they themselves do. What is wiser, what is more proper, is not to bring them into the case, and to leave them quietly seated at home; for if those that have wives laugh at those of us that do not possess them, we, on the other hand, can laugh at them.²⁴

²⁵By Rafael M. Merchán, Bogotá, 1886.

²⁴*El espectador*, volume ii, page 193.

When Merchán received these sharp thrusts, he replied that he would continue to oppose Montalvo, but that he would also do so now with circumspection, because critics have no right to become angry (they ought to have thick skins); and that, as he wrote for the public (he did not forget now that it existed), such was demanded of him by the most trivial rules of good breeding.²⁶

In spite of this, Merchán confessed that he could not write like Montalvo, even if he tried; nevertheless, he added: "we can not do it because we have not learned how, and we have not learned how because we believe that it is something that we ought not to learn."²⁶

The blind man dreamed that he could see, we should say, after reading what has just been quoted: as if saying were the same as doing; and writing flowingly the same as writing greatly. We have found nothing similar to this majestic language of Montalvo's, save in a work or so of José Martí's—in the prologue of *El poema del Niágara*, by Juan Antonio Pérez Bonalde, for example (published in volume II of Martí's *Cuba*, page 99, by Gonzalo de Quesada, in Habana, 1901)—but it is not an easy thing to learn, believe us, señor Merchán and other critics that think as he does. On the other hand, it requires no effort to find true jewels on any page of one of Juan Montalvo's books opened by chance. In this same book, *El cosmopolita*, qualified by Yerovi as a "monumental publication," we find at every step, as one might say, phrases and thoughts like the following:

We are of the opinion that the chastisement of great sinners ought to be left to Providence, just as ancient laws imposed no punishment on the parricide, because this crime seemed so uncommittable and so beyond human punishment that it was wisely left to God.²⁷

It was not, however, Faustino Rayo's blade, as was well said by Montalvo, but the latter's pen, that killed García Moreno

²⁶"Cicero," an article published in volume xii of the *Repertorio Colombiano*, number of November, 1886.

²⁷Rafael María Merchán: *Estudios críticos*, Madrid, 1916-1917, page 72.

²⁸*El cosmopolita*, page 6.

on August 6, 1875. The mortal blow was administered to the tyrant by *El Cosmopolita* and *Dictadura perpetua*; but, unfortunately for Ecuador, the weed of despotism did not disappear with the death of García Moreno. He was replaced by Antonio Borrero, who was overthrown by a revolution, and Ignacio Veintemilla was elected president. Montalvo, who had interposed as a mediator in this struggle, had to leave the country again, and he took up anew his pen against despotism. Out of his titanic duel with dictatorship was born *Las catilnarias*, as Rufino Blanco Fombona has said.

In the words of Yerovi:

There are twelve; and whoever begins *to read one of them must devour it to the end.

He feels gripped by the book as if under the influence of an electric fountain. The reader, a victim to impressions, now of pity, now of admiration, now of terror, does not know whether he ought to venerate or to curse the author, who on certain pages seems to be an apostle of the just and the good, and in other pages as a genius of hatred and vengeance.

Las catilnarias may be considered—in Yerovi's opinion—as inhuman.

He said:

Montalvo has morally beheaded Veintemilla, he has skinned him, he has passed him over live coals, and after buffeting him and spitting on him, he has exposed him to public vituperation.

Montalvo was conscious of the power and effects of his pen. However solid Veintemilla's government seemed to be, it could not resist the assaults leveled at it. The author of *Las catilnarias*, as he set out for Europe, could fix his gaze on Veintemilla as a lion turns his eyes on his victim, and say: "I leave the prey lifeless."²⁸

In a volume of four hundred and sixty-two pages, published in Quito, Ecuador, on the press of *El Tiempo*, in 1906, are to be found gathered the famous twelve *Catilnarias* that Juan Montalvo wrote against Ignacio Veintemilla. In reality this is, as we have already said, a book in which the

personality of the illustrious writer stands out as an incomparable polemist. We doubt whether any ruler has ever been so thoroughly pulverized as this Ecuadorian president. Cataline himself did not hear from the lips of Cicero in the Roman senate harder and more cruel phrases than those written by Montalvo against Veintemilla. The contempt with which he treated him was sovereign, almost Olympic. Take a look at a specimen:

Ignacio Veintemilla has not been and he will never be a tyrant; his brain is so small that he is but very slightly removed from the brute. His heart does not beat; it wallows in a mass of mud. His are base, insane, passions; his impulses are those of matter corrupted and stirred by the devil: the first of them, pride; the second, avarice; the third, lechery; the fourth, anger; the fifth, gluttony; the sixth, envy; the seventh, laziness. This is the caparison of that piece of flesh called Ignacio Veintemilla.²⁹

Thus, in a pitiless, ferocious and implacable manner—like the hatreds engendered by a great love, a great passion, for liberty and the rights of oppressed peoples, suffocated, choked, by these abject beings who, to revenge themselves on humanity, ruled one day the destinies of our unhappy countries of America—with a strength that was the product of sincerity and of an upright character and an honorable heart, Montalvo wrote these *Catilnarias*, which still deeply stir the mind of him that reads them.

The chronicles relate that Veintemilla took leave of Ecuador by saying, as if in malediction: "I go, but I leave you Ignacio Ordóñez." This Ordóñez was the priest that García Moreno appointed emissary to Pope Pius IX, at the concordat of 1861, which we have already mentioned. So, this ignorant bishop, this perverse bishop, later archbishop of Quito, condemned, in an absurd pastoral, bristling with hypocritical phrases, Montalvo's masterpiece, the *Siete tratados*, and forbade the reading of it as heretical, immoral and blasphemous. The author of *El cosmopolita*, who, as we have said, was a sincere believer, but of whom a holy anger took

²⁸Augustín L. Yerovi: *Juan Montalvo: ensayo biográfico*, Paris, 1901, page 48.

²⁹"Segunda catilnaria," page 34.

possession when he was met in the way by a Pharisee disguised as a Jeremiah, couched his pen against the shepherd of the people, who, regardless of the truth, and warping facts, set a mark upon and condemned, without comprehending or analyzing it, the work that won praise and honor at home and abroad. In defense of his *Siete tratados*, the writer, in order to reduce Archbishop Ordóñez to dust and make an end of him, wrote *Mercurial eclesiástica, o Libro de las verdades*, published in Paris in 1884. This is a book of combat, of two hundred and thirty pages, finely printed by the "Biblioteca de Europa y América."

Montalvo's anger was just; his indignation, legitimate. To condemn as immoral an edifying and instructive work that came from the pen of the South American writer was too much to be endured in calmness. It is true that Montalvo said that where darkness prevails there one may shoot without fear, and this, of course, did not suit the ignorant clergy that ruled only where darkness reigned; for, as to an enlightened clergy, the author of *El cosmopolita* deemed it an essential part of well organized society, if it was upright, virtuous and useful.³⁰

However, thanks to the stupidity of the "half-civilized priest," as Montalvo called him, we have to-day another of his jewels. Of it, we might say—parodying a Cuban poet—that it is Montalvo.

He was a Dante for accusation; a Juvenal, for scourging; and what accusations! At times one fancies he sees the Catholic church swaying from one side to the other, as if in the act of losing its balance and falling, like a lofty tower brought down by an earthquake in one of those tremors that seem to be the awakening of a colossal monster asleep in the bowels of the earth, which, throwing off his lethargy by shaking himself, cracks the ground in deep, wide crevices. Let it not be believed, however, that Montalvo attacked Catholicism systematically and without recognizing the virtues of some of its priests and making exceptions in favor of those that have merited well of humanity by their wisdom and virtue. A good

proof of his wisdom is that he called Father Las Casas "the guardian angel of the Indians."

There was ground for Montalvo's wrath, when, after he had received honors and felicitations on his *Siete tratados*, there appeared a doleful priest, in the name of fanaticism, to condemn his work as immoral and subversive of good conduct.

What a contrast!

Cesare Cantu found in the *Siete tratados* great loftiness of sentiment; Victor Hugo hastened to felicitate Montalvo on it; García Ramón exalted it; the government at San Salvador ordered bought for the national libraries all the copies of the work that could be obtained; Bolivia sent him a diploma and a decoration with a bust of the Liberator; and the world, the universal consciousness, proclaimed the work meritorious. Only to Ignacio Ordóñez was it bad; and it was natural that the archbishop of Quito should think thus of a book that elevates thought, enlightens the understanding, proclaims the worship of God as Jesus proclaimed it in those doctrines of his with a religion without temples or altars or priests. Why temples? He could build a temple in three days without the hand of man. Altars? What more altar than the desert rock? Priests? Does not the Most High officiate perennially in the firmament roofed with stars, and in the abysses, in the ocean and in the mountain that raises its brow to the heavens like a thanksgiving, always his own priest? Did not Montalvo confess, as the Nazarene recommended and did, in solitude, with no other companion than the nature that surrounded him? Was it necessary to go to the temple to pray, standing, in order that all the world might see him? For all these ideas of purest Christianity Montalvo's work was condemned; and, thanks to his being far away, he escaped with his life. He said:

Absence saved me, but ah! this country that is so strong in one's heart. . . . Exiled from my youth, because I was a writer, because I was a champion of liberty and a scourge of tyrants, shall I return some day to die at the hands of the priests as a witch? Bemoan not my fate, Ecuadorians; wonder at your own.

³⁰*Mercurial eclesiástica*, page 8.

From the clutches of an evil-doer like Ignacio Veintemilla you have fallen into those of one of Felipe II's inquisitors, Ignacio Ordóñez.²¹

Mercurial eclesiástica is not merely a book addressed to refuting the miserable pastoral that condemned the *Siete tratados* and to not leaving a whole bone in the body of its author, the archbishop of Quito, José Ignacio Ordóñez; it is, like all Montalvo's works, a treatise, in the first place, on good expression, and, in the second, a collection of studies and judgments on different subjects, such as history, philosophy, religion, art and, especially, literature. The judgments he pronounced on novels, for example, are, indeed, noteworthy. He thus expressed himself as to the theater:

The theater is a school of virtue: after a good tragedy, he that has witnessed it feels, if such be possible, greater than himself and capable of larger enterprises than he felt before he saw it. Love, courage, unselfishness, generosity, sacrifice, must be sought in the theater, when, alas! we do not find them in the real world.

Certainly don Juan Montalvo would not have been so great a partizan—had he survived until our times—of the so-called "silent art,"²² cherishing, as he cherished, a devout admiration for the true art.

Very different opinions have been entertained regarding another of his famous books: *Geometría moral*. We consider it, in the first place, the reverse of the medal of the former two works—*Las catilinarias* and *Mercurial eclesiástica*—with which we have just occupied ourselves; for, if in them he shines as a polemist—at times, hard, savage and implacable—in *Geometría moral* he appears to us as tender and affectionate, the man of heart. It is well known that, as to love, Juan Montalvo had no need to envy Goethe—to whom we have already compared him—or Byron or Mirabeau. Like Byron and Mirabeau, he was unhappy in his wedded life, and he was divorced a short time after his marriage. It is thought that his own love adventures are recounted in *Geometría moral*. Be this

²¹*Mercurial eclesiástica*, page 14.

²²That of the motion picture, which is thus designated quite generally in the middle and southern countries of America.—THE EDITOR.

as it may, it is unquestionably true that this book might be entitled *Tratado del amor* (A Treatise on Love). It is true, as he said, that the heart of one of his personages is not a compendium, but the *opus magnum* of *Geometría moral*. He asserted that he loved much, and many women; and, like the German poet, he thought of new amours to cure himself of the pangs of love.

Through *Geometría moral* pass in review all the lovers: don Juan Tenorio, Faust, Julius Cæsar, Cleopatra, Pericles and Aspasia, Leander and Hero, Romeo and Juliet, Bolívar, Byron, Lamartine and Elvira, Héloïse, Atala and René, Goethe, Marguerite; in short, all that have loved and suffered. It is a sort of erotic catalogue of different periods, different countries and different men. Yet we are unable to find two equal, although the sentiment that dominated them seems always to have been one. Perhaps this is due to the degree, intensity or kind of love they experienced; for Montalvo, as an expert on the subject, classified them in loves of the third, second and first class. The last of these is, according to him, the holy love that adores the loved object: that satanic love which drags after it to the pit; that love, lofty as the firmament, deep as the ocean, impetuous as the hurricane, fiery as the forge. This is the love of the first class; and, according to him, it is not wont to seek lodging in mean breasts or in turbulent hearts, but, rather, in those that ring "with love as the celestial vault resounds with thunder."

So Montalvo's doctrine in this sense is in harmony with the example, since he did not consider any capable of feeling true love (love of the first class) save really superior beings. So true was this that he considered such loves rare:

They are comets that appear on the horizon after long revolutions, with orbits that embrace unknown worlds, although in periods of time subject to calculation.

Other kinds of loves do not occasion deep distress; they are light: they run, they return, they flee and disappear; or they are of the kind that "sigh, gazing at the heavens and stretching out their hands toward the stars." Don Juan also recog-

nized and made other classifications; the love of the eagle, the lion, the dove, the zephyr, the abyss, the sea: first loves, and the lovelets he called the "basest;" and we would add that they are the common ones, those that the multitude, "the crowd" call love, without knowing what they are saying.

In this work of Montalvo's, his personality is more present than in any other. In its pages are to be found thoughts such as the following, in which one may see the portrait of their author:

That man, swollen with hatred, lived steeped in tears of love and sadness. The unhappiest of all is he who can not be understood because of the superiority of his soul: such a one we detest, either because we are reproached by his greatness, which we qualify as pride, or because we are irritated by his virtues, which wear upon us and oppress us. How often a man is considered mad by the rabble or those about him simply because he can not descend to them, while they, on the other hand, can not ascend to him!

Of Lamartine—"the last of the French gentlemen," as Timón called the tender singer of *Le lac*, who was one of the happy lovers—he gave us a perfect description, on the occasion of the visit he made to Graziella's lover; as he contemplated him advanced in years, almost old, decayed, in want, he exclaimed:

What a pity Lamartine did not die of love! He attained, to his undoing, the age of ambition; and he spoiled everything.

Then he added:

I should prefer that privileged natures, natures essentially poetic, might not pass a certain period; the world mars them, old age tarnishes their luster. Just as the most beautiful phenomena are transitory, so also the life of rare men ought to be of short duration.

He recognizes, nevertheless, as an exception, the life and person of Goethe, who began as Werther and ended as Faust at the conclusion of the poem; but his sympathies followed those that die young: Rafael of Urbino, Alfred de Musset, Mozart, Weber, Malibran and Byron himself, whom he admired so much. Nature

was compassionate and destiny complacent to Montalvo, when, on that cloudy day of a harsh winter in Paris, the "sweet companion of life" went to visit him, the one that brings us with her frozen kiss, the eternal rest from all the meannesses of existence.

The little daily sheet that was published in London by English Addison, called *The Spectator*, and which afterward went to form a book of several volumes, must surely be known to the larger part of our scholars and men of letters, although they do not speak the language of Shakespeare; but Juan Montalvo's American *El Espectador*, very few, perhaps, have had an opportunity to read; this, too, although this work of Montalvo's was published in Paris by the "Librería Franco-Hispano-Americana" in 1886; hence it was not so difficult to acquire as some of his former works were. It consists of three volumes of two hundred and twenty pages each, which were published at intervals of six months: from June 1, 1886, until March 15, 1888; and it is a collection of articles, all interesting and instructive, on a variety of subjects. From the first of them, strictly speaking, entitled "For Country"—like the earlier one, "Who Goes There?" which is in the nature of a prologue—until the last, "For the Memory of Our Own," all awaken the greatest interest in their reading.

Pedro Pablo Figueroa said that

in *El Espectador* Montalvo emptied as in a rough mold all the sap of his genius during his last years, when work and the disillusionments of life had exhausted inspiration in his brain and had extinguished the light of hope in his soul.

The publication of this book was so closely associated with the unhappy fate of its author that it might well be said that with it he concluded his glorious career as a writer. When he left the printing-office, after correcting the last proofs, worn out by his labors, he was overtaken without shelter by a heavy rain, and unquestionably from this chilling resulted the pleurisy that caused his death a few months later.

Siete tratados is, beyond all doubt, Montalvo's masterpiece. In it are presented, discussed and estimated all the questions

that have to do with points of morality, history, religion, art, sociology, politics and philosophy, ancient and modern. Nothing escaped his marvelous intelligence, and everything was, of course, said in a masterly way; as if his writings have a place—some one has said—in the category of the immortal and humanly perfect, which is as much of greatness as may be attributed. The truth is that this work of his won for him the title, more than merited, of the "Cervantes of the New World." The congratulations that Montalvo received on the publication of the *Siete tratados* were very numerous, and they came from the most eminent men of the times. Cesare Cantu said: "I do not wish to delay a moment in expressing to the world my admiration of the author of the *Siete tratados*."

Many eminent men felicitated him enthusiastically. What we first observe, as we read the *Siete tratados*, after admiring the style in which it is written—a thing of which the author was conscious when he said "hitherto there has been no American school, properly speaking; I have founded it"—is the extraordinary store of knowledge possessed by Montalvo, which, combined with his astounding memory, enabled him to relate stories and anecdotes and to reproduce ideas, without any effort, naturally, as one that might have at hand a valuable library to consult. He sets us wondering so much by his learning that if we had no information as to how and when this book was written, and if its style were not unique, we should doubt whether his brain could have treasured up all this knowledge, just as doubt has been entertained as to whether the whole of the *Iliad* was the work of a single man, the blind Homer. What was notable in Montalvo was that all this knowledge was acquired by him in his long readings there in the isolation of his native town, in another still more solitary and in Colombia. The general opinion is that when he began his trips to Europe, the writer was already formed, and his mind well nourished on art and science.

The *Siete tratados* is a work that consists of two volumes of some four hundred pages each, and it was published by its author in Paris at the house of Besançon, on the press

of Joseph Jacquin, in 1882. The following are the titles of the treatises: "On Nobility;" "On Beauty in the Human Race;" "Reply to a Pseudo Catholic Sophist;" "On Genius;" "The Heroes of the Emancipation of the Hispanic-American Race;" "The Banquet of the Philosophers;" "The Squib."

As to nobility, he accepted it, but he attributed its origin to some man's merit: "Nobility," he said, "springs from the common people and it returns to them."²⁸ He found beauty to consist in perfection. Material beauty is, according to him, what harmonizes with the requirements of the eye and fills the heart; and, naturally, the real, the essential, beauty, is associated with woman. In the "Reply to a Pseudo Catholic Sophist" he set forth the true conception of the Christian religion—in which he was a believer—in contradistinction from what is but a mystification of the doctrines of the Nazarene. In the treatise "On Genius" he develops, in a manner that betokens genius, a kind of psychology of his own; but the chapter entitled "The Heroes of the Emancipation of the Hispanic-American Race" is, beyond all dispute, one of his most notable chapters; so much so that if those heroic wars and those stupendous battles which, because of the valor of the combatants, still astonish us and fill us with wonder at the present time, could be forgotten for a moment, those fiery pages of Montalvo's would render them immortal. The parallel between Bolívar and Washington is admirable:

Washington stands forth as more respectable and majestic for the contemplation of the world; Bolívar was loftier and more resplendent. Washington was less ambitious, but less magnanimous, more modest, but less elevated, than Bolívar. Washington, his work finished, accepted the almost humble gifts of his fellow-countrymen; Bolívar refused the millions offered him by the Peruvian government.

His admiration of Simón Bolívar was extraordinary:

Warrior, writer, orator: Bolívar was all of them and of the first rank. Wherein did he

²⁸He accepted the creation of man as given in the Bible.

give place to the great men of antiquity? In that he was their junior by twenty centuries. . . . Where will Bolívar be when his deeds, recounted from people to people and hallowed by the prestige of centuries, reach those that are to come a thousand years hence? . . . Within a thousand years his figure will be greater and more resplendent than that of Julius Cæsar.

In "The Banquet of the Philosophers," he caused to pass in review before us all the great men that shone in the age of Pericles; and he revealed to us his deep knowledge of the philosophy of Socrates and Plato. In this chapter is nothing that is not fine and beautiful. Finally, "The Squib" is the last treatise and the one by means of which he crowned his work; and it was also published as a prologue to the work he left inedited entitled *Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes: Ensayo de imitación de un libro inimitable*.

This volume was published in Paris by Besançon on the press of Paul Jacquin, in 1895, and it forms a beautiful volume of four hundred and thirty-three pages.³⁴ It contains sixty chapters, and on the first page appears this thought of Montalvo's: "He that has not in him somewhat of don Quijote is not worthy of the appreciation and affection of his fellows."

There are critics³⁵ that consider it an act of effrontery that Montalvo should have written this work and imitated what he himself deemed inimitable; but its author modestly presented the explanation by painting his native country and saying that the grandiose predisposes to deeds of intellectual daring. He thus described Ecuador:

The spectacle of the mountains that stretch along the horizon and obscure the celestial vault by casting upward a shadow; the stupendous peaks of snow that rise amid the cordillera, at one and another point, like impregnable fortresses erected yonder by the Omnipotent against the assaults of giants of other worlds unfriendly to the earth; the firmament in whose center gleams the unmasked sun, majestic, great, as the king of the orbs; the twinkling stars amid that deep but

appealing blackness that serves as a book whereon is printed in luminous characters the poetry of the night; the lofty páramos³⁶ where the winds dart howling amid the straw, like infuriate demons; the rivers that chisel their way between the rugged rocks and, dashing themselves to pieces in the infernos of their channels, roar and bellow and cause the mountains to tremble: these things impart to the soul of the son of nature that love composed of a thousand rustic sensations, which are the springs wherein boils the poetry that deifies the races that are born to greatness.

The elegance and majesty of his style, the easy and impeccable form, and the insuperable majesty with which he manages our rich language assuredly merit the opinion that has been expressed of the master by the señor Pedro César Domínci:

It is the love of the mother-tongue, it is pride in understanding and speaking it, that draws and seduces us in the literary work of the illustrious Ecuadorian thinker.³⁷

The dramas *Granja* [Grange] and *El descomulgado* [The Excommunicate] have been very much disputed; but it is true that the public applauded them enthusiastically during their presentation. The protagonist of *El descomulgado* is Montalvo himself, in divers episodes of his life; and *Granja* is the history of the murder of the señora Chica Cortazar by her husband Remigio Astudillo.

Before concluding, we desire to recall certain phrases of Montalvo's that complete, as it were, the physiognomy of his character.

Misanthropy, he seemed to say to those that called him unsociable, is almost always virtue disillusioned and wounded in its most noble mysteries.

Isolation, obstinacy, that, in short, which they call pride and intractableness in me is not an infelicity: I was going to say "love," but it is well to say "infelicity."

There are days like moans in which I should not wish to be: an unknown ill infects my soul; life to me is an illness; I desire death

³⁴We have before us another edition of this work: it is a finely printed octavo volume of 340 pages, and it was printed in Barcelona, in 1898, by Montaner y Simón.—THE EDITOR.

³⁵Juan Valera among them.

³⁶*Páramo*: any bleak, bare, exposed region, but, specifically, in South America, such a region on the table-land at a great altitude.—THE EDITOR.

³⁷"Juan Montalvo," *Cultura Venezolana*, September, 1921, page 242.

and I angrily summon it; it comes not, and I burst out in complaints against it. Does the air contain for me merely a poisonous principle? Do I drink in water this destructive spirit that penetrates my heart and swells until it fills my breast and drowns me without leaving me able to cry out for assistance? What is it? Why does it persecute me? The wheels of my life have been dismantled; I move with uneven step, and a thick darkness enfolds me. If I did not think so sensibly, I should be deemed a madman.

Finally, on January 17, 1889, he put on his evening clothes and seated himself tranquilly to await the eternal bride, the one that never misses the last engagement.

To his good friend Yerovi he said, when he had entered his house: "It may be your attention is attracted by seeing me as you find me. The passage to eternity is a man's most serious act. This dress ought to be in keeping."

The day before, when a priest urged him to confess, he had refused to do so, saying to him:

"No, father, I do not believe in confession."

When the priest insisted, he said:

"Father, I am at peace with my heart and my conscience; I can appear before God with tranquillity."

He turned to Yerovi to say to him:

"You will return soon to the patria. In the last letter, I said to my brother—and if he has not received it, repeat it to him—that in the days of my illness, neither God nor man has failed me." •

He charged a servant not to forget his last instructions (to buy him flowers):

"A corpse without flowers has always saddened me."

These were his last words. He died with the serenity and majesty of the gods; it was thus that the cóndor of Chimborazo died in Paris on that chill morning.





Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

THE DEAD CATHEDRAL - - - - -	LEOPOLDO LUGONES	69
<i>Repertorio Americano, San José, Costa Rica, December 5, 1921</i>		
PETROLEUM: NOTES FOR A MONOGRAPH -	SANTIAGO MARÍN VICUÑA	75
<i>From a pamphlet published in Santiago, Chile, in 1922</i>		
BOLIVAR - - - - -	JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ	81
<i>La Prensa, Lima, Perú, July 28, 1921</i>		
THE STORY OF MY LIFE - - - - -	AMADO NERVO	97
<i>Yoli, Rivas, Nicaragua, February, 1921</i>		
THE SYNTHETIC FUNCTION OF THE UNIVERSITY -	RAÚL A. ORGAZ	99
<i>Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina, May, 1922</i>		
THE PARAGUAYAN WOMAN - - - - -	MARÍA FELICIDAD GONZÁLEZ	111
<i>Caras y Caretas, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July 8, 1922</i>		
JOSE ENRIQUE RODÓ - - - - -	JUSTO MANUEL ÁGUIAR	113
<i>A pamphlet published in Montevideo, Uruguay, June, 1922</i>		
THE DEATH OF AÑÁ: A GUARANÍ LEGEND - -	ERNESTO LEÓN ÓDENA	124
<i>Tribuna Libre, Buenos Aires, Argentina, November 23, 1921</i>		
URUGUAYAN ARCHAEOLOGY - - - - -	B. SIERRA Y SIERRA	128
<i>Revista Histórica, Montevideo, Uruguay, January-March, 1922</i>		

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

DECEMBER, 1922

NUMBER 2

Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

THE DEAD CATHEDRAL - - - - -	LEOPOLDO LUGONES	69
<i>Repertorio Americano, San José, Costa Rica, December 5, 1921</i>		
PETROLEUM: NOTES FOR A MONOGRAPH -	SANTIAGO MARÍN VICUÑA	75
<i>From a pamphlet published in Santiago, Chile, in 1922</i>		
BOLÍVAR - - - - -	JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ	81
<i>La Prensa, Lima, Perú, July 28, 1921</i>		
THE STORY OF MY LIFE - - - - -	AMADO NERVO	97
<i>Yoli, Rivas, Nicaragua, February, 1921</i>		
THE SYNTHETIC FUNCTION OF THE UNIVERSITY	RAÚL A. ORGAZ	99
<i>Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina, May, 1922</i>		
THE PARAGUAYAN WOMAN - - - - -	MARÍA FELICIDAD GONZÁLEZ	111
<i>Caras y Caretas, Buenos Aires, Argentina, July 8, 1922</i>		
JOSE ENRIQUE RODÓ - - - - -	JUSTO MANUEL AGUIAR	113
<i>A pamphlet published in Montevideo, Uruguay, June, 1922</i>		
THE DEATH OF AÑÁ: A GUARANÍ LEGEND - -	ERNESTO LEÓN ÓDENA	124
<i>Tribuna Libre, Buenos Aires, Argentina, November 23, 1921</i>		
URUGUAYAN ARCHÆOLOGY - - - - -	F. B. SIERRA Y SIERRA	128
<i>Revista Histórica, Montevideo, Uruguay, January-March, 1922</i>		

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

DECEMBER, 1922

NUMBER 2

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

The delay in the issue of the December number of INTER-AMERICA, which we genuinely regret, has been due to the absence of the director on a four months' trip in South America, and to the miscarriage of manuscripts and proofs.—THE EDITOR.

LEOPOLDO LUGONES, educator, man of letters, poet and journalist, was born at Río Seco, in the province of Córdoba, Argentina, June 13, 1874. He was educated in the schools of that province, in his home, in libraries and, indeed, wherever he chanced to be, as he has been a voracious and intense reader, with a great variety of interests. He has a good knowledge of a number of languages, he has written on many subjects and he ranks among the leading men of letters of the Spanish world. He has devoted much of his time to journalism and he has had a brief experience as inspector-general of secondary, normal and special instruction, but he seemed not to like the official or pedagogical atmosphere, as he declined the rectorship of one of the national institutions, offered him by the government. He contributed many articles on the great war, being from the beginning, a staunch and energetic supporter of the allies and, later, of the United States. The following are some of his works: in verse, *Las montañas del oro*; *Los crepúsculos del jardín*; *Lunario sentimental*; *Odas seculares*; *El libro fiel*; and *El libro de los paisajes*; in prose, *La reforma educacional*; *El imperio jesuítico*; *La guerra gaucha*; *Las fuerzas extrañas*; *Piedras y minas*; *Prometeo*; *Didáctica*; *Historia de Sarmiento*; *Elogio de Ameghino*; *El ejército de la Iliada*; *El payador*; *Mi beligerancia*; *La torre de Casandra*; and *Las industrias de Atenas*.

SANTIAGO MARÍN VICUÑA, an engineer, was born on November 28, 1871, at La Serena, north of Santiago, Chile; he was educated at the schools of his native town and in the Universidad de Chile, where he obtained his degree in 1909. He has served his country in a number of public capacities both at home and abroad, and he is a member of several learned societies. He has written much for newspapers and reviews, and he is the author of several important books, among which may be mentioned: *A través de la Patagonia*; *Tabla para la cubicación del movimiento de tierras*; *Los ferrocarriles de Chile*; *El laudo arbitral de su majestad británica*; *Informe sobre el ferrocarril longitudinal*; *La ley de regadío de la República de Chile*; *Informe sobre el puerto de Mejillones*; *Chile ante el congreso científico de Buenos Aires*; *El régimen administrativo de los ferrocarriles del estado*; *Ferrocarriles internacionales*; and *Problemas nacionales*.

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ, man of letters and philosopher, was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, July 15, 1872, and he died in Palermo Sicily, May 3, 1917. He is so widely known, and so much has been published about him that we limit ourselves to giving a list of his works, of which no definitive edition has yet been published: *Ariel*; *Hombres de América*; *Liberalismo y jacobinismo*; *Motivos de Proteo*; *El mirador de Próspero*; *El que vendrá*; and *El camino de Paros*. For a specimen of his style, in addition to the essay entitled "Bolívar," published in this number, see "A Dialogue between Bronze and Marble," in INTER-AMERICA for April, 1918, page 197; and for articles on him, see "Rodó: an Evocation of the Spirit of Ariel," by Armando Donoso, in INTER-

AMERICA for October, 1917, page 23; and "José Enrique Rodó," by Gonzalo Zaldumbide, in INTER-AMERICA for October, 1918, page 44.

AMADO NERVO, journalist, poet and diplomat, was born in Tepic, at the time the capital of the territory of Tepic, now the state of Nayarit, México, August 27, 1870; he was educated there and in the city of México, where he spent much of his early life. Later he lived in Paris; during the decade previous to the spring of 1918, he resided in Madrid as chargé d'affaires and secretary of the Mexican legation. He then returned to México, and in the autumn of that year he was appointed minister to Argentina and Uruguay. Passing through New York in November, 1918, he lectured and read a number of his poems at Columbia University and before the Poetry Society of America, to the delight of two large audiences. He took up his duties as minister to Argentina and Uruguay in the spring of 1919. While attending the Congreso del Niño in Montevideo he died suddenly on May 24, 1919. For a list of his publications, see note 2, page 98. For translations of articles and poems by him, see "Leah and Rachel," in INTER-AMERICA for August, 1919, page 343; "If a Thorn Wounds Me," "I am All" and "Rejoice," in INTER-AMERICA for August, 1919, pages 346 and 347; "England and the Religion of To-morrow," in INTER-AMERICA for February, 1920; and "Liberty," in INTER-AMERICA for February, 1922, page 147.

RAÚL A. ORGAZ, lawyer and professor, was born in Santiago, in the province of Santiago del Estero, Argentina, November 30, 1888; he was educated there and in Córdoba, being graduated from the school of law and social sciences of the Universidad de Córdoba. He at once became a teacher, first, of language and literature in the Colegio de Córdoba, later, of commercial geography in the Colegio de Comercio; and, in 1917, of sociology in the Universidad de Córdoba. He is the author of numerous newspaper and magazine articles, and of pamphlets and books on sociological, historical and legal subjects.

MARÍA FELICIDAD GONZÁLEZ, educator and director of the Escuela Nacional Normal, was born in Paraguari, Paraguay; at an early age she went with her family to live in Asunción; she was educated in the schools of the capital and in the normal school of Paraná, Argentina, whence she was graduated *cum laude* in 1907; she has served as director of the school of Encarnación and as professor of pedagogy, as teacher of physical exercises and as vice-director of the Escuela Nacional Normal of Paraguay, and she is at present the director of that institution, being the first woman to preside over it. She is a member of the boards of a number of philanthropic and civic societies, and she is the vice-president of the Asociación Feminista Paraguaya; in 1922 she attended the meeting of the League of Women Voters and the Pan American Conference, held in Baltimore in April, 1922, as the Paraguayan representative.

Inter-America

DECEMBER 1922

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI



NUMBER 2

THE DEAD CATHEDRAL

BY

LEOPOLDO LUGONES

The man of letters and poet makes one feel the tragedy of the "murdered cathedral," destroyed by a blow aimed at the heart of a people, an art and a civilization. He visited Rheims in 1912 and again after the armistice; his comparisons are striking and his disquisition on Gothic architecture in general is interesting and suggestive. He holds the ruin of the cathedral to be irreparable, for "if the mere restoration of Gothic churches, deteriorated by time alone, was to a great extent impossible, in respect of monuments of inspiration, where all is something vital, and which, once decadent, can no more be repaired by artifice, the attempted reconstruction seems to me to be a chimera. It would begin by requiring centuries, like the original task itself, centuries more and more incompatible, because of their remoteness, with the vital inspiration of a now absent faith. . . . The profound reason for Gothic asymmetry resides, like that of the human body, in its being a question of living things. So the leaf of stone, like that of the humble thistle, never repeats itself. Its essential beauty is based on this fact, and reconstruction would be an exact repetition."—THE EDITOR.

IF THE cathedral of Arras is a tragic ruin, that of Rheims is a lugubrious ruin. In the tragic there is always something of combat; but the corpse of the cathedral crushes Rheims beneath its ruins. There are other cathedrals still more completely annihilated, such as the cathedral of Soissons, which is but a specter, and that of Ypres, which is barely a shadow.

The cathedral of Rheims adds to the horror of death the reality of a corpse. Its destruction displays the violence of the assassination. These two cathedrals that I have just mentioned—piles of gray stone—seem rather to be the volcanic débris of insipid nakedness, like fossil bones under solar calcination. The cathedral of Rheims retains in its cavities enough shadow to be lugubrious, as I have said. There still floats in it a remnant of a desolated soul. Its tremendous breaches are wounds that still bleed; its brutal fractures send out

sharp splinters on which sorrow is rent asunder; its stains foster a gangrenous blackness. The fragments of the dome seem to prolong the echo of the explosions and the terror of the catastrophe. The statues of the portals, and of the external niches, where they serve as a counterpoise to the buttresses, are, on their part, gigantic corpses of stone. In a statue from which the shell of the howitzer tore away the entire face I recognize one of the kings of the western portico. Here, placed on the ground, separated from their group, one notes that they were veritable colossi scaled to natural proportions by that harmony of the whole which is the basis of esthetics, or, rather, the vital reason of all art, and especially of architecture and music. There, amid other ruins, stands out the haunch of one of those huge lambs of stone that allegorized, in the lofty southern cornice, the mystical feeding of the flock, and over whose architectural type—

of a perfect local realism, like all the reproductions from nature of the Gothic artists—I succeeded in proving in 1912 that the ram of Rheims, like our merinos, was formed in the thirteenth century, if it did not naturally prolong the illustrious Roman source to which the Spanish congener traced its quality; for these cathedrals with which the people glorified their maximum effort by an act of faith were encyclopedias in which were contained religion, nature, art, industry, science and history. Hence had come into being the magnificent temple of the little city that spent centuries in constructing “her” cathedral, the vocal book of such as could not read; for it was, above all, a bible of stone, a museum of natural history, a gallery of art, a decorative glorification of the holy office, a celebration of science through the beauty of architecture, a concert hall, a theater, a hospice, a class-room for council through the medium of preaching, an asylum from all ills, a succor in the direst of troubles, a watch-tower and defense that stood on the foundation hill—lofty and resplendent—which dominated the roads; an inexhaustible source of stories and moral teachings profuse in allegory; the achievement of the chimera through the magic invented daily by the sun on the stained glass windows; the soaring of fancy on the mystical wings given it by the exhalation of incense; the treasury of the beauty and the relics brought by travelers from remote lands and legendary seas as an offering; and it was not only a sanctuary, but also the political seat where the kings were consecrated. So the cathedral—and this one of Rheims especially—was the center, as well as the synthesis, of Christian civilization at the moment of its maximum splendor, and this fact gives to it its incalculable historical value. The cathedral is the living history of the Middle Ages. Therefore, to destroy it is to kill: to kill not only the beauty, but the soul of a complete civilization, which was that of credulous and obedient peoples; a civilization all the more precious because, as it constituted our immediate historical antecedents, it is the key to the life we are living. Being rationalists, that is, disobedient, the history of our gods, or, if you

will, the study of the social organization from the religious point of view, acquires for us a singular importance. Through it we ascertain that monotheism is the mystical transfiguration of the absolute or autocratic monarchy: an instrument of subjection, incompatible with liberty; but also that no human congregation is possible, as a spiritual state, except around a transcendent ideal. Anarchy supervenes where men are bereft of the concept of transcendency; for serenity is a spiritual state, not a physical satisfaction. Greco-Roman paganism attained it better and for a longer time than Christianity, but we are not and we can no longer be either pagans or Christians. We must construct another temple to a new dignity, in which will be revealed to us one day—who knows how?—the transcendent ideal: that is, the notion of immortality that resides in our spirits, manifesting itself as goodness, truth and beauty.

Beauty! Behold, the historical sign of our race: the Greco-Roman, to which we belong through Latinity. A race of beauty: that is what we are. The road of beauty is the one we take to attain to justice and goodness; esthetic satisfaction is what we seek even in truth.

And the murdered cathedral was, above all, beauty.

I have it clearly before me as it was in those quiet days of 1912, when we came here to see it, on a Gothic pilgrimage, as it were, with the inseparable one, who brought along, like one of those Ruskinian lamps of her predilection, the genuine clarity of a companion soul. We arrived exactly at the hour when one ought to arrive, that is, late in the afternoon. The cathedral soared aloft in the glory of the setting sun, and toward it the pigeons were already returning.

In spite of its industrial, democratic and political importance, Rheims was the cathedral. Hence, temple and the city have died together. All have in mind the statistics, which I recall merely to signalize its destruction: when the armistice was signed, of the fourteen thousand houses that the city had contained, there remained sixty that were habitable. For four years the schools had been conducted in cellars

shaken by the bombardments. Three years after the cessation of hostilities, and in spite of the continued reconstruction, there is nothing but rubbish. The stirred cretaceous earth shrouds everything with its white mantle of dust. It is as if the biblical curse that desolated the cities of the Dead Sea had just passed along, spreading over the doleful ruins the ashes of Jehovah. Yet no: the fury of the barbarian exceeded the anger of the numens of hatred, and there comes to mind the so often recalled quotation from Heine, who knew what he was talking about:

Some day or other, the martial ardor of the German will awake and will destroy the Gothic cathedrals.

Rheims, like Paris, was something essentially French. From the famous miracle of the cruet of oil that the Holy Spirit brought to the anointer of kings, the history of France has been one with the history of the cathedral. It would not have been strange therefore that the destruction of the august temple, like that of Paris, should be in perfect harmony, if it were a subsequent occurrence, with the plan of annihilation. The temple and the city were therefore, I repeat, a complete entity. Hence the shot was aimed in reality at the soul of the hated nation.

The work of reparation, which had lasted thirty years, was completed precisely at the moment when war was declared. In 1912, when I visited the cathedral, a great part of the edifice was covered with immense scaffolding: a protective fence for that formidable forest of stone. About the walls could be noted much sculpture, fallen or lowered from the cornices and niches, awaiting restoration; and it was of great service to me in studying the decorative zoölogy and botany of the medieval artists.

However, in all this there was nothing of rubbish. It was—I have already written—like fire-wood shed naturally by the Gothic forest mentioned above, which was so opulent that the decoration was not thereby diminished in a perceptible manner: inexhaustible with flowers, fruits, leaves, branches, trunks, volutes, animals, monsters, was the forest of beauty; while

within, the perennial foliage of stone continued to strain the splendid illumination of the allegorical roses of glass set in the walls, murmurous with the music of the organs, dizzy with the perfume of incense, in a simultaneous glory of spring, summer and autumn created for it by art with colored lights, deep melodies and precious rosins. The nave lifted thus its prayer of stone, which, outside, in the full blue of immensity, the towers spread abroad, filigreed by the pealing of the bells exalted by the vibrating verticality of pillars, gables and spires; while under each ogive the afternoon sun seemed to nest in gold mystical song-birds. Like a celestial flame, prayer, which is Gothic, rose straight toward immensity, like swords and like miters. The two towers, in the multiple allegory, represented indeed the dual pinnacle of the Episcopalian head-dress, and the central arrow rose like an offertory sword. A swallow, flying round and round, accentuated the ascensional movement of the lines with a touch of ecstasy, like a soul, already released, but darkened still by the nearness of the earth.

And now! . . .

A raw morning, on which the abnormal cold of the drought was rendered more disagreeable by the dust, agonized the bones of the enormous corpse. The hoarding that protects the work of restoration suggests openings in a coffin. Loose strips of burlap float like pieces of mummy skin. The life that stirs in the half obstructed or still twisted streets is not able to disinter itself from the rubbish. One or another tree that escaped the bombardments, one or another little remade garden, yields to the sepulchral gloom, livid with chalk. The corpse-like smell that is exhaled by the deep layers of this substance, due probably to its organic origin, issues from the excavations as if it were the very stench of the dead city.

Let any one that would know sorrow go to Rheims and visit the cathedral. If any one desires to steep himself in desolation, let him speak with the aged mourners of Rheims.

Here is the *maire*, an old man in whose eyes still show the scars of devoured tears, on whose beard still trembles con-

sternation over the horrors he had to bear for all. Still suffering from the catastrophe, but full, indeed, of dignity, of patriotic confidence, they show to the friend from remote lands the immense reliquary of art and history constituted by these ruins. They play the part, without knowing it, of a tragic curiosity: they, like the survivors of the fifth century, to whom *The Apocalypse* was a recreative novel, are those that witnessed the barbarous invasion. It might be said that they remain buried beneath the frightful violence. The tranquillity that came with victory has quenched their gaze and their voices, and as they are of the same ethnic type as the decorative statues of the cathedral, they seem to form a part of the identical destruction. The dust from the ruins that clings to them imparts to them a sort of medieval petrification. It is as if they came from afar, and remained aloof, astonished, very sad, after surviving enormous weariness. With them they bring silence, now the soul of the city. For in vain are the snapping of the motor, the hissing of the valves of one or another engine engaged in reconstruction or manufacture, the braying of cornets or the blowing of the horns of automobiles; the silence of the ruins absorbs it all in its immense cavity. The death of sound is not the least tragic in this city of the dead.

A great old man of Rheims constitutes, however, an exception amid that old age meditating over the black thresholds: the archbishop, Louis Henri Luçon, who received us, in the borrowed residence where he has set up his palatial see, after a long day of ecclesiastical duties, willingly interrupted, "to salute the friends of France."

He is a notable type of that Gallic vitality—energetic and vivacious—which Clemenceau, in turn, represents, as it were, on the "infernal" side of "the blues." Never have I seen eighty more solid years in robust bodily structure; more sure in the firmness of a broad face, in which the canonical smoothness of the close shaven skin is relieved by the tan polish of the pallid limestone of the locality; more serene in the honest precision of the word, free, nevertheless, with generous abundance; or clearer in the frankness of

benevolent eyes; and nothing less polished by the devout application of soap and the lean compunction of the seminary.

One immediately observes that he is in the presence of a man. From his speech, his expression, his entire being, emanates that sureness which is the meekness of valor; and, as there is nothing nearer to courage than honesty, his hand, which comes forward frankly, extended with manly abandon, imparts confidence to the mind of the interlocutor. Nor is there to be observed a trace of that serpentine insinuation which, beneath the silk of the clerical utterance, suggests the glide of the reptile, on the road to the conscience. His scarlet cassock, covered in the main by a simple riding coat, does not boast, as far as one can see, the Roman tail.

Nevertheless, when he speaks of the fruitless struggles he had to maintain with the enemy command for the protection of the cathedral, he says to us, referring to the pope:

"He, who is our general, had confided to me the outpost, and I had to hold it until the end."

Of course I, for my part, did not come to seek in that Catholic prelate the impression of the schism for which many looked when the Vatican committed the great treachery of neutrality by being visibly sympathetic toward the Lutheran kaiser. It would have been an infamous action, and my friends there have known from the time of the war that I never believed in any such schism. This act—I said and wrote then—was a manifestation of vitality that was not characteristic of a Christianity already decrepit.

What I desired to hear was what the prelate narrated: how, in spite of all assurances that the cathedral was not used in military operations, the German command bombarded it daily.

"It held," he said, "that the French were firing surreptitiously from the roof and the spires; and it must have believed it in good faith, because it so affirmed; but I declare, for my part, that it was not so. I could not lie from patriotism, and if I say it, it is because it was so."

Let the reader observe the following two expressions of lofty morality that I tran-

scribed immediately, and for this reason they stayed with me, although they were uttered in passing, during the conversation: "One must believe in the good faith of one that affirms, even if he be an enemy," and "One ought not to lie from patriotism." There is nothing higher than the truth, according to the morality of all ages.

"To prevent mistakes," continued the cardinal, "I informed the Germans that, in order to save certain fragments of ancient stained glass in the half-destroyed building, certain laborers were going openly up to the windows. It is to be inferred that they did not believe so, because they continued to bombard, under the well known pretext. Then they maintained that they had seen signal lights at night in the upper part of the building. As the edifice was opened from side to side by enormous breaches, it is to be believed that the lights of certain houses situated in the rear appeared as if they were in the interior, owing to the well known optical illusion that alters the idea of distance in nocturnal shadows and to the telescopic effect of any loopholed mass. There is also another tenable conjecture; tormented by hunger, some of the neighbors might have climbed over the rubbish, provided with dark lanterns, in search of the pigeons that the howitzers had not been able to frighten away and that persisted in continuing to nest there.

"It is evident," he concluded, "that their purpose was to destroy, and all my efforts to prevent it were in vain."

Unfortunately, their purpose was accomplished. The cathedral of Rheims is a ruin, irreparable, in my opinion. Unquestionably, in the presence of those men that are bent on the moving task of rebuilding, I ought to keep quiet regarding this impression, offering them, as to the relatives of a beloved being, the respect of my silence. If, however, the mere restoration of Gothic churches, deteriorated by time alone, was to a great extent impossible, in respect of monuments of inspiration, where all is something vital, and which, once decadent, can no more be repaired by artifice, the attempted reconstruction seems to me to be a chimera. It would begin by requiring centuries, like the original

task itself: centuries more and more incompatible, because of their remoteness, with the vital inspiration of the now absent faith. Then, in the sculptural decoration, as necessary as construction itself to the Gothic life, all would be *pasticcio*: a reconstruction, as exact as might be desired, but not an engendering; turned out of a mold, but not a reproduction; for only love reproduces life. The profound reason for Gothic asymmetry resides, like that of the human body, in its being a question of living things. So the leaf of stone, like that of the humble thistle, never repeats itself. Its essential beauty is based on this fact, and reconstruction would be an exact repetition.

The Gothic flora and fauna and even the Gothic teratology could only be engendered by the man of faith, who loved because he believed. That man then constituted the people that worked together as a whole in erecting those essentially popular monuments. That same man may exist to-day, but as an isolated case, that is, impotently, even if it be a question of an artist; and the work of constructing a cathedral would require not one artist, but dozens of artists.

I said construction, however, in addition to decoration, and in the former is involved the chief difficulty.

The esthetics of Gothic architecture is essentially heroic, since it finds inspiration in martyrdom, in the renunciation of all earthly happiness, in chastity and in chivalresque adventure. The structure of the cathedral was—often with direct application—that of the stronghold; and, being heroic, it achieved in the temple the heroism that was a magnificent disproportion among the material means of the hero and the decision of this triumphal purpose: a state of mind which, in the face of cold analysis, turns out to be a paradox.

So for the temple is sought the maximum of light by breaking the walls with enormous windows and resting the weight of the vault on the outer supports of the buttresses. The wall therefore is designed for the window, and not as a support. Light was a substitute for the mass of the wall, which was, thitherto, logically, opaque. The mass of the edifice, instead of striving for the impression of repose—also logical thitherto because of the notion of stability

and security, inherent in weight and construction—suggested the vertical elevation, with the soaring of its ascendant lines. Therefore the predominance of the acute element that rose on “tip-toes,” as we say, and the replacement of the idea of a trunk in the column by a bunch of bamboos, the natural stoutness of the trunk, which gives the impression of solidity, was transformed into the ascendant flexibility of the reed. Without, the buttresses also create the ascending impression, with the dissimulation of the burden they counterpoise, as I have said: sharp niches occupied by very heavy statues; while the spires, whose supports remain invisible, as they are located in the interior of the temple, seem to have as their only function a glorious ascension in the vibrant music of bells. The very decadency of Gothic is the exaggeration of the heroic purpose: the changing of stone into marvelous lace, whose excessive beauty became its weakness.

Gothic had therefore a peculiar logic founded on heroism, one that seems paradoxical to us, because its concepts formulated what is for us a dead belief; and this is why there were created an arch, a column and a system of buttresses entirely *sui generis*, that is, the essential elements of architecture, appropriate to this originality, even to the possession of a complete art. In the same way, life has general characteristics of organization, but every genus of living being lives in its own way.

Hence also the prodigious solidity, compatible with that supreme grace, and which destruction reveals like a brutal anatomy. In spite of seventy bombardments, there still stand the main columns, some arches and the framework of the vault. It is there that the heroism to which I have referred is more visible than anywhere else. Much spirit in little material, which is the higher formula of all art, improved the quality of matter thus animated, and there is no art more spiritual than Gothic. This is made clear in the chambers of the floor by disclosing the subterranean *cella* of the ancient pagan temple, above which the Christian functions superimposed themselves in triumphant domination. Roman arch and pillars, thrust into prominence now by the surrounding ruin, show them-

selves to be inferior in comparison with Gothic, not only in vigor—the mortar alone sustains the parallel, converted by the ages into a true petrification—but also in forceful elegance, as the positive Roman solidity tended more to pomp than to beauty. There is nothing to be compared with it except the Greek orders, which constitute another, or, rather, the other, perfection of architecture; for Romanic was an organism of transition, in which certain elements of Oriental origin imported by Byzantium did not become refused, and the art of the Renaissance, a style, but not an order.

Among the half dozen complete Gothic types that exist, Rheims was one of the higher tetrad, along with the cathedrals of Chartres, Amiens and Paris; and of its species, it was unique. Such was the marvel destroyed by the cannon.

An art so spiritual, its living soul was music, which within and without made the temple sensitive, until it animated the stone with the strong, sweet thrill of organs, hymns and chimes; its natural exhalation, the perfume that had saturated everything with incense; its serenity, the abstraction of meditative shadow. The harsh wind, entering the ruins everywhere, destroys all that with its lugubrious howling.

There only remains for the immense anguish of the dead cathedral—for in the kindness of nature, something always remains—the simple, and, as it were, mystical recess of the soft pigeons, which have returned to their age-long abode where they were domesticated, perhaps from the time of Rome, by the enticement of the incense, and which continue to coo amid the rubbish, the sole owners now of all the locality whence, as the cardinal said, the cannon was unable to dislodge them.

The murmur of their fidelity is the last music of the wrecked church. They return now, as they did on that happy afternoon of our arrival, to the vaulted niche now broken, but where there still remains perhaps a survival of the wonted incense; and once more the poor nest in which love immortal finds shelter, being denied by the numens of death, outlasts those gods and the temples of the men that exterminated one another while invoking them.

PETROLEUM

NOTES FOR A MONOGRAPH

BY

SANTIAGO MARÍN VICUÑA

An able and timely sketch of the history of the exploitation and use of petroleum, with particular emphasis on the resources of the southern countries of America in respect of it and on recent and present developments in those countries that will aid in meeting the growing demand for this product and in increasing the waning supply of it.—THE EDITOR.

ACCORDING to Mr. Edward Prizer, president of the Vacuum Oil Company of New York, crude petroleum is a combination of several kinds of hydrocarbides. When these components are once separated, a diversity of products is obtained, which, at ordinary temperatures, vary, from very volatile oils, like the naphthas, the gasolenes, or semi-solids like vaseline, to the solids, such as the asphaltums. Separation is induced by heating crude petroleum in metallic retorts, in which may be effected the proper distillation.

The boring of oil-wells dates back but a few years (1857), but it is worthy of note that at the beginning of the exploitation of this product in the deposits of Pennsylvania, California and Texas, in the United States, not much importance was attached to the product, as its use was limited to the production of kerosene and other illuminating oils; but, after a thorough chemical study, it was observed that the distillable by-products were almost infinite, all of them of great industrial value. To this discovery should be added the extraordinary development that took place in automobilism, aviation, et cetera. In view of all this, oil fields and the exploitation of petroleum have acquired a vast and unexpected importance.

In the United States alone there are almost ten million vehicles propelled by gasolene, which consume not less than twenty million tons of this product a year.

Hence the crude petroleum industry, limited at first to the exploitation of the fields of the United States, has now extended to the whole world. According to the

statistics, the world production, between 1857-1920, inclusive, may be estimated at some 1,200,000,000 cubic meters, of which perhaps 60 per cent. is to be credited to the United States.

In the trade, the standard of measure that has usually been accepted is the *barrel*, the capacity of which is 42 gallons, that is, 160 liters; so that a cubic meter is equivalent to approximately 6.3 barrels.

According to these data then, we see that the total output of 500,000 barrels, produced in 1860, was increased in 1920 to the extraordinary figure of 688,000,000, which shows a mean annual increase of 11,500,000. In order that this ascending scale of production may be more fully appreciated, I present in a table, expressed in millions of barrels, the amount of this vast production at the ends of the last seven decades:

YEAR	PRODUCTION	ANNUAL INCREASE
1860	0.5	
1870	6.0	0.5
1880	30.0	2.4
1890	77.0	4.7
1900	149.0	7.2
1910	328.0	17.9
1920	<u>688.0</u>	<u>36.0</u>
Average	182.64	11.5

According to these items, the mean increase of production during the last decade (1910-1920) has been 36,000,000 barrels a year.

In the United States, which hitherto has occupied the first place among the oil bearing countries, statistics show us that the production of 500,000 barrels in 1860 rose to 26,000,000 in 1880, to 63,000,000 in 1900 and to 443,000,000 in 1920.

In like manner, in México, which occupies the second place in this scale, and in spite of the abnormal state of civil war in which this country has existed, the production of 3,000,000 barrels recorded in 1910 rose to 33,000,000 in 1915 and to 160,000,000 in 1920, from which it will be seen that this country, which produced only 3.7 per cent. of the total output of petroleum ten years ago, has raised its quota to 12.8 per cent.

The same is happening in the other oil bearing countries; for, as I have already said, this industry, confined at the beginning to the United States, has now extended to both the hemispheres.

Among the South American countries, very new in this kind of exploitation, only Perú and Argentina may be mentioned at the present time, and their increase in production during the last decade has been:

	1910	1920
Perú . . .	1,330,000 barrels	2,790,000 barrels
Argentina	20,000 barrels	1,367,000 barrels

which shows a mean annual increase for Perú of 140,000 barrels, and for Argentina, 135,000 barrels.

Furthermore, it may be noted that the ten countries or regions that surpass in the petroleum industry, that is, those that attained to the largest quotas in 1920, were:

	MILLIONS OF BARRELS
United States . . .	443.4
México	159.8
Russia	30.0
India	24.5
Rumania	7.4
Persia	6.6
Poland	6.0
Perú	2.8
Japan	2.2
Trinidad	1.6

Following these countries come, in the order mentioned, Argentina, Egypt, France, Venezuela, Canada, Germany and Italy.

This enormous total production of 688,000,000 barrels has been obtained from hundreds of thousands of wells, of a highly variable quantity and output; nevertheless, the average for each well is generally estimated at five barrels daily, although we cite cases of extraordinary production.

In California, for example, was opened a well from which, at a depth of 850 meters, a gush of petroleum rose 40 meters high, and which, for a period of several years, produced 1,300 tons a day; and in México has also been mentioned a well at Tampico that formed in its neighborhood a veritable lake of petroleum, which had a surface of ten hectares.

In this respect, however, the most extraordinary case has occurred at Baku (Russia), where wells have been opened that produced 1,500 tons a day. In this same zone is a company that owns a tract of land that contains an area of not more than 10 hectares, which, down to 1913, produced such a volume of petroleum that it would fill a tank that might cover its own surface as a base, by 100 meters in height, which would be equivalent to a volume of 63,000,000 barrels and which, at the present price, would amount to \$400,000,000, or 4,000,000,000 of our *pesos* at the present value!

AS MAY readily be understood, the *active* operation of these wells is not everlasting, as the extinction of them is being lamented every day, and, according to calculations made by the Bureau of Mines, the impending danger of the exhaustion of the fields indicated is very evident. In the United States, the bureau just mentioned has estimated that 40 per cent. of the petroleum reserve is already exhausted. Of the 28,500 wells that have been bored, about 6,000 have become exhausted during recent years, which comes to a total of 22 per cent., and to this is due the extraordinary rise in price that this product has undergone in the markets of the world.

In Pennsylvania, for example, it was quoted at \$1.35 a barrel in 1916; to-day one must pay \$6.50 a barrel: an increase of 300 per cent.!

It is easy to understand that this *shortage*, added to the extraordinary increase in consumption, has expressed itself in a speculative fever that has occasioned many serious disturbances of industrial economy.

Consumption has increased in geometrical proportion and *production* in arithmetical

proportion, from which results a *world deficit* easy to explain.

To make this phenomenon more evident, we proceed to give a table that sets forth the progress of consumption and production in the internal trade of the United States, in which the figures express millions of cubic meters.

YEAR	CONSUMPTION	PRODUCTION
1912	35.8	35.6
1913	41.4	39.8
1914	44.6	42.2
1915	47.0	44.6
1916	51.0	47.8
1917	59.9	51.8
1918	64.1	54.2
1919	69.5	58.3

Hence, in eight years, the market of the United States has had to buy abroad, in order to supply the shortage in its own production, 39,000,000 cubic meters, that is, about 250,000,000 barrels.

This shortage, which, in 1912, began with 159,000 cubic meters, in 1920 had reached 15,000,000, or 70,000,000 barrels, with the approximate value of \$500,000,000.

These figures explain and justify the era of speculation and extraordinary interest in oil fields that is evident throughout the world.

The government of the United States, alarmed by the magnitude and importance of these events, instructed one of its principal offices of information, the Geological Survey, to measure and study the cubic contents of all the subterranean *reserves* of petroleum in that country, and after prolonged and thorough investigations, it has reached the startling conclusion that the whole of them may be estimated at 1,075,000,000 cubic meters. This means that with a mean annual consumption of 71,000,000, all the present petroliferous fields of the United States will be exhausted in fifty years.

It is easy to understand the alarm that must have been occasioned throughout the world by this disconcerting prediction.

AS A logical consequence of what I have said, there has been an incredible development of enterprises engaged in prospecting for new deposits everywhere to replace those that are being exhausted.

In this second era of the petroleum

industry, Latin America will begin to play an important part, to judge by the successes proclaimed in certain regions.

Monsieur Descamps, the director of the department of economic studies of the Banque de France, has thus expressed himself in his recent report, and, referring to México, he added:

Judging by the results obtained, the output of 1921 will exceed that even of 156,000,000 produced in 1920. At the beginning of this year was extracted about 16,000,000 barrels a month; but this figure had passed from 18,000,000 in April, to 19,000,000 in May, which leads us to think that during the present year the output will exceed 200,000,000 barrels: a prediction that coincides with the cabled information I have read to-day, according to which the yield of petroleum during the past month of November has beaten the *record*.¹ From only one of the deposits of that country, the one called Cerro Azul, the daily output reached 188,000 barrels, valued at \$250,000,

In like manner, the present exploitations of Venezuela, Argentina and Perú, which in 1920 totaled only 4,700,000 barrels, tend to an era of very great prosperity.

In Perú the existence of "pitch mines" was known from the time of the Incas; but the first scientific investigations, made with a view to learning as to the presence of petroleum, date only from 1862; and eight years later was begun, although in a very rudimentary way, its exploitation in the zone of Los Zorritos. It continued in a state of intermission for a long time, and only after the year 1887, that is, after the war of the Pacific, was work resumed. Subsequently it extended to the regions of Lobitos, et cetera.

Thus we see then that the very limited production of 776 tons in 1884 had risen to 2,500 tons in 1890, to 35,000 in 1900, to 168,000 in 1910 and to 373,000 in 1920.

According to calculations to which I have had access in an official monograph, in the thirty-seven years passed between 1884 and 1920, inclusive, the quantity of petroleum extracted from the Peruvian deposits was in excess of 4,080,000 tons, that is, about 15,000,000 barrels.

Engineer Ricardo A. Deustua presented to the Congreso de la Industria Minera,

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

held in Lima in 1918, a paper on these deposits, on which this assertion may be scientifically based; and the same may be maintained in respect of Argentina and Brazil by referring to the scrupulous memorials of their scientists and the men of their mining and technical institutions.

It is not necessary therefore to be a prophet or a dreamer to proclaim that our neighbor on the east, who began only in 1907 the exploitation of petroleum, will become, within ten years, one of the greatest of the world's producers of petroleum. Her present wells in the Rivadavia region, and her growing explorations in Neuquén, Mendoza, Salta and Jujuy tell the same story.

It is not venturesome to predict an equally brilliant future for Bolivia, Ecuador and Colombia, which are just beginning to participate in this new branch of human activity.

As to Chile, nothing certain may yet be said, in spite of the persevering effort of business men that have spent many millions of *pesos* prospecting for petroleum, from Tacna to Magellan. The numerous foreign efforts have not yet achieved the expected success, but this failure has not caused hope for the future to be abandoned.

TO WHAT has been pointed out, that is, the annual increase of prospecting for and exploitations of subterranean petroleum, whether or not it rises to the surface, ought to be added the practically *inexhaustible* quantity of it that can be produced by the external beds of *asphaltums*, *rafaelitas* and *bituminous schists*, which are so abundant in nature, and from which may be distilled gasolenes, benzines, naphtha, kerosene, et cetera; and each of the three hundred by-products obtained to-day from crude petroleum to which I have already referred.

Asphaltum, for example, considered chemically, is but a residue left by internal petroleum, after a prolonged exposure to the air, through the evaporation of their volatile components. Hence they have always been regarded as a simple form of petroleum.

According to the Peruvian engineer Carlos L. Romero:

Petroleum and asphaltum are, in truth, but the intercalated terms of a series of hydrocarbides, the extreme members of which are *marsh gas* and *pure carbon*: in this series enter, as elements of increasing carburization, natural gas, naphtha, petroleum, pitch (mineral tar), maltha, claterite and asphaltum, products of a *common* origin, but which present themselves, owing to their origins in nature, with different degrees of fluidity, determined by their richness in carbon, which, in turn, depends on the later phenomena of their constitution.

Hence the layers or deposits of asphaltum always coincide with the existence, at a greater or less depth, of subterranean petroleum.

In the island of Trinidad, for example, are to be found genuine lakes of asphaltum, which have an area of as many as 5,000 hectares, from which are superficially extracted, year after year, about 200,000 tons of this substance, used for paving, et cetera; and from the bottoms of them is extracted, at the same time, not less than 2,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum.

These asphaltums are, besides, capable of industrial distillation and they produce as much as 60 per cent. of lubricants, benzines, naphtha and a thousand different by-products.

THE same is true of the *rafaelitas* (oxocherites) so abundant in Argentina, and which are commonly and accurately called *solidified petroleum*.

A short time ago this substance was subjected to careful analysis in the laboratory of our university, and the yield *per ton* was, apart from the appreciable residues of metallurgical coke and gas oil, the following:

22 tins of 18 liters of lubricant	. 396 liters
6 " " " " " benzine	. 108 liters
5 " " " " " paraffin	. 90 liters

which would yield, in distillable products, a value of nearly 1,000 *pesos* a ton.

To corroborate what is given above, I am pleased to cite several paragraphs of a recent report, not yet known to the public, signed by my distinguished friend don Belisario Ossa, a chemical engineer, professor in the university and director of the technical review *Caliche*, who has had an

opportunity to devote thorough study to this valuable product. He says:

The material in question (*rafaelita*) is to be classified among the bitumines and it is composed of the chemical elements of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and sulphur, with small quantities of the mineral elements that form ashes (0.3 to 0.5); it has a density of 1.14. By pyro-genetic distillation, it gives off a large percentage of volatile products, leaving a shiny, silvery, very spongy or porous coke. Its calorimetric power is approximately 10,000 calories; it is perfectly soluble in sulphide of carbon, benzine and alcohol, and a little less so in ether and acetone.

He afterward describes the several analyses he has made. From them he deduces the following practical conclusions:

Every ton of *rafaelita*—brought from Neuquén (Argentina)—that he analyzed was capable of producing an average of:

Coke 350 Kilograms

Pitch	600 Kilograms	{ 150 liters of essence 90 liters of petroleum 360 liters of lubricants with as much as 180 kilograms of paraffin
-------	---------------	---

Gas 180 to 200 cubic meters

This led the señor Díaz Ossa to affirm that, practically, the pitch that results from a distillation conducted in the manner effected, can produce:

- 20 per cent. of light products, with a density of from 0.76 to 0.80
 - 15 per cent. of medium products, with a density of from 0.80 to 0.86
 - 60 per cent. of heavy products, with a density of from 0.85 to 0.88; which contain as much as 50 per cent. of solid paraffin, and
 - 5 per cent. of losses and residues
- 100 per cent.

In this manner the señor Díaz Ossa estimates at \$600 the gross commercial value of the products obtained from a ton of distilled *rafaelita*, there being, at all events, a net return of not less than \$500, for the expenses—estimated as twice as great as those of the Fábrica de Gas de San Miguel (Santiago) and four times as great as those of plants with modern equipment—reach only \$100 per ton.

This reminds me of the felicitous phrase

of an expert, which it will probably be useful to quote now.

I asked this friend of mine why the Argentine railways, which, during the period of the recent European war, went so far even as to use Indian corn as fuel, did not use *rafaelita* in their locomotives. He answered:

“It would be the same as if you lighted a cigar with a bank-note.”

AS TO the deposits of bituminous schists (shale-oil), which are to be found in inexhaustible deposits in nature: it is well known that the extraction of them has constituted an appreciable industry for centuries.

It may be said that from the distillation of these schists sprang the name of petroleum (rock-oil), since it ought not to be forgotten that in 1694 the chemist Hancock succeeded in extracting pitch from certain rocks, which he called “shore fire;” or that Dundonald in 1781 distilled petroleum from coal; and that Reichenbacken in 1830, by a similar procedure, obtained it from schists.

From then until to-day, this industry has taken on considerable proportions. In Scotland alone is treated annually about 5,000,000 tons, from which is distilled 500,000 tons of crude petroleum, and the same has occurred in Australia, France, Germany and the United States.

In the latter country, the government, alarmed by the increasing exhaustion of the subterranean deposits of petroleum, to which I have already alluded, has set apart, in Colorado and Utah, two great *national reserves* for the future use of the navy. They comprise an area of 70 hectares, and it is calculated that they contain 40,000,000,000 tons of schist.

According to a report that I have at hand, if in these reserves were established a hundred distillation plants, each with a capacity to treat 2,000 tons of schist a day, five centuries would be required for their exhaustion.

The beds that are being exploited in Scotland have a very low percentage of oil—as low as 5 per cent.—but those of the United States and Argentina have 16 and even 18 per cent. From the analysis have

been obtained the following by-products, for each ton of material:

55 per cent. of gas oil . . .	550 liters
15 " " " fuel oil . . .	150 "
15 " " " naphtha . . .	150 "
10 " " " kerosene . . .	100 "
5 " " " various losses . . .	50 "
100 per cent.	1,000 liters

which, sold at the market prices, would produce about \$800.

This constitutes a highly important datum for us, who possess very valuable beds of this material, such as those of Lonquimay, analyzed by Doctor Brügen, professor of geology in the university, and from which were obtained 12 and even 15 per cent. of petroleum by the ordinary process of distillation.

Let it not be forgotten that Chile consumes annually in her industries about 1,000,000 tons of petroleum, the value of which is estimated at 200,000,000 *pesos*.²

WE SEE then, in short, that petroleum is found in nature in a variety of forms. It is exploited, as a *fluid*, from subterranean deposits, and also as a *solid*, in superficial beds.

In some places, as in the island of Trinidad, the superficial asphaltums or pitches coincide with internal stores; and in others as in *Cacheuta (Mendoza)*, it has been proven that there exist peaks of bituminous schists, resting on beds of asphaltum, which, at varying depths, are resolved into petroleums, rich in hydrocarbonaceous substances.

According to Mr. Hileman, an engineer from the University of California and the present director of the División de Minas, *Petróleo y Geología de Mendoza (Argentina)*:

In this region (*Cacheuta*) are to be found out-

croppings of schist very rich in petroleum, with the great advantage that at a depth petroleum is encountered, there existing, besides, asphaltum, from the products of which, worked as a whole, the quantity of petroleum to be elaborated in retorts will be notably increased.

If we make a calculation based on data that can be attested in the region, and, taking into consideration a breadth of only 400 meters in layers of schists, with a thickness of 100 meters, a proportion of 16 per cent. of petroleum, and of length of 2,000 meters at the points visible, we have here 25,600,000 tons of petroleum.

To this already enormous quantity ought to be added what will also be produced by the layers of asphaltum and the bored wells.

During my recent visit to this deposit (*Cacheuta*) was made a trial test, well worthy of mention, since it reveals the petrolific *impregnation* of all the zone.

In the region of the asphaltums was opened a ditch some two meters deep, by forty meters long, with perfectly *vertical* walls, and from all of it—walls and floor—seeped liquid petroleum, which flowed in appreciable jets toward the lower end.

Is not this an evident proof that asphaltum is but a residue that subterranean petroleum leaves, through the evaporation of its volatile components.

We must here conclude this paper, which has no other object than that of calling attention to the growing importance of petroleum, whatever the form in which it is found in nature.

Industry, insatiable in the consumption of it, seeks and finds it wherever it exists, and it multiplies to infinity the system and means of obtaining and applying it, since the problem of fuel is the most important problem that the world is at present called upon to face.

Where there is petroleum there are light and heat, movement and life.

²The Chilean *peso* is worth about 11 cents at present.—THE EDITOR.



BOLÍVAR

BY

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ

A classic portrayal of the great Liberator, offered to English readers for the first time, we think, and one that is beyond commendation. It does not lend itself to brief analysis and summary; so we make no attempt to outline it; but to read it is to know Bolívar—the man, the soldier, the statesman, the writer—as he can be known through no other instrumentality.—THE EDITOR.

GREAT in thought, great in action, great in glory, great in misfortune; great enough to magnify the impure portion that is contained within the souls of the great; and great enough to endure, in abandonment and death, the tragic expiation of greatness. There are many human lives that present a more perfect harmony, moral order or purer esthetics; few present so constant a character of greatness and power; few win with so violent a dominance the sympathy of the heroic imagination.

When one considers that superb personification of original energy, in the environment and the hour in which he appeared, one is inclined to think that all the repressed spontaneity, all the light and color smothered in the inert existence of the ten generations subjected to the colonial yoke, were concentrated, as an instantaneous retaliation, in an individual life and a unique consciousness. An infinite virtuality, genius lurks for ever in the depths of human society, as the thunderbolt lurks in the bosom of the cloud. To spring into action, the occasion is needed. Its only recourse is that of the initial stimulus that releases it and abandons it to its uncoercible liberty; but this stimulus is the condition that fate holds in reserve, because it is brought to its hour by the character of the society that tempts and solicits the renewing outburst. A long succession of generations passes, perhaps, without the extraordinary faculty that sleeps veiled in common forms having a worthy task on which to employ itself; and when, in the predestined generation, the culmination of an aspiration and the maturing of a necessity bring the propitious occasion, it is wont to happen that

the response to the silent call springs from a life that has begun to flow, ignorant of its hidden riches, in a direction other than the one that is to transfigure it with glory.

In the heroism of Bolívar there is somewhat of this sudden exaltation. From the time his consciousness opened to the world, he beheld the moment of the revolution approaching, while participating in the longings that were preparing it in the secret agitation of men's minds; but that vague stirring of his spirit did not impress character on a youthfulness which, in its expressive and plastic part, bore a stamp different from the one that would be sought as a harbinger of the supreme energies of action. His first dream was of beauty, magnificence and delight. If the fatalities of history had placed the hour of the emancipation outside of his epoch, he would have lived the life of a great, refined and restless lord, of which he gave promise while he distributed his time among his journeys, the retirement of his *hacienda* of San Mateo and the society of the courtly and academic Caracas of the last days of the colony. Some strain of the soul of Alcibiades seems to have been reflected in the bronze of that figure of the youthful and sensual patrician, the unconscious possessor of the flame of genius, in whom the atmosphere of Europe, ablaze with the fire of the first Napoleonic wars, excited the sentiment of political liberty, as a bent of superiority and nobility, filled with the classic tone, and by reason of his most essential substance, hostile to all demagogic and vulgar fancies. At that moment he had not yet announced the glory, but he had the brilliancy that resembles it, there where there was no room for anything more. In the aureola of his youth were united the luster of his cradle, the resources of his rich

patrimony, all the gifts of intelligence and courtliness, set off by a fine literary taste and a passion for fine living. This first husk of his personality did not disappear entirely with the revelation of his deep unfathomed soul. "An esthetic man," as was said of Plato and as might be said of a whole caste of souls, he continued to be so when genius lifted him to the heights; a hero, he possessed heroic elegance: the preoccupation of the statuesque expression, the noble gesture, the gallant and imposing attitude, which might seem histrionic to such as may not have attained to a full comprehension of his personality, but which is a trait that complements in a spontaneous manner and harmonizes the figures of those men of action in whom the genius of war, because of the visionary and creative finality that moves it, borders on the nature of the artist and participates in the character of his passions. Has not Taine, in the strict analysis of psychology, likened the sword of Napoleon to the chisel of Michelangelo as an instrument of the same sovereign faculty that one of them exercised on the insensible marble and the other, on the animate and anguished vitals of reality?

So he appeared from the day in which he sealed his espousal with the vocation that already enamored and disturbed him, when, as he passed through Rome, he ascended with the rapture of a numen to the solitude of the Aventine, at the foot of which he beheld outspread the vast sea of the reminders of freedom and greatness; and, as if speaking to the consciousness of this antiquity, he vowed to liberate a world. So he appeared later, in Caracas, when, amid terror of the earthquake that shattered the city on the eve of the revolution, he lifted above the convulsed ruins of the church of San Jacinto his nervous and haughty figure, and there, in the presence of a terrified Spaniard, burst into the splendid words beside which pales the famous imprecation of Ajax of Telamon: "If nature opposes, we shall fight and vanquish her!" In battle, in victory, in the entry into cities, in the exercise of power, or amid festive rejoicings, always there shone in him the same instinctive sentiment of that which we may call the

plastic form of heroism and glory. While directing the feverish activity of an implacable war, there was still room in his imagination to honor, in a solemn style, the memory and example of his own in ceremonies like that procession, similar to a pagan rite, which bore in triumph the heart of Girardot, in an urn, guarded by the weapons of the army, from Bárbula, where occurred the death of the hero, to Caracas. In the memory of his contemporaries was stamped the ancient majesty of look and port with which, when Colombia was constituted, he penetrated the quarters of the first assembly, there to resign the command over peoples. In the presence of sovereign and magnificent things of the material world he experienced a sort of emulation that would impel him to act in such a manner that he himself might become a part of the imposing spectacle and lord it as a protagonist. In his ascent of Chimborazo, which is attributed, by a rhetoric that is violent but sincere in its emphasis, to "Delirium," may be seen, above every other sentiment, the pride of climbing, of treading, the brow of the colossus, of attaining to a greater height than La Condamine, than Humboldt, where no foot-print had preceded his. Then he visited the Tequendama, to admire its sublimity. There his spirit and nature concerted a harmony that exalted him like an influence from Dionysus. Crossing the current of the waters, and at the precise moment in which they were about to plunge below, he encountered a stone just as far from the edge as the exact distance that a man could leap. Bolívar, without removing his boots with iron-shod heels, made a dash at that stone burnished by the foam, and, taking it as a pedestal, raised his head, incapable of vertigo, above the yawning horror of the abyss.

He was the continuation—transfigured as befits heroic greatness—of that same characteristic of his youth that made him write, while he was plucking the petals of the roses of his twenty years in the courts of Europe, this confession taken from a letter to the baroness of Trobriand: "I love pleasure less than pomp, for it seems to me that pomp has a false air of glory;" and this came from so deep down in his

nature that, it may be said in strictness, there never was a character freer of all artifice and suggestion of affectation. Never was there, in general, a more spontaneous and inspired person. All his purposes were luminous; in his work all was rapture. His spirit was of those that reveal the presence of that mysterious manner of thought and action that escapes the consciousness of him that possesses it, and which, sublimating its effects far above the reach of deliberate and prudent intention, links the highest works of man to that blind force of instinct which shapes the architecture of the honey-comb, orientates the impetus of flight and gives sureness to the stroke of the talon. So, for his victories he was served by his sudden conception and his fulminating and wise execution; and in defeat, by a kind gift of *Antæus*, such as has not been seen in so great a degree in any other hero: a strange capacity for rendering himself more gigantic in proportion as the fall was harder and lower; as it were, the invigorating assimilation of the juices of adversity and opprobrium; yet not as a result of the lessoning of experience, but as the unconscious and immediate reaction of a nature that fulfilled in it its law. His martial physiognomy possessed in this trait the stamp that individualized it. Morillo the Spaniard described him well in a few words: "More to be feared conquered than conquering." His campaigns were not the gradual and systematic development of a plan of wisdom and reflection that went forward everywhere, while holding and securing what had already been left behind, and proportioning the designs of daring to the judicious measure of forces. They were, so to speak, tremendous onslaughts, gigantic waves, which alternated in unequal rhythm with downfalls and defeats no less violent and frightful, the effort that was on the verge of complete success yielding suddenly, to revive very soon, elsewhere, in a different manner and with greater strength, until a more powerful or felicitous impulse than the others should go beyond the point whence it might not be rolled back, and then victory persist and grow and spread like the waters of a flood, and from fastness to fast-

ness of the Andes each mountain become a stage of victory. No one has experienced more often and in less time the alternation of victory, with the guise and honors of finality, and of annihilation and loss of prestige, hopeless of recovery—from the point of view of others. The unsuccessful and proscribed revolutionary, in want of higher renown and material means of action, rose at a soar to the pinnacle of military fame and leadership with that astounding campaign of 1813, which he began at the head of half a thousand men and which he carried, in a hundred or so days of triumphant daring, from the Andine slopes of Nueva Granada to the Palacio de los Capitanes in Caracas, where above the transitoriness of honors and powers, he joined for ever with his name the title of Liberator. Less than a year later he was a fugitive on the shores of the Caribbean sea, abandoned and denied by his own; turned to smoke, seemingly, all that glory, which did not even defend him from the anger with which they accused him and the ingratitude with which they affronted him; and when search was made for the place to which he had gone to bury his humiliation, he was once again seen on the heights, grasping the mace of Nueva Granada, which was growing faint; entering Bogotá bearing liberty, as formerly he had entered Caracas. . . . Yet hardly had this page been turned when he appeared again, disobeyed and forced to leave in the hands of an obscure rival the armies with which he was preparing to enter Venezuela; and then his reappearance was in Haiti, whence, for the same purpose, he set out in command of an expedition that twice landed near Caracas, only to be defeated each time, and the latter in a new ruin of his power and his credit, amid the insults of the people and the vauntings of ambitious emulation.

However, the natural authority that emanated from him was an irresistible force, like nature's every will, and it was but a short time before this outcry was silenced, and his rivals recognized and obeyed him, and the destiny of the revolution was again in his hands, from La Guayana, where Piar had secured support for future campaigns, to the plains of

the Apure, where Páez's bands were astir. He set up a government; he fought; he suppressed rebellions among the patriots; adversity pursued him implacably at La Puerta, at Ortiz, at Rincón de los Toros; and one night, after the latest defeat, a man, without a companion or a horse, fled to hide himself in the depth of the forests, until, by the light of dawn, he gathered an escort of scattered horsemen, with whom he set out on his way. It was Bolívar, who, his army and authority lost, marched—and how much, being 'who he was!—to forge for himself a new authority and a new army. He was not to delay long in securing both the one and the other: authority, strengthened by the sanction of an assembly that set on him the seal of constitutionality; and an army, more regular and better organized than any he had thitherto possessed.

It was the moment in which his unshakable constancy was to subdue and to draw into firm adherence the inequalities of fate. The illumination of his genius showed him the destiny of the revolution assured by the reconquest of Nueva Granada. To reconquer Nueva Granada it was necessary to scale the Andes, then to cross extensive marshes and broad rivers; it was the middle of winter, and an enterprise of such a character was attacked with an army but a little short of naked. Other passages over mountains may have been more intelligent or may have been characterized by more exemplary strategy; none have been more audacious, none so heroic and legendary. Twenty-five hundred men climbed the eastern slopes of the cordillera, and down the western slopes toiled a smaller number of specters: they were the specters of those that were strong in body and spirit; for the weak remained on the snow, in the torrents, on the heights where air was lacking for the lungs. With the specters of the strong was won Boyacá, which opened the way to the plateau where Colombia was to establish her scepter; and, returning from the plateau, they took Carabobo, which opened toward the east the pass to Caracas; and from that instant Spanish domination perished, from the mouth of the Orinoco to the isthmus of Panamá. From that moment, the ups and downs of that

war of agonizing uncertainty were succeeded by something like an irresistible declivity, which victory, exhausted and bewitched, wrought with her hands turned toward the south, in order that the torrent of the emancipative arms might hasten to mingle with that other one that was advancing from the Argentine Andes, announcing its advent by the echoes of the triumphant reveilles of Chacabuco and Maipó. Colombia had completed her frontiers, after she had placed beneath "the mantle of iris" the volcanoes of Ecuador; and she was free for ever. However, it still remained to Bolívar to fight for America, which was more his patria than Colombia. San Martín was before him, laurel for laurel. The glory of that which remained to be done was not a sharable ambition. When it was a question of determining which of the two was to enjoy it, the consciousness of superiority, on the one hand, and the loyal and noble recognition of it, on the other, were sufficient. Bolívar, it was, who should crown the campaigns of the south as he had crowned those of the north; and as he had entered Bogotá, Caracas and Quito, so he entered Lima, El Cuzco and La Paz, as the Liberator of America; and while the last Spanish army, numerous and strong, made ready to await him, and while he devoted himself to preparing his own, he fell sick, and, suffering still, he heard that they were inquiring of him:

"What do you think of doing now?"

"Of winning," he answered with the simplicity of a Spartan; and he won; he won after crossing the gorges of the Andes, at the altitude of the condor, as on the eve of Boyacá, which was soon duplicated by Junín; and with the impulse of Junín he won, through the arm of Sucre, at Ayacucho, where fourteen Spanish generals surrendered, as they extended their vanquished swords, the titles to those fabulous possessions that Columbus had placed, three hundred years earlier, in the hands of Isabel and Fernando. The work of Bolívar was finished, but aspiration and heroic longings hovered over it. The hero dreamed of something more; he still wished to reach the banks of the Plata, where suffered beneath the burden of conquest a

people wrested from the community that triumphed at Ayacucho: to be, also for it, the Liberator; to roll back even to the very court of Brazil the imperial hosts; to found there a republic; and, mounting the currents of the Amazon, as Alexander ascended the mysterious rivers of the Orient, to close the immense ellipse of glory on the soil of Colombia and then to go to concert and preside over the perennial harmony of his work in the amphictyonic assembly of Panamá.

THE whole of this tempestuous heroism is of a singular and unmistakable character in history. It is so because of the energetic personal stamp of the hero himself, and it is so likewise because of the close and indissoluble vinculation of his action with a hundred intimate peculiarities of the environment in which he was generated and developed. This constitutes one of the dissimilarities that open so wide an abyss between Bolívar and the one that shares with him the glory of liberator in America. San Martín could leave his setting without being out of character or losing caste amid other peoples and other epopees. His severe figure would change, without impropriety, the pedestal of the Andes for that of the Pyrenees, the Alps or the Rockies. Let us imagine him beside Turenne: he would serve as heir to his sure and searching sword and to his noble and simple gravity. Place him side by side with Washington: he would be the most illustrious of his fellow-soldiers and the most exemplary of his disciples. If we should set him in the wars of the French revolution and of the empire: he would fill the place of the unselfish Hoche, when he was unfortunate, or of the prudent Moreau, when he was proscribed. He was, considered apart from the great design that he obeyed, the type of military abstraction that finds a setting of its own in all time of organized warfare, because it requires not originality of color, but a firm and simple drawing of certain higher qualities of the intelligence and the will, which human character reproduces in spite of differences of race and age.

On the other hand, the figure of Bolívar admits of no other adaptation than the real

one. Outside of our America and fighting for another liberty than ours, it would become vitiated or truncated. Bolívar, the revolutionary, the partizan, the general, the leader, the tribune, the legislator, the president . . . all in one and all in his own way, was an irreducible originality that presupposed and included that of the earth from which he was nourished and of the means he had at his command. He did not fight as a European strategist, nor did he take, for his dreams as a founder, any more than the dispersed elements of institutions based on universal experience or reason, nor did he leave, as a whole, an image that resembles aught of former times. Therefore he stirs us and subdues us, and he will always be the hero representative par excellence of the everlasting unity of Hispanic America. Greater and loftier than the regional leaders, in whom was individualized a semibarbarous originality, he personified what was characteristic and peculiar in our history. He was the clay of America permeated with the breath of genius, which transmuted its aroma and its savor into properties of the spirit and caused to be exhaled in him, as in a living flame, a different and original hericalness.

The revolution of South American independence, in the two centers where it broke out and where it spread—on the Orinoco and on the Plata—manifested the same duality of character and forms. It comprised in the two centers the initiative of the cities, which is a revolution of ideas, and the uprising of the country, which is a rebellion of instincts. In the spirit of cities, the maturity of self-development and the reflected influences of the world brought the idea of the patria as a political association, and the concept of liberty as practicable among regular institutions: deliberation of assemblies, oratorical propaganda and organized militia were the means of action; but on the extensive plains that open from near the valley of Caracas to the banks of the Orinoco, and on the broad pampas that lie between the Argentine Andes and the banks of the Paraná and the Paraguay, as likewise in the gorges of eastern Uruguay that run down toward the ocean, colonial

civilization, striving to penetrate the heart of the wilds, which opposed to it as a shield its infinite extent, had only succeeded in implanting a sparse and almost nomadic population, which lived in a pastoral semi-barbarism not very different from the Arab Bedouin or the Hebrew of the times of Abraham and Jacob: seated, as they were, on the backs of their horses by means of which they dominated the vast solitudes stretched between one and another of the herds of the north and one and another of the *estancias* of the south, rather than upon the ground. The man of this society, which was barely solidary or coherent, was the *llanero*¹ of Venezuela and the *gaucho*² of the Plata, the indomitable centaur sculptured by the winds and suns of the desert in clay kneaded with the blood of conqueror and indigene; a very beautiful type of naked human staunchness, of natural and spontaneous heroism, whose hardy geniality was destined to impart a strength of overwhelming action and a plastic character and color to the epopee from whose bosom would issue triumphant the destiny of America. In reality, this strength was alien, originally, to all aspiration after a constituted patria and all notion of political rights by which it might proceed, in a conscious manner, to take its place in the struggle provoked by the men of the cities. Artigas, in the south, united it from the beginning with the flags of revolution; Boves and Yáñez, in the north, loosed it in favor of resistance to Spain; and then Páez, exactly there, won it definitely for the American cause. For the earnest sentiment of liberty, which constituted the resistless efficacy of that force unchained by the temptation of war, was that of a liberty prior to any kind of political or even patriotic feeling: the primitive, barbarous, cruel, individualistic liberty that recognizes no other dictates than those of nature, and that is never satisfied save with its uncoercible wildness in open space, beyond all restraint of laws

and all coparticipation of a social character: the liberty of the band and of the horde; that liberty which, on the most critical occasion of human history, hastened to rend a decaying world, and to rock upon the ruins the cradle of a new one, with its gusts of candor and energy. The only kind of authority consistent with this unbridled instinct was a personal authority capable of driving it to its frankest expansion and dominated by the prestige of the strongest, the bravest or the ablest; and thus arose, over the restless multitudes of the open country, the sovereignty of the *caudillo*,³ like that of the primitive German chief that gathered around him his vast martial family without other community of purposes and stimuli than filial attachment to his person. Led by the authority of the *caudillos*, that barbarous democracy tinted with rose the torrent of the revolution, acquired the sentiment and consciousness of it and thrust into its bosom the rough popular ferment that was to contrast with the oligarchical tendencies of the aristocracy of the cities, at the same time that it would impress on the forms of war the stamp of originality and picturesque Americanism which was to define them and differentiate them in history. Facing the regular army, or in alliance with it, appeared the instinctive tactics and strategy of the *montonera*,⁴ which made up for the results of calculation and discipline by crudeness of valor and heroic agility; fighting for which the only essential means were the vivid lightening of the barely tamed colt that united with man in the organism of the centaur and the firmness of the lance wielded with the pulse of a Titan in the formidable charges that were swallowed up by the extent of the submissive plain.

Bolívar subordinated to his authority and his prestige this force, which complemented that which he brought originally in ideas, in the spirit of the city, in an organized army. He included in his heroic

¹Literally, an inhabitant of the *llano* or *llanura*, a "plainsman;" in general usage, the equivalent, in northern South America, of the Rioplatensian *gaucho*, "cow-boy."—THE EDITOR.

²The traditional cow-boy of the Argentine pampa, usually a creole, now almost extinct.—THE EDITOR.

³According to Hispanic-American usage, a partisan or factional leader or chief.—THE EDITOR.

⁴According to South American usage, an irregular band of armed and mounted men, usually at strife with the existing government, in whose eyes they are regarded as outlaws.—THE EDITOR.

part that of this original and instinctive half of the American revolution, for he involved himself in his environment and he had as vassals its immediate personifications. Páez, the intrepid leader of the *llaneros*, recognized him and put him over himself from his first interview, when he was coming from regaining his prestige, lost with the unfortunate expedition of Los Cayos; and thenceforward the two reins of the revolution were in the hands of Bolívar; and the unlucky campaign of 1817 and 1818 shows, concertedly, the resources of instinct in possession of the land and those of higher and educated military aptitude. On the broad plains of the Apure, the Liberator lived and fought side by side with that primitive and talented soldiery, which was soon to give him warriors that would follow him over the Andes and would form the vanguard with which he was to win at Carabobo. He possessed, to enable him to carry himself well in that environment, the supreme quality, the possession of which is a title of superiority and dominion, just as its absence is a note of inadaptability and weakness: the quality of great dexterity as a horseman, as an insatiable drinker of the winds on a horse going full tilt after the fugitive deer or from the pure voluptuousness of wild coursing after the ideal flight of the horizon. The Alcibiades, the writer, the diplomat of Caracas was, when the occasion offered, the *gaucho* of the pampas of the north: the *llanero*.

This intimate contact with American originality was never established in San Martín. The captain of the south—absent from America during his first years and returned now at a mature age, with no other relation with the environment during this extended time than the remote image, sufficient to maintain and test the constancy of love, but insufficient for the subtle preparation by which is infused into the deepest nature of man the air of the patria—effected his work as an organizer and strategist without needing to plunge into the living fountains of popular sentiment in which the passion for liberty was loosed with a turbulent and uncontrollable impulse, to which such a rigid temper as a soldier would never have been

able to adapt itself. Accidental coöperation with the *montoneras* of Güemes did not reduce these distances. In the south, the revolution had one orbit for the soldier and another for the *caudillo*. The soldier was San Martín, Belgrano or Rondeau; the *caudillo* was Artigas, Güemes or López. One of them it was that raised multitudes and bound them to his personal and prophetic prestige; another it was that moved armies of the line and put himself with them at the service of the civil authorities.

In Bolívar the two natures were interwoven, the two mysteries mingled. Artigas plus San Martín: that is, Bolívar; and it would still be necessary to add the traits of Moreno, for the part of the writer and the tribune. Bolívar incarnated, in the total complexity of means and forms, the energy of the revolution, since, in its uncertain glimmerings, it opened to him the way as a conspirator and a diplomat, until, when it was once declared, he stirred the people for it with the authority of the *caudillo*; imparted the word that announced it in the spoken and written utterance; guided it to its last victories with the inspiration of military genius; and finally organized it as a legislator and governed it as a statesman.

For so much did the natural and magnificent multiplicity of his faculties serve him. Genius, which is often simplest unity, is wont to be also stupendous harmony. There are times in which this mysterious energy is concentrated and incarnated in a single faculty, in a unique potency of the soul, whether it be observation, fantasy for discursive thought, moral character or militant will; and then shines restrictedly and monotonously the genius of vocation, which, if it be born for war, fights silently, austerely, being incapable of weariness, like Charles XII of Sweden; if for art, it spends life like Flaubert, in a play of beauty, beholding all else in the world with the indifference of a child; and if for thought, it lives in the exclusive society of ideas, as Kant lived, in the persistent abstraction of the somnambulist. The sovereign faculty magnifies itself wresting place and strength from others, and it takes its flight, like a serene and solitary eagle, above the bare austerity of

the inner landscape. Not infrequently, however, far from operating as a zealous and ascetic power, it works in the manner of an evocative incantation or of a fertile seed; for its information and complement it arouses secondary vocations that vie in serving it, and as if behind the eagle of the exemplar there arose from the abysses and eminences of the soul other inferior ones that should follow in its train, the power of genius spreads out in a series of diverse aptitudes that concertedly cleave space in the direction of one vertex. To this image correspond complex and harmonious geniuses: those in which all the fullness of the soul seems to be kindled in a single light of election, whether the center of this roundness be occupied by the artistic imagination, as in Leonardo; whether it be poetic invention, as in Goethe; whether, as in Cæsar or Napoleon, it be the heroic will. All the more does the mental architectonic of these multiple spirits stand out in proportion, when the vocation or faculty that bears the scepter in them—the “king carat,” if we recall Gracián—finds a way to orientate itself firmly and resolutely, in a great and concentrated work, in a constant idea that shall impress upon it a strong unity and in which, at one and the same time, all the vassal aptitudes may coöperate, so that the richest and most harmonious variety shall appear to be operating in the bosom of that energetic unity.

Bolívar was of this kind of genius. Every capacity of his great spirit, every kind of superiority that inhered in him, was subordinated to a final purpose and contributed to the supreme work: the purpose and work of the Liberator; and within this unity worked together, about the central and dominant faculty—which was that of martial action—intuition of political understanding, power of oratorical aptitude and the gift of literary style. As for political comprehension, no one, in the American revolution, possessed it in a greater degree, more illuminating and discerning, more original and creative; although not a few of his contemporaries surpassed him in the concrete art of government and in the comprehension of immediate realities. He saw the future with greater clarity than the present. From

Jamaica, in 1815, while the end of the revolution was still remote and obscure, he wrote that astounding letter, agleam with prophetic lightning, in which he predicted the fate of each of the Hispanic-American peoples after their independence, thus foretelling the existence of the orderly tranquillity of Chile, as well as the despotism that was to supervene with Rosas on the Plata. The system of organization proposed in 1819 to the congress of Angostura showed, by reason of what it contained of the hybrid and utopian, the penetrating and audacious criticism of the political models supplied by experience and the constructive faculty, in constitutional material, which sought their support in the consideration of the differences and peculiarities of the environment to which it was to be applied. This faculty assumed even greater scope and character in the Bolivian constitution—later extended to Perú—the work of the apogee of his genius and his fortune, in which the dreams of his ambition formed a strange whole with the traits of an innovating inventiveness that has claimed the attention and analysis of constitutionalists, such as the idea of an “electoral power,” selected from the whole body of the citizens, in the proportion of one for every ten, which was to choose or nominate the public functionaries.

With these constitutional plans the activity of his thought, in the plenitude of his glory, was assured the manner of achieving his vast aspiration of uniting in a firm federal bond the new peoples of America from the gulf of México to the strait of Magellan. The Liberator possessed no more glorious merit—unless it be the heroic achievement of independence—than the fervent passion with which he felt the natural brotherhood of the Hispanic-American peoples and the unbreakable faith with which he aspired to have their ideal unity strengthened by a real political unity. In him this idea of unity was not different from the idea of emancipation: they were two phases of the same thought; and as not for an instant did he dream of an independence limited to the borders of Venezuela or of the three peoples of Colombia, but always saw in the entire extent of the continent the indivisible

theater of the revolution, so also he did not believe, either, that confraternity for war ought to be terminated in the separation that was involved in international frontiers. Emancipated America presented herself to his mind from the first moment as an indissoluble confederation of peoples; not in the vague sense of a friendly concord or an alliance addressed to upholding the fact of emancipation, but in the concrete and positive sense of an organization that would raise to a common political consciousness the autonomies that were determined by the structure of the dissolved viceroalties. At the isthmus of Panamá, where the two halves of America join and the two oceans approach each other, he thought he saw the predestined spot of the federal assembly in which the new amphictyony would establish its seat, like the amphictyony of Athens on the isthmus of Corinth. From the moment when, occupying Caracas, after the campaign of 1813, he governed for the first time in the name of America, there appeared in his policy this idea of continental unity, which was to constitute the supreme reward to which he aspired as the conqueror and arbiter of a world. The immediate reality did not welcome his dream: a thousand forces of separation—which were at work in the shattered colonial empire, from the immensity of the physical distances, without regular means of communication, to rivalries and the distrust of people toward people, whether based on a relative opposition of interests or on the maintenance of personal prepotencies—rendered utopian and premature the great thought that still to-day extends beyond the visible horizon; and not even the partial unity of Colombia was able to endure. What did it matter? The vision of genius did not on this account fail to anticipate the necessary convergence, although it was to be difficult and slow, of the destinies of these peoples: the triumphant and inevitable reality of a future, the remoter it were imagined, all the more would it bring credit to the prophetic intuition of the glance that envisaged it.

In what is serious and organic, the unity sought by Bolívar will never be more than an historical recollection; but beneath this temporary shelter is the perennial virtue

of the idea. When in Mazzini, d'Azeglio or Gioberti is glorified the annunciative and propagative faith of the unity of Italy, one does not pause to consider the manner of the union they proposed, but rather the efficacious fervor with which they aspired to what was essential in the grand objective. With more or less delay, in one form or another, a political bond will one day unite the peoples of our America, and on that day the thought of the Liberator will be the one to experience resurrection and victory, and his name will be the one that will be worthy, above any other, to enjoy the glory of so lofty an occasion. The régime of a life consulate, which Bolívar proclaimed, could solve neither the problem of the confederation of these peoples nor that of their internal organization. It was a vain image of a republic; but at this point it ought to be said that if Bolívar did not reach the frank and full acceptance of the republican system, with its very essential spring of the renewal of the supreme office, he always maintained—and it is an indisputable glory of his—the republican principle in opposition to the monarchy, from whose side he was solicited by the most prudent and valuable opinions, which was the ideal of government which, in fulfilment of the political program of Buenos Aires, came from the south with the triumphant sword of San Martín.

The pure and thorough republic had, in revolutionary America, and from the first moment of the revolution, a very faithful partizan and armed supporter: only one, and that one was Artigas; but this is not yet well known, outside the people that cherishes within its soul that glorious tradition, because it happens that some of the most interesting and revealing aspects of the revolution of the Río de la Plata have either not yet been written about or have not been propagated. I thought so a short time ago while reading the résumé—admirable for perspicacity and precision—of the beginnings of contemporary America, made by the lofty and noble talent of Rufino Blanco Fombona in his recent lectures in Madrid. In it we learn that the revolution in the extreme south was born and maintained in an environ-

ment of monarchical ideas; and this is relatively true, for Artigas was not included in it, and the monarchical revolution, without the eccentric action of Artigas, the stirrer of the democracy of the country regions, threatened and pursued, like a wild beast in the arena, by the monarchical oligarchy of the Posadas and the Pueyrredones, and then torn to pieces and defamed, in ephemeral histories, by the writers that inherited the hatreds of that political oligarchy. A fundamental revision of values is a task that is beginning in the history of this part of the south; and when this revision shall have been made, while pallid and mediocre figures shall pass into the second place, giant proportions, as a figure of America, will be assumed by the leader with the leonine clutch, who raised in 1813, as a banner of organization, integral and clearly defined, the republican system, which Bolívar immediately opposed, although in a less genuine form, to the monarchical program of San Martín.

IN TREATING of Bolívar the statesman, the subject of his ambition presents itself of necessity. This trait was cardinal and inseparable from his image. I shall always hold as poor an opinion of the historical discernment of the one that endeavors to present Bolívar as free of a passion for command as of the degree of human comprehension of the one that initiates for him, because of such a passion, a process that tends to belittle and besmirch him. It is important to recall at once that negative perfection, in the moral realm, can not be the measure applicable to certain occurrences of the active world, just as it is not, in the esthetic realm, when one is in the presence of the power of creation that gives of itself in the *Divina Commedia* or in the statues of Michelangelo. Nature does not cast in her molds characters such as those that can be obtained by abstraction, eliminating or adding traits, in order to compose the paradigm for a body of morality that shall satisfy the esthetic aspirations of a society or a school; nature molds organic characters, in which good and evil—or that which the mutable and relative standard of men is wont to classify as such—are repeated according to a correlation

in which operates a logic as complete and imperative as the logic of discursive thought, with which are constructed the systems of ethics, although the one and the other do not resemble each other absolutely in anything. If, indeed, the analysis of the moral criterion can legitimately reach the character that nature models, to point out what it finds in it of imperfection, transmitted to the world of liberty, it ought never to go to extremes in this realm when it comes face to face with great personal temperaments of overmastering efficacy, nor ought it to aspire to see disintegrated or enervated by an ideal mold of fictitious perfection that original structure of character, the stone channel of personality, in which thought receives its stamp, and action the impulse with which it is released. There is a kind of heroism of which ambition is a natural attribute. He that should say that energy of genius and disinterestedness are not contained in a single center would affirm a senseless opposition between two vague abstractions; but he that would say that a certain kind of energy of genius and a certain kind of disinterestedness are terms naturally irreconcilable would put his hand in a relation as safe as that which authorizes us to assert that no carnivorous animal will have either the teeth or the stomach of one that feeds on herbs, or that there never could be a species in which would be united, as in the mythological griffin, the head of an eagle with the body of a lion. If the energy of genius is of that temperament which presupposes as a specific quality indomitable faith in the sole and predestined virtue of self-action, and if with the name of disinterestedness is classified, not the easy superficiality in respect of sensual egoisms, but a withdrawal from an enterprise when it is uncompleted, and the disdain of the authority that brings in itself the means of developing the part of the work that is still hidden and wrapped in the virtualities of a visionary illumination, then it is proper to affirm that the existence of the two characters side by side implies a contradiction. A Bolívar who, after the interview of Guayaquil,⁶

⁶The celebrated interview between Bolívar and San Martín.—THE EDITOR.

abandoned the field to his rival, or who, when his military work was once consummated, should decline to influence decisively the new destiny of America, would be a psychological contradiction, an unsolvable enigma of human nature. On the other hand, these dénouements of renunciation are spontaneous and consistent in heroes of the moral temper of San Martín.

To minds of a limited and reflective vocation the abnegation of a power to which they are not attracted by any lofty purpose to be achieved comes after the firm constancy with which they have laid the foundation of a single concrete thought; and the former quality fits the latter like enamel. So nothing could be more natural, in these two captains of America, than the voluntary eclipse and the greater exultation of glory with which the historic interview of 1822 solved their opposite destinies. The withdrawal of San Martín has an explanation in his noble and austere virtue, but it has it, in no less a degree doubtless, in the involuntary reactions of instinct, and it was anticipated by Gracián in the fourteenth "Primor" of *El héroe*, where he defined the "natural empire," when he said:

The other wild beasts recognize the lion by natural instinct, and without ever having examined his worth, they hasten to fawn upon him; so to these heroes and kings by nature, respect is offered by others in advance, without awaiting a display of strength.

Apart from the activity of war, in the aspiration or the exercise of civil government, Bolívar's ambition for command gives freer scope to controversy and criticism; but even in this respect it would never be proper to judge him save after rising to the height whence one is able to behold, infinitely above vulgar egoisms, the hero that pursues a great object with the sentiment of historical predestination, and that esteems and gives prominence to his personal ambition. This criterion does not signify that all the will and every step of the hero necessarily have to be in accord with the higher aim that he brings into the world, nor that his faith in himself will never be able to induce aberration in him; neither does it signify maintaining the posi-

tive irresponsibility of the hero at the bar of his contemporaries, nor his ideal irresponsibility before the verdict of posterity. It simply means granting to the indivisible unity of heroic character all its value, so that the element of impurity that is perhaps mingled in the effective ferment may not be presented to the abstract judgment of others as the material portion which, being dissociated from a whole in which it is a virtue or maturity shall become a crude poison. The multitude which, thanks to its instinct, is at times as reliable as the instinct of genius itself, stands up to the hero and disputes his passage; the group of men of reflection or of character, which opposes to the audacities of the heroic will the prevision of their wisdom and the haughtiness of their rights, may or may not have just cause against the hero—frequently they have—but the historian that then extends his vision along the process of actions and reactions that weave together the complexity of human drama will see in the unbridled will of the hero a force which, with the forces that are associated with it and those that limit it, contributes to the harmony of history, and they will never confuse the excesses of this force with the vain or disturbing disquietude of the false hero, who disguises a selfish and sensual ambition under the assumed vocation of heroism, putting on the mane of the lion over the sleek fur of the fox.

AS INTERESTING as political aptitude, among the accessory talents of the Liberator, was his faculty for literary expression. His name, in this kind of glory, lives principally associated with the ardent and pompous eloquence of his proclamations and harangues, the most vibrating, unquestionably, that have ever been heard by armies and multitudes on the American soil. However, although not denying our admiration of this splendid oratory, there are many of us that prefer to enjoy the writer in the literature of his letters, which is more natural and flowing. The proclamations and speeches, like any similar kind of literature, in which emphasis of accent and pomp of expression are characteristics legitimated by the occasion, in the effort to secure a momentary

and violent effect on the consciousness of multitudes, lose in style much more than the chaste and serene or the intimate and spontaneous work. On the other hand, in the woof of those oratorical documents is wont to be mingled the faded and fragile threads of the vocabulary of political rhetoric, which is the least poetic of rhetorics, with its vagaries and abstractions and its forms of speech coined for the common exigencies of the platform; and so, in the proclamations and harangues of the Liberator, the lightning of genius, the leonine footprint, the image, the phrase or the word of imperishable virtue, stand out from the background of that pseudo-classic declamation, adapted to the language of modern political liberty, which, being disseminated in the books of Raynal, Marmontel and Mably, and in the eloquence of the Mountain and Girond, gave its instrument of propaganda to the revolution of 1789 and afterward by reflection to our Hispanic-American revolution. This unconscious clay, in the hands of Bolívar, was the material that modeled an artifice of genius, but which, after all, was clay.

On the other hand, in the letters, the very nature of the style preserved an air of spontaneity, which did not exclude, certainly, either eloquence or color. Now with abandon and confidential, now concerted to a tone somewhat more lyrical or oratorical, if the occasion involved it in itself; now giving voice to the concentrations of his thought, now to the aspects of his sensibility, radiant or melancholy, the letters constitute an important whole. The new and significant image imparts relief to the idea. He wrote in 1826:

We were as if by a miracle, on a point of casual equilibrium, as when two maddened waves meet at a given point and stand together in tranquillity, one of them reposing on the other, and in a calm that appears real, although instantaneous; navigators have seen the original of this many times.

There are sovereign bursts of personality, like this one from the letter in which he repudiates the royal crown that had been proposed to him by Páez:

I am not a Napoleon, nor do I wish to be one; neither do I wish to imitate a Cæsar;

much less an Itúrbide. Such examples seem unworthy of my glory. The title of Liberator is superior to all those that have been received by human pride. Therefore it is impossible for me to degrade it.

Attention is held elsewhere by the brilliancy that characterizes the sentence:

To judge well of revolutions and of their actors, it is necessary to observe them very near at hand and judge of them very far away. . . . Without stability, all political principle becomes corrupt and ends by destroying itself. . . . The soul of a slave is seldom able to appreciate a wholesome liberty: it becomes furious in tumults or it fawns in chains.

Losses for which we can never be consoled have reduced this precious treasure of his letters; but just as it stands preserved, it is not only an indelible testimony to the great writer that existed in Bolívar, but also the most complete and animated transcript of his extraordinary vigor. The poem of his life is there; and, in truth, what a magnificent poem, that of his life, for that esthetics of reality and action that makes of a human life a plastic poem! . . . None lived it more beautifully, and, it might even be said, in a sublime sense, more happily, or more enviably, at least, for him that raises his ideal life above the peace of the epicurean and the stoic. The eyes of his virgin fantasy, through which came the light of the world to awaken the inner sylvia—opened to the marvelous spectacle of that aurora of the nineteenth century which rent the realistic continuity of history with an abyss of miracle and fable. For the tempering of the heart, he experienced an unfortunate love, in his first nuptials, due to death: an unsated passion, of the kind which, occasioning in the void the release of an immense force, thrust it forth to seek desperately a new object, from which are wont to be born the great vocations. From all this came the inner revelation of genius, and for its employment and incentive, the grandiose occasion of a patria to be created, a world to be redeemed. Then followed the paroxysm of ten years of gigantic adventure, sustained with satanic vigor: the emotion of victory, a hundred times experienced; that of defeat, a hundred times repeated; the immense scene

wherein, as an image of those sublime discordances, alternated rivers like seas and mountains like clouds; the calcinating breath of the plains and the frozen blast of the blizzard; and, at length, the floating and fugitive dream that assumed the garb of plastic glory: the passage through the cities in wild delirium, amid rejoicings heaped upon the conqueror; the enchanted nights of Lima, where a languid ecstasy eased the martialness of the epopee; and the ineffable hour in which, from the pinnacle of Potosí, the Olympic glance ranged over the vast calm that followed the last battle.

Did anything else remain? The bitter voluptuousness experienced in feeling descend upon him the Nemesis of celestial envy; the unjust and thankless proscription, whence the consciousness of the strong is able to extract a proud fruition, a chord of harsh tones that could not be wanting in that life destined to have vibrate in it the most complex harmony of passion and beauty? Souls for these lives were brought by those astounding times of theirs, which renewed with an heroic and creative breath the affairs of men and gave to poetic invention the last of its great moments that were worthy to be styled "classic." When the explosion of personality and strength was able to take the form of action, it revived the prodigies of the Napoleonic deification, with their reflections of soldiers that crowned themselves kings. When the time came for him to be consumed with images and ideas, he generated the devouring longing of René, the indomitable haughtiness of Harold or the imperial majesty of Goethe. Never, since the Renaissance, had the human plant flourished in the world with such an impulse of sap and such energy of color; and the Renaissance, is it not called, in American history, the conquest? Among the men of the Renaissance that conquered America or that governed it, still wild and skittish, did there not come hidalgos from the manorial estate of the Bolívares of Vizcaya, whose blazon of an azure bar in a field sinople was to be changed in their offspring for a loftier blazon: the flag of Colombia? . . . When this recollection is illuminated, the heroic vocation ad-

dressed to shattering the yoke of the conquest seems to the imagination as if the genius of those same superhuman people that placed the yoke with their own hands would awaken, after the long stupor of colonial quietude, with a hunger for adventure and the impetus with which the cat concludes its stretching. The Liberator Bolívar, might also be called the reconqueror.

THE end of 1826 was approaching. At the summit of human exaltation, the numen and arbiter of a world, Bolívar returned to Colombia to assume the civil command. Soon the intoxication of victory and glory was to be changed into "the intoxication of absinthe" mentioned in the lamentations of the prophet. All that remained of that life was pain. That surrounding reality—which he had managed according to his will as long as his heroic thaumaturgy lasted, bending it like soft wax to the least of his designs, feeling it yield that he might ascend to rule, as if mounted on his war-horse; and, seeing it bestow of itself the marvel and the miracle when he evoked them—became, from the precise point where the epopee touched its bounds, rebellious and oblivious to his voice. Formerly things revolved about him like the notes of a music that he was concerting, an epic Orpheus in triumphant harmony; now they were to be dumb and motionless, or they would arrange themselves in a chorus that would deny and vilify him. A logical and fatal transition, if one gives it thought! That social reality which surrounded him, that America wrought by fire and iron in the Vulcanic forges of the conqueror, hid, when the hour of the revolution struck, beneath the seemingly servile enervation, a fathomless well of heroic will, of martial efficacy, purified by its age-long lethargy, like the wine that is matured in shadow and quietude. No sooner appeared the one that possessed the charmed word than that slumbering effervescence came to light, capable of prodigies: in the stirring and martial genius reality then found the pole that was to magnetize it according to the affinities of its nature; there where genius was, reality followed it and obeyed with filial eagerness.

However, the heroic part accomplished, the work that awaited the hero, back from victory, like the inquiries of the Sphinx, was the manner of assimilating, of organizing, the good achieved; of developing, by efficacy of civic valor and political wisdom, that precious germ, although in mere potency, which military courage and the inspiration of battles had won, less as a prize to be enjoyed than as a conditional and relative promise. For such a work there was in reality nothing more than adverse preparation; in inherited character, in education, in manners and customs, in geographical relation, in economy, there was nothing but inert or hostile resistance. To establish free nations where servility was a tissue of habits thickened and strengthened by the ages; nations organic and united, where the wilderness interposed between inhabited land and inhabited land more time and obstructions than the sea that separates two worlds; to infuse the stimulus of progress, where the uncouthness of barbarism trenched on the smallness of the village; to form the capacity to govern where all culture was a thin and artificial superficiality; to find springs with which to maintain, without the oppression of despotism, a stable order: such and so arduous was the work. The conflict between purpose and means that it presented at every step in the external reality did not spare the mind itself of the worker, of the Liberator, predestined much more for a hero than for an educator of republics; much greater, in his political designs, for the illuminated vision of the remote goal and the sovereign potency of initial impulse, than for the slow and obscure effort by means of which one passes from this to that extreme in enterprises that are the result of resignation, caution and perseverance. Along with these essential obstacles, there still remained those that sprang accidentally from the occasion. There remained those impure dregs that are brought to the surface by the surge of revolutions: brutal energies that thrust themselves into the front rank; feverish deliriums that are proposed as ideas; ambition that demands a usurious price for its anticipatory courage or audacity; and the exacerbated

insolence of the multitude, which is jealous of the most legitimate use of power in the very one it has tempted or will tempt tomorrow with the brutal excesses of tyranny.

From the first hours of administration, Bolívar was surrounded by distrust and aversion, and very soon by the conspiracy that threatened him; while in the depths of his own consciousness he felt forming the doubt, which, excited by a premature and violent hostility, brought to his lips the manly confession of the message in which he offered his resignation to the congress: "I myself do not feel innocent of ambition." Two years therefrom had not passed, and the authority with which he was invested was no longer the mandate of the laws, but that of dictatorial power. The political organization that he left established, with the omnipotent prestige of his victories, in Perú and Bolivia, went to pieces during his absence; interests and passions found there other centers, which tended to the avenging of that servile submission to the ideas and arms of the Liberator, by arousing the spirit of autonomy, and war broke out between Colombia and Perú. He had dreamed of gathering the nations created by his genius in a new amphictyonic league; and no sooner were they constituted than they fought among themselves, as from the womb of their mother fought the sons of Rebecca. In the meanwhile, in Colombia, the exacerbation of civil discord went to the extreme of putting arms in the hands of the plotters who, assaulting Bolívar's house on the night of September 25, 1828, attempted to aim their daggers at the Liberator's breast. While the frustrated conspiracy of his enemies left in his bosom, if not a bloody wound, at least the bitterness of the enormous iniquity, the coterie of his supporters caused to dangle industriously before his eyes the monarchical temptations that he was wise enough to reject with an imperturbable consciousness of his dignity and glory. Thanks to this firmness, the complete ruin of democratic institutions did not result from all this inharmoniousness; but there persisted the bitter fatality of the dictatorship, in which necessarily the stature of the hero was to shrink into a ministry unworthy of his moral altitude.

The rebellion against the *de facto* government broke out in Popayán, with López and Obando; later, in Antioquía, with Córdoba; and it was not subdued save at the cost of blood, which fostered hatred. Calamities did not end thus. In 1829, peace now secured with Perú, something even more lamentable and cruel followed that fratricidal war. Venezuela withdrew from the national union, which, ten years earlier, had crowned the laurels of Boyacá. The unity of Colombia perished, and the cry of that emancipation reached the ears of Bolívar chorused by the insolent and furious clamor with which, from the very land in which he was born, blinded multitudes accused him and demanded of Nueva Granada his overthrow and banishment. The star of Bolívar had touched the shadow that was to swallow it; his political ruin was inevitable from that moment. In January, 1830, began the sessions of the assembly; summoned to restore constitutional order, and the Liberator resigned office and retired, although still without a mind resolved to seek obscurity, to his *quinta*,⁶ in the neighborhood of Bogotá, whence he set out very soon for Cartagena, in a retirement that was to be definitive. Neither health nor fortune accompanied him as pledges saved from the shipwreck. His body was failing him, stricken as it was by an incurable disease of the chest, which had already stamped on his face the symptoms of a premature old age. Of his inherited wealth there remained nothing; all had been consumed between abnegation and neglect. As for pangs of soul, above him crossed the darts of disinterested sorrow, as of a father or teacher, and those of the selfish sorrow of a broken and outraged ambition. Not even in thought of the future was there refuge for all his pain, because the saddest of it all was that Bolívar lived the brief remainder of his days in doubt as to the greatness of his work and in despair over the destiny of America. Even if some spark of faith lurked beneath these ashes, he did not long delay in persuading himself that his ostracism would not even have the virtue of re-establishing tranquillity. Often enough

the sound of clashing arms, there where there was a garrison of soldiers, announced, not, as on another day, the glory of war, but rather the shame of mutiny: the remnant of the army that had liberated a world was dissolving in that miserable agitation. From the neighboring Hispanic-American peoples came the echo of similar turbulence; and as if all this spectacle of America in anarchy and delirium needed, in order to wound Bolívar more deeply, to condense itself in a single atrocious act that would be the culmination of ingratitude and subversion and would thrust him through the heart of his affections, soon he was to learn of the vile assassination of Sucre, the illustrious marshal of Ayacucho, run down like a vulgar criminal, in a defile of the Andes, without the purest and most austere military glory of the revolution in America's being a shield against the wantonness of demagogy. A very bitter letter written on that occasion by Bolívar shows to what point this crime drove his hopelessness. Such was the situation of his mind when he heard himself summoned from Bogotá, where the government of Mosquera had been overthrown and the victorious mob desired the return of the Liberator. A final throb of his instinct for domination and his faith in himself darted through him, and for an instant he turned his eyes to those that called him; but as soon as he observed that it was a military sedition, without the recognized sanction of the people, that tempted him with a power wrested from its legitimate possessors, he regained his desire for retirement and his stoic attitude, and a proud sense of his dignity prevented his breaking that solemn sunset of his life with the vulgar pomp of a pretorian triumph.

His illness aggravated, he moved in the autumn of 1830 to Santa Marta. There, where eighteen years before he had taken the road to his first victories; there, lulled by the thunder of the sea, he awaited impending death, epiloguing, like the sea, with the sadness of a sublime calm, the dynamic sublimity of his tempestuous outbursts. His spirit, purified, tranquillized, had, in those last hours, only words of forgiveness for ingratitude, forgetfulness for insults and prayers of concord

⁶Country estate.—THE EDITOR.

and of love for his people. Few men have enjoyed, in the whirlpool of action, so beautiful a life; no one has died, in the peace of his couch, so noble a death. It began on the afternoon of December 7, 1830, when Simón Bolívar, the Liberator of America, drew his last breath.

He had given to the new peoples of Spanish origin his greatest, his most effective and his most heroic will, the most splendid public utterances of his revolutionary propaganda, the most penetrating vision of their future destiny; and, harmonizing all this, the original and enduring representation of his spirit in the human concourse of genius. To find peers for him it is necessary to ascend to that supreme group of war heroes, not more than ten or twelve in the history of the world, in whom the sword was the innovating demiurge which, when the ephemeral light of battles had waned, has left a trace that has transformed, or is to transform, in the course of the ages, the fate of a preponderating and noble race. What is lacking in order that this magnitude of his glory may appear in the universal consciousness, as it appears clearly in ours? Nothing that shall reveal unknown things regarding him, nor that shall purify or interpret again those that are known. He is now cold and perennial bronze, which neither waxes nor wanes nor keeps silent. It is only lacking that a pedestal be raised. It only remains for us to go upward, and, with our shoulders uplifted to the required height, as the pedestal of such a statue, cause it to rest upon us together with those primary and universal figures that seem higher only because the shoulders of peoples that lift them to an open and luminous space are

higher than ours. However, the plenitude of our destiny is approaching, and with it the hour in which the whole truth about Bolívar will spread throughout the world.

As to our America: he will always stand as her unsurpassed eponymous hero; for the superiority of the hero is not determined merely by what he is capable of doing abstractly by the vehemence of his vocation and the energy of his aptitude, but also by what is contributed by the occasion itself on which he appears, the undertaking to which he has been sent by the appointment of God; and there are heroic occasions which, because they are predestined and fundamental, are unique or as rare as those celestial conjunctions that the movement of the stars does not reproduce save at enormous intervals of time. When ten centuries shall have passed; when the patina of a legendary antiquity shall extend from Anáhuac to the Plata, where nature frisks or civilization nurtures its roots; when a hundred generations of humanity shall have mingled, in the masses of the earth, the dust of their bones with the dust of forests a thousand times shorn of their leaves, and of cities twenty times reconstructed, and myriads of names glorious by virtue of enterprises, prowess and victory of which we can form no image shall cause to echo in the memory of men that would astonish us by their strangeness, if we should succeed in glimpsing them: even then, if the collective sentiment of free and united America has not lost its essential potency, those men, who will see like ourselves, on the snowy brow of the Sorata the loftiest summit of the Andes, will see, like us also, that in the expanse of their recollections of glory there is none greater than Bolívar.



THE STORY OF MY LIFE

BY

AMADO NERVO

Whether or not one may have had the good fortune to be personally acquainted with Amado Nervo, he will appreciate this brief autobiography, not only for the facts [that may be obtained from it at first hand, but also for the characteristic modesty and humor with which they are presented.—THE EDITOR.

I WAS born in Tepic, a little city on the Pacific coast,¹ August 27, 1870. My surname was Ruiz de Nervo; my father changed it by shortening it. His Christian name was Amado, and he gave it to me. I therefore became Amado Nervo, and this name, which sounds like a pseudonym—many in America have considered it such—and which at all events was unusual, has probably contributed not a little to my literary fortune. Who knows what my fate would have been with the ancestral Ruiz de Nervo, or if my name had been Pérez y Pérez!

I began to write when I was very young, and on a certain occasion a sister of mine found my verses, made on the sly, and read them in the dining-room before the assembled family. I shrank into a corner. My father frowned. That was all. A little more sternness, and I should have escaped for ever. To-day I might perhaps be a practical man. I might have amassed a fortune with the money of others, and my honesty and seriousness would have opened all doors to me. My father merely frowned, however. Besides, my father also wrote verses, and also on the sly. His sex and his great sorrows saved him in time, and he died without knowing that he possessed talent. He has now discovered it with a pious smile. . . .

I did not and I do not possess any special literary tendency. I write according to my whim, as "*spiritus qui flat ubi vult*." I belong to but one school: that of my deep and perennial sincerity.

¹To be exact, thirty miles from the coast: it is the capital of what was formerly the territory of Tepic, now the state of Nayarit, the name of which was taken from that of the Huichol Indians (Nayariti, as they called and continue to call themselves) and their country the Sierra del Nayarit, one of the wildest, most inaccessible and most forbidding regions of America.—THE EDITOR.

I have turned out innumerable bad pieces, in prose and verse; and some good ones; but I know which are which. If I had been wealthy, I should have produced nothing but good ones, and to-day the world would perhaps have from me only a small book of conscious, free, haughty art. It could not be! I had to live, in a country where almost no one read books, and where the only means for the diffusion of ideas consisted in the newspaper. Of all the things that most pain me that is the one that pains me most: a brief and precious book, which life did not let me write: a free and unique book.

I HAVE published hitherto in prose: *El bachiller*; *El domador de almas*; *Pascual Aguilera*; *Otras vidas*, in which the preceding three works were reprinted; *Almas que pasan*; and an infinitude of articles of all kinds in infinite newspapers and magazines.

The press and the critics in general have concerned themselves not a little with me, but almost always to say horrible things. I have devoured ten tons of fresh toads . . . and I have digested them.

El bachiller, because of the audacity and unexpectedness of its form, and especially of its dénouement, caused such a scandal in America that it served admirably to make me known. I was discussed with passion, and at times with anger; but they discussed me, which was the essential. *El bachiller* was published in French by Vanier, Verlainé's publisher, and three editions of it have been brought out in Spanish.

As to my lyrics, here you have them: *Perlas negras* (adolescent verses); *Místicas*; *Poemas* (of which *El prisma roto* and *La hermana agua* form a part); *Lira heroica*; *Jardines interiores*; and *El éxodo y las flores del camino* (prose and verse).

I am preparing *En voz baja*, which will

be a book exclusively in a minor key, in which one should not seek sonorities, oratory or whimsicality: it is Life, in what it contains of the enigmatic, insinuating and beautifully imprecise, that goes whispering through these pages.²

²We have been unable to ascertain when this autobiographical sketch was written or was first published, but it must have appeared years ago, in Europe, since the author fails to allude to his later works and since he writes as if outside of America. We have before us the *Obras completas de Amado Nervo*, up to volume xxviii, published by the Biblioteca Nueva, Madrid, 1920-1921. The set, as far as published, contains:

i. *Perlas negras, Místicas*; ii. *Poemas*; iii. *Las voces,*

Lira heroica y otros poemas; El exodo y las flores del camino; v. *Almas que pasan*; vi. *Pascual Aguilar, El donador de almas*; vii. *Los jardines interiores, En voz baja*; viii. *Juana de Asbaje*; ix. *Ellos*; x. *Mis filosofías*; xi. *Serenidad*; xii. *La amada inmóvil*; xiii. *El bachiller, Un sueño, Amnesia, El sexto sentido*; xiv. *El diamante de la inquietud, El diablo desinteresado, Una mentira*; xv. *Elevación*; xvi. *Los balcones*; xvii. *Plenitud*; xviii. *El estanque de los lotos*; xix. *Las ideas de Tello Tillez, Como el cristal*; xx. *Cuentos misteriosos*; xxi. *Algunos, Crónicas varias*; xxii. *La lengua y la literatura, primera parte*; xxiii. *La lengua y la literatura, segunda parte*; xxiv. *En torno a la guerra*; xxv. *Crónicas*; xxvi. *Ensayos*; xxvii. *El arquero divino*; xxviii. *Discursos, Conferencias, Miscelánea.*

Amado's last volume, published in Buenos Aires, shortly before his death in Montevideo, was *El estanque de los lotos*.—THE EDITOR.



THE SYNTHETIC FUNCTION OF THE UNIVERSITY¹

BY

RAÚL A. ORGAZ

A review of the present state of the Argentine universities, with particular emphasis on the unrelated character of the teaching of the several schools that constitute them, and a plea for the creation of a faculty of philosophy and letters and of higher studies that shall not only offer ampler courses than those that are now provided, but shall also encourage investigation, coördinate the faculties and function "triple in respect of teaching, science and philosophy."—THE EDITOR.

THE Asociación Bibliotecaria de Córdoba—created to foster popular culture—is seeking to make a part of its function the consideration of palpitating questions by arousing through periodical lectures the attention of all those that feel in any way responsible in the work of common progress. I now have the honor to present to you some ideas regarding a subject that I deem important, as it deals directly with the social function of universities, a theme already much debated in the country, although the discussion has left—it must be confessed—practical conclusions of but slight significance.

The reform effected a short time ago in the regimen of the Argentine universities has induced a wholesome democratization of the teaching function from the triple point of view of responsibility, periodicity and publicity: true dogmas of a republican society; but I must hasten to add that we have gone but half way, for, in order to crown the work, it is necessary to institute—not to restore, because it never existed—in our universities the philosophical spirit of the times in which they exist and of the society in which they play a part. If the university is to be something more than the mere sum total of the schools into which it is divided, it is necessary that a synthesis be made of the fragmentary culture that these schools have in view by creating a faculty of philosophy and letters and of higher studies.

The thesis of the "social function" of

universities has become a commonplace. The former conception, according to which they accumulated and transformed knowledge, has given place to the present one, in compliance with which there is a tendency to lay more stress on science, with a view to the greater good of all. As means of social action, as organs to facilitate and perfect the adaptation of institutions to the ideals that inform the social consciousness, universities daily increase in importance. It has been rightly remarked that modern universities do not seek merely to know more than the old universities, but—and this is the main and most interesting thing—also to utilize knowledge in a more perfect manner for the general betterment. Are they to train competent professionals only, or must they work, above all, for the advancement of the sciences? To attribute an optative sense to the problem is to belittle it. Universities, in the modern conception of the word, ought to perfect the increasing phenomenon of the division of social work, thus assuring the maximum of competition in each of the professional realms; but, at the same time, they ought to vitalize special studies, synthesizing their ultimate conclusions and forming what we may call the ideological atmosphere that corresponds to each period of civilization.

The university tends in this manner to be everywhere a directive organ of the national energies: a focus of energetic radiation in the process of transmuting scientific values. Whatsoever the type of university that prevails among different peoples—whether that of a bureaucratic institute designed to grant titles and diplomas of profes-

¹An address delivered under the auspices of the Asociación Bibliotecaria de Córdoba, in the halls of the Biblioteca Provincial.

sional aptitude, as was the university created in France by the empire; whether that of a laboratory to train men of science capable of transmitting and transforming it, such as Germany offers; or whether that of a higher instrument designed to secure the most perfect adaptation of the individual to the social environment, thus forming *men* rather than *scholars*, and *characters* rather than *vocations*, as occurs in England, the university of our time, and, above all, that of the first of the types indicated—which is the type common to France, Spain and the nations of the New World—seeks to overcome the one-sidedness of the different faculties that constitute it and, at the same time, to complement their *teaching* function with a properly *scientific* function, that is, it seeks both to transmit the highest knowledge of human wisdom and to organize original and direct investigation in order to broaden the field of knowledge.

As to the former—that is, the desire to offer to scientific work a systematic synthesis, the *corpus* of the general ideas of each epoch—it is so urgent that any university that still claims the right to such a title can not pretend to do so without fulfilling this lofty and fundamental function. To fulfil it, universities have an *instrument*: the faculty of philosophy; and a *method*: scientific investigation. The fundamental idea that I would try to fix in the minds of my hearers this afternoon, and that I could wish all the social classes of Córdoba heartily to welcome, is that of the function of the faculty of philosophy and letters in order to complete the organism of our glorious, classic institution; but if the undertaking that I favor is to be something more than a new wheel in the official machine, and if the synthetic function that it would seek to discharge is to constitute something better than a generalizing stammer or a clever gloss of the dilettanti of philosophy, it will be indispensable to harmonize philosophy with science, and metaphysics with experience, in order that hypotheses may flourish in the soil of reality.

The eminent Liard, when he traces the outline of higher instruction in France in the period of the empire, gives us these

words, in emphasizing the lack of a spirit of solidarity among the different faculties of that country, which seem to have been written to call attention to a similar evil in those of many other peoples. He says:

The empire created the university. It created it, however, that it might be a manufactory of public spirit in its behalf; it did not take thought to assign a place in it to science, which is a home of the spirit of liberty. Doubtless there must have been in the university of the empire—one and indivisible like the empire—an especial compartment for higher instruction, and in this compartment as many as five kinds of faculties: theology, law, medicine, science and letters; yet under these words, what a world of falsehoods! In this picture, what a multitude of phantasms! At bottom, the new faculties were nothing more than new names for former special schools, and, in giving them this name, there was not given to them what it explained as essential, that is, a *common soul*, of which they would have been the different forces. Among them, no tie, no relation and at times no contact! Now dispersed, now disseminated at the hazard of an absolutely empirical distribution, they had to live without helping one another, without their always being acquainted with one another, each one bent on its particular task, creating here graduates in law, there doctors of medicine, elsewhere, bachelors. To confer degrees was their great, and even their sole, mission.²

“To confer degrees,” “to turn out professionals:” such seemed also, until a short time ago, the ingenuous idea of the Argentine faculties. The pompous word “university” did not involve in their minds an implicit interest in synthesis and solidarity. Each faculty was a different kingdom, each chair was an inclusive fief, each professor—in the best of cases—an uncompromising paladin of his own speciality. It might have been called “the university Middle Ages:” isolation, particularism, disdain for general ideas and for the university values of the world and of life.³

Theoretically, the knell of this conception seems inevitable. All the world ac-

²Liard: *Universités et facultés*, page 7.

³In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of January 15, 1920, Maurice Barrès addressed the minister of public instruction in France in advocacy of the intellectual reconstruction of the nation and in criticism of the defects of scientific organization. His remarks are fundamental.

cepts and repeats now, in every tone, that knowledge is a constant reduction to a common denominator of values achieved by every particular investigation, and the higher integration of the partial truths that it wins. "Specialization," it is said, recalling Liard's words, "is not separation; distinction is not isolation. On the contrary, in proportion as science penetrates the infinite detail of things, the more necessary seem basic elements and general views. The specialist alone, exclusively, is a terrible millstone that pulverizes ideas; he needs a corrective: general ideas." Nevertheless, general ideas, introduced with the faculties of philosophy and letters, do not accomplish the miracle. The universities, in creating the *instrument*, forgot the *method*: they separated philosophy from science, and they preferred to maintain the professor that would gloss—ill or well—the classic themes of traditional metaphysics, to stimulating investigators who, in broadening the domains of science, would contribute new suggestions or give rise to new hypotheses regarding the fundamental problems of life and of the spirit.

Let us not forget, indeed, that the notion of university, in the modern sense of the word, involves a double finality: the teaching of the higher branches of human knowledge and the development of original and direct investigation for the broadening of knowledge. Both are, unquestionably, fundamental, for while one carries on the work of *diffusion* by transmitting accumulated knowledge and rendering permeable the spirit of the generations of every country and every period to the scientific environment that dominates in them, the other fulfils the task of *penetration* by working upon the scientific reality itself in order to win new truths and to come at other generations. In spite of the importance that I have just recognized in the supreme aims of the modern university, I ought to add that in a country that we always remember in our constant struggle for social betterment—the United States of America—the second of them, that is, *scientific investigation*, tends to prevail over the first, that is, the simple teaching function. *To cause science to progress* is the device of the contemporary Yankee universities.

With the vigorous precision that characterizes the language of their professors, they have begun to proclaim it insistently.

"Research is the nervous system of the university," said Professor C. M. Coulter of Chicago, in a toast that I had the pleasure of hearing, April 15, 1916, at the banquet of the Philosophical Society. "It stimulates and dominates every other function. It makes the atmosphere of the university, even in the undergraduate division, differ from that of the college. It affects the whole attitude toward subjects and toward life. This devotion, not merely to the acquisition of knowledge, but chiefly to the advancement of knowledge for its own sake, is the peculiar possession of universities."⁴

This most recent tendency of advanced studies in that admirable country meets the difficulties that are presented there by the present organization of secondary instruction, which is of interest to us, inasmuch as one of the factors of the poverty of higher studies in our country is to be found in the low level occupied by students that come to the university. "The American university," says, moreover, Mr. A. G. Mayer, 'to-day remains a hypertrophied college, and the conservation of the past is its ideal, rather than the revelation of the new truth;'⁵ but the movement is making its way; some of the North American universities had already attained, several years ago, to the perfect type of the scientific university. It did not have *professors* to *explain* lessons to their students, but only *companions* to work together in laboratories and in classes for personal investigation, according to the methods of the German seminaries; their statutes called professors "more advanced students that direct the younger students." So that if "the American university," Mr. Schurman, the president of Cornell, says, further, from the same point of view, 'is still in the state of expectancy or of promise, its future is to be a great school of research.'"

⁴Maurice, Caullery: *Les universités et la vie scientifique aux États-Unis*, translated by James Haughton Woods and Emmet Russell, Cambridge, 1922, page 157.—THE EDITOR.

⁵*Ibidem*, page 157.—THE EDITOR.

⁶*Ibidem*, page 157.—THE EDITOR

Thus is clearly shown the thorough conception that now prevails in the orientation of university teaching in the most advanced nations of the world, that is, both the perfect *transmission* of knowledge, indispensable to the formation of professionals useful to society and meeting the needs of the division of technical labor, and arduous and patient *investigation* in the field of knowledge itself, from which follows at the same time an educative or ethico-social function of the greatest importance, for there is nothing comparable to the heroism of those that strive to wrest from nature the elements for the eternal transmutation of knowledge. The example of the German university is highly suggestive. A writer has remarked:

It has been said that the German university has as its chief end the *creating of science*, just as the English university had that of *creating men* or characters; that is, to the English university has been assigned a more educative character and to the German a more scientific and instructive character. The reality does not confirm this assertion, which, like all general assertions, always has its defects. The German university has a scientific aim, a professional aim and an educative aim, and, one might even add, a social aim, if we take note of the mutual relations that exist between the university as an organ of culture, and the social spirit of the people in which it is rooted. The contemporary German professor must not be merely *Foscher* or *Leher*, but also *Erzieher*, that is, not only an "investigator" or a "professor," but also an "educator." From the thorough and admirable work of the cultivation of science springs spontaneously its synthetic organization, and from the latter the transcendent notion of culture that by essence tends not only to the incessant progress of science itself, but also to diffuse itself in the mass, in the social spirit, with more intensity than ever. This means that in proportion as the investigator wrests truth from mystery, he also sows it in the minds of those that are ignorant of it, although he may not try to do so and although he may not himself be wholly aware of it. Hence results, as a logical condition of scientific progress, its ethical importance, or, rather, the imminence of the *ethical movement* as an integral factor of scientific progress itself.⁷

⁷Eloy Luis André: *La mentalidad alemana*, Madrid, 1914, page 131.

If such is the conclusion at which we ought to arrive, when we contemplate this phase of the subject, that is, the twofold teaching and scientific function of contemporary university institutions, it still remains, however, to insist on the urgency of the demand for synthesis that is to be observed in them, and, above all, on the supreme vinculation of all the schools or faculties by means of a higher organ, without which the notion of the university seems mutilated: an organ which, in our opinion, is a faculty of philosophy and letters created with a different tendency from that which is assigned it to-day. It is understood, indeed, that each of the university schools or faculties ought to address itself to the dual end or function enunciated above; but it does not yet seem clear how the vinculation or synthesis of the partial teachings supplied by each faculty can be imparted in such a way as to avoid exclusive *specialism*, "that terrible millstone that pulverizes ideas," according to Liard's graphic expression already noted. This leads us to pause over the present concept of philosophy in its relation to the sciences, as well as over the so-called "social function" of philosophy.

A few days ago, in the last session of the class in the subject that I teach in the university, I pointed out to my students the nature of the relations that exist between the human mind and society, and how, if the science of society must be based on the science of mind, the latter, in turn, finds in the studies carried on by the former a valuable contribution to the success of its own investigations. Not only are the things with which society occupies itself mental or psychological things—sentiments, impulses, ideas and beliefs—but many of the things of which psychology treats are the product of society. If sensation, I said to them, does not require anything more than the participation of the subject that perceives and the external world, the highest manifestations of the spirit of man have flourished only in life in common. Man is polished by man; and from the obscure realm of the actions and reactions of minds upon one another spring the supreme victories of reason. Only in social life does man learn to discipline his

instincts and dominate the springs of his own government. What there is in him of nobility and greatness comes from the practice of collective activity. It has been rightly said therefore that "reason is the offspring of the city," and that "intelligence is the torch that is kindled by the reciprocal contact of man," since, in drawing together, men have learned, if not to judge and to reason, at least to effect this operation with precision, amplitude and profit.

The reference to my course will be pardoned, if it be borne in mind that philosophy is, above all, an *education*, a *practice*, an intellectual norm. "To learn philosophy is, above all, to learn to philosophize," said Giner de los Ríos excellently, "or, in other words, to learn to investigate and to discover relations, aspects, problems, which transcend not only sense knowledge, but also each particular object and relate it gradually to other and all objects until we recognize it, in the most complete possible manner, as an object of universal value and importance. By this means, at the same time that the clearly social genesis of philosophy is proven, in respect of learning to investigate, to discover relations, aspects and general problems of reality, it involves a certain aptitude for *reflecting*, *penetrating*, *generalizing* and *explaining*, that is, the supreme aptitudes of the spirit, and one begins to comprehend the *social value* of philosophy, inasmuch as it disciplines for the harmonious adaptation of our mental forces to the intelligent investigation of the problems of the universe imposed by that proud ministry, as it were, to which the verse of Terence alludes:

I am a man, and nothing that is human deem
I alien to me.

Social because of its origin, philosophy is so, and in an eminent degree, because of its function. The body of general ideas that dominate each period; the optimistic or pessimistic conception that men form for themselves in the face of the riddles of nature and of life; the successive avatars of justice in codes and institutions; the problems of law, the problems of property; the phenomenon of economic coöperation

and the division of labor; the notion of the moral freedom of man and of the congeneric manifestations of social life—in politics, in ethics and in law—are in intimate relation with one another and are influenced in a reciprocal manner. If philosophy is the transcendent characteristic of a certain social conception of the universe and of life, it serves at the same time as an instrument for the struggle of interests and ideals in the heart of each civilization. The philosopher not only operates in the short radius of pure speculation, when he states the problems of *being*, *knowing* and *doing*, and assigns solutions, but he, consciously or unconsciously, interestedly or disinterestedly, supplies the masses with instruments with which they are to fight in their struggles for respective supremacy.

Will it be necessary to demonstrate by examples how far the so-called "social function" bears upon the history of philosophy, in the sense that—apart from its economic phase—the social question is at one and the same time a moral question? In one of the most notable books of the abundant bibliography on the subject, the eminent Gaston Richard, professor in the Université de Bordeaux, has shown how the social question depends on a theory of law and on the affirmation of the value of personality—problems, both, discussed by the philosophers of the nineteenth century in accord with the conceptions they elaborated—and he has analyzed the causes that were able to associate "the speculations of a Fichte or a Hegel with the social action of a Lasalle a Karl Marx or a Friedrich Engels; the utopias of a Fourier with the penetrating criticism of a Renouvier; the audacious metaphysics of a Secrétan with the efforts of evangelical Christianity; the causes that have induced the positivism of Comte to spring from Saint Simonism, the system of Bentham from the system of Stuart Mill, or the democratic idealism of a Lamennais from the theocratic essays of a Joseph Marie Maistre or a viscount of Bonald." Have we not at hand a history of scientific socialism, with its deep philosophical rootage? Speaking now of the moment in which we live, filled with unexpected interrogators, occupied with a restless revision of doctrines and

dogmas, is it not paradoxical that the anti-intellectual and semi-mystical philosophy of Bergson should have supplied philosophical ballast to the rude dreams of the syndicalism of Sorel, with his protests against positivistic culture, his revolutionary myths, his hatred of bourgeois science, his faith in catastrophic revolution that is to prevent the unconscious mixture of the classes in the democratic morass? If the university is to be a living organ of national consciousness; if it is to discharge its mission of social pedagogy by means of the criticism and analysis of the motives of the collective work; if it is to be something more than the expression of the mind of a definite class or the crystallization of historical particularisms; if it aspires, in short, to the title of *civitas academia*, the orientator of social conduct, it can not avoid taking into account the *system of general ideas* that have constituted the atmosphere of each civilization, in which the partial problems of the social life have found their conditions of existence.

In the university organism the different schools or faculties discharge a philosophical function when they consider the more general aspects of the sciences they respectively inform; but it would be excessive and false to claim that this species of philosophical nimbus that surrounds each of the great abstract sciences—whether mathematics, physics, biology or sociology—exhausts the content itself of a general philosophy, as their supreme synthesis. Philosophy becomes every day more and more scientific, while at the same time the sciences become more generalizing; but in this phenomenon of the mutual penetration of knowledge, each order of activity preserves its own sphere.

Have the sciences rendered unnecessary the maintenance of philosophy as something peculiar and substantive? In other words, have the sciences satisfied *all* the problems of the reality with which they concern themselves? The negative of both questions is indisputable. If it is true that philosophy is still spoken of as a generic name to designate all the philosophical branches, that is, psychology, logic, esthetics and metaphysics, it is none the less true that the content itself of modern

philosophy is that of a simple metaphysics, not indeed with the meaning and scope of traditional metaphysics—dethroned and decrepit—but with the modern sense of a theory of the supreme questions of reality and knowledge. The legitimacy of this scientific metaphysics—to juxtapose two words traditionally regarded as antithetical—will be evident to him that shall consider that the sciences—even the general ones—have not met all the problems of the realities to which they address themselves.

Indeed, the different sciences view reality according to certain *fundamental notions* of which they are the development; but there remains to be demonstrated the relation between these notions by explaining how, in spite of their diversity, they refer to the same world, the same reality. The different sciences utilize *certain proceedings* of investigation whose value is justified, according to them, by the success of their application; there remains to be investigated, however, the legitimacy of these proceedings or methods, and to be demonstrated how they depend on conditions superior to the empiricism of the results obtained. The different sciences presuppose certain general principles that define the kind of union they establish between the mind and its objects. We have still to ascertain what these principles mean, whence they come and to what extent they establish the connection between intelligence and things. The different sciences, in short, institute only one truth in a certain abstract manner obtained by a reduction of what is real to its points of view, and by a reduction of the human spirit to the sole faculty of *knowing*; we must pursue the concept of the world, ask ourselves whether in the human mind, beside the intelligence, there does not exist *intuition*—of which Bergson speaks to us—and, by a supreme effort, reintegrate in a science or in a perfect representation the whole of reality.⁸

Present philosophy is therefore the metaphysics of the sciences, the science of the sciences, and, according to the expression of William James, a more determined effort to think out clearly the universal

⁸V. Victor Delbs: article entitled "Philosophie," in *La grande encyclopédie*.

realities. A thing of the past is the antagonism between philosophy and science, generated by the antinomy between noumenon and phenomenon and by the Platonic idea that every object of experience is like the shadow of the ideal and luminous object on which we turn our backs in life. "There was a moment," according to Rey, "in which the learned entertained a preconceived disdain for all philosophical thought, and in which the philosophers, at least those that claimed to be such in the professional sense, systematically ignored the works of the learned." Dilettantism established itself, with perfect assurance, in the inner world, and "philosophy became transformed into a literary genus, free of the necessity of the observation and analysis demanded by true literature, and in which imagination, eloquence and, above all, grandiloquence, seemed to be amply sufficient."⁹ Perhaps this literary and sentimental point of view was not lacking in educative value, inasmuch as it implied respect for ideas and noble preoccupations. Indeed, that which Ortega y Gasset—reviving an expression of Spinoza's—calls *amor intellectualis*, that is, love of comprehension, is sufficient; but it would be ingenuous to think that this delicate recreation of select souls—which consists in beholding how ideas combine harmoniously in respect of the most serious problems of the universe—could be equivalent to the arduous task of the scientist, convinced of the substantive value of truth and aware of the thorny paths that lead to the conquest of the most humble principle.

The positivism of Auguste Comte, with his relativistic concept of knowledge and his anathemas of metaphysics, went so far as to identify philosophy and science; but his theory, by a sort of reaction, in fleeing from the metaphysical *cause*, provoked the belief that the true explanation of things ought to be sought outside of scientific investigations, and served as a handle for philosophy—a theory of the absolute—in the presence of science—a theory of the relative—thus sanctioning the divorce of the two. More directly have contributed to the same result all the

philosophies that have rehabilitated the unconscious, the indeterminate, the irrational, thus creating an energetic, anti-intellectualistic and mystical current, visible in contemporary thought.

A new type of *culture*—which is to germinate in the new *university* demanded by the times—makes the sciences solidary with philosophy. The latter no longer seeks, as in the time of Comte, to hold aloof from the ultimate problems of experience, nor does it confide in the omnipotence of reason to solve them in the whirlpool of phrases that constituted the charm of Cousin's philosophy, nor does it betake itself to mere inner reflection to come at the complex problems of the spirit. Its mission is another: to restate the problems of the old philosophy *in respect of* the sciences and not *outside of* the sciences; to constitute a system of hypotheses based on principles that the sciences obtain, and to transmute radically the classic types of philosophy, in harmony with the conclusions of experience.¹⁰

Thus conceived, philosophy assumes a transcendent significance. It is an instrument for the common advancement, for spiritual and collective perfection, for useful orientations in the life of men. Formerly they said: "Science for science's sake;" "philosophy for philosophy's sake;" "art for art's sake." To-day this scientific amorality yields its place to the human significance of science, philosophy and art, and art, philosophy and science cooperate with the other forces which, consciously or unconsciously, are transforming society according to the rules of a higher justice. Fouillée, in his book *La réforme de l'enseignement par la philosophie*, affirmed:

The hour of scepticism and dilettantism has passed. The moment of serious thought and considered action has arrived. We no longer have time to entertain ourselves, like Renan, either with ideas or with forms; to distract ourselves with the play of contradictory propositions; to analyze our ego with curiosity and to contemplate our intellectual umbilicus: all these poses of a century that is growing old are antiquated, and, in themselves, both immoral and

¹⁰ See José Ingenieros's article entitled "La filosofía científica en la organización de las universidades," in *Revista de Filosofía*, Buenos Aires, March, 1916.

⁹ Abel Rey: "La philosophie moderne," Paris, 1911, page 23.

unintelligible. I think, for my part, that the philosophy of the twentieth century, without abandoning higher speculations, will become more and more sociological. Preoccupation with social questions is already visible in the philosophical teaching of the university; instead of wishing to struggle against this tendency, we must frankly accept it and endeavor to give professors a thorough social instruction. The students of our colleges are not designed to live a contemplative life; they ought to cooperate in the great work, which is precisely the social justice that ought to be instituted, and, with justice, social peace.

The unity of philosophy with the sciences being thus made clear, and as the latter do not exhaust the explanation of reality, the conclusion that we desire to emphasize is this: the unity of science demands the higher unity of the university. The different schools or colleges created for the study of the general sciences ought to be united among themselves by an organism coördinative of university work, one that shall determine principles, directions and ideals that make it possible to organize culture for the service of society. This coördinating organism is the faculty of philosophy and of higher studies.

However, before continuing, and in order to maintain as far as possible the connection of ideas, let us synthesize the preceding ideas in two conclusions:

1. Modern universities discharge a triple function: the *teaching* function, that of the transmission and diffusion of knowledge; the *scientific* function, that of the broadening of knowledge by investigation; the *philosophical* function, that of the synthesis and coördination of the practical sciences.

2. Philosophy—apart from its *educative* phase, applied in secondary instruction—has a *university* function: the synthesis and integration of the sciences, the constitution of the system of general ideas as to the problems of the universe and of life; and a *social* function: the organization of culture as an instrument of common betterment and progress.

These ideas being established, how is the coördination of university work to be effected?

Faculties of philosophy—divided ordinarily into letters and sciences—are the successors of the former faculties of arts of

the fifteenth century. Those—the ancient ones—possessed a mingled character of higher and secondary instruction: the former as to their philosophical element; the latter, in the studies of grammar, rhetoric and mathematics. Their character was quite like that of the present *colleges*¹¹ of the United States. They occupied a rank lower than the other faculties, as they furnished the preparation for the faculty denominated “higher,” or—as they say in Spain—“greater,” that is, law, theology and medicine. Their methods do not concern us: formal logic, dialectics, syllogisms, “expositions,” “questions,” the passion for disputes, in short—which the chancellor of Paris compared to cock-fights—have become proverbial and have furnished food for the satire habitually wasted on university themes by the detractors of the Middle Ages. Let it suffice for our purpose to recall that the faculty of arts has served as a germ, on the one hand, for the courses in secondary instruction, and, on the other, for the faculties of philosophy of Germany, those of letters and sciences of France, Italy, Belgium and Spain, and our own faculties of philosophy and letters.¹²

In view of the notion that prevails to-day regarding the organization of universities, the faculties of philosophy have varied radically in their functional position. In contrast with what took place centuries ago, when—as has just been set forth—the faculty of arts occupied a somewhat inferior rank, since it served merely to train for other schools, the faculties of philosophy to-day tend to be recognized as the crowning of the special and technical studies of the university, and as the perfect form of the supreme doctrinaire integration.

Such is the view that prevails in Germany. In this country the so-called faculties of philosophy include the departments of philosophy, letters and sciences, although the last, or the faculty of sciences, involves nothing like what is understood among us by this phrase, since, for the training of engineers, special schools,

¹¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

¹²In view of the nature of this address, it is necessary for us to enter into these details, thoroughly set forth in a bibliography on which we need not dwell here.

independent of the university, exist in Germany. Well then: the German faculty of philosophy maintains a glorious superiority over other faculties of philosophy, in conformity with the most transparent logic, for the unity of science—as I have already said—contributes to university unity. André, a professor of philosophy in the Instituto de Toledo, lays much stress on this exalted position of the German faculty of philosophy and on how beneficial it is to culture. After reminding us that the classic faculties in Germany are those of theology, law, medicine and philosophy, he adds:

The faculty of philosophy is so broad in its content that it includes at one and the same time the sciences, literature and philosophy properly so called. By the cultivation of the natural sciences, it bears relation to that of medicine; by the cultivation of the historical, economic and social sciences, to law; by the cultivation of historical criticism, oriental languages and the philosophy of religion, to theology. The faculty of philosophy in Germany is *the faculty* by antonomasia, the one that possesses the most liberal and humanistic character of all and the one that best expresses the spirit of the modern university of that nation, since, as Paulsen says, to the philosophical spirit of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the German university owes its characteristic of scientific liberty that has raised it to so high a point: a characteristic that has been so fertile and estimable in investigation. Because the faculty of philosophy sustains this ample relation to the other faculties—which are professions or professional schools rather than faculties—the German university not only preserves its traditional spirit as *universitas* and *studium generale*, but also that eternal youth, that incessant renewal of investigation and speculation, even in those fields which, like merely professional philosophy, seemed to face a crisis in the century that is dawning.

This supremacy does not spring exclusively from the broad content of instruction, but also—and this is the interesting part—from the solidly scientific character of the faculty. While the faculties of letters and sciences of the French type—like ours—have languished in the task of transmitting *made* science, their congeners in Germany have become glowing forges for the incessant transformation of knowledge.

“The German universities,” remarked Sir William Ramsay, “possess their faculty of philosophy, and this name preserves its primitive meaning, for it indicates a faculty devoted to wisdom and science. The motto of the men of that faculty is *investigation*: the discovery of secrets of nature; the accumulation of new knowledge. The whole organization of the faculty of philosophy tends to this end; to it are subordinated the choice of teachers, the equipment of the scientific institutions and the granting of degrees.”

Hence the contrast with the faculties of other countries, burdened with the excessive development of the simple function of teaching: while in the latter may be noted a small contingent of students, composed in the main, as in France, of would-be professors, teachers by rote, fellows and seekers for degrees, in Germany the faculties of philosophy, science and letters is the best attended of all, for, as all the world knows, the students of every faculty must study in that faculty some subject—philosophical, historical, et cetera—of a scientific character, in order to round out and give emphasis to the special or technical culture that is required in the respective schools. Hence it also follows that in the ordinary kind of faculties of philosophy, the axis of their life is constituted by the *public*, the audience, aim and supreme recompense of the oratorical and didactic power of the professors; while in the type of faculty that prevails in Germany, what is essential is the *scientific authority* of their professors, their standing among the specialists of the sciences they cultivate, the number and value of their books and papers. Therefore it has been justly observed that the danger of the German university teaching is *pedantism*, and of the French university teaching, *dilettantism*.

In the meanwhile, how do we in our country conceive of the integral and scientific function that we assign to philosophical teaching in the university organisms?

The simple observation of facts reveals that our universities continue an existence very similar to that which Liard pointed out to us, in the passage already transcribed, in speaking of the French university

in the period of the empire. Schools or faculties, even when—considered in particular—they habitually discharge with success their function of training physicians, engineers and lawyers, lack in themselves the animating spirit that ought to be the characteristic of every university worthy to be considered such. "Theoretically," it has been truly remarked, "the *university* is a school in which are gathered and *coördinated* the different parts of knowledge, in the same order that is assigned them by nature and the laws of the human spirit and of things;" and, in truth, we see brought together in the university the different parts of knowledge, grouped about one of the sciences that study generically a fundamental order of facts: physics, mathematics, chemistry, biology, psychology, et cetera; but there is lacking in this aggregation the indispensable *coördination*, according to a system of general principles, hypotheses and conclusions that can be conceived of as the true field of contemporary philosophy.

Twenty years ago the Universidad de Buenos Aires attached to its organism the so-called "faculty of philosophy and letters." It was established mainly for these two purposes: to serve as a higher bond between the teaching of the other schools and to foster the training and perfecting of professors in general. Its inspirer, Doctor Miguel Cané, a man of rare mind and of a talent of the first order, whose influence on Argentine culture permits his being assigned the rôle of a true civilizer, explained, with his habitually insuperable clarity, the objects of the faculty of which he was the first dean. "We believe," he said, "that the studies that shall be pursued here ought to be of a *scientific and general character*. Just as we can not admit that this faculty should be conceived of as a means of perfecting secondary studies, even the most complete, so also we do not admit that it shall serve, as the faculty of letters in France did for a century, as an instrument for manufacturing diplomas;" and, emphasizing what concerns us most, that is, the relative superiority of the new institution to the other professional schools, Doctor Cané added: "In the same way that a thorough unity of teaching is in-

dispensable, within the faculties, the constant contact that their own diversity justifies and renders necessary is indispensable, and even more so, among the different faculties. The modern man of broad culture is not and can not be the product of a special school: in order to understand clearly and precisely all that he needs to know, if he wishes to keep his intelligence on a high level, it is not necessary that he shall have received all the partial teachings, but that he shall have accustomed himself to productive generalizations, which may be attained only by being grounded in the university spirit." Finally, with a singular discernment of the true character of the modern university as an instrument of discipline by means of investigation and one's own labors, he said: "What ought to concern us above everything, in the study of philosophy, as in the other branches of our system, is *not to give ideas* to the student, *but to train his intelligence in order that he may be able to acquire ideas of his own and by his own effort*."

Have the results of the creation of the faculty of philosophy and letters in the Universidad de Buenos Aires been in consonance with the purposes traced by its inspirer? Doctor Cané—repeating the simile of Victor Duruy, who compared the school of advanced studies of Paris to the living plant whose roots, by penetrating through the crevices, would succeed in dislocating the hoary stones of the old Sorbonne—cherished the hope that the intellectual future of our country would be reserved for the modest faculty of philosophy and letters. Nevertheless, the truth is that this augury does not yet seem to be near fulfilment, if we measure the results of the present organization of this faculty of Buenos Aires, sharply censured—at times with excessive severity—by some of those that have followed its teachings.

Outlining generically the faults from which the environment of the faculty of philosophy and letters still suffers, José Ingenieros, with his characteristic energy, has asserted that "the faculty of philosophy and letters is a faculty of luxury; its professors are lent by the other faculties; its students become fewer and fewer; its function is almost null; with a good motive.

some universities have elected to convert themselves into advanced pedagogical institutions." In this manner, by proving the decadence or stagnancy of these institutions, is implicitly revealed the vice of verbalism and vacuous abstractness that is gnawing at them, and stress is again laid on the contrast that we have just pointed out between the vigorous faculty of philosophy—of the German type—and the anemic faculty of sciences and letters, or of philosophy and letters, that predominates in the Latin countries.

In the Universidad de Córdoba, philosophical studies go back to the deepest roots of its tradition, and they have given to it—along with theological studies—the medieval physiognomy that is wont to constitute the enchantment of minds that are wanting in a sense of present reality, both of which classes being parallelly fatuous and temporary. Under the divine authority of Aristotle—"præcursor Christi in rebus naturalibus," nothing less—whose teachings reached the students marred by adaptations, translations, excisions and compendiums, the teaching of philosophy in the Universidad de Córdoba possessed the character or objective given it by the classic faculties of arts, to which we have already alluded, that is, that of preparation for entrance into other faculties: theology or law. The subjects comprised under the name of "arts" were four: logic, moral philosophy, metaphysics and physics; and the degrees conferred were three: bachelor of arts, licentiate [lawyer] and master of arts.

The teaching of philosophy underwent several modifications—the details of which do not interest us—after the reforms introduced by Dean Funes and those that resulted from the visit of Governor Castro in 1818, and of Doctor Baigani in 1825, from the nationalization of the university on September 11, 1856, until we reach the general statute of the year of 1879, which divided the university into four faculties (law and social sciences, physico-mathematical sciences, medicine, and philosophy and humanities). The national law of July 3, 1885, retained this division, and the statutes enacted in conformity with it added to the three professional faculties the faculty of theology and the former faculty

of arts, now called in the present statute, that of 1893 with the latest modifications: "Facultad de Filosofía y Letras."

At the present time, after the reform of 1918, philosophical studies are carried on without greater amplitude, curtailment or importance in the pedagogical and scientific plan of the university. The three faculties unquestionably possess, in their respective schemes of courses, strictly technical and professional subjects, and courses of a philosophical and comprehensive character, on the perfecting and progress of which depend the perfecting and progress of metaphysics, which is to-day the true philosophy in general. Thus, the faculty of law has general philosophy in the first year, and that of sociology, in the sixth; the faculty of medicine has a course in physiology, in which Ducceschi has shone, and into which he introduced biological physics and chemistry; the faculty of engineering has a course in physics, the study of which—like that of the other subjects that I have just mentioned—may be followed with a tendency purely and essentially scientific; but all these courses—even adapted to modern standards—are rendered sterile by a lack of solidarity and correlation, and they demand a higher institution in which, as a finality, shall exist the idea of the true university, functioning triply in respect of teaching, science and philosophy.

If I have the good fortune to be thoroughly comprehended, it will be clearly appreciated that the modern university, conceived of in the ideal form, preserves, on the one hand, its classical concept, that is, of an organ for the diffusion of knowledge, thus fulfilling its *teaching* design; and, on the other, it has integrated this classic concept both with the development of a strictly *scientific* function, which consists in working for the broadening of knowledge, and with the coöperation of the faculties of philosophy, which coördinate the more general conclusions of human knowledge and render possible the institution of a metaphysics based solidly on experience.

The three primary functions of the university are correlated. None of them ought to predominate. The predominance of the teaching function over investigation

develops a routine and bookish mind; the exclusive development of the scientific function is out of harmony with the exigencies of society, which demands also competent and skilful professionals; the philosophical function, that of synthesis, is badly discharged when, far from unifying philosophy and the sciences, it persists in separating them by maintaining philosophical, historical, dogmatic and arbitrary categories.

These synthetic conclusions enable us to shorten the exposition of the subject and give a synopsis of the present state of the universities of Buenos Aires and Córdoba—which are the most important ones of the country—in respect of the threefold design of their studies, they being explained, at the same time, by the state of the faculty of philosophy and letters in the first of these universities. We have therefore as cardinal points:

The Universidad de Buenos Aires: excess of the teaching function; little investigation; defective synthesis.

The Universidad de Córdoba: excess of the teaching function; the least possible investigation; absence of synthesis.

The reform of 1918 induced a certain progress in the teaching function of the university, but it was incomplete, inasmuch as it left the other two functions almost in the same state as that in which they had been.

It is time therefore for us to continue the work by creating the faculty of advanced studies in the Universidad de Córdoba, thus carrying out what was decreed by the statutes of the house. We do not favor, of course, the creation, as by magic, of a showy institution, fated, unquestionably, to languish because of a lack of comprehension and of the surrounding precariousness of culture, but of something simpler: a modest section of advanced philosophical and general studies, attached to one of the existing faculties—let us say, that of law—in which, besides what pertains to philosophy, may be included courses in Latin and Greek, and, perhaps, a chair of history as a nucleus of the future organism. Moreover, it would not be wise to forget the relation between philosophy and the sciences and give the new school or section the verbalistic and inert

character of similar studies in other universities. It would be necessary to create and organize new laboratories, establish a serious and intelligent seminary course and plan and, in short, carry on labors of personal and direct investigation, professors and students being in close coöperation, and forgetting somewhat the teaching "lecture," the pedagogical discourses, the fine and elegant conversations to which at the present time the *desideratum* of the new Cordoban university seems to be confined. Indeed, I consider it necessary to introduce the practice that exists in Germany, that is, the one that requires that the physician, lawyer or engineer that is working for his doctorate shall take certain courses of the faculty of philosophy. Such a method would break the rigidity of technicism, admit of a greater mingling and intimacy among the students and add thoughtfulness, serenity, *equanimitas*.

Córdoba demands this complement to her culture. Her tradition, good or bad, but definite in this sense: the desire of all modern universities to perfect their studies more and more, thus balancing the weight of the teaching function with that of greater investigation, in order wisely to achieve a larger degree of harmony; the very reality of certain favorable factors, such as the existence of our astronomical observatory, the creation of the doctorate in natural sciences with the correlative organization; the more modern aspect that is every day assumed by the teaching of the fundamental sciences, such as biological physiology, chemistry and physics; the very increase in studies of a general character as a consequence of new intellectual tendencies that are beginning to show themselves: all this marks the opportunity for such an enterprise. To continue the present organization in which the faculties function separately, with no other bond than the official or bureaucratic one, is to maintain a body without spirit and to live in a state of illusory progress. Let us not strive, ladies and gentlemen, to foster the partial studies of the university, if the current of general ideas is to continue to lead us toward the past, with its solutions that can not be reconciled with the present sense of the eternal problems of nature and of life.

THE PARAGUAYAN WOMAN

BY

MARÍA FELICIDAD GONZÁLEZ

Among South Americans, the Paraguayan woman enjoys a reputation for domesticity, fidelity, patience and courage. The writer of this article emphasizes the intellectual opportunities and attainments of her fellow-countrywomen. At the same time, she shows that, in respect of placing woman teachers on a level with man teachers, the chief executive of her country "is not refractory to this modern achievement of individual rights," and that there do not exist in her country "any of those social hindrances that render the position of woman difficult elsewhere." Furthermore, she calls attention to the presentation in the national chamber of deputies of a bill in favor of woman suffrage, in connection with which one of the deputies concluded his address by "urging that civil and political rights be granted to Paraguayan women," in view of the "life of the Paraguayan woman before and after independence, in the war and after her labor of reconstruction."—THE EDITOR.

PARAGUAY is striving resolutely to raise the level of her culture in all the realms of human activity. The education of women occupies a place of preference in the regard of the government and of society; the time has passed in which the instruction and higher training of woman did not extend beyond the narrow limits of a course of primary studies.

To-day she is offered a broad field in which to develop her activity. In Paraguay exist the principle of liberty of study and the coeducation of the sexes, so that women may follow what best accords with their individual idiosyncrasies. At the same time they are guaranteed in the practice of their professions. In other words, Paraguayan women have won intellectual equality, which now enables them to say to men: "We also participate in human progress, in the great concert of civilization, by contributing to social economy the capital of our aptitudes in the professions we exercise."

Indeed, it may be said that in Paraguay primary instruction, a part of secondary instruction and much of professional teaching are under the exclusive direction of woman. She plays a leading part in the formation of minds, and this circumstance contributes to giving her prestige and ascendancy in society. The growing influx of women into secondary institutions, formerly directed by men alone, is to-day yielding splendid results in law, medicine, pharmacy and commerce. The school of commerce has granted diplomas to many

women that to-day fill important positions in public and private administration. Recently, on the occasion of the presentation of a new organic law relative to teachers, in which provision was made for a difference of salary between schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, the Asociación Nacional de Maestros, composed in the main of women, induced the members of the congress to vote by a large majority to put the sexes on an equal basis. Almost at the same time the minister of public instruction, in bestowing the directorship of a professional institution on a woman, proclaimed in open congress that he recognized a perfect equality of capacity between men and women, to judge by the results achieved.

I present these facts for your consideration for the simple purpose of demonstrating that the Paraguayan government, including the chief executive, his excellency Doctor Eusebio Ayala, is not refractory to this modern achievement of individual rights.

Hence there do not exist in my country any of those social hindrances that render the position of women difficult elsewhere.

It is true that we have inherited from Spanish law the system of the legal inferiority of the married woman in respect of the management of property and other acts of a juridical character. This system is deeply rooted in our customs, as in those of the other Latin-American peoples, with whom we form a single family by tradition, habits of thought and fundamental culture, but it might disappear with the advent of a strong infusion of public opinion, which, I

doubt not, will come soon, with the stimulus afforded us by the United States of the north, a great nation that always marches in the vanguard of progress.

The Paraguayan woman is not lacking in virility. She demonstrated the fact in our unequalled contest, doing police duty, bearing arms, encouraging a son, brother, husband, for the fray; she reconstructed the ruined home, sowed and tilled the soil and taught. She is industrious in peace; she does not regard misfortune, abandoned childhood or helpless old age with indifference. To her initiative is due a whole group of associations that to-day constitute the haven of many unfortunates, such as: Asilo de Huérfanos y Mendigos; Asilo de Ancianos; Asociación Santa Marta (for the instruction of servants); Asociación Nacional de Damas de Caridad pro Tuberculosos; Asociación de Protección a los Niños Pobres; Asociación pro Presos [prison association]; La Gota de Leche [society for the distribution of milk]; et cetera.

In the political realm, woman has no rights, but there is no clearly defined adverse opinion; on the contrary, spontaneous efforts have been made by prominent members of the congress with a view to effecting the political emancipation of women.

One of them is the feminist bill of National Deputy Doctor Telémaco Silvera. In presenting this bill, after setting forth in a conclusive manner the reasons why woman ought to enjoy a privilege possessed by every free being, and, after making a brief apology for the life of the Paraguayan woman before and after independence, in the war and after her labor of reconstruction, he concluded by urging that civil and political rights be granted to Paraguayan women.

Something is being accomplished in the direction of a more decided action and a surer orientation by Paraguayan intellectuals, among whom appear lawyers, such as Serafina Dávalos, Virginia Corvalán; writers, such as the señorita Teresa L. Rodríguez Alcalá, the señorita Josefina Sapena Pastor; professors, such as the

señoritas Carmen Garceta, Fidelina Frutos, Carmen Gatti, Rosa Ventre, Lucía Tavarozzi, as well as a great number of intelligent young women of the faculties of medicine and law and social sciences, and of the Escuela Normal de Profesores, who are the true hopes that will constitute the columns upon which will be built the temple of Paraguayan feminist rights.

If a campaign be opened, it will receive the support of many respectable men, who have declared themselves in favor of woman suffrage; and I cherish the conviction that in this time of perpetual upheavals—a hindrance to the progress of my country—if woman triumphs in her struggle for her just rights, in the words of Posadas:

Politics will assume again its true character as the science of governing, and there will be seen in administration, as never before, the honest management of public affairs.

Women of the higher classes divide their time between the care of the home and the tasks demanded of them by the many institutions of beneficence of which they are members. The associations mentioned above are composed wholly of the leaders of Paraguayan society. In spite of their being trained for an external and brilliant life, they are the guardians of well constituted homes, and their family spirit is worthy of praise.

As a general thing they possess a thorough education and an intellectual capacity that admits of their accepting new ideals and new currents of life.

The absence of factories renders it impossible, indeed, for the working woman to exist in my country. The women that the necessities of life lead to seek a livelihood engage in commerce on a small scale, with the products supplied them by their own country.

Strong and energetic, generous and submissive, without broader horizons, they sing in concert with the middle and wealthy classes their *Home, Sweet Home* in a different language from that of their sisters of the north, but with equal feeling.

JOSÉ ENRIQUE RODÓ

BY

JUSTO MANUEL AGUIAR

The Seer, or rather the enthusiast, of Uruguay has already come into his own in the world where Spanish is spoken; little by little people of English speech are beginning to know and appreciate him. The following article, frankly admiring, but none the less discerning, is a distinct contribution to the comprehension of Rodó as a thinker, writer and citizen and lover of an ideal America.—THE EDITOR.

I

WHEN I learned that Rodó had decided to go to Europe as a representative of *Caras y Caretas*, I felt a presentiment, and almost a conviction, of his approaching death; and such was the obsession that then laid hold of all my spirit that I was forced to think more than once of the void that his early disappearance would create in the country. "He is going; he will not return," I said to myself; and I thought: "Rodó is going to die yonder where death seems to predominate over life itself with a startling reality, and not by the operation of nature, but by the insensate passions of men, engaged in a vain and inhuman struggle;" and I say "inhuman" in order not to apply an adjective all the harsher because of its truthfulness. So, by the logical association of ideas, passed through my mind all the Odyssey of the pain and sorrow of the great Florencio,¹ another sorrowful pilgrim in noble Italy.

In recalling at this moment that bitter recollection, that presentiment of a calamity—which, after all, I was unable to measure in its entire magnitude—to the country that to-day preserves his remains, I ask myself whether they were not many, those who, like myself, had a more or less clear vision of his destiny.

The impressions that remain to us of that journey—begun by him in the maturity of life, somewhat disillusioned at the time, not only by his political campaigns,

but also by the unreliable friendships of men—collected and published, after his death, in a book that brings together other interesting productions of his under the felicitous and suggestive title of *El camino de Paros*, are deep and very noble meditations saturated with human and melancholy sentiments, to which criticism, it seems to me, has not devoted due consideration.

In it are motives for long analyses and psychological estimates regarding its author during the period in which they were written: pages of great beauty that speak to us of a life wholly devoted to the most elevated teaching that we could imagine.

It may be said that that environment, impregnated with a desperate spirit of extermination and desolation, possessed the strength necessary to cause to take root in his brain the earnest desire for evocation in the presence of the luminous past of the home of art, where the Renaissance had its most elevated manifestation of artistic life. I fancy too that when he left us, he also thought with bitterness, more than once disguised, that he would not again return to the spot where he had first seen the light, and whence his own light radiated throughout the whole American continent, except in his immortal remains: immortal in the memory of the generations and in the dust of his bones, which we are to preserve for ever in cinerary urns, as a venerable relic of that man who cherished in his brain such noble and beautiful thoughts.

At least, from the time he trod the soil—fertile and, for him, suggestive, as was no other—of Dante and Leopardi, of Benvenuto Cellini and Michelangelo Buonarroti, the idea of death pursued him like an obsession, to such an extent that it will

¹Florencio Sánchez, a distinguished Uruguayan dramatist: born in Montevideo, July 17, 1875, he died in Milan, November 7, 1910. For an article regarding him, see INTER-AMERICA for August, 1921.—THE EDITOR.

hardly be given to us to find in his articles of the period one or two in which he does not speak, incidentally or definitely, of death. Neither more nor less than funerary motives many of those pages seem to have been, although they teemed with life and profound thought.

The idea of death had passed frequently through his mind, like lightning across a sky peopled with stars, causing him to pause whenever it could give him a motive for speaking of it with devotion and love.

He reached Florence and he gave himself up devotedly to evoking in pages of stupendous beauty and vital and suggestive poetry all the past, laden with grandeur, wherein the life of a hundred generations is perpetuated indefinitely in the materiality of the forms the artist fashioned in imperishable and shining art. It was there, it seems to me, that he was able to feel with most penetrating spirit the life of other epochs, which seem to be reborn in his articles under the winged touch of a prodigious numen.

I recall now the *Diálogo de bronce y mármol*,² *Y bien, formas divinas; y Recuerdos de Pisa*, of which admirable trilogy one knows not which to prefer, because in the three he speaks with great loftiness of the supreme conceptions that Latin genius can offer to humanity. It was there in Florence that he wrote:

Divine forms, archetypes of marble! If the drop of water that dashes in confusion from the curve of Niagara beholds, in passing, the innumerable rocks of the banks, it will not regard them with any other sentiment than that which I, *a drop of water in the torrent that rolls to death and oblivion*, consecrate to you, immutable in your ideal serenity.

In *Recuerdos de Pisa*, signed also at Florence, he wrote as if to give fuller relief to this thought, almost lost and incomprehensible in the sumptuousness of his images:

I return once more to the Piazza del Duomo and I fall into ecstasy before the Baptistery, which I find more and more beautiful, and I submerge myself in the divine serenity of the Campo Santo, *whose four cypresses already seem*

to me to be old friends under whose shade it would not be ungrateful to sleep.

When he said this, he confessed the profound melancholy that reached to the depths of his soul in the presence of the noble sadness of Pisa, "the battling and inspired."

Later, in Capri, the little city kissed by the waves of the Tyrrhenian sea, visiting the "famous Blue Grotto," dear to the fantasy of travelers, as he said, he saw himself, awaiting the moment of his desired return, "*stretched at the bottom of the boat in the posture of a corpse in its coffin*," as in a presentiment of his own death. Only two months separated him from it, and who knows whether because of that very impression, more suggestive than any other, the mysterious "blue grotto" was a disappointment to his spirit, always alert to see to it that over disappointment should prevail a teaching or a victory of optimism never diminished, as in his parable of the cup?

Nevertheless, he still seemed to be strong in body; he was not decrepit, by a great deal, and it is sufficient to read the productions he sent to the review of which he was a correspondent to be convinced that his faculties retained vivid flashes of genius; but death was circling about him, and he, perceiving the silent steps of the pallid messenger garbed in mourning, paused serenely to contemplate him in his invisible habiliments. He fixed his great eyes on him without alarm, and the more he saw of him, the more he loved him and the more he admired those that admired him, because to admire him is to admire all those that are enamoured of death, to love him in himself like them, feeling the attraction of the "white bride" that awaits him.

Hence a deep motive for meditation on death was to him the tomb of Leopardi, which inspired in him one of the most brilliant pages of his everlasting journey of a candid child, of an "illusioned pilgrim;" for his ceaseless desire to make a pilgrimage through the world, his plans of a "Wandering Jew," formed from an early age, possessed the candor and the ingenuousness of childhood.

Such a purpose, even if life had per-

²For a translation of this dialogue, see INTER-AMERICA for April, 1918, page 197.—THE EDITOR.

mitted it, would not, I think, have reached a complete fruition, for at length would have prevailed over it, with the passage of time, the voice that was wont to say to him softly: "Remain here; put ballast in your cargo, to prevent the caprice for soaring aloft."

His longings! . . . His journeys! . . . One could write at length upon themes as full of suggestion as his work, but I prefer to concrete here a final estimate of a purely psychological character. When Rodó, showing his marvelous power of evocation and his penetrating critical vision, speaks to us, with Montalvo's lofty lyric flight, of the work of the great Ecuadorian, of his exemplary life and his exalted love of beauty, as all ideal love is, by the spontaneous association of ideas, as some one has remarked, not without exactitude, this estimate seems as applicable to himself as to the distinguished author. We could make a similar assertion when he, speaking to us with fervid devotion of the sentiment of death, writes that marvelous page "on the tomb of Leopardi," which is felt to have been born under the influence of the same sublimated spirit that he analyzes, as if he also felt the nearness of his end.

Read, you that still doubt as to his nocturnal colloquies with the fates, the page written on his journey, regarding the Castello Sant' Angelo, in which he tells us that he was always "caused to shiver with terror by the idea of being buried alive; of being shut up where air is lacking for the lungs, space for movement and light for the eyes, and where an inexorable silence is the only witness of a frightful quietude and a slow death."

Shall I be told, perchance, that if such was his predilection, the writings produced during this state of mind would suffer from heaviness or monotony? Nevertheless, nothing could be farther from it, so much so, that to many of his readers, more intent on the beauties of his prose, which overflows in winged and noble poetry in his harmonious periods, than on the ideas expressed in it, like a treasure kept in an overlaid coffer, passes unobserved the idea of death, which he felt to be more or less near, although he certainly did not believe

it so near that it might bring to an end his trip to Italy itself, without permitting him to become acquainted with other horizons that he loved. Yet, if it be true that the idea of death was but little short of an obsession there for him, it is no less true also that his thought and his heart always remained fixed on this America of ours, to which he sent thence his fraternal messages, his words laden with faith and hope in the realization of the highest and noblest ideals. However, I shall have opportunity later to dwell again on this Americanism of his, which he exalted in articles such as: "When the Year Ends" and "Cities with Souls."

II

PERHAPS with more exactitude and no less devotion to the varied work of Renan than that which he confesses to us in the opening pages of *El que vendrá* [He that Is to Come], we that have followed, as far as we have been able to do so, the traces of his luminous spirit, might say, parodying his estimate of the master—like him, "taciturn and athletic"—that, to-day, as yesterday, in the chain of American thought, his personality as a writer stands out unmistakable and isolated. "His personality is still our supreme admiration," and it is so, at least in as far as I am concerned, perhaps with less reservations than those inspired by the author of the *Dialogues et fragments philosophiques*, because he saw in the latter "the tables of the law broken in his hands," while all the American youth, and even that generation that came with and after him, preserves—as a faithful custodian of his work—his precious legacy intact.

His value is permanent and vital as a whole, and it must be so for a long time to come, since, before this or that part of his work is to descend to a second place, as a thing not yet decadent, but, perhaps, indeed, secondary, there will have to issue from among the peoples of America one that is predestined by his genius, he, doubtless, that "is to come," in order to be the new orientator of the twenty sister republics, which, with tacit unanimity and almost from Rodó's initiation, have proclaimed him master. To America he was indeed the Master, as Bolívar was the

Liberator: two entities, two forces, two values, that complement each other: he of *action* and he of *ideas*; he that achieved material independence with the flash of his sword, and he that aspired and then strove to give it spiritual independence, together with political independence; and it was because Rodó also, in his sphere, was the liberator that came to complete the unfinished work of the heroes.

It is useless to deny him originality in his ideas; to point out the more or less visible influences of others in his work; to say that he had a little of all men, or, on the contrary, that he was ignorant, and knew not how to take advantage, of the work of many others of the last century, truly representative in the evolution of universal thought,³ because over and above these affirmations lives his immortal spirit, palpitating in the pages of his work.

He has been denied, besides, philosophical originality, because "he constructed no system," and, indeed, this is true, but we know—and it is supported by the authoritative judgment of Gabriel Alomar—that "philosophical systems die or soon grow old," and, on the other hand, such works as the *Quijote*, *Faust*, the dialogues of Plato and the dramas of Shakespeare live and even develop with the human spirit.

III

NOT without timorous disquietude and frank and enthusiastic admiration for one who, like Rodó, was, through his works, from my first adolescence, the greatest of my guides, besides giving me the example of a life full of austerity and moral beauty, in the midst of lives that one of our sociologists of vast culture, initiated into the world of letters beneath the ægis of Rodó in days now remote, would call "barbarous democracies," I am going to try to make here a summary examination, as it were, of some aspects of his work: aspects related especially to criticism.

An inoffensive soul—if there ever was one among those that worshipped at the

altar of thought, and one that was certainly the greatest pioneer born on American soil, if we exclude the name of Darío in the modern lyrics of both worlds—where he sought in his criticism to point out defects in the writers of his period, he did so on a high plane, without personalisms, without hatred, without envy, which could not be contained in his generous heart, and only in pages laudatory of some did he apply at times, incidentally, criticism that might be called negative, if it were not highly educative, of the deficiencies of other authors, without being definite, however, in any case, as to titles and names. Perhaps his *Rubén Darío* was the only one of his studies in which, in the midst of eulogies that gave the poet a continental reputation, he offered a brief criticism of two or three productions in the sense mentioned, although without ever failing to justify the genius of the poet exalted with lyric fervor. These pages, if not superior to the work commended, were, at least, comparable to it, and seldom has a poet found a contemporary critic that has done in the case of his work what Rodó did in the case of Darío's.

In prologues and in letters to new authors, he emphasized, almost without exception—which was quite comprehensible—the note of eulogy that guides and stimulates. We have a good example of this very peculiar manner of his guiding mind in the presence of the youth of his country in the prologue⁴ of the ardent and exuberant eulogy of the book *Narraciones*, by Juan Carlos Blanco, and which has, I think, furnished inspiration for a part of a beautiful "Manifiesto to the literary youth of America," which years later was published in one of the best Hispanic-American reviews⁵ by Víctor Pérez Petit, to whom the name of Rodó is indebted for an amply critico-biographical study of his personality. Now that the occasion offers, why not declare here that this book of Pérez Petit's, announced on the occasion of Rodó's death as an homage to a most

³An allusion to the several judgments published in the number that the Argentine magazine *Nosotros* devoted to Rodó as a posthumous expression of homage.

⁴Included in the volume of his works, published by the "Editorial Cervantes," with the title of *El que vendrá*.

⁵*La Revista de América*, December, 1912 and January, 1913.

eminent man so prematurely removed, is not, in my opinion—which although it does not possess the authority of a recognized pen, cherishes, nevertheless, the loftiest sincerity—what was to be expected of its author, who demonstrated in other works the possession of sufficient qualifications to write a book that would be a credit to the lamented master? To me it has been a disappointing book; its pages have not seemed to me to be wholly sincere; and I should like to be mistaken, because I hold Pérez Petit to be one of our best writers, with a culture as solid as his learning is admirable. I have always regarded with deep sympathy the work of this fertile author, who writes a novel, a drama or a criticism with a facility equal to that with which he writes a newspaper article or a sonnet; for don Víctor Pérez Petit is also a poet. This same book will also aid me, in a large measure, in weaving this humble essay, in spite of the fact that I dissent from many of its conclusions. His idea, for example, of "Liberalism and Jacobinism" seems to me frankly erroneous, and also, in spite of Pérez Petit's opinion to the contrary, Rodó's *Bolívar* not only is not inferior to that written by the prodigious pen of don Juan Montalvo, but, in my opinion, it surpasses it. Rodó's *Bolívar* gives an impression of life, strength, unity and conciseness that it is impossible to find in Montalvo's brilliant study. Perhaps Montalvo presented bolder estimates and parallels, but not on this account did he succeed in giving to his essay the impression of true exactitude that we observe in Rodó's. The whole life of Bolívar is contained, in all its power, within the brief compass of that essay, regarding which, in spite of what was said above, the author of *Gil* holds with certainty that "it lives with more life than that of Montalvo."

Let us return to Pérez Petit's work, which, at all events, is interesting to me, even if it be not so interesting and so just as we admirers of Rodó expected or as the celebrated author of *Los modernistas* perhaps could, and ought to, have given us.

I think I may not conclude this section without justifying one of my early affirmations regarding Rodó's prologue, already mentioned, and Doctor Pérez

Petit's *Manifiesto*, in which he quotes Valera, Clarín, Altamira and a hundred others, remaining silent—and I would not think that he did so deliberately—regarding the name of Rodó, in a prose rich and full of rhetorical exuberance, like the best works sprung from his pen. How admirable would have been a quotation from that prologue in the pages of the stirring *Manifiesto*! What authority at that moment, what more significant name, with which to enrich his own ideas in a message of warning to American youth? Because in that prologue there are whole pages that ought to be included in the *Manifiesto*, with advantage to more than one of his frequent quotations.

Can this be the sincerity that our authority shouts to the four winds of America when he counsels us to be "sincere in art as the first attribute of artistic creation?" Is that truly the "igneous particle" of which he speaks to us, discovered by Carlyle in the depths of great souls?

It seems evident to me, on the other hand, that when Pérez Petit wrote this book, feeling possessed of himself and with an egotism never dissimulated in his work, he thought more of his own reputation than of that of the subject of his biography. In spite of this, I still hope to do full justice some day to the great merit I am pleased to recognize in Víctor Pérez Petit.

I have expressed myself at length, but it does not seem to me, however, that I here carry to an extreme my enthusiasm over a prologue written for the book of a new author, holding it to be a model of perfection or critical discernment; for if it be true that in it exist pages that are brilliant in form—all of Rodó's may be said to be so—and because of the orienting spirit that flows from them—all his work is a force that orients and stimulates—it seems to me that he himself desired to place it in the second place in respect of his work, when he failed to include it in *El mirador de Próspero*.

IV

IN THE whole course of the literary history of America, only the name of José Enrique Rodó has received unanimous recognition, one that Zaldumbide calls

"alarming," as the first prose writer of our America, to such an extent that he has been called by a writer as erudite as Andrés González Blanco "the publicist of the whole round earth that best writes Spanish;" and another Hispanic writer, a novelist of ductile intelligence—Augusto Martínez Olmedilla—affirms with dithyrambic enthusiasm that "posterity will include him among the half dozen that in the last analysis will form the great thinkers of the universe," and he considered him, besides, the "loftiest mind of the Latin race." I make these quotations—the last pure hyperbole, doubtless—to show that the recognition of Rodó is not only American, but also Spanish. However, in spite of this unanimity, his American ideal itself that inspired his best efforts has furnished occasion in a sister nation for a kind of atmosphere of national distrust and negation, raised about the name of the master after his death, when the echo of his voice had already become silent for ever and from his pen could no longer issue a single word to weave, as formerly, the eulogy of her sons, which, in an impatient indignation that informs the sentiment of a vanity that is patriotic, but one that in the end can not justify an exaggerated or ill understood patriotism, did not will to see in him not only the leader of all the American youth, but not even, many of them, the representative writer of his period in Hispanic America; for he was so, in truth, although there are not lacking there those that would deny him any depth of thought, and his work, sufficient value to be able to go down to posterity.

Hence the two conceptions that I propose to analyze in these pages.

In opposition to the frankly affirmative conception that initiated a current of continuous admiration from the appearance of *El que vendrá* to the last page that emerged from his pen, and which passed from one end of America to the other, finally culminating in Spain, where, if the echo of his work arrived early, it only began to spread after the death of this great reviver of ideals, stands one that is more or less dubitative of, and in part frankly hostile to, a great number of

writers imbued with a mistaken and impolitic Argentine nationalism. However, as it would not be just to make this judgment too inclusive or to extend it to all or even to the majority of Argentine writers that form the élite of the national thought, I ought to explain that there are men in Argentina of sufficient independence of views, not attached to dead traditions and capable of a sincere appreciation of any author that has a genuine personality as such, who have done full justice to our writer.

He—who devoted himself more to the criticism of Argentine writers than to that of his fellow-countrymen, studying Payró with enthusiasm and depth in the brilliant pages that he entitled *Impresiones de un drama*; Guido,⁶ with affection and admiration; Ricardo Gutiérrez, with an intense veneration that recalls the days of his vehement adolescence; and Ugarte, with extreme benevolence, in respect of the defective and more than incomplete anthology that is now going through the third edition, without any of the emendations promised in the first and second editions, and without including his more meritorious study of *Juan María Gutiérrez y su época*—is accused of partiality when he raises Bolívar above San Martín, and they say, Montalvo above Sarmiento.

He also pays tribute to atavic passions, seconding the hostile campaign initiated in Venezuela against San Martín.⁷

I do not wish to pause to analyze the parallel that suggests itself between the two historical criteria, as I could not devote to it here the space necessary to such a purpose; and as to the opinion regarding Montalvo and Sarmiento, between whose names it should be stated that there never existed any parallel, I think, for my part, that the superiority of the former is undeniable, the two being considered as writers and essayists, although often Sarmiento's quality as a genius, which in this sense raised him so far above the lofty position of Bello,

⁶Carlos Guido y Spano: regarding him see "Carlos Guido y Spano," by Ricardo Rojas, in INTER-AMERICA for December, 1918.—THE EDITOR.

⁷The number of *Nosotros* mentioned.

appears more visible and profound than Montalvo's.

In the same way that there can be no parallel—if it be not to make evident the enormous distance that exists between the creative mind of Sarmiento and that of Bello, the latter lacking the quality of genius of the great Argentine, although with other faculties—neither would be proper the equalitarian parallel between Sarmiento and Montalvo, whenever an effort be made to analyze them as thinkers or essayists.

Rodó offered in the stupendous essay devoted to the study of the personality of Montalvo—"don Juan Montalvo," as he taught us to call him in order to do reverence to his august name—a prose so rich in coloring and in its incomparable power of evocation, while reproducing in such a finished form the Ecuadorian environment, that it produces the sensation of speaking to us of a land familiar to our sight.

He—who rarely lost a proper sense of proportion in his eulogies, if we limit this judgment to his more pretentious works—shows clearly in that masterly essay the supreme equilibrium and the great equity that absolutely never ceased to manifest themselves in his marvelous work.

Gustavo Gallinal, who, beyond all doubt, is the one among us, as far as I know, who has analyzed with most depth and exactitude, in a brief essay, a lecture that is included in his book *Crítica y arte*, the work of Rodó, believes, nevertheless, that the estimate of the author of *Siete tratados* verges on the borders of the dithyramb.

Analyzing this judgment, I have to confess frankly that I do not share the authoritative opinion of our youthful critic, in whom I behold at the present time one of the greatest hopes for national literature. This opinion, based on the reading of this book of his just mentioned, I desire to express here, as a tribute of admiration, assured that time will confirm it. This work alone is sufficient, on the other hand, to cause his name to stand out among those of the group of national leaders of recent generations, not only because of the mature culture that it reveals in its youthful author, but also because of the wisdom of his judgments,

the vastness of his critical insight and his evident gifts as a writer, probably seldom excelled in our environment.

As to the remarks he makes regarding the literary work of Montalvo, they do not seem to me to be other than those traced by Rodó with definitive strokes in his study: "absence," comments Gallinal, "of a deep and permanent interest in meditation; lack of that inner and thoughtful serenity that diffuses a soft glow in the pages of Rodó." "There are works of his, such as *Geometría moral*, which, squeezed out, yield hardly anything of substance." Yet Rodó pointed out the characteristics of Montalvo's writings in a similar sense. There is, furthermore, neither disproportion nor dithyramb, when, for example, Rodó admits that "the essay, disorderly and wanting in all methodical plan, carries to the extreme in the hands of Montalvo its wilful and erring course. The theme that is announced in the title barely persists as a thread, tenuous and veiled by the exuberance that entwines about its imperceptible axis the capricious turns of the creeping vine." He added, moreover: "From the time that one turns the first leaf, it is observable that the theme is but an accessory to the essayist, and that what is essential is the continuous and scintillating display of ingenuity, reading and style." "If one attempts to reduce it to substance and dialectic order, the fundamental thought seems lean and scarce amid the foliage of digressions." He added: "There are few writers who, analyzed in the abstract entity of their ideas, yield to analysis so slight a personal residue, and few are there also who, taken as a whole and living, possess a seal of personality so clear and unyielding." We must quote, further, his estimate of Montalvo as a thinker, to whom—after denying him a true mentality as such, because "he lacked," as he said, "that pertinacious earnestness with which one enters into the reconditenesses of an idea until he illuminates the most involved and secret element of it, with which he scrutinizes it and grapples with it until he perceives it surrender its most essential substance"—he grants the name of "a fragmentary and militant thinker."

On the other hand, it seems to me that it was Rodó who erred when he affirmed that "no one has spoken in the Spanish language of Cervantes and of the *Quijote* as Montalvo has, in the pages of the essay that precedes the *Capítulos*,⁸ which Rodó qualified as "added to the *Quijote*." "Without a shadow of hyperbole," he remarked later: "it may be said that they are an analysis worthy of the creative synthesis of genius." As for myself, I think that if anywhere in his study dithyramb and hyperbole appear, it is precisely here that they ought to be pointed out, for if it is true that in that essay of the *Siete tratados* and in that of *Los héroes de la emancipación de la raza hispanoamericana* his thought delved most deeply, and to the fragile form of his essays he succeeded in giving a certain firm and coördinated unity that we do not find in the rest of his work; and if in respect of them one is made to feel also, at times, the defects observed in his prose as a characteristic quality, as a personal manner of developing ideas, they are always less visible there and of less intensity than in his other works.

Ought I to declare here that I am not guided by any secondary motive of predilection for the noble and prudent archaism of Montalvo? Offspring of another period, if I have been able to appreciate the beauties of his style, it has certainly not been in him that I have found my most intense delight. I may therefore confess sincerely that I have read many of his pages, yet not without their producing in me a certain sense of weariness and heaviness, when I have gone to such essays as *El genio* and *La nobleza* in search of concrete and definite ideas regarding what their titles seem to promise us.

Let us return, however—for it is time—to that to which I have seen fit to refer in earlier pages: to Argentine praise—singular praise!—which seems to have been made more to rob the work of Rodó of merit, and, in part, perhaps also to lower the man with belittling and inaccurate estimates, than to exalt his worth; although, certainly, this criticism ought not to extend to its originators, who were doubtless guided

by more noble and commendable intentions.

It is that I could not respect the critical judgment of any one that affirms, for example—I mention a single case—that "the proclamation of the esthetic ideal in countries like ours, is no longer folly, but an absolute social crime," however much substance he display in his culture, and still less when he affirms that "the countries that have persisted most in maintaining their colonialism, what has come to be called the Latin idealism, are those that show the greatest backwardness in all senses: countries that are"—no less, O señor Colmo!—than "reproaches, as it were, to the continent."

It seems to be, to the author of what has been quoted, that the idealism proclaimed by Rodó in his work is nothing more or less than the prolongation of the colonial spirit, and so therefore an idealist would be, according to him, doubtless, one that would still strive to-day, with unremitting effort, to preserve the same ideas and the same practices as those of the period of the conquest, or of that of independence, at least, if not those of other unfortunate days in which prevailed over our then desolate America the most baleful tyrannies, the living negation of all generous idealism.

On the other hand, this does not imply a denial in Rodó's mind of a natural inclination to resuscitate old values that he had proposed to himself to introduce into the body of our culture, in new and unquestionably masterly essays, which, sculptured in the marble of his prose, at times more precise than the ancient white marble of Paros, would have come, in the course of time, to form the monumental statue that death intervened to leave unfinished, when he had barely sculptured from it two or three of his culminating figures among others of a secondary value or less significant reality. A proof of it is the purpose manifested in writing the life of our forefathers into his outstanding figures.

The colonial spirit is something that is vanishing, that has departed from our most isolated regions, and that has disappeared because new views—idealism among them—have slain at their source all

⁸*Capítulos que se le olvidaron a Cervantes: Ensayo de imitación de un libro inimitable.*—THE EDITOR.

that which has to-day no reason for being.

Rodó, a true professor of idealism, an idealogue in the vastest sense of the word, did not need, in order to appear such, to seek out impossible originalities, for since idealism is a value inherited from other civilizations, he was able to impart to it the breath of a new life, aspirations common to all the men of his period and race, capable of feeling in their depths all the disquietudes of an hour of spiritual disorientation, and, above all, he was able to impress upon it the unmistakable traits of his creative personality.

I shall now analyze other aspects of his work, related also, as far as possible, to the criticisms of which they have been the object.

V

WHOSOEVER analyzes his *Ariel* with that thoughtful serenity that was the constant norm of his life, alien to all negative impassionment, will see clearly how unjust are the criticisms that show it to us as the banner of combat and intransigency, and even of a lack of comprehension of any manifestation that emanated from the country of Washington.

An error, some say; incomprehension, incapacity or ineptitude, others; and his work was even qualified as sterile and innocuous. Neither the one nor the other. On the contrary, those admirable pages are a proof of equity and well considered justice, in view of the conciseness and exactitude with which he studied the life of the American people.

He counseled that there should be no imitation of a model that he deemed contrary to the higher ideal interests of our incipient democracies, too near, besides, for it to be possible that its influence should fail to be felt anyway.

I always thought, even during Rodó's life, that his anti-Yankeism could not mean the negation of values that he fully recognized in his work. Indeed, it would be necessary to forget his judgments, unquestionably definitive, in respect of the hour in which they were written, in order to deny him justice regarding the criticisms he made of the American people in his work.

"I admire them, but I do not love them," he said, it is true, but he also asserted that "to pass over their defects did not seem to him so unwise as to deny their good qualities." "To them belong," he said, "some of the boldest traits that will cause the work of this century to stand out in the perspective of time. Theirs is the glory of having revealed clearly, by accenting the firmest note of moral beauty in our civilization, the greatness and value of work: that blessed force that antiquity abandoned to the abjectness of slavery and that we identify to-day with the highest expression of human dignity, founded on the consciousness and activity of one's own merit. It is, before all and above all, the capacity for enthusiasm, the happy vocation of action. Will is the chisel that has sculptured that people in hard marble. Its characteristic reliefs are manifestations of the power of the will: originality and audacity. Its history is all of it a rapture of virile activity. Its representative personage is called *I Will*, like Nietzsche's superman." The quotation is a long one, but it is justified by the necessity of gainsaying legends put forth to the detriment of the truth of history.

Truth is that Rodó could not have failed to do true justice to the people who, because of its quality of an iron and indomitable will, seems to be dictating to him from the pages of *Ariel* the parable of the "Pampa of Granite," in all its grandiose, although exaggerated, proportions.

The will of a man, of a specter, lacking the most elementary sentiments that raise present humanity above other civilizations, does everything in the aridity of the pampa of granite; the will of a people, sure of its destiny and its natural capacity for action, will do everything on the virgin lands of America.

I do not claim that Rodó did full justice, without restrictions of any kind, to the Anglo-American people; I am not ignorant that if he quoted Poe, Emerson and other similar names in their history, he forgot those of many others, who, if they were not equal, were of similar significance; but let us not forget, on the other hand, that neither was it his purpose to make this enumeration, only too vulgar, nor did his

natural temperament harmonize with it, since it was at variance with the spirit of his work.

"Are not the rude Yankees the true idealists?" asked himself Gonzalo Zaldumbide, the most judicious and temperate of the critics of Rodó, to whom I have referred and whom I shall perhaps mention more than once, because it is difficult to write on Rodó, after Zaldumbide, without leaning to the judgment expressed by the wise commentator on d'Annunzio and Barbusse.

I am also pleased to make public here an opinion that coincides with that of Zaldumbide, that of our eminent poet, Juan Zorrilla de San Martín, who, if I do not remember ill, asserts in an inedited book that will soon be published, with the title *La profecía de Ezequiel*,⁹ that "the Americans of the north were the great idealists of the great war,"¹⁰ it abounding in other philosophical considerations that enrich its thesis.

Is Zorrilla's opinion, which I give merely as information, opposed to Rodó's book? I think it is not; I believe that if Rodó had lived, he would have been the first to applaud the attitude of the United States in the great war; but it is proper to inquire: "Does such an attitude imply a cardinal change in her political policy and in her spiritual life, with permanent characteristics?" Can a single fact, however significant, be taken as a proof and a complete justification of a radical change in the basic tendency of her life? By no means; it is only a sign that we certainly ought not to forget; but neither ought we to permit

ourselves to venture on either passionate affirmations or negations.

VI

IT IS necessary to bring out the Americanist in his multiple personality. A true type of the thinker; a master with the "gift of teaching with grace," which he venerated in so high a degree; a solitary without ostentations or vacuities, he wished to live for his America; and he was one of her predilect sons, offering her all the fruits of his spirit, and bearing to her youth, thirsting for guidance, a philosophy that imparts to all souls tormented by a thousand opposing ideals *hope, power and faith*, as an immediate and indispensable antecedent to every human victory; that is, his ideal formula, "Hope as a north and a light, and will as strength," which he sets forth in the pages of his *Proteo*.

This ideal Americanist whose most remote and vigorous origin was incarnated by the powerful genius of Bolívar, whom he consecrated in an essay of stupendous beauty as the "eponymous hero" of Hispanic America, was at every moment the fountainhead of his work. "I owe myself to America," he wrote years after the publication of his *Ariel*, and precisely when he was "sculpturing" his monumental *Proteo*, and all his work was made by and for America.

He desired to render us independent of European tutelage, with a spirit that did not exclude the sense of the past, and he wrote, in a brief essay on the tradition of the Hispanic-American peoples, that if "to be something of our own, to have a personal character, is an irreducible and sovereign value in the life of the individual, it is no less so in the life of nations." He thus preached an Americanism which, without tending to take away from each nation, each city or each town what it possesses that is original and individual, in its traditions and in its history, should be engaged in forming the true American unity in all its manifestations—political, social and spiritual—without prejudice to stamping on each of them, as far as possible, a character of its own that would make of them all "cities with souls," about which he spoke to us in one of his letters.

⁹During our recent visit to Uruguay, in October and November, we had the pleasure of spending several hours with Doctor Zorrilla de San Martín, and of examining the galleys of this remarkable work, some chapters of which, those that make especial reference to the United States, the author was kind enough to read to us. The day of the issuing of this work will be great in the annals of the New World. When we urged its immediate publication, he said: "I write not for to-day or for to-morrow; I am seeking to express eternal truths, and if I am successful, they will be as important fifty years from now as they would to-morrow.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁰I owe this quotation to the courtesy of the master, who in his glorious old age takes delight in being benevolent to all that go to his residence of dreams, where he made me acquainted with the fruits of his privileged thought in fragmentary readings.

His *Ariel* is a vibrant and unequalled plea for that elevated Americanism that he once rendered concrete, especially, in essays such as *Montalvo*, *Bolívar* and *Juan María Gutiérrez y su época*; in his discourse *El centenario de Chile*, a veritable Americanist evangel; and in the admirable and vigorously helpful pages with which he saluted the appearance of a great Hispanic-American book: *Idola fori*, by Carlos Arturo Torres, an author whose works are not yet sufficiently known, in spite of their truly continental literary and philosophical value.

A product of that ideal is also that exalted and prophetic cry of his genius that the name of Montalvo inspired in him: "In America only those are great that have developed by word or action an American sentiment," which vibrates and echoes in our ear with the persistent force of ideas destined to live a long life, passing from generation to generation, until they take on flesh and palpitate in the souls of peoples.

Either I am much mistaken, or for the formation of American sentiment, for the effective achievement of a continental solidarity and in order that there may be established the true fraternal spirit that ought to animate all the sons of the great Colombian patria, it is necessary, in the first place, broadly to intensify and to fan the sentiment of an ample nationalism as a force generative of the most patriotic exaltations; because the sentiment of nationality must evolve with time and as the work of men, until it shall become American sentiment, thus blotting out the old jealousies of people in respect of people, settling the problems of opposing interests, and invigorating the collective spirit and the material strength, weakened by excisions hurtful to all, but always inevitable in every incipient democracy, and still more so in Latin democracies, where the effervescences of the French revolution exerted so strong an influence both for good and for evil.

From childhood we love the home of our dearest affections; when we become adolescents, we love our country, not always with a perfect sense of our duties toward her; afterward our conception of the patria broadens with our culture, and we enlarge our vision, desiring light and space, toward the America of Bolívar, San Martín and Artigas. Only then shall we be able to call ourselves in truth the sons of the American patria.

VII

I HAVE spoken, although summarily, of several aspects of Rodó's work, without pausing for an analysis of his *Proteo*, "a book opened above an infinite perspective," according to his own clear-cut judgment, because I have always thought that for the study of it are required exceptional faculties and a literary and philosophical culture that I evidently lack.

To attempt, on the other hand, the exegesis of works like *Motivos de Proteo* and *Ariel* is, to say the least, to break the harmony of a permanent and lofty rhythm in order to present fragmentarily to the reader what can only be appreciated at its full value as a totality.

There already exist studies of his work in the nature of glosses and quotations, as well meaning, assuredly, as these more than modest pages, and executed with no less enthusiasm than that which is displayed in them, but which leave, however, the painful impression on our mind of work mutilated of necessity. However, in the face of such facts there remains the satisfaction of seeing the intellectual superiority of the master fully comprehended by all his glossers, or, at least, by all those with whom we are acquainted.

The fact remains that his work could only be glossed by those that possess genuine powers as stylists and sufficient gifts not to denaturalize it.



THE DEATH OF AÑÁ

A GUARANÍ LEGEND

BY

ERNESTO LEÓN ÓDNA

A bit of folk-lore that takes us of the north as far as possible from our material surroundings and the habitual currents of our sophisticated thought to a primitive island of the Paraná, the home of legend and the haunt of goblins and witches and pestilential gods.—THE EDITOR.

I

IN THE full sun of midday, the intricate bosom of the forest remains obscure wheresoever no "clearing" lets its refulgent rays enter. The gigantic trunks of the huge, old trees rise at irregular distances from one another like columns in the temple of nature, and the creepers intertwine their long slender cords that bear bunches of leaves and flowers, like embellishments of the columns, upward to the highest tree-tops, in which, as a climax of marvel and luxurious fecundity, fantastic orchids display their festive colors, hung like votive lamps. An impressive silence, interrupted at times by the chatter of the birds or the noise of the leaves; mystery that has dwelt from ancient times in the hidden recesses of the woods; shadows, distant roars, the slow and sonorous quiver that now and then breaks the silence as if were heard the sound of an airplane; howlings, chirpings, voices that cross one another mysteriously, which the imagination magnifies; all that is inexplicable, occult, somber and solemn, infuses a superstitious terror, which infects everything, giving rise to fantastic legends, some of unknown age, which oral narrative transmits and ceaselessly changes; and the simple and candid souls of the laborers and hunters of the forests gather in goodly quantity, assuredly without philosophical purpose: the beliefs, more or less altered, of religion and the numerous pagan and indigenous myths that time and the mingling of peoples have gone on accumulating, to form the soul of the forest.

Thence comes the belief in the marvel of love of the feathers of the *caburé*, the king-bird, as dominating and cruel as a *cau-*

dillo,¹ with miraculous magnetic powers over the will of other beings; thence that Guaraní goblin with whose malignant shadow are held in doors the children of Misiones and Corrientes that they may not go out to expose themselves to the terrible suns of the siesta, the *Pombero*, probably a Jesuit creation, a low devil, a mulatto and a traitor, who wears a large straw hat and carries a great whip, the lash of which is twenty-five yards long, and, hidden in the growing grain, the corn fields by preference, he awaits naughty children to imprison them and amuse himself with their cries. *Añá* (the devil), pursuing human beings to work them injury, to drag them down to perdition, sometimes taking possession of them; the *bants* and *apparitions*, whose presence is announced by the dogs with their doleful howling or the augural owls, to which appeal is made by the "devil cross" and other preventatives. . . . *Añá* prefers to assume the form of a black hog or of a great dark *carpincho*,² for the *carpincho* is an animal that abounds in these latitudes. Many swear they have seen the great black horse that spouts flames from his eyes and mouth and in sight of which a person must bark and cross himself seven times in succession with his eyes closed. . . . Many have seen evil lights or have been awakened in their camps at midnight by the infernal, strident whispering of an invisible multitude, and, believing them to be monkeys, have gone out in pursuit of them without finding even

¹The traditional leader or petty chief of Hispanic-American history.—THE EDITOR.

²Or *capibara* (water-cavy), *Hydrochærus capibara*: a native quadruped of South America.—THE EDITOR.

one. . . . The *capataz*³ of a party of woodsmen from the islands attempted to fire a pistol at an apparition, and he not only missed him five times, but the balls melted in the weapon, and his arm was paralyzed for more than a month.

In these forests, far away, in a settlement, I heard, when I was still very young, a legend that deeply impressed me and which, on this pleasant night, on the islands of the delta, so similar to those of the Paraná in the neighborhood of my native town, it comes to my memory, with all its rustic beauty and savage strength, so much so that I only fear that my pen may be incapable of relating it. . . . I place it in the note-book of a girl—very assiduous, discreet, attractive and intelligent, a great reader of poetry and fond of literature—one whom the wonted guests of this Recreo de Cardani, formerly Calzetta, call affectionately "Amalia."

II

IT WAS thus they related it to me:

When Añá observes that our souls are stirred by gusts of passion, he at once prepares his snares to drag us to perdition. Ambition, love, desire, jealousy, deprive us of sleep, and the wind and the river utter in our ears secret and terrible things, as when we hear at times that we are being called, and no one has called us. . . . So, at the age of the great passions, suddenly a voice says to us: "He is deceiving thee, kill him;" and the "tempter" always seems disposed to play with our passions, as the winds sport with the rushes along the banks.

This is the story in which the beautiful *Tesáverá* ("Bright Eyes") overcame Añá, aided by a good witch, mastering the terrible jealousy of her brother, who was influenced by Añá.

Tesáverá lived with her brothers on the edge of the island of Apipemíní (Little Apipé), where the Paraná, after having passed convulsively over the Salto de Apipé, embraces the Isla de los Pájaros and hastens toward the west as if to follow the sun, before turning toward the south, to go to die in the arms of its offspring, the Plata, which bears it to the ocean. . . . Like

a great brilliant and living highway, the river pours itself between its high *barrancas*, its islands and its bars of white sand, surrounded by its forests, its birds, its numerous beasts and its lofty rocks, where its tortured waters dash and roar.

Lumber, hunting and fishing, favor living a life that is easy, but rude and full of dangers at times. The great freshets of the Paraná cause the inundation of the islands, and then the tigers, serpents, tapirs, deer and innumerable other animals seek refuge in the houses, and sometimes swim across the arms of the river and penetrate the mainland, alarming the natives of the *estancias* near the banks.

When this occurred, *Tesáverá's* brothers had to pass through tremendous labors and dangers to protect their ranch by day and by night, but the harvest of skins and live animals kept them at a high pitch of enthusiasm.

The older of them, *Gregorio*, who was called "Yaguáreté," because of his ungovernable impetuosity, cherished for his sister a savage affection, for he had brought her up almost from a child, after they were left orphans many years before. When the freshet caused the desperate flight of the animals, he did not lose sight of his sister, who, armed also, and as brave as a man, let herself be defended, however, sweetly vain and proud of that formidable brother, who, at the mercy of the waters, had once saved several bulls that had fallen from a raft broken up by a storm, forcing them to the bank in spite of the efforts of the maddened beasts to swim upward against the current, and at another time had beaten back with a club a band of ferocious monkeys that had attacked him because he had laid hold of several young ones and torn them from their mothers.

Melchor, the neighbor of the Isla de los Pájaros, loved *Tesáverá* in silence. In order to see her, he rowed several leagues every day, and, under the pretext that on the Argentine shores game was scarce, he crossed to the Paraguayan shores, and, returning every evening to the slow rhythm of the oars, passed by the ranch of the Lazcanos at the exact hour when *she* was alone beside the fire, preparing supper for her brothers, who did not delay long in

³Foreman or manager.—THE EDITOR.

returning, axes on their shoulders, while the visitor, affectionate and discreet, left for the girl the most beautiful crane from his canoe and not infrequently a tapir, a deer or a tiger, pierced through by the dexterous point of his sure lance or a bullet or a deep knife thrust.

Seeing how this love was increasing and how the souls of the young people were being dominated by it, Añá, as swift in malice as in his flashing appearances, began to distil into Gregorio's ears fugitive words of distrust against Melchor, presenting to his imagination mortifying scenes. Now he fancied that he saw his sister flee with Melchor to unknown lands, abandoning her brothers with the most infamous ingratitude; now he saw her in Melchor's house, and, instead of imagining her happy and surrounded by the comforts that an able hunter could provide, he fancied her in rags, weeping and ill treated. These imaginings turned his brother love into somber desperation, and what was nothing more than a creation of his fancy took such root in his mind that Melchor did not fail to observe his uneasy, evasive and hard glances.

Then Añá, to increase the harm, told Melchor that he was despised, and at this idea his pride arose fiercely, his wounded self-love became inflamed, his love to Tesáverá was joined with the whim of overcoming all opposition, and his passion took away his power of reflection, to such an extent that he would not have hesitated to resort to crime.

The prudent girl wept in silence when she observed the implacable hatred that was growing up between those two men that were for her two loves that filled her life, and whose strife filled her with presentiment and horrified her, for the clash of the two would be like the clash of two Titans. The devil presented to her at every moment the painful echo of this struggle and caused her to behold a scene of blood. . . . Inspired doubtless by *Nandeyara* (our Master, that is, our Lord, God), Tesáverá, she of the bright eyes, called her younger brother and made him promise to watch, in order at all hazards to prevent a calamity.

Many days passed, and those two men, raging, exchanged haughty and challenging glances, but they did not utter a word of

their distrust, for, in truth, they had no grounds for a fight. However, one day Melchor proposed to himself to clear up the situation, and, arriving at the ranch in his swift, sharp-pointed canoe, he faced Gregorio and said to him simply:

"I see that it does not please thee to have me love thy sister, and I warn thee that I am going to marry her, even if I have to carry her off, and if thou dost not wish me to do so, thou wilt have to kill me."

These words aroused the already prepared mind of Gregorio, who replied at once with an insult, and something terrible would have happened right there, if Tesáverá, full of kindness and unselfishness, had not intervened. Serenely, as if some one were dictating the words to her, she said to Melchor:

"If thou wishest me to continue to love thee, do not return to the house again until I summon thee."

Melchor obeyed in silence, and Tesáverá said to Gregorio:

"If thou dost harm Melchor, I swear to thee that I shall throw myself into the pool at the point, and thou wilt never find my body."

Melchor heard this and he thought that the girl loved him to the death and that in thrusting him forth from her house, she did not do so to hurt him, because at the same time she placed her life in the balance for his; and thinking thus, he went upstream pulling strongly at his oars.

III

TESÁVERÁ endured many days of sorrow and silence. There came to the ranch one day old *Yeraró*, all malice and wisdom, with her gleaming little eyes of a pure Indian, her toothless mouth from which protruded an enormous cigar of Pará tobacco, capable of putting stones to sleep. She came well supplied with aromatic and curative herbs in a well worn leathern bag; rare feathers in the pockets of a sort of coat with which she covered her light clothing; and a jar, fired in a mysterious manner, within which she carried a number of torpid serpents of the most venomous kind.

The Indian woman read the sorrows of love in the face of the beautiful Tesáverá;

she discovered anguish in her deep, sad eyes; she besought her confidence; and, hearing her, understood that Añá was the author of the trouble; and she proposed to conquer him and take him prisoner.

IV

IT WAS summer, and at midnight the moon shone like an immense electric lamp, and so bright was its light that things could be seen as clear as day. All were asleep. Tesáverá lay on her cot of stakes driven in the ground, which sustained the mattress by means of a webbing of crossed slices of raw meat plaited together. Yeraró, with her bag at her side, was lying at the foot of Tesáverá's bed on a skin.

Suddenly the Indian sat up cautiously, spying carefully to see whether all were asleep. Reassured by the regular breathing of the sleepers, she felt in her bag, in the semidarkness of the room, and she drew out some dry leaves, which she smelled several times. These she crushed in her hand, moistening them every little while with saliva, until she formed a wad. With this she carefully rubbed one of Tesáverá's feet, which projected, delicate and white, from amid the coverings of the bed. Next, crawling, she took from the jar one of the torpid serpents; then she pressed the glands, and on the floor fell the dark, heavy black drops of deadly poison. Holding the viper by the head, she drew near Tesáverá's couch and applied the snake's mouth to the girl's foot. The serpent, squeezed by Yeraró, darted its lancet into the white foot and then withdrew it in instinctive reaction. An instant later the Indian closed her bag and lay down upon her pallet, with her eyes gleaming in the shadow.

V

THE awakening from that night was one of immense anguish. Tesáverá had fever, and her face was disfigured by the swelling that extended over her whole body; she was burning and very thirsty. Her brothers, filled with consternation, begged Yeraró to save her, and Yeraró in silence prepared concoctions, which the patient drank with insatiable avidity. Tesáverá, inspired doubtless by her good angel, called her elder brother and said to him:

"Gregorio, do not let me die without seeing the man I love; I beseech thee to bring him to me and to be his friend."

Gregorio, who was weeping and thought with terror that his sister was dying, left the ranch like a madman, and went in search of Melchor, with whom he returned two hours later, the two united once more by the same love and the same sorrow.

The two men reached the cabin and silently kissed the hands of the sick girl, who smiled with joy amid the grief and the danger.

Old Yeraró grinned maliciously while wrapping the white foot of the sufferer in a revolting poultice. Two days later Tesáverá left the couch, more beautiful than ever.

VI

IT WAS a stormy night. The brothers slept, and Melchor, who had not left his sweetheart's side for a single moment, shared the bed of Gregorio, with whom he had renewed the tender and manly affection of friends from childhood.

The old Indian sorcerer and pilgrim explained to the astonished girl her clever trick, and how she had triumphed over the wiles of Añá, who had been destroying the basis of Tesáverá's happiness.

VII

ORAL tradition, of an unknown and very remote date, adds that, under the conjuration of Yeraró, Añá was made prisoner and wrapped in a black mantle, adorned with crosses of silver; and, thus confined, he was placed in an old Indian canoe, managed by the old woman alone, who took him to the neighborhood of the Salto de Apipé and there made a hole in the canoe and let it sink in the swift eddy.

A great smoke, lights and thunderbolts disturbed the waters at that spot at the burial of Añá, who squealed dully like a pig, while old Yeraró swam to the banks of the Isla de los Pájaros.

At that spot was formed that day, on the dark bottom of the river, a narrow and dangerous passage between the lines of great, sharp, black rocks, threatening and terrible, and that passage of the Salto de Apipé is called the *Paso del Diablo*, because it was there that Añá was buried.

URUGUAYAN ARCHÆOLOGY¹

BY

B. SIERRA Y SIERRA

Much attention has been given to the archaeology of México, Perú, Bolivia, Brazil, the United States and other American countries. Little, however, is known by the outside world of the archaeology of Uruguay. The author of the following article therefore, although he does not develop his thesis systematically, makes a distinct contribution to the general knowledge of the subject.—THE EDITOR.

THE number of utensils or dishes used by the Indians for domestic purposes was extremely limited. Mortars, in all their gradations, and bowls, in their rare varieties, are the only instruments or apparatus of indigenous culinary art that survive. The former represent almost the sole pieces of stone vessels of the savage peoples of this region.

It is natural to suppose that the flint knives—at one and the same time weapons of war and tools for use in the manual arts—were employed by the Indians in eating.

The saw-knives—instruments of many kinds—were, it is proper to think, powerful trenchers, the best adapted to cutting up game, whether deer, *tatu*², tiger or some other animal.

The variety of uses to which the same object was put ought not to surprise us, as we have evidence that those peoples possessed few utensils. Hence each object would have had to serve many purposes.

The “stones with dimples,” called ordinarily “cocoanut breakers,” have served, it is almost certain, as “nut-crackers,” to break the kernels of the abundant and nutritive fruit of the *butiá* palm in certain localities that were occupied or frequented by the tribes we are discussing.

The most complete and recent advances and discoveries in science enable us to divide the history of ceramics, “the art of manufacturing objects from clay,” into eighteen periods. To the tenth of them

¹See the paper by the same author, in volume vii, page 841.

The original of this article, as it appeared in the *Revista Histórica* of Montevideo, is profusely illustrated.—THE EDITOR.

²In Guaraní, a food animal of the Rioplatensian countries: the “hog-headed” armadillo.—THE EDITOR.

belongs pre-American pottery, which coincided exactly with the beginning of our Christian era. These periods were not marked, as might be believed, by the genesis of the ceramic art. In far earlier times, very ancient peoples traced epochs in the advancement of ceramics. China, for example, twenty-six hundred years before Jesus Christ, already had an intendant of ceramic arts. On the other hand, the American tribes, forty centuries later, obtained in their pottery only objects of a “dense, blackish substance, silicio-alkaline luster, hard, slightly baked, of simple forms, with symmetrical adornments, profusely engraved or painted black or red, with *meandros*,³ posts and zigzags.”

Rioplatensian pottery, or more accurately, that of the Atlantic Indians, is limited, in that which has been found, to a multitude of slightly varied bowls; certain very scarce cups, as well as equally scarce balls of baked clay, of unknown usage; and very rare specimens of almost crude bricks, which have been found in the tumuli or mounds of the Indians.

The potter’s art is as old as man. If the art of producing fire distinguished the rational being from the brute, from the first moment, the consideration or observation that earth, from which God had formed him, was material for invention, would exalt him to the category of an artificer. From that time he made receptacles for various purposes, and pottery or ceramics was therefore discovered.

American archæology has in this respect, as a source of its pottery, the caverns, the tombs and, above all, the mounds. The ceramics of the mound-builders is superior in every way to that of the European

³The *meandro* is a form of swastika or fylfot.—THE EDITOR.

peoples of the same age: that of stone.⁴

However, there is a great diversity in the Indian pottery in the different regions. That of our country is rudimentary, in general, although there exist a few artistic specimens.

Plastic clays were worked in a great variety of manners: they were kneaded with other substances; they were hardened by exposure to the sun, they were toasted before a fire, and they were even fired in an oven by the pre-American man.

The size of the prehistoric vessels varies from a capacity of a few centiliters to half a hectoliter. In Uruguay the largest vessels are the funerary urns and bowls.

The shape also varies greatly: there are bottles of such perfect forms that we are led to believe in the existence of pressure apparatus and, above all, in that of skilful workmen.

The coloring is only slightly variable: red, black, white. Red abounded among the mound-builders; nevertheless, among us painted vessels are unknown.

Varnish is unusual in American ceramics; porcelain is unknown. The ornamentation of the vessels of the mound-builders is simple, as a rule; in spite of this fact, objects tastefully bordered and in relief have been found.

In Uruguay the designs of ceramics are rudimentary: they consist of dots and thin lines made by the nail of the potter or with a shell. The vessels found in the camping places and in the tumuli are of the simplest character: pots or basins, without necks, handles, ears, spouts, et cetera.

The original pipes of the mound-builders of North America have not been found in our territory, save as an exception; the Indians of Uruguay did not smoke from bowls then; if they smoked, it was leaf-tobacco.

The age of clay, that is, the age of ceramics, was contemporary with the age of stone, in its periods of polish, and without it.

It is unquestionable, according to Ambrosetti,⁵ that South America has been one of the centers of the ceramic art.

The products of ceramics are as varied in form as in size and ornamentation: simple paintings, hieroglyphs, urns, jugs, bottles, plates, cups, water-jars, idols, amulets, et cetera, et cetera.

The celebrated *buacas*⁶ of the valley of Calchaquí, in the Argentine province of Catamarca, studied by the Americanist Lafone Quevedo, yielded extraordinary products of indigenous pottery: a jar sixty-five centimeters high, by forty-eight in circumference, of fired clay, with bands of colors, which is in no way surpassed by those of modern European manufacture. Besides, there were found in the neighborhood of Chañar-Yaco potsherds, tiles or fragments of vessels, exquisite in form, design and color, and of fine, well fired and highly polished material. The jars, jugs or urns whence they came are ornamented with figures of serpents, dragons, faces, et cetera. These objects are usually made up of two sections: the neck and the body; besides, they have ears.

The paints or enamels are mainly red and black; the color of the potter's earth is reddish. Small idols of clay abound.

POTS, very abundant in certain camping places, almost always reduced to small fragments, are all of clay, well kneaded, but badly baked. Only thus may be explained the extreme fragility of the products of Indian ceramics when there exist in the country good potter's earths.

These pots are of medium size, in the main; rarely are they to be found whole or in great jars. Some are entirely smooth and formed of a single piece. Others are marked with the finger nail or they bear simple designs, and at times they are even made, it seems of several pieces to form the borders and the intermediate rings.

Of this kind is my "Lirompeya," which constitutes two-fifths of an important pot.

In such profusion are found potsherds in certain places that there is not a single one of the rich veins (spaces left exposed by the sand when the wind blows it away, and where archæological monuments usually appear) that does not present fragments of

⁴Nadailac.
⁵For an article on Juan B. Ambrosetti, see INTER-AMERICA for December, 1917.—THE EDITOR.
⁶Sepulchers of the Indians. Compare *buacos*, the idols (usually of clay) buried in the *buacas*.—THE EDITOR.

vessels scattered in an incredible quantity, as happens in the neighborhood of Puerto de la Coronilla.

On the other hand, in other places potsherds are so scarce that it may well be assumed that pots were not used there, save exceptionally, as for example, at Angostura.

To this piece of handicraft was generally limited the indigenous pottery of the tribes of the eastern frontiers. Some examples of cups (small pots) have usually been found, as well as balls of fired clay, of no known use. In the west, toward the Río Uruguay, have been found funerary urns of large size.

It is said that South American pottery only slightly resembles the ceramics of the ancient peoples of the Old World, and it may be asserted that this is true, consequently, of Rioplatensian pottery.

For the last twenty-five years I have been studying as an amateur the products of Uruguayan ceramics, as well as other utensils, arms and monuments, prehistoric or pre-Colombian.

It is well known that, unfortunately, scientific bibliography progresses very little and very slowly in our Uruguayan environment; therefore, although I was greatly interested in it at all times, only a short time ago did there come into my hands the laic gospels of the great scientific fathers, Ameghino, Moreno, Zeballos, Ambrosetti, and others.

With them I shall seriously amplify my modest notes relating to Rioplatensian ceramics or pottery, and I shall attempt to fathom the subject of Uruguayan archæology as much as possible.

Ameghino and Ambrosetti said that throughout the whole of America the ceramic art had achieved a greater degree of perfection than that to which European men of the stone age had attained.

Both in Argentina and Uruguay have been collected thousands and thousands of fragments or potsherds; but they have always been small, all diminutive: none of them so large, none so complete—almost whole—as the fragment I personally removed at Puerto de la Coronilla, known in my archæological collection as "Lirompeya."

As to the thickness of the fragments of pottery, Ameghino said that they fluctuated in Argentina between two and thirty millimeters. In the jars that I have observed in this country the same dimensions may be noted.

Potter's clay or earth is always argillaceous, and frequently mixed with particles of various rocks, such as mica, flint, quartz, granite, et cetera. The color of pottery, according to Ameghino, depends on the color of the earth from which it is made and on the degree of firing.

When this firing is applied regularly, the color resembles that of flower-pots; but it never reaches yellowish red, as Moreno remarks.

Querandí ceramics, like Charrúa ceramics, presents many gradations in its kneading and calcination: some masses are badly wrought and merely exposed to the sun. At other times the mixture seems to have been well kneaded and well baked. The surface of the objects of clay is generally smooth, in the case of all the Rioplatensian pottery; occasionally it appears carved with very primitive signs.

The work of modeling is therefore crude, in general. Nevertheless, according to Ameghino, "some small specimens are wrought with so much perfection that it seems impossible that they were done by Indian hands."

Hence it was that an Argentine archæologist believed that he had discovered traces of the use of the potter's wheel in Querandí pottery.

Nadaillac has said that the potter's wheel, probable in the prehistoric period, has not yet appeared in the ruins either of North America or of South America; but that, in view of the perfection of certain ceramic objects, it is difficult to believe that the workers that fashioned them did not have at their disposal a mechanical apparatus to insure uniformity of pressure. Such is also the opinion of eminent Yankee archæologists, as, for instance, Conant. We may not say the same of Charrúa modeling, which is rude enough.

The color of the paint applied to ceramic manufactures is but slightly varied in Argentina also: red, black, white, and little else. Zeballos deems it of vegetable

origin, because of its firmness. Nevertheless, it is known that the indigenes employed ochers and other earths, as also metallic oxides.

We have been able to observe the same gradations of colors in the fragments and objects of Uruguayan pottery, as has already been remarked.

THE author of *Antigüedades de los Indios*, the señor Francisco P. Moreno, described the pots thus:

Almost all the vessels must have had a common form—hemispherical—but others are of different types.

The most of the vessels are like the *cazuelas*⁷ of vitrified clay that we use in our kitchens, although not so thick. (The Uruguayan vessels are deeper, more “long-necked”).

The fragments collected enable us to estimate the diameter of their mouths at twenty-five centimeters and their depth at fourteen, in the case of the most of these articles.

The bottoms of these vessels were arranged in such a manner that they could stand upright; and in this respect they resemble others found in Europe, especially in houses in marshy regions.

The señor Moreno has numbers of vessels with holes in the sides, instead of ears, for hanging by cords that pass through them. Ameghino, on his part, had fragments that show true ears: protuberances; handles of several shapes, beaks and holes.

The extraordinary bowl that we collected, almost whole, lacks handles, neck, et cetera. A large quantity of fragments, also of bowls, that we have observed and which at present we shall call Charrúa, likewise did not present protuberances or any perforations.

In studying Charrúa pottery, Ameghino observed that it much resembles, in color and firing the fragments that he himself found in 1875 and 1876 in the Cañada de Rocha (in the Partido de Luján); but, he added, regarding its ornamentation, that he possessed only scarce and incomplete data, which did not enable him to describe the fragments.

⁷The *cazuela* has no exact equivalent in English: it is a flat bowl or frying-pan (except that “pan” in English is applied almost exclusively to vessels of metal) of glazed pottery, and it is the primitive vessel for frying or stewing throughout the southern countries of America.—THE EDITOR.

AMEGHINO himself, in one of his works (1880), studied the clay pipes of the province of Buenos Aires, and he explained that thitherto they had not been found in that region. The dough of which they are modeled consists of fine homogeneous clay, without any mixture.

The firing is imperfect, but they are ornamented with various designs, only slightly common among the savage peoples. These designs are usually carved in hollow or high relief.

The pipes collected in Argentina are all in fragments; it is to be seen then that there exists between them and similar pipes of the age of bronze in Europe a great analogy.

The marquis of Nadaillac, in his work already mentioned, *Amérique préhistorique*, said that the number of pipes that originated with the mound-builders is very considerable; but he gave attention to only two clay pipes, as he dwelt in the main on stone pipes, which were also modeled by the constructors of the tumuli.

The primitive inhabitants of America must have been inveterate smokers, to judge by the great number of pipes found in the excavations opened. The Americanist Bancroft⁸ asserts that, when the Spaniards reached the New World, the Indians were smoking cigars also, a statement that we confirm regarding our Charrúas.

The stone pipes are carved in soft chalk, slate and sandstone, and even in hard porphyry. There are some of very simple shape, but there are also those that represent animals, such as the cat, the beaver, the elephant, the *tucán*, the crane, the tortoise; others are made in the likeness of human faces.

It was believed for a long time that the mound-builders applied their lips to the orifice of the pipe and smoked thus; soon appeared canes or stems of baked clay, of stone and even of metal. Then the problem was solved. For our part, and in spite of the preceding observations, we have not even found any fragments of them among the thousands of potsherds that we have had before our eyes.

⁸Herbert Howe Bancroft, the author of *History of the Pacific States of North America* and other works.—THE EDITOR.



Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

- AN ARGENTINE'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES: PECULIARITIES IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FAMILY; THE POSITION OF WOMAN; OBSERVATION REGARDING SOME OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE DAY - - ENRIQUE GIL 135
A pamphlet published in Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1922
- THE IDEA OF PATRIOTISM - - - - - JUAN ZORRILLA DE SAN MARTÍN 146
Pipazo, Montevideo, Uruguay, November, 1920
- EXCAVATIONS IN THE VALLEY OF MÉXICO: QUATERNARY FOSSIL REMAINS AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL CULTURES - - - - - ENRIQUE DÍAZ LOZANO 152
Ebano, México, México, November, 1921-January, 1921
- THREE LETTERS OF JORGE ISAACS - - - - - 160
Cultura Venezolana, Caracas, Venezuela, July, 1922
- DON QUIJOTE IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHIATRY - - - - - EDUARDO URZAIZ 164
Boletín de la Universidad Nacional del Sur, Mérida, México, March, 1922
- PACIFISM IN LATIN AMERICA - - - - - ALBERTO M. CANDIOTTI 173
Navarra, Buenos Aires, Argentina, October, 1922
- THE WINNING OF A PEOPLE (*incógnita libérrica*) - - - - - LORENZO INURRIGARRO 179
- FLUCTUATIONS IN EXCHANGE AND THE DEPRECIATION OF CURRENCY - - - - - RAÚL SIMÓN 182
Revista Chilena, Santiago, Chile, July, 1922
- THE MYSTERIOUS MAMMAL - - - - - CLEMENTE ONELLI 189
Boletín de La "Sarmiento" Asociación Protectora de Animales, and Revista Cultural del Jardín Botánico de Buenos Aires, Buenos Aires, Argentina, October, 1922
- SUGGESTION AND DELINQUENCY: A STUDY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CRIMINAL - - - - - JUAN FANÓN BELTRÁN 197
Verba, Buenos Aires, Argentina, September-October, 1922

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

FEBRUARY, 1923

NUMBER 9

INTER-AMERICA

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles or make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censoring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

INTER-AMERICA was established at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, among whose objects are the cultivation of friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and the increase of the knowledge and understanding of each other by the several nations.

INTER-AMERICA is edited at 407 West 117th street, New York. It is manufactured and distributed by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and company, of New York.

INTERNATIONAL ADVISORY EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

- | | |
|---|--|
| James Cook BARDIN, professor of Spanish, university of Virginia | Frederick Bliss LUQUIENS, professor of Spanish, Sheffield Scientific school, Yale university |
| Milton Alexander BUCHANAN, professor of Italian and Spanish, university of Toronto | Federico de ONÍS, professor of literature, university of Salamanca, and of Spanish literature, Columbia university |
| Aurelio Macedonio ESPINOSA, professor of Spanish, Leland Stanford university | Manuel Segundo SÁNCHEZ, director of the Biblioteca Nacional, Caracas |
| John Driscoll FITZ-GERALD, professor of Spanish, university of Illinois | Froylán TURCIOS, man of letters and journalist, director of <i>El Nuevo Tiempo</i> and of <i>Esfinge</i> , Tegucigalpa |
| Hamlin GARLAND, novelist and dramatist, New York | Carlos de VELASCO, man of letters, director of <i>Cuba Contemporánea</i> , Habana |
| Antonio GÓMEZ Restrepo, secretary in the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, Bogotá | Armando DONOSO, man of letters and journalist, on the staff of <i>El Mercurio</i> , of the <i>Pacifico Magazine</i> and of <i>Zig-Zag</i> , all of Santiago, Chile |
| Guillermo HALL, chairman of the department of modern languages, Boston University, Boston | Benjamin FERNÁNDEZ y Medina, man of letters and publicist, minister of Uruguay at Madrid |
| Helio LOBO, Publicist, consul-general of Brazil at New York | |

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

English INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)	\$.80 per annum
Spanish INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)	.80 per annum
English and Spanish INTER-AMERICA (12 numbers)	1.50 per annum
Single numbers of either issue	.15 per copy

All communications should be addressed to

DIRECTOR OF INTER-AMERICA

407 WEST 117TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

- AN ARGENTINE'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES: PECULIARITIES IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FAMILY; THE POSITION OF WOMAN; OBSERVATION REGARDING SOME OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE DAY - ENRIQUE GIL 135
A pamphlet published in Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1922
- THE IDEA OF PATRIOTISM - - - JUAN ZORRILLA DE SAN MARTÍN 146
Pegaso, Montevideo, Uruguay, November, 1920
- EXCAVATIONS IN THE VALLEY OF MÉXICO: QUATERNARY FOSSIL REMAINS AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL CULTURES - - - ENRIQUE DÍAZ LOZANO 152
Etnos, México, México, November, 1922-January, 1923
- THREE LETTERS OF JORGE ISAACS - - - - - 160
Cultura Venezolana, Caracas, Venezuela, July, 1922
- DON QUIJOTE IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHIATRY - - EDUARDO URZAIZ 164
Boletín de la Universidad Nacional del Sureste, Mérida, México, March, 1922
- PACIFISM IN LATIN AMERICA - - - - - ALBERTO M. CANDIOTI 173
Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, October, 1922
- THE WINNING OF A PEOPLE (*inedited* *hilberto*) LORENZO INURRIGARRO 179
- FLUCTUATIONS IN EXCHANGE AND THE DEPRECIATION OF CURRENCY - - - - - RAÚL SIMÓN 182
Revista Chilena, Santiago, Chile, July, 1922
- THE MYSTERIOUS MAMMAL - - - - - CLEMENTE ONELLI 189
Boletín de La "Sarmiento" Asociación Protectora de Animales, and Revista Cultural del Jardín Zoológico de Buenos Aires, Buenos Aires, Argentina, October, 1922
- SUGGESTION AND DELINQUENCY: A STUDY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CRIMINAL - - - - - JUAN RAMÓN BELTRÁN 192
Verbum, Buenos Aires, Argentina, September-October, 1922

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

FEBRUARY, 1923

NUMBER 3

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

ENRIQUE GIL was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, March 22, 1890; he was educated in the schools of Buenos Aires and La Plata, receiving the degree of bachelor of arts from the Colegio de la Universidad Nacional de La Plata, and that of doctor of laws from the faculty of laws of the same university; on his completion of the statutory period of military service, he was entered in the army reserve as a lieutenant; in 1910 he came to the United States to study on a fellowship granted by the Universidad Nacional de La Plata; in the United States he took special courses at the University of Wisconsin and the University of Pennsylvania, where he was graduated with the degree of master of arts; from 1911 until 1922 he was a special correspondent of the newspaper *La Nación* of Buenos Aires; in 1912 he was granted a special fellowship for the study of political science by the University of Pennsylvania; the same year he was elected a *socio numerario* of the Universidad de Oviedo, Spain, in which he delivered the opening address of the winter session, speaking as a representative of the Universidad Nacional de La Plata; in 1912 and 1913 he studied in the Universität zu Berlin on the fellowship granted by the University of Pennsylvania; in 1913 he entered the law firm of Aldao, Campos and del Valle as the resident partner in New York; in 1915 he took a course in international law at Columbia University; in 1916 he became a partner in the firm of Aldao, Campos and Gil of New York; he has served on several important boards and committees and as a member of a number of interamerican congresses; in 1921 he lectured in the extension department of the law school of Columbia University on Spanish-American civil law; he has published a number of pamphlets and addresses.

JUAN ZORRILLA DE SAN MARTÍN: see INTER-AMERICA for February, 1918, Biographical Data, page 130.

JORGE ISAACS was born in Cali, in the state of El Cauca, Colombia, in 1837, and, besides being a distinguished man of letters, he served the government of his state and that of the republic in a number of important official capacities; in 1872 he represented his country as consul-general in Chile; while there he contributed a number of articles to the newspaper *El Mercurio*, and several poems to *El Sud-América*, *La Revista de Santiago* and *La Revista Chilena*; later he published the first canto of a poem entitled *Saulo*; he died in 1895; his reputation as a man of letters rests mainly on *María*, a novel of customs, which is widely known and has passed through many editions; among his poems may be mentioned *La tumba del soldado*; *Río Moro*; and *La noche callada*.

LORENZO INURRIGARRO, now in middle life, was born in Avellaneda, in the province of Buenos Aires, Argentina; he was educated in the schools of Buenos Aires, in the Colegio Nacional of that city and in the faculty of medicine of the Universidad de Buenos Aires; he has served as an intern of the Hospital de Clínicas and of the Hospital de Rivadavia, and he is now at the head of the department of diseases of the stomach of the Hospital Rawson, all of Buenos Aires; he is the author of numerous articles and a book on medical subjects; he was one of the Argentine delegates to the congress on alcoholism, held in Milan, Italy, and an official delegate of his government to the Berlin congress on tuberculosis; is a knight of the Légion d'Honneur of France.

RAÚL SIMÓN is a Chilean engineer, and he is the editor of economics of *La Nación* of Santiago, Chile.

CLEMENTE ONELLI: see INTER-AMERICA for October, 1919, Biographical Data, page 2.

Inter-America

FEBRUARY 1923

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI



NUMBER 3

AN ARGENTINE'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES

PECULIARITIES IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE FAMILY; THE
POSITION OF WOMAN; OBSERVATIONS REGARDING SOME
OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE DAY¹

BY

ENRIQUE GIL

It is refreshing to come upon an analysis and exposition of us as intelligent and sympathetic as the one presented in the following address. We, an "ingenuous" people, as the speaker rightly intimates, who, in our innocence, childlikeness and generosity, have been laboring for several years under the impression that we cherish kindly sentiments for the rest of the world and that we have made more or less of an effort to express them, find ourselves at the present moment somewhat disillusioned, so much have we been misprized and censured and badgered and isolated, so frequently have we been attacked and maligned, so persistently have our motives been misunderstood, or at least, misrepresented and impugned; and we are inclined to try to thicken our national skin, fold our hands in disgust and become indifferent to the world's opinion. Refreshing as spring-water to the parched tongue, grateful as a soothing unguent to an excoriated surface, pleasing as a phrase of encouragement from the mouth of a music-master, is the intelligent word of genuine comprehension and friendliness voiced by a fellow-American . . . of another region of our continent, who has spent years among us and knows us thoroughly, and who does not hesitate to express himself boldly in our favor, on a dignified and influential platform, in his own country.—THE EDITOR.

DOCTOR SUÁREZ'S invitation to give you my impressions of the United States reminds me of an anecdote of Jimmie, a Virginia Negro, whose master asked him whether he had change for five dollars. Jimmie replied: "I haven't, boss, but I am much obliged to you for the compliment."

I find myself in somewhat the same position in respect of this request of Doctor Suárez's; if I lack the ability to treat the

theme as effectively as it deserves, or as brilliantly as you justly have a right to expect . . . I appreciate the compliment.

It is for this reason that I, while disclaiming the ability to deliver an address on the subject, accepted the invitation to rob you of some of your time in order to speak to you on this theme, which is so pleasing to me.

Nothing impelled me more to it than the reading of section D of article I of the statutes of the Ateneo, which sets forth as one of the purposes of the institution the promotion of a greater cordiality of rela-

¹An address delivered before the Ateneo Hispano-americano, of Buenos Aires, May 19, 1922.—THE EDITOR.

tions among the countries of America, including, by express and separate mention, the United States.

My ideas regarding the United States that will be of interest to you may be classified under of three heads:

First, as to her international and, especially, her interamerican policy.

Second, those suggested by an analysis of the financial, industrial and labor situations, and their influence on the economic conditions of the other countries.

Third, those that deal with the characteristics and idiosyncrasies of that people, considering them as a basis and norm for the interpretation of the subjects previously mentioned. Within this realm fall the study of the family, of manners and customs and of education and culture, as well as of certain social and ethical problems that concern the people of the country.

Doctor Suárez, with his wonted kindness, has suggested that impressions of a political and economic character might preferably be the subject of a discussion in the Facultad de Ciencias Económicas, an invitation that does me great honor and that I am pleased to accept. Hence I shall limit myself to giving my impressions regarding the United States as a people, a society, a human aggregate.

When a stranger visits a new country, and especially one that is so complex, he receives impressions that he soon spreads broadcast in some publication with the vigor of a definitive judgment, while influenced by a variety of circumstances that cause these impressions to assume a diversity of forms, and, in general, one-sided and incomplete ones.

In the first place, we have, for example, those who—recalling the phrase of Ricardo Rojas—enter the United States, but into whom the United States does not enter. They usually go back to their homes with impressions like those of one of my fellow-countrymen, who, when he had returned from Habana, and was asked why he had not visited the United States, answered:

"I . . . go to the land of barbarians?"

The most of them, besides not knowing the language and not having learned that the beautiful language of Spain is all Greek to Americans, as a rule, spend the period of

their stay shut up within the four walls of a New York hotel, their minds becoming embittered by their having found everything bad, while they damn the service in a jargon that is unintelligible to the Negro, Japanese or Irishman that it has been their fate to have as a servant.

These visitors are disturbed by the traffic, the manners and customs, the skyscrapers, the omnibuses, the dress of the women; in short, they are the propitiatory victims of their own lack of understanding; and they generally depart from the least American of the cities of the United States, New York, in a state of irritability, without having become well acquainted, if you please, with even that great commercial metropolis of which they have had occasion to see only its colossal motion-picture houses.

In the second place, we have the stranger that goes to the United States to study or to engage in business, who lives entirely within the group of his fellow-countrymen. They, in general—and very especially the representatives of the so-called Latin-American countries—live in the poorest and most isolated quarters of the city. Hence, their impressions are determined by what is thought and done within the group of their compatriots that reside there. Such a group contains its aristocracy and its plebeians. We have, reproduced in an inferior *quartier*, the passions and vanities of the village, which the individuals took with them when they transplanted themselves. As to the life that throbs about them, they are aware only of the rancor it awakens in them. The recently arrived person falls headlong into an atmosphere in which he is forewarned regarding the other inhabitants by the local gossip characteristic of such centers, in which the sediment of permanent residents is composed almost entirely of failures, who have been outstripped because they do not possess the capacity for assimilation with the higher activities of the environment in which they live.

Those that possess this capacity almost never frequent the colony, as they seek among the native elements a means of developing their energies and of assimilating what seems to be useful in life in com-

mon with a new and vigorous people. Those that limit their vision to what the groups of compatriots offer them in respect of the country must of necessity disseminate ideas manifestly erroneous, since all that unites these elements is a sense of incapacity to comprehend what surrounds them; and their thoughts center on praising their native land and what it affords, and on discussions of the defects of the people that give them shelter.

There are also several other kinds of impressions that spring from a diversity of circumstances that contribute to the formation of them in the visitor's mind. Among them is the impression produced on the stranger that deceives himself into judging of Americans by certain standards or norms of life that prevail in the circle of native persons in which one moves. Hence it has occurred that strangers have often taken some of the signs of wealth and comfort among certain families as an indication of the social status or class to which these families belong, since, in their own country, the enjoyment of such comfort and the possession of such material wealth are indications of a certain superior social position. Nothing is more deceptive or at times more dangerous than this false view. In the United States the average family enjoys much more comfort and dresses and lives better than the average family of any other country in the world. This fact, which is an indication of the progress and enlightenment of that people, may be synthesized by saying that their civilization and progress have justified themselves by giving or tending to give the greatest happiness to the greatest number of human beings.

This material welfare, however, is not always indicative of certain qualities of education and culture that are characteristic of families that possess traditions or the individuals of which have enjoyed the privilege of mingling with persons of a certain refinement of manners and even of morals.

A large apartment, automobiles, country-houses and other visible signs of prosperity are not to be taken in the United States—or, indeed, anywhere else—as evidences of distinction, and still less as

proofs that the people that possess them belong to what the English call the *backbone*² of the country, and what Ricardo Rojas has translated, happily, in my opinion, by “*reserva moral*.”

There is another type of visitor whose impressions are always the object of eager comments on the part of his friends. He is the one who, with plenty of money, goes from the circle of the social élite of his own environment and plunges headlong into the midst of that other international élite of the wealthy, the distinguished and the agreeable whose names and pictures adorn *Vogue* or *Vanity Fair*, *The Graphic* or *The Illustrated News*, and whose activities bring prosperity to such publications as *Town Topics* in the United States. It is the multitude that throngs the halls of the international hotels; it is the same in Buenos Aires as in Paris; in New York as in Vienna or Constantinople. It is the multitude of the idle, bored, as a rule, sated to excess, whose canons of morality do not recognize the bonds imposed by circumstances and who generally prevail among the bourgeoisie of a people.

To such visitors, New York and the United States in general, are but a stupendous field where, because of the power of the country and her extent and wealth, all the manifestations of this worldly, frivolous and unbridled life are multiplied and magnified almost to infinity.

Consequently, you can imagine the pious horror of our matrons of the old school at the lurid stories of that worldly vortex, and the curious eagerness of persons of the new generation to become better acquainted with, and to comment on, that aspect of the life of a great people; and hence the stupendous generalizations we are accustomed to hear. “We have lived for a long time in the United States! The United States, the land of moral bankruptcy, license, sumptuous feasts, unspeakable orgies, the most absolute social rottenness and corruption!”

When one tells these good compatriots that this life is not typical of the country, he hears in reply:

“But, my friend, I am acquainted with

²English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

the best of that society: So-and-So and So-and-So are in the books of gold; their names are of the most prominent."

Nevertheless, it is not true; and what our fellow-countryman has known, the environment that he has cultivated, is purely and simply that floating population that does not constitute, in the United States, in France or in any other country, what is fundamental or wholesome socially.

One not infrequently encounters a tendency to deny to the United States the possession of an intellectual class that devotes itself to the speculations of genius and pure thought; and people that return to their homes with this impression, one readily observes, add with sincerity:

"A great people, in the material sense, but its mind is in swaddling-clothes."

Such persons have learned what they know of the country through their eyes, but they have not been able to form a correct judgment, for the very simple reason that, if they had eyes to see and if they saw, they lacked the instrument necessary to an appreciation of the rest, that is, the language. This fact, added to another, that the American mind is not exhibited or advertised, like the sewing or washing machine, causes it to be unperceived by the casual observer or one that has not so-journed for a long time in the country, especially when, as with every new people, the manifestations of mind are only visualized and measured after the formative process and the economic consolidation of the country have reached their zenith. Hence the Renaissance appeared after the Italian republics had acquired great wealth from their commerce with the Orient, and art and literature prospered under the lavish patronage of the rich.

If we apply this historical criterion in judging of the progress of culture in the United States, we shall see that it constitutes a force not to be despised, although it may not be so complete as some of the other manifestations of her life.

We shall say, without fear of being mistaken, that the idealism that prevails in that country has not only been inspired by, but that it has sprung from, the intellectual work of hundreds of colleges and universities that are developing the

mind of this nation with great energy and on an immense stage.

There is no better proof of it than the appearance of Wilson, the exponent of a new creed; the eloquent interpreter of the loftiest aspirations of modern peoples; the poet of the disquietudes and anxieties that have stirred the human soul; a man already set apart by history: Wilson, an American academic; and I mention Wilson, not to take time to mention other figures in the realm of literature and philosophy, with the exception of those of Poe, Emerson and James, who alone would serve to give sufficient claims to any country.

It is futile to attempt to interpret the peculiarities of any people by using as a basis of comparison the standards that prevail in other countries.

THE American family may not be judged by the standards that govern the family in our country, just as the latter may not be judged by the canons that obtain in the American family. To judge fairly in either case requires the application of canons characteristic of the country, in view of the relativity and difference in the circumstances, environment, inheritance, tradition, et cetera, from which these canons result. The same may be said of judgments that are formulated in respect of morality and ideas.

If we follow this process, we shall be able to understand that neither the family nor the manners and customs nor the morality nor the ideas of the people of the United States are either exotic or extravagant, and least of all, incomprehensible. The people of the United States are essentially normal, because they are wholesome; generous, because they are strong; romantic and idealistic, because they are young and have a mission to perform in the world.

To feel all this, it is sufficient to become intimate with persons that belong to what we have called the "reserva moral" of the country, which is not an exception like the persons that give the impression of exoticism by their actions and ways of living.

From that "reserva moral" we ought to select a typical family, the nucleus family, about which are formed the new families, a process slower than among us, because of

the fact that immigration, quite restricted now, was very considerable in the years previous to the war. when it exceeded a million a year.

In this typical family—and it is unnecessary to choose an extreme case of strictness from the communities of New England—the father maintains his position of authority in the direction of the affairs of the home, equally with the mother; and it does not happen that the father thus loses anything, but, on the contrary, that to his authority and influence are added those of the mother.

This state of control in the home by the father and mother does not differ in any respect from the one that obtains among us; there as here the father provides, in the type family of which we are speaking, the necessities of the home, and the mother has under her charge the administration of it and the education of the children.

As to household economy, we find no differences worthy of mention; nevertheless the position of the wife, the mother and the children presents interesting phases.

The situation of the wife is, legally and practically, one of independence. The husband is not the overbearing person with whom we are acquainted; nor is the wife the unsalaried housekeeper that is so general here. She is conscious of the responsibilities that she assumes when she marries. This fact alone dignifies her position in the home, which loses nothing because of this distribution of responsibility in its management. The woman is no longer either the *Hausfrau* or the *bibelot* to whose caprices the husband yields. She demands and obtains from the husband an equality of morality, that is, the marital relation has been established not only on the basis of affection, but also on the principle of reciprocal respect. In the American home is not seen the subservience that lowers the position of woman and that contributes so much to the husband's forgetting his duties little by little and his deeming it his privilege to do what he likes without considering the feelings of the wife or the interests of the home he has created; that is, it is understood that love can not exist without reciprocal respect on the part of the husband and the wife.

It is unnecessary to enter into details regarding the benefits that arise from this state of things. With the passing of the years, the mother becomes the companion of her children, and in case of the father's death, the family is not left unprotected or destitute: first, because the widow is perfectly capable of continuing to direct the home; and, second, because life insurance is so general that there is no household budget, however modest the condition of the couple may be, that does not provide for the payment of premiums.

This condition of things is based mainly on the very peculiar situation of woman in the United States: a situation that may seem a privileged one to those of us that are accustomed to see her in a position of inferiority to man, but which, in reality, is merely one of equality with man. This position to which I allude is neither the result of gallantry nor of deference for the so-called weaker sex; rather, it is purely and simply the consummation of a condition imposed by preparation and the qualities developed by woman in view of the education and economic independence that she has little by little acquired.

Hugo Münsterberg, in his well known work *The Americans*, said that woman constitutes one of the corner-stones of the strength and health that characterize the American social organism. She leads in many of the activities of the community, moderates and improves the action of man and frequently prevents the evils of a masculine liberty that would soon become abuse or excess. The daughters of these families of the "reserva moral" of the country receive their first lessons in the home itself, when they see the position occupied by their mother and the personality that is being formed without sex inhibitions.

Thence they go to *boarding-schools*³—the best known are in New England—and afterward to *finishing-schools*,³ where, in the main, they study languages and other subjects of social importance. Many—and in an increasing number, especially among the rich families—go to the colleges for women to pursue higher studies—

³English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Smith, et cetera—institutions from which have gone forth the women of the United States that have excelled most in social and public activities.

Among us this independence of woman is subject to comment under the name of "liberality." One need not delve very deeply to learn what it is sought to indicate by this term; the difficulty is, however, that we fail to consider that we can not conceive of an independent woman apart from a respectful man.

I deem it proper to point out that the respect that is entertained for women in the United States is not to be found in polite phrases or in the more or less profound genuflexions made by the men. This attitude is based on the thorough conviction that the men have, that self-respect involves respect for their fellows, and very especially for women.

Social sanction in the United States disqualifies incontinently any man that violates this unwritten law; and in my experience as a friend of young men of that country, I do not recall a single case in which a confidence has been made to me that affected the reputation of a woman, or one in which they have boasted of their conquests or have exhibited letters they have received from their woman friends. Any one that did this would be qualified as a *cad*,⁴ and there could be nothing more opprobrious than such an imputation. I know that on a certain occasion a young man, who wished to join a famous country club, was absolutely blackballed because of an indiscretion of this kind.

With these explanations it will be understood that suffrage is not a purely academic question in the United States, and that the use of the vote obtained by the women has given certain new tendencies to policies. The acquisition of the suffrage has not bestowed a new capacity on the American woman; it has simply recognized a capacity that already existed. To-day the most hardened politicians have made it their business to treat the political organizations of the women the same as those of the men, because they have not been slow to recognize their electoral value.

That the truth of this new activity of

woman's may be appreciated, I mention that the wife and daughter of a senator with whom I am acquainted made the trip from Washington to Montana, that is, from one side of the country to the other, to vote in the last presidential election, and this case is certainly not unique. In this same election I visited several of the *polling places*,⁴ as they are called in the United States, and I could do no less than admire the seriousness and tranquillity with which the women, in a mixture of classes and colors, waited patiently for their turn to do their civic duty.

Many persons have asked me whether this life of independence has not caused women to lose her charm as such. I answer that what constitutes *charm*⁴ in the woman of our country is not what constitutes charm in the American woman.

Here in Argentina physical attraction outweighs that of personality. The formula would seem to be: a pretty woman, of great femininity of character; which would signify: weakness and dependence on man. This flatters our masculine vanity, and we forget that we base our supremacy on something that begins with self-belittlement. In the United States it seems that what counts for most is personality, that is, the sense of "strength" rightly understood—not physical strength—as one perceives when he has to do with a *girl*.⁴ It is the outcome of a lack of sex inhibitions, which surely does not signify a lack of modesty; and certainty of one's self, which results from the cultivation of character, from an early age, free of trammels or hindrances. In this respect, as in much that is characteristic of our country and of the United States. I find that there is no antagonism, but that we represent the culmination of types that differ in race and environment, each with its virtues and defects and each capable of improvement, which must come with a better understanding between the peoples. I believe, frankly, that it would be as absurd for the Argentine women of to-day to adopt the American woman's manner of life, without having the preparation that she unquestionably has, as it would be for the American woman to follow in the footsteps of our women.

⁴English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

If this is the situation of daughters in the home and in society, it is not difficult to understand what that of the sons is, and how in the life of the colleges, with their sports and other activities, which are modeled on those in which they will later be called on to participate in life, form the character and the habits that are to qualify them to be useful men.

The education of the women is more varied than that of the men, but the latter, from very early, although they specialize in given subjects, always continue to consider work as the cure of all ills. The ambition of every boy is to make himself independent of his family as soon as possible.

In the United States the profession of rentier is unknown. The young men, and the most of the elderly men, in spite of the fortunes they may enjoy, would consider it shameful not to be engaged in some kind of work or not to devote their energies to something useful. There, both among the highest and among the most humble, the boast of "not doing anything" is unknown.

Speaking of this, I recall an anecdote that was related to me by a distinguished fellow-countryman. During his stay in a Chicago hotel, he asked the manager to send a workman to make some repairs in the bathroom. A young workman in *overalls*⁶ made the necessary repairs, and, as he was about to leave, our countryman was on the point of offering him a gratuity, when he observed a certain expression on the workman's face, which checked him, and he limited himself to thanking him. Shortly afterward he asked the manager who the workman in question was, as his curiosity had been aroused. He was informed that he was the son of X——, a manufacturer of plumbers' supplies, a man with a considerable fortune, and that he would probably see the young man again that night at the opera.

In contrast with this case, I recall the lamentations of one of my compatriots whose son had replied to his recommendation that he should go to work by saying to him:

"But, father, why have you made so

much money? That I should stand behind a counter?"

More than once I have heard the American people qualified as "ingenuous," as if this word denoted a serious shortcoming. Those that say this are not aware that in order to be ingenuous and candid one must be endowed with very exceptional qualities and with great fortitude of spirit. To be able to be ingenuous is a luxury reserved for the strong alone. To those among us that are called *vivos*,⁶ ingenuousness is folly, since to them *viveza*⁷ is a virtue that at times masks a crime, an act of injustice or an underhand trick. It is so much so, that to-day, when it is said that some one is very *vivo*, we no longer know whether we ought to condole with the one complimented or to felicitate him. It is characteristic of the well endowed to go straight to their objects, without circumlocutions, trickery or disguises, and only the incapable appeal to subterfuge to hold their places in the struggle for life. I think it would be difficult to find the equivalent in the English vocabulary for the terms *agachada*⁸ and *gambeteador*,⁹ and in the creole vocabulary for the terms "fair play," "sport" and "good loser."¹⁰

On the other hand, it is common to hear in a tone of reproach, to emphasize our own superiority, that the Americans are lacking in a sense of the ridiculous. This is a fact, but we little understand that this much lauded sense of the ridiculous is nothing more than "fear:" that inhibition which forces us to inaction or to the destruction of that which, by breaking the monotony or uniformity of the environment, would stand out above the ordinary. In other words,

⁶"Lively," "smart," "sharp," "keen," "up and coming," when used in this slang sense.—THE EDITOR.

⁷The substantive of *vivo*: "sharpness," "smartness," et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

⁸According to the dictionary: "trick," "artifice," "snare." The verb "*agachar*" means, in its natural sense, actively, "to bend" (the head), "to double" (the body); and, reflexively, "to stoop," "to squat." The metaphorical and vulgar characteristic of the kind of fraud denoted by *agachada* is to be found in the peculiarity that it consists in obtaining one's object by permitting some difficulty, persecution or accusation to pass without defense or excuse.—THE EDITOR.

⁹From *gambetear*, "to dodge," "to duck": in the slang sense, a *gambeteador* is one that dodges, plays sly tricks.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁰English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

⁶English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

the standards that govern the American's actions have their origin in himself, in the dictates of his own judgment, which may be mistaken or not, but is seldom subject to the influence of a conventionalism which, in most cases, is the law of mediocrity.

On this discussion bears the aphorism that I found, as a legacy from my predecessor, on the wall of the dormitory of my Alma Mater in Philadelphia: THE MAN THAT HAS NOT SOMETHING OF THE CHILD IN HIM IS NOT A MAN.

However, this lack of a sense of the ridiculous does not mean a lack of a sense of humor. There are few peoples on earth that have it developed to so considerable a degree as the American people, since few contain so important an admixture of Irish and Hebrew stock. In the United States, humor does not wound; it invigorates; it is, as it were, a by-product of the health and strength of the people, which expresses itself in overflowing and wholesome fun. It inspires their music, their literature, their drama. This sadness that is the filth of the spirit of this world of ours seems to be giving way, little by little, before the disorderly advance of American music: barbaric music, if you will, but elemental rather than barbaric, as it is an expression of a state of mind in which the joy of living predominates.

The morality of the American people has been more than once brought to judgment by our fellow-countrymen, who visit the United States with all the morbidness of spirit that we have always possessed.

To facilitate the discussion, I am led to make the following remarks, dividing the subject into social morality and business morality.

The business morality of the people of the United States has been misjudged among us, because, in reality, the United States, until very recently, was not interested in foreign commerce, and the Americans that have engaged in it have generally been "mushroom" or upstart exporters. The commercial morality of that people is neither better nor worse than that of any other, and it is subjected there, as everywhere, to the same forces and circumstances.

On the other hand, there are certain

rules, such as the one I am about to indicate, that are fixed, and any deviation from them is totally incomprehensible to the American. I refer to the fact that when a money obligation is once contracted, however insignificant in value, the American expects that it will be discharged strictly and within the period stipulated. It has sometimes given rise to the mistaken idea that attributes this attitude to love of the dollar, when, in reality, it is merely respect for a principle, for a standard of conduct, which gives stability to business relations between men. This same individual that is capable of protesting a note for a hundred dollars and of suing a debtor, may have given a thousand or two thousand dollars to a person as a gift to aid him, without ever giving a second thought to the subject afterward.

As to social morality, I do not need to recall—since it is so well known—what the view is that prevails in respect of man, and which is synthesized, in the teachings of the schools and colleges, in the meaning that attaches to the word "gentleman." The American—especially the young man—leads a wholesome life. It would be interesting to make known among us the result of certain questionnaires sent out by the secret societies of students in this respect in the most important universities of the country.

The "canons" of morality among women have been little studied in general by foreigners; but judging the typical woman of the "reserva moral" of the country, few are the peoples that can boast of uniting in their women so many virtues with other gifts that make the American girl *sui generis*.

The great number of divorces in the United States, which emphasizes the evolution of the family toward "matriarchy," often causes it to be thought that that country is going straight to moral bankruptcy; but who does not know that every legally sanctioned divorce has always been preceded by the moral divorce of the man and the woman? Who knows the percentage of moral divorces that exist here among us, where obstacles are placed in the way of the happiness of husband and wife, and, what is worse, where are main-

tained schools of immorality for the children?

When so much concern and so many censures are expressed regarding the morality of the American people, I can do no less than recall the astonishing figures given by the statistics of our country in respect of illegitimate births, which, in certain provinces, are greater in number than the legitimate; and I can but recall then, as an antithesis, those unforgettable days of the war, when I saw parade, with ill suppressed emotion, through Fifth avenue, in New York, the American legionaries, all youth, all health: vigorous and erect, they seemed athletes setting forth to win new victories in an Olympiad of epic proportions, rather than soldiers; and then I said to myself that if the morality of the home is to be judged by its fruits, blessed be that morality!

As I have previously indicated, the culture of the people of the United States has been, in general, little appreciated, or it has been disesteemed by our fellow-countrymen. It is common to hear:

"But, man, we are much more advanced than the Americans, we possess more culture!"

This exclamation has caused me to inquire as to its reason for being, and I find it to be the result of measuring the modern culture—youthful and at times rudimentary—of the Americans by the standards of European culture, which constitutes for us the *non plus ultra* and which we cling to tenaciously and show off as our own.

The culture of the two Americas, especially in respect of the arts of the spirit, is to be viewed in the light of history and with loftiness of vision, if we wish to obtain a true and accurate perspective. For this purpose, it would be sufficient to step forward in imagination a hundred years, which is nothing in the life of peoples; and what do we see? That the culture of today—elementary but characteristic of the United States—has flourished to such an extent that it has become a vigorous and fruitful tree, one that constitutes a new stage in human progress; and that the showy garb that we borrowed from Europe, and in which we are strutting with an air of superiority, is torn to tatters and merely

serves perhaps to choke the impulses that exist in every new people, tending to impress a personal and individual stamp on its intellectual development.

Now this subject of culture may also be dealt with from the social point of view when we come to consider the sense of collective discipline and tranquillity revealed by the American people even during the gravest moments of a crisis.

Not to weary you, I must confine myself to illustrating my thought with three examples that seem to me typical.

One of them is an incident that occurred during the war. The United States Fuel Administration, urged by the enormous demand for gasoline required by the armies in Europe and foreseeing the possible shortage of this combustible, caused to be published in the newspapers throughout the country a request to owners of automobiles to refrain from using them on Sundays, as far as possible. Nothing more was required, for several Sundays, until the committee informed the public that the restriction would no longer be necessary. The thousands of kilometers of the roadways of the country, from Alaska to Florida, were traveled merely by a picturesque variety of wagons, coaches and other vehicles; but no automobiles were used, even to take guests back and forth between the stations and the country-houses where they had been invited to spend week-ends. This result was not obtained by police pressure or by a decree of the government, but simply by a request to the public, in which the committee reasoned with it, without threatening it with any coercion whatsoever.

Another example of social culture was to be observed when, following the declaration of war against Germany, the ambassador of that country was given his passport by the government of the United States. Bernstorff, the ambassador, embarked at Hoboken to return to his country amid the deep, but none the less eloquent, silence of the multitude that had invaded the docks to witness his departure. Nevertheless, the recollection of the *Lusitania* and its more than a thousand victims was still fresh and it filled the hearts of the people with anguish.

I permit myself to point out a last example of social culture in the United States, and it is one that has come into prominence through the application of the "dry law." There is no record in the annals of peoples of the establishment of so radical a measure, one that affects so many interests and that has caused less disturbance and open resistance. The efficacy of the law may be a subject for discussion, as well as its greater or less enforcement; but what no one can question is that the courts have had less work; that industrial production has increased; that the poor man's club—the saloon—has disappeared completely; that the retail merchants are to-day the most ardent partisans of the measure; that many jails have been closed; and, what is more important, that through the sacrifices of the few, an appreciable contribution has been made to the welfare and happiness of the many. Of course, people drink in the United States to-day, but what they drink is expensive and bad, and the only ones that injure themselves or violate the law are those whose financial condition enables them to do so, and they are in the minority. The law will perhaps be modified to permit the sale of wines and beers that contain a low percentage of alcohol; but, as in every reaction against an established order of things, it has been necessary to go beyond the just limit, perhaps, whatever it be. The truth is, however, that the country has responded by giving its sanction to this radical measure.

Before concluding the presentation of my impressions, I desire to answer a question that I know you have been asking yourselves. It is why, in referring to the people of the United States, I use the word "American," and not one of the substitutes that we tend to employ among us and that do not wound the susceptibilities of those that believe that to call the inhabitants of the United States "Americans" is to encourage the usurpation of a title that belongs to all the peoples of the Americas. My reason for the use of this word is very simple, at the same time that it is inspired by a spirit of patriotism that I conceive to be justifiable. As an Argentine, I belong to a nation, a political organization—Argentina—and not to a ter-

ritory whose geographical denomination is America.

The United States, on the other hand, from the beginning of her organization as a free country, has been called the United States of America; this has always been the official title of that nation, and it is generally accepted and recognized by a diplomatic practice according to which that country is usually classified under the letter A. From the point of view of our nation, I think there is no reason why we should be classified under a geographical denomination, when we have a political denomination, much more individual, more our own, which is the one that we ought to stand by and proclaim.

I have the same aversion to our being classified as "South Americans" or "Latin-Americans," for the reason given above and for many other reasons that need not be mentioned.

With this explanation, I think I can present a synthesis in which I shall seek to express the essential conception that may serve to interpret the different manifestations of the life of the American people in themselves and also in their relations with the other peoples of America.

I am sincerely convinced that the principles and strength that inspire Argentine and American culture, respectively, as well as those that determine their political destiny, are not antagonistic, as they are also not divergent or convergent, but parallel.

Civilization moves from east to west, as Victor Hugo pointed out.¹¹

America's hour has struck. In the elaboration of the new social and political creed of humanity, the two great groups of races in the world, the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon, rejuvenated on the virgin soil of America, are called upon to work together in the development of the new civilization. Of the Anglo-Saxon race, the United States is the leader on the continent; let us hope that our progress will enable us to claim this title as the representatives of the Latin race, whose contribution to the enrichment of the world has been so valuable.

¹¹Bishop Berkeley had already said:
"Westward the course of empire takes its way."
—THE EDITOR.

I say there is no antagonism between the two peoples, because they tend to complement each other, and from their life in common must spring reciprocal benefits. This process of integration we have always seen repeat itself in the labor of the two races that history has revealed to us; and, carrying the observation farther, we may even note it in the manner in which the representatives of the two countries think. Americans go from the concrete to the abstract, we proceed from generalizations to details; they construct, we intuit; they are heat, we are light. In their women, it is the personality that stamps the physical that is beautiful; in ours, it is the physical that inspires the personality. In the United States, the advantages of coöperation are accentuated; here, those of individualism. The swing of human events drives us toward one extreme to-day, and toward another to-morrow; in the two races the impulses of one of them are moderated or stimulated by those of the other.

We are united to-day by what Alejandro Álvarez calls "the American consciousness" in the task of forming a new civilization which, in its origin—like all other civilizations—is based on the virtue of work, on the negation of the spirit of class; and its aim is to make possible the greatest happiness for the greatest number. This is the evangel of the New World.

In making a profession of faith of my affection and admiration for the United States, I can but recall the change that has taken place in my ideas and feelings, and the aversion that I felt for that nation in the years of my childhood, when I armed my brothers in a martial legion, which, turbulent and audacious, hurled its attacks against the furniture of our house, which symbolized the power of the colossus of the north, the imperialistic and dangerous country. To-day that enemy of my childhood has won my heart, after I have spent more than a decade living in her, studying in her universities and becoming intimately acquainted with her vigorous and wholesome ideality. To-day I am convinced—after having been a witness to the attitude

of that people in the great epopee of the war and after having seen the beginning and the end of that American expedition that went to uphold the dominion of principle in Europe—the most quixotic adventure contemplated by man for many centuries—that this people is a nation of romanticists and dreamers.

I make profession of respect for it, because it has sent me back to my own people more Argentine than when I left my country for the first time, with a better and a clearer perspective of the destiny and the grandeur that await us, and of the great virtues that lie still dormant in our youthful nation. Sarmiento understood the United States and he presented it to us as an example when the Union had not yet passed beyond its material stage; Martín García Merou lived there at the beginning of the period in which was budding the spiritual flower that I have had the opportunity to follow during its cycle of florescence.

From the philosophy of that people, I have been able to obtain peace of spirit and equanimity, which contribute so much to personal happiness; from its wholesome joy of living, I have drawn an invincible optimism, in respect of men and things; from the example of its labor and activity, I have deduced standards by which to try to regulate my present labor and activity; from its generosity and hospitality of spirit, I have learned that they are the virtues of the strong. Such is the harvest that I have garnered from the years spent there, and it is because of it that I sincerely desire a real and effective understanding between these two peoples which, maintaining the due proportions, have the greatest analogy, for both are "by race, Europeans, and by their civilization, Americans."

Ladies and gentlemen: I think I have contributed by this address to the objects indicated in the statutes of the Ateneo in respect of the relations and reciprocal knowledge that ought to exist among the peoples of America. I thank you for the courtesies with which you have honored me.

THE IDEA OF PATRIOTISM¹

BY

JUAN ZORRILLA DE SAN MARTÍN

The author, the incarnation of the spirit of his country, the singer of her primitive race, her forests, her birds, her beasts, her skies, and the portrayer and interpreter of her national hero, presents the plea of the modest, gently undulating land against the mountain-ridden one, and of the small state against the larger, the imperial, the far-reaching state. Dimensions, he holds, do not make for patriotism: "Heterogeneous size satisfies, not infrequently, the sentiment of pride, which is not properly a virtue: patriotic love. . . . Pride in what is complex, the worship of size, incites to provocative boastfulness, in turn generative of the desire for aggrandizement, for the possession of bodies without winning their souls, for enjoying without love. . . . What I call patria, in its most intense sense, is the patriotic unity—simple, homogeneous, harmonious—loved, not for what it has, but for what it is, and because it is a product of our own, of us who are a single force, a single love for common objects or images: recollections, names, colors, landscapes, structures, ruins, graves, wherein is found all that exists in time and eternity."—THE EDITOR.

I

"HOW they fly!" said the lad Bernardino, when he saw the steeples of his village for the first time.

It was not the steeples that were flying; it was the swallows, which seemed to be coming out of them.

We, in the presence of our landscape, shall perceive the flight of what is singing there beyond the swallows and gulls: that of ideas, which also spring from everything, as the thought of the universe.

There is no such thought of the universe, however; only man, among all the visible creatures, thinks. What I find in nature is not in nature. It is in me myself. We carry in our fantasy morning and evening; spring and winter; the voice of the thunder and the voice of the bird; unfathomable words and uninhabited cities; and deserts filled with voices.

To affirm that things are sad or joyful because they produce sadness or joy in us is like supposing that they possess memory because they awaken recollection in us: the recollection of things, colors, inarticulate sounds!

The joy of darkness is the laughter of a blind man; the sadness of light is the grief of a child; the influence of things on us is the memory of the universe of which we

form a part; for no one remembers anything save of himself, in the last analysis.

When there is no peace or joy in us, things are not our friends and they do not console us. Yet they are full of serenity and cherishing thoughts, when we yield them the resignation of our souls.

"When there is no joy," said a man of thought—Ortega y Gasset—"the soul retires into a corner of our body and makes of it her lair. Every now and then she gives a distressing howl and bares her teeth at the things that pass. . . ."

Besides, when joy is lacking, we believe we have made a frightful discovery: we perceive with weird clarity the black line that bounds every being and shuts it in within itself, "without windows that open outward." This is the discovery that we make by pain, above all, physical pain, as by means of a microscope: the solitude of everything. We follow, with our gaze, the bent, spent back of everything, which in turn follows its own solitary trajectory.

It is the contrary of this, in truth, that I have felt and feel habitually in the presence of the landscape that I have beheld for long hours from my turret: I feel "the society of things." They also—things—without excluding the stars, have been born, like myself, to live in society, I doubt not.

"Brother Wolf, Brother Sun, Sister Water," said Saint Francis, the poor man of Assisi.

What is "property" in the water that seeks its level is "instinct" in the bird that

¹The second chapter of an inedited work entitled *La profecía de Ezequiel*, by Juan Zorrilla de San Martín, which we have had the pleasure of seeing in galleys, and to which we alluded in the December number of INTER-AMERICA, page 122, note 9.—THE EDITOR.

seeks materials for its nest, and is "faculty" in the mind that craves goodness. Properties, instincts, faculties: behold, the potencies of this immense organism of creation, the society of things visible and invisible, made by God for one another, and all for the glory of his name!

Verily, nothing in nature is isolated; there is no black line about the contours of objects; everything aids and permeates in the environment of lights and shadows; the reflections of some things on others, of the visible and the invisible, form the harmony of the spheres, which is peace. To understand that God has been no less good in giving us darkness than in giving us the sun is wisdom. If, just as we place a little water in our wine, we accept a little sorrow in our joy, we make it wholesome, as being more in harmony with the universe, and more soluble in the happiness of others, always relative. We do not make discords; we do not trace the dark lines of sadness and black envy. The good and generous man, when he is very happy, ought to feel a sense of indebtedness and almost ashamed in the presence of those that suffer. The suffering of others is the delight of the perverse; the supreme diversion of a pagan was always the spectacle of the pain and death of his fellows. Christ redeemed humanity by dying.

II

NO ONE has failed to perceive, however, in my ingenuous love for my landscape and my rustic house, the predominance, in my psychic life, of a sentiment, which, like the swallows around the steeples, is seen to revolve about all this, and which is related to that society of all things of which we are speaking. I am speaking, of course, of love for the land in which one was born; of the resolve to find it beautiful and make it lovely and respectable to the greatest number.

This, indeed, is the motive that impels me: to render perceptible the true idea of patria and of patriotism, which, if it be really a virtue, and not an ugly vice, must be something different from what it is generally conceived to be. The enormous problem of war has only this solution: the evangelical purification of the concept of patriotism.

This sentiment of patria or collective patrimony exists at the bottom of all human love of nature; it is perhaps rooted in it. To man, the universe is divided into two fractions: the patria on one side; all the rest on the other; but without the existence of a black line between them. This concept of patria, a continuation or enlargement of one's own home thronged by recollections, is, in my judgment, the only true one. As my garden is precious in proportion as it is cultivated by my hand, so is the patria all the more the patria in proportion as we have served and honored her with our love or anointed her with our sorrow. Her history is that of my trees; her flag garners us all the sun the universe produces for us. The rest of it is yonder; it belongs to other beings; it is for other flags; and we do not need it to see well the colors of our flag and to feel life in all its fullness.

That love, "raised from the category of sentiment to that of virtue," is what is called patriotism; changed into a disorderly or senseless passion, it is a collective vice and it generates war.

It is well known that certain innovators (Tolstoi is their most famous interpreter) say that patriotism "is a selfish sentiment that leads to wars, one destined to disappear, to give place to the sentiment of universal brotherhood." They have taken for patriotism what is nothing of the kind; they have seen in it a sentiment mainly negative or exclusive, while, indeed, it is essentially positive, of love alone. "Science has no country," they once said to the French Pasteur. "No; it has no country," he answered; "but scientists have."

III

ONE needs, unquestionably, to concentrate his gaze on a piece of the habitable surface of the earth in order to make it the object of his spiritual cultivation. Must thou furrow the whole planet with thy plow?

In the same manner, one centers and cultivates love for man on the love he feels for those that are nearest and most like him, those that are bound to him by a common love of things and by common virtues and defects. Only thereby does

one attain to love for mankind and even to love for God. "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen," says John the evangelist, "how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Sons of the sumptuous mountains are wont to speak to us of them with the pride of a wealthy heir. They are welcome to do so. I, a son of this horizonless Rio de la Plata and of its hills, felt awed—I must confess it—when I saw the cordillera for the first time; I almost felt envy; but, rightly understood, all that awed without impressing me. An extravagant thought vibrated in my soul: it seemed to me that there was no habitable land there for man, because all of it, and even a great part of the sky, were occupied by its formidable owners, the mountains. Man seemed to me to be a guest there, a sojourner; his buildings, however sumptuous and however strong their foundations, always seemed small, temporary, always recently constructed, beside those enormous ancient structures, without doors or windows, in which the earth projects outward its reliefs and the forms of its inner life, with hidden meaning in their depths. There is no steeple that can bear the proximity of the Corcovado² of Rio de Janeiro; no edifice may stand beside the Pão de Assucar;³ men move among the roughnesses of that sublime land as though bound to silence, like conspirators in prison. The very stones, as they blend in the buildings have obeyed an unknown force that returns them to the maternal quarries rather than the will of men.

Another thing is the docility of the green hill; it might well be said that it bends low, like a dromedary, to receive the weight of its master: a human habitation takes possession of it and makes it live; fills it completely and changes it; a cupola enlarges and glorifies it.

The cupola of Michelangelo, for instance, rises like a lady above the hills of Rome which are its well proportioned pedestal.

²"Hunch-back:" a peak of irregular shape that rises about 2,500 feet above and behind Rio de Janeiro.—THE EDITOR.

³"Sugar-loaf:" a pointed monolith that rises from near one of the edges of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro to an altitude of some 2,000 feet.—THE EDITOR.

From everywhere it is visible; the sky emanates from it as a nimbus emanates from the helmet of an archangel. Set upon the Apennines, it would be smothered to death. The little hill on the bay of Montevideo, of which we have spoken, would be but a graceful sinuosity of the ground, if it did not boast the ancient fort that graces its summit. With it, the graceful mountlet is the frowning and formidable guardian of the city. The ancient structure is the spirit of the mount: a symbol, on its part, of the patria, mistress of herself, strong in the individual soul.

IV

BE ALL this as it may, and while I admire the genius of great foreign mountains, I feel my love for the universe concentrated on this landscape of mine that surrounds me, whose contour, marked by the line that the sea traces along the hospitable land, is lost in the blue of the distance, composed of many blues. . . . I see, from my rustic terrace, the Isla de Flores, perched on the imprecise spot that the water shares with the air. It is three bits of earth or rock, which seem to have gone swimming away from our shores to take possession of our horizon and come to rest at our door with a light in their hand. At times they are blocks of white marble, which assume different colors according to the hour and the state of the atmosphere; at others, small black promontories, when they wrap themselves in their mists and light their lamp companioned by friendly twinklings. They stand out as if more or less near or remote, according to the whims of the diffuse light. There are moments when, revealed by it, they seem as if they have just appeared on the horizon and as if we see them for the first time. At other times, I seek them and almost do not find them: they have gone away, or they have hidden themselves in the air.

Much farther off, when the air is limpid, may be distinguished quite clearly, on the eastern and northern horizons, the heights of our Atlantic coast, like light clouds: the Sierra de las Ánimas, Pan de Azúcar, the Montañas de Maldonado, which are exploring the sea for us. They are not mountains in any strict sense: they are

mere elevations of the plains that reveal the granitic bony structure of the land. Like all that is ours, these elevations or irregularities are moderate and harmonious; large but not enormous; high but not inaccessible. They are approachable, even to their summits, by man or by the stalk, by the eagle or by the nightingale, by the horse or by the quail: all are wheatlands. Rather than sprung from the depths of the earth, they seem to have been dropped from the air and become rooted in the heart of the land.

Harmony and proportion are distinctive of this my national heritage, as they were of ancient Greece, our ancestress; they, it was, that gave birth to the beautiful immortal myths. The sea, wine-colored or violet, spread a bosom propitious to barks with sails of purple, propelled by oars to the sound of flutes; a torrent of transparent water, a fragment of rock with a patch of moss, offered a habitation to a smiling divinity; a little mountain—Olympus—was the worthy and harmonious abode of all the gods.

They did not exist, but they live somewhere: humanity continues to believe in the greatness of that mount Olympus.

V

GUIDED by the remote sierras, I follow in thought the shore-line of the patria, along which resounds the voice of our stretch of the Atlantic, filled with gods. I advance toward the north as far as our boundary with our sister Brazil, and, turning westward then toward the inland, until I reach the Rfo del Uruguay, which gave us its name, I return by that doughty progenitor of ours, between the innumerable islands, in search of my point of departure.

Once again face to face with the Rfo de la Plata and the Cerro de Montevideo;⁴ once more in this little white house from which I set out and which is the center of my universe, it seems to me that I have encompassed my entire country with my two arms; that it is but a splendid amplification

⁴The Cerro de Montevideo, to which the author alludes so frequently, is a small peak or hill that is visible to the left of the harbor of Montevideo as one enters from the Rfo de la Plata.—THE EDITOR.

of the piece of ground cultivated by me, with nothing exotic, nothing that is not mine and my brothers': the Spanish language changed to suit our accent; the rivers that nourish Uruguay; the indigenous forests that drink at those rivers; the twin hills that undulate in their "green silence divine," and in which the innumerable herds—cows, sheep, horses—share their bread with the savage ostrich; trees with primitive names that sing in their birds songs in the same language, tuned to the purling of countless brooks embroidered with *camalotes*,⁵ to the odor of the pastures, to the flight of the birds: the strident *terutereros*⁶ that nest on the ground; the *borneros*,⁷ manufacturers of cupolas; the *palomas torcaces*⁸ that live in the thistle thickets; and the herons that gladden the rush clumps. All this is in harmony with the speech of men and the laughter of women, with the song of mothers that give suck to children; with the picturesque names that throng the history that is dear to us.

Although we do not claim that it constitutes all the sentiment of patriotism, we must agree that this companionship of man with nature forms an integral part of that love for something terrestrial that ought to survive us and our children: something everlasting in time; something that seems sacred.

I am persuaded, for example, that my frivolous allegation in behalf of the hill, in its esthetic plea with the mountain, has brought joy to the offspring of the plains. They have thought themselves personally alluded to in the defense; they, like myself, have felt like hills.

⁵An aquatic plant of the family of the *Pontederiaceæ* that grows on the rivers of South America.—THE EDITOR.

⁶The *teruterero*, according to Granada (*Vocabulario rioplatense razonado*, Montevideo, 1890, page 372), is "a bird a foot or so long, of white color, with a mixture of changing black and brown . . . whose note sounds like its name. It is easily tamed, and, let out in the patio of a house, it serves as a sentinel, always alert."—THE EDITOR.

⁷The *bornero*, according to Granada (work quoted, page 241), is "a bird of a cinnamon tan color, excepting the breast, which is white, and the tail, which is reddish. It builds a spherical nest of clay, similar to an oven [*bornno*], with a side entrance and divided into two compartments by a wall with a means of communication."—THE EDITOR.

⁸Ring-doves.—THE EDITOR.

I recall an occasion on which I perceived with particular intensity this force of cohesion between man and things. The occurrence took place during one of my journeys through the world, when I visited the zoölogical garden of Madrid.

"And have you no specimens of American flora?" I asked the famous owner of that house, don Miguel Colmeiro, after he had made me acquainted with his treasures.

"There is there a specimen of *Picurnia dioica*," the amiable savant said to me.

We went to see the *Picurnia dioica*. . . .

I regret to have to confess that I almost felt tears in my eyes, like an imbecile, when I observed that the tree he showed me was an *ombú*, the tree of my land, which was growing there, with an exotic name, removed from its climate, weak and sad.

The tree seemed to me to be a sick brother that awaited me before dying in solitude. I felt a longing to embrace it, to console it. The learned botanist knew nothing of this: of the soul of the tree; of its relations to my soul.

This recollection is less frivolous than it seems. I do not mean to say that this communion of man with nature is the cause of the national soul; but I do say that it is its immediate effect and its symbol. A tree is as much as, or more than, a flag. It is not because we love these things—trees and flags—that we constitute one collective soul, but this love reveals that collective soul to us; it makes us feel our soul.

Philosophers discern clearly enough the subjective character of the internal image produced in man by sensation. One of them remarks that every individual has a peculiar way of imagining; he calls it "the personality of the imagination." Although the vision of a horse, for example, is the same in a trader, a *sportsman*,⁹ a painter or an indifferent person, the "phantasm" that each one forms of a horse, when there is no horse present, is wholly different. This remark may be extended to races, peoples and epochs, and art confirms it. The phantasm of a woman was different in the Egyptian from what it was in the Greek, without our confusing that collective transformation with the transformation of the beloved woman, for example,

in the brain of the lover, which, if quite similar, is the work of each one's heart; but the observation is applicable, above all, to the pure concept of patria that we desire to inculcate. The phantasm of the things of our land is different in us from what it is in others; but it is the same in those of the same land.

The image or phantasm of the *ombú* in my spirit is not identical, by a great deal, with that of the *Picurnia dioica* in that of the botanist of Castilla; but it is, if not identical, very similar in the soul of all my fellow-countrymen.

From this comes what is wont to be called "stylizing" in art; it is the things copied from the inner original that a people or a race forms for itself. The *ombú* might occupy a quarter of our national shield.

VI

THIS is not to say, of course, that true patrias may not exist if they are great and complex. There are those, I doubt not, which, because of the intensity of their spirit, would be worthy to be small; but let us observe that in this case the great patria is a conglomeration of small patrias, united even more by the understanding, if not by strength, than by the heart. Let us confess too that extent is, if not the cause, the near occasion of a sin opposed to the virtue of patriotism. Heterogeneous size satisfies, not infrequently, the sentiment of pride, which is not properly a virtue: patriotic love; the latter is "contentment," that is—and the word "contenance" says it—fully satisfied with the object of love; the other may become "incontinence," stupidity, dispersion or dissipation of the affective energies.

Virtue-patriotism inclines to the defense of the soil in which one is rooted, as filial love, to the defense of the honor of a mother: with firm resolution, but without emphasis, without provocations, without proclamations, which seem to put it in doubt. The other, pride in what is complex, the worship of size, incites to provocative boastfulness, in turn generative of the desire for aggrandizement, for the possession of bodies without winning their souls, for enjoying without love. I shall not say that it is, but I do day that it may become

⁹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

something like, the voracity of the lower species.

What I call *patria*, in its most intense sense, is the patriotic unity—simple, homogeneous, harmonious—loved, not for what it has, but for what it is, and because it is a product of our own, of us who are a single force, a single love for common objects or images: recollections, names, colors, landscapes, structures, ruins, graves, wherein is found all that exists in time and eternity.

In the love of a country, rich, strong—strong, above all—there may be something of this, unquestionably; but there is also much, if I am not mistaken, of the idea of reciprocity, of receiving a compensation, even if it be of pride. Such and such a man of superior mind and heart who, because he is the son of a nation none too strong, conceives that his life is passing unobserved, might have enjoyed the delights of flashing glory, if he had been born in a powerful state. Another, in turn, might not have risen above the anonymous multitude without the fostering reflection of the country that has illuminated him.

VII

THE danger of making the nation to which we belong a sort of prolongation or amplification of one's self is serious, when that nation is very strong or very large; there is seen in the very person a concentration or reduction of the national strength; it is thought to bear it about with it as a title of superiority over other men. A German may cherish the feeling that he himself is Germany; a Frenchman, that he is France; and the Anglo-American, that he is America, when they encounter other men by the way; but not so much the kindly, intelligent, friendly France or Germany, as the strong France or England or America, capable of living without asking anything of anybody, almost menacingly.

It is not rare to see something of this, as we know, even in the sons of nations that are secondary in the material sense, when they come to imagine that they are strong: it is a law of poverty. Irreparable words are uttered. This itching of men infects governments, given to adopting a protective tone in their relations with states they deem less powerful. From this

identification of physical persons with international or collective persons comes the old idea of seeing in men just so many more international persons, as if their skins were dyed with the colors of their flag: their skins and even their blood.

It is quite true that this boasting of which we are speaking, above all when it is accompanied by disdain, is in inverse proportion to each man's personal worth; but few are the occasions on which this worth is so great that human weakness may not be greater. It is found alike in the clodhopper and in the gentleman; alike, or little less, in the priest and in the sergeant.

The soldier who, brave . . . and also cruel, in the ranks, begs for quarter as soon as he finds himself isolated, is not uncommon in war, we are told; and equally common in peace is the man who, amiable and modest as such, becomes disdainful and almost aggressive as an Englishman, a Spaniard, an Italian.

So are nations also in direct proportion to their pride.

The phrase "*civis romanus sum*" of the Rome of the Cæsars is still repeated, as an anachronism, in the midst of democracies. Our Greco-Roman historical education has contributed not a little to it, we must confess; and not without foundation, some one, agreeing with the Russian Tolstoi, who called patriotism a selfish sentiment, has said that modern wars are the result of the study of history. If so, they are, of routinary studies, not of the philosophy of history, which ought to be something more than a gallery of battles and official persons. There is much more than officialdom in the existence of peoples: don Quijote is as worthy of the honor of history as don Felipe II, and perhaps even more so; the philosophy of Sancho or that of the jester of King Lear is more profound than that of many authors of scientific manuals, experimental or otherwise.

Those philosophies—that of the English jester and that of the Spanish squire—the truly experimental ones, are the philosophies that ought to illuminate us in this hour of darkness through which humanity is passing, for want, perhaps, of common sense . . . the least common of the senses.

EXCAVATIONS IN THE VALLEY OF MÉXICO¹

QUATERNARY FOSSIL REMAINS AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL CULTURES

BY

ENRIQUE DÍAZ LOZANO

México will never cease to interest geologists, paleontologists, archæologists, anthropologists, ethnologists, botanists, historians and such other learned folk; but it is just as interesting to the unlearned, to the "man on the street," to the "average reader," the flitting tourist, provided he or she be gifted with a modicum of imagination. The following article is a case in point: in opening a drain for the construction of a culvert under a new highway, the point of a pick or the end of a crowbar touches the husk of mystery, and lo! the present vanishes and the past looms big with suggestion: engineers and workmen turn—at least temporarily—from digging to excavation, and from the building of a road to the interrogation of paleontology and archæology, with highly interesting results.—THE EDITOR.

*C'est aux fossiles seuls qu'est
due la naissance de la théorie
de la terre.* —CUVIER.

WHILE the enterprise undertaken by the Dirección de Caminos, a dependency of the Secretaría de Comunicaciones y Obras Públicas, to open a highway that would put the city of México into communication with the very important archæological center of Teotihuacán, was in progress, the laborers at work on this road found—in the section that extends between the station named Venta de Carpio, on the Hidalgo railway, and that of Tepexpan, in the *hacienda* of the same name, on the Mexican railway—the first remains of an elephant's skeleton,² in digging for a culvert on the right side of the railway, some three kilometers from the former station. Informed of the discovery, the Instituto Geológico de México commissioned me to remove these remains and to make the required observations.

¹A report on these explorations was duly made to the Instituto Geológico de México and a paper on the subject was presented at the Primer Congreso Nacional de Geografía, held on the occasion of the celebration of the first centenary of independence, by the honorable Sociedad de Geografía y Estadística, in September, 1921.

²In the original, this article is accompanied by illustrations. At this point occurs a reference to the first plate. The author of the article makes acknowledgment to the señor Edmundo del Río, an engineer, for the photographs that illustrate the original. He also adds that in the Instituto Geológico Nacional exist a good number of photographs of the excavations made at Venta de Carpio and Tepexpan.—THE EDITOR.

As the work of exploration advanced, there were found the remains of another large proboscidean, of which a complete cranium is worthy of especial mention. Later, behind the station of Tepexpan, Mr. S. McGregor, an engineer, who was appointed to assist me in this undertaking, took out the remains of another specimen. It may be said therefore that we had come upon a locality of a well defined fossiliferous character.

This fossiliferous locality is situated northeast of the city of México, and south of a volcano called Cerro de Chiconautla, at a short distance from its base, in the characteristic desert plain: a survival of what had been the bottom of the great lake of Texcoco.

This great depression that forms a part of the system of lakes that exists in the basin, the depth and extent of which must have been very considerable in the beginning, was gradually filled up as it received the materials that came down from a part of the solid mountains that surround this great region of the valley of México, borne by the waters which, descending from the inner slopes, gradually accumulated, and slowly but constantly raised its primitive bottom until they filled it in almost completely. The waters that accumulated in the great undrained reservoir evaporated and became concentrated, and the substances they held in solution resulted in the formation of a salt lake.

The transported materials that had come from the different igneous rocks ejected in the several periods—some more ancient and others contemporary—supplied the drift that finally filled in this lacustrine receptacle. Hence this drift is composed of the numerous materials that have resulted from the disintegration of rocks of different degrees of fragmentation and alteration, combined also with the substances discharged by the many volcanic vents of the basin, the energies of which, although now diminishing, have continued down to our times. Therefore all the sediments deposited in the lake of Texcoco, and, in general, throughout the lower part of the basin, represent, with the respective degree of alteration, the rocks from which they came. Among these deposits are intercalated, in many places, eruptive rocks that were ejected during the ages and mixed with the materials that were being deposited.

At the same time that the sedimentation was being effected, the remains of the organisms developed on the shores of the lake were deposited in the sediments, mingling with those that flourished in the waters of the lake itself; hence it is that among the products that came from the surrounding rocks are also to be found the remains of life, both animal and vegetable, developed on the shores of the lake of Texcoco and the other lakes, which are but the survivals, now dried up, of a great reservoir whose waters covered a large extent of the basin.

There have already been found in different localities of the valley numerous fossil remains that belonged to vertebrates that inhabited the shores of these lacustrine receptacles. Our museums contain a good number of specimens, belonging, many of them, to large skeletons, some of which were taken out when the drainage system of the valley of México was completed, with the opening of the Tequixquiac cut.³

The fossil flora is less known, but it also exists, such as the remains of *Diatomaceæ*, which are found mingled with the lacus-

trine mud or which form layers intercalated with the sediments.⁴

There have also been found remains of lacustrine *Monocotyledones*, some of which are indeterminable, such as those that were found in a layer, along with the elephants' remains in the lands of the *hacienda* of Tepexpan. Besides, some specimens, perfectly silicified, were taken from a well dug in the year 1887, in the neighborhood of Peñon de los Baños, at a depth of 16.76 meters.⁵

It may be said that our great basin that bears the name of "valley of México" is quite rich in fossils, although, unfortunately, investigations in respect of them have been very few, and the stratigraphic descriptions of the numerous discovered remains found are, it may be said, practically unintelligible. What has been remarked about the basin of the valley of México may also be, regarding basins of a similar character distributed throughout the central plateau of México.

The study of fossils is not, as is commonly supposed, a mere scientific speculation; for on these studies depend the identification and correlation of the sedimentary formations. *It will be impossible to determine the age of any geological formation, such as, for example, that which should be assigned to the igneous rocks, if the age of the immediate fossiliferous sedimentary rocks has not been previously fixed.*

The relations that exist between fossils and the strata that contain them are the only resource at the command of the geologist for his guidance in the study of the materials that constitute the earth's crust, as far as the latter is known; for the petrographic characteristics are insufficient, both in respect of igneous rocks and of sedimentary rocks themselves, since it has been made clear that both the former and

⁴E. Díaz Lozano: *Importancia de los yacimientos diatomíferos*, a paper presented to the Congreso Nacional de Geografía under the auspices of the honorable Sociedad de Geografía y Estadística, on the occasion of the first centenary of the completion of independence, 1921; "Diatomeas fósiles mexicanas," in *Anales del Instituto Geológico de México*, 1917, number 1, pages 8, 9.

⁵These specimens belonged to the deceased mining engineer, the señor don Santiago Ramírez, and they were given to me by Doctor Santiago Ramírez Vázquez.

³*Memoria histórico-técnica de las obras del desagüe del valle de México, 1449 to 1900*, published in 1902, volume i, plates facing pages 8, 13, 20 and 25.

the latter have been repeated in all the periods; hence the conclusions to which these characteristics may lead are always uncertain.

After these preliminary considerations, we shall now present a brief description of the fossiliferous bed of Tepexpan.

In it may be distinguished the following layers, from above downward:

1. A layer of vegetable mold of bad quality, which is the soil that covers these plains in general; it is of a variable thickness, with some twenty-five centimeters as a maximum.

2. A layer of fine sand slightly consolidated (soft sandstone), of a grey color and a variable thickness, its maximum being twenty-five centimeters; in some places it has the appearance of being "flagged." The consolidation of this layer is due to carbonates, which, with an admixture of clay, impregnate it, the former from the waters that have circulated among its particles; the latter is detritus of igneous rocks.

3. Then follows a thin layer of loose sand, the particles of which are from the same source as that of the preceding layer; it is of an irregular thickness.

4. The fossiliferous layer is a grey, marly clay, very plastic when it is wet, but very inconsistent and easily friable when it dries. The thickness of the layer was not determined, as it was explored only as far as the spot where the most dispersed remains of the skeleton were found, the excavation not going beyond two meters, and even less in that which was made by Mr. McGregor behind the station of Tepexpan. In these places, water appears at a very slight depth, this phenomenon being observed mainly in the second excavation; whereupon it became necessary to draw it off in order to continue the work.

It should be noted that these deposits, in a perceptibly horizontal position, rest on basaltic streams ejected by the volcano of Chiconautla, the outcroppings of which may be observed on the road between the first excavation and the station of Venta de Carpio. In the fossiliferous layer mentioned are to be found:

1. Fossil animals belonging to the species

Elephas (*Elephas imperator*, Leidy); other smaller fossils, some of them of birds; and the spicula of sponges.

2. The vegetable fossils are represented by carbonized remains, very badly preserved, of lacustrine plants (*tules* (?)), and numerous frustules of diatoms.

Of all these remains, unquestionably the most important are those of the *Proboscidae*, for there were discovered a good number of pieces that belonged to the two specimens found in the first excavation and the greater part of those that belonged to the third specimen brought to light in the second.⁶

It is worth while to call attention, both in the first and in the second excavation, to the fact that the skeletons of the elephants were not only found assembled in a relatively small space, but that many parts of the skeletons were still articulated, especially in the second and third specimens; for large sections of the vertebral columns were to be observed. In the first excavation were found the iliac bones articulated to the sacrum; in the second, a femur perfectly articulated to an iliac bone. It is quite probable that if the excavating had been continued the missing pieces could have been secured.

From the appearance of these skeletons, it may be supposed that the great *Proboscidae* to which they belong remained almost *in situ*, that is, that these great mammals died near the edge of the lake, their heavy skeletons being buried in the marshy bottom of the shore, slightly moved by the movement of the waters, the reason why are wanting some of the parts of the skeletons that were slightly separated from the whole.

It is to be hoped that, with more extended and patient explorations, there may be found other remains that will give us a clearer idea of the stratigraphy in this fossiliferous region, in order that we may thus begin to determine the geological horizons of our basin: a problem that will facilitate the effecting of other investi-

⁶All these remains were mended and prepared in the Instituto Geológico, the complete cranium being set up, with the exception of its defenses, which it was impossible to save, and several pieces, such as the lower mandibles and the extremities, which were placed in the halls of the museum. The rest were carefully preserved in the basement of the institute.

gations, with which we shall occupy ourselves later.

The different pieces of the skeletons were found to be almost as a whole, apparently in a good state, with the exception of the defenses, which could not be preserved save in certain parts—for example, a piece that belonged to the second cranium—as they were destroyed in their middle section so that it became necessary to remove them that we might take out the cranium without exposing it to the risk of being broken.

All these skeletons are incompletely fossilized. Hence we had to impregnate them on the spot with a solution of "soluble glass" (silicate of soda), else they would have been destroyed as soon as they were exposed to the influence of the weather. After these bones were impregnated with the substance mentioned, they were given a coating of Japan varnish, an operation that was effected when the necessary repairs were made in the institute.

The state of incomplete fossilization is probably due to the fact that, as the skeletons were in a layer of sandy clay, they were very slightly affected by the action of the air, which caused the organic matter to be destroyed very slowly; so that, as soon as this organic matter came into direct contact with the air, the destruction of the tissues proceeded very rapidly. Hence the specimens would have fallen to pieces and been reduced to powder, if they had not been opportunely impregnated and varnished.

As to the flora, especial attention is due to the *Diatomaceæ*, which are very abundant, and the interpretative value of which is quite important, since they reveal the characteristics of the saltiness, temperature and regimen of the waters, et cetera: a subject that has been discussed in other finished studies.⁷

In the numerous examples of fossils of Quaternary vertebrates that are to be found in the halls of our museums may be

seen many parts of the skeletons of elephants (*Elephas imperator*, Leidy, the species to which belong the specimens discovered at Tepexpan), mastodons, horses, llamas, bisons, glyptodons, et cetera, et cetera; but each of them still remains to be described; hence it is necessary to begin explorations in a systematic manner, and, along with paleontological determination, to make a minute study of the fossiliferous deposits.

Fossil remains of these vertebrates have been discovered in many regions of the country, and it has been proven that these creatures were emigrants, like the elephant, which, passing through Siberia, crossed North America and made its way to our country, Central and South America.

The glyptodon, which originated in the southern regions of South America, is also found amid the lacustrine sediments of our basin. The same may be said of the bison, the fossil remains of which have been found in México, and which lives, although tending to become extinct, in the territory of the United States. The llama, which still exists in South America (Perú, Ecuador, Chile and Colombia)⁸ is a fossil in our basin. This indicates that in the region comprised by our country occurred a mingling of the faunas that have inhabited and still inhabit the two American continents. Because of this fact may be at once understood the importance attached to thoroughly methodical explorations both in México and Central America, without overlooking, since it is no less important, the study of the fossil flora, which is so much neglected among us.

The establishment of the chronological succession and an acquaintance with the lacustrine sediments of the valley of México would render a great service to economic geology, hitherto generally applied among us with not a little empiricism; and, besides, it would greatly aid investigations as to the presence of man in the basin of México: a point that has been

⁷E. Díaz Lozano: "Depósitos diatomíferos del valle de Toxi," *Anales del Instituto Geológico de México*, number 9, 1920, pages 8, 9; H. Camacho: "Aguas subterráneas de Tlanalapan," *Anales del Instituto Geológico de México*, number 8, 1919, pages 13, 14; P. Waitz and F. Urbina: "Los temblores de Guadalajara en 1812," *Boletín del Instituto Geológico de México*, number 19, 1919, page 38.

⁸Llamas are not produced in Chile or Colombia, and only rarely are they driven into the loftiest regions of these countries with packs; and few are to be found in Ecuador; while they are raised and are very abundant in Bolivia, a circumstance overlooked by the author.—THE EDITOR.

much discussed and that has occasioned serious discomfitures, as in the case of the man of El Peñón⁹ and other cases that came up later, because, as a result of the very laudable endeavor to solve this important problem, certain investigators have been deluded by circumstances, such as those that surround discoveries like the find at El Peñón, and have overlooked anthropological characteristics that are far removed from those displayed by the earliest human types found in Europe,¹⁰ where also has been proven their co-existence side by side with the Quaternary animals, such as the mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*), the bear (*Ursus spelæus*), the horse (*Equus*), the reindeer (*Cervuus*) and many others.

The American man is an emigrant from an older continent,¹¹ as may be seen by reference to the very interesting study and observations made by Professor Hrdlička, which leaves no doubt on the subject, as well as of man's passage through the Siberian regions toward North America and his spread throughout the two continents, like the great mammals that had preceded him.

The presence of these vertebrates and of man in the basin of México, as may be inferred from the vestiges of both the former and the latter, occurred when the lacustrine evolution was already well advanced.

For greater clarity it is proper to make a brief résumé in order to give an idea of the history of our basin of the valley of México, which is similar to that of other existing basins on the Mexican plateau called Mesa Central. That history is as follows:

⁹*La naturaleza*, México, 1887, volume vii; Mariano Bárcena and Antonio del Castillo: *Noticia acerca del hallazgo de restos humanos prehistóricos en el valle de México*, 1884, pages 257-284; Mariano Bárcena: *Antigüedad del hombre en el valle de México*, 1886, pages 265-270; *Discusión acerca del hombre del Peñón, carta del profesor Newberry al director de La Tribuna*, 1885, pages 284, 285; *Contestación a las observaciones dadas por el señor Mariano Bárcena en 1886*, pages 286-288.

¹⁰E. Haug: *Les périodes géologiques*, Paris, 1908-1911, volume ii, page 1773.

¹¹Aleš Hrdlička: "Genesis of the American Indian," *Proceedings of the American Scientific Congress*, Washington, 1917, pages 128-137; Aleš Hrdlička: "Early Man in South America," *Bulletin 52 of the Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology*, Washington, 1912.

1. Great tectonic energy, which produced the upheaval that gave rise to the Mesa Central.

2. Manifestations of great volcanic energy (Cænozoic era) from which resulted the solid mountains that set bounds on this great lacustrine basin:¹² an energy that abated with the decrease of the depth and surface occupied by the waters in the interior of this inclosed basin.

The subsequent phenomena have already been outlined at the beginning of this paper; hence the final manifestations of volcanism are represented by the latest andesitic discharges (andesites of hypers-thene) and the basalts.

The latest basaltic discharges took place then in the dawn of human life, as is proven by the vestiges and primitive cultures now found beneath these lavas.

However, what has not been established is the coexistence of man and the great mammals that were developed on the old continent at the same time as the earliest human types.

Numerous remains of abundant Quaternary fauna have been discovered in the basin, in spite of the few investigations made hitherto, and nothing has been proven regarding such a coexistence.

Mention has been made of a fossil llama bone¹³ (misplaced long ago) that might well have been carved as a fossil and the value of which is much reduced, since care was not taken to record with the requisite precision the stratigraphic characteristics of the fossiliferous deposits. On the other hand, paleontological classification has been made with much more care, and to it have contributed distinguished paleontologists, such as Cope, Owen and others.

The anthropological characteristics observed in the oldest skeletons, such as those offered by the human remains found beneath the lavas of the Pedregal de San Ángel, in the quarries of Copilco,¹⁴ do not

¹²J. G. Aguilera: *Bosquejo geológico de México*, bulletins number 4, 5 and 6, 1896, pages 248, 249 and 232-234.

¹³Mariano Bárcena: "Nuevos datos acerca de la antigüedad del hombre en el valle de México," *La Naturaleza*, 1886, volume vii, page 265.

¹⁴Manuel Gamio: *Las excavaciones del Pedregal de San Ángel y la cultura arcaica del valle de México*, 1920, pages 136-142.

show any differences of importance in comparison with those of the modern indigenes.

With those skeletons have been discovered fragments of stone implements and pottery; the latter, which has been observed in other places of the valley and even in other parts of the country, has been considered the most ancient yet known: the reason why the archæologists have classified it with the culture they have denominated archaic.

Among all the implements that belong to this culture there has been found no tracing or sign that bears a likeness to any representative of the fauna, which, as in Europe, surrounded the man that was a contemporary of the mammoth and which was abundantly represented in the grottoes and left numerous remains that place it beyond doubt that they lived at the same time and in the same region.

The geological character of the Pedregal de San Ángel and that of the adjacent formations have been much studied;¹⁵ hence it is no longer necessary to discuss this point.

However, what does increase the importance of the basaltic flow called Pedregal de San Ángel is the result of the work undertaken by the Dirección de Antropología, for, by means of excavations made in the deposits that lie beneath the stream, were discovered sepulchers in which have been found quite complete human skeletons that it has been possible to study and that show that the lava of the Pedregal de San Ángel is modern, not to mention that recently there have been found in it the remains of monuments covered partly by the lavas themselves, as has occurred in the case of the pyramid that is being unearthed in the neighborhood of Peña Pobre, in Tlalpan.¹⁶

¹⁵J. D. Villarelo: "Agua subterráneas en el borde meridional de la cuenca de México," in *Boletín número 28 del Instituto Geológico Nacional*; Ezequiel Ordóñez: "El Pedregal de San Ángel," *Memorias de la Sociedad Científica Antonio Alzate*, 1893, volume iv; E. Wittich and P. Waitz: "Tubos de explosión en el Pedregal de San Ángel," *Boletín de la Sociedad Geológica Mexicana*, 1911, volume vii, second part, page 169; E. Wittich: "Fenómenos microvolcánicos en el Pedregal de San Ángel," *Memorias de la Sociedad Científica Antonio Alzate*, 1919, volume xxxviii, number 3.

¹⁶Labors undertaken by Doctor Cummings, in cooperation with the Dirección de Antropología.

The succession of cultures that have been developed in the basin of México, represented by the numerous remains of different kinds of implements that characterize them—among them those of pottery, which exist in great abundance and correspond to the succession of strata, some of which have suffered the action of volcanic energy, as in the case of the Pedregal—render the aid of geology necessary, in order that the archæologist may make his interpretations. In the archæological strata, all the vestiges of human life—skeletons, objects of wrought and polished stone, pottery, et cetera, et cetera—take the place of fossils in the geological strata.

All the manifestations of human intelligence expressed in the numerous objects of every kind that have been found present the characteristic traits of the cultures whence they came, and the archæologist has identified and grouped them methodically according to their representative characteristics.

It may be said that archæological investigations undertaken in human remains have dispelled all the illusions that had existed thitherto as to the primitive type of the American man. The determination of the nature of the archæological sedimentary deposits and the study of the wrought stones and minerals pertain to geology and the sciences auxiliary to it. On the other hand, archæology renders a good service to geology by enabling it to distinguish and determine the recent formations.

The cultures developed in the valley of México have been classified as three. The most ancient corresponds to the remains found in the Pedregal de San Ángel and elsewhere; the culture of Teotihuacán is chronologically intermediate; and the Aztec is the most modern.¹⁷ In the work *La población del valle de Teotihuacán* may be seen the results of stratigraphic explorations in respect of it.¹⁸

Hitherto, in the most ancient remains

¹⁷Doctor Manuel Gamio: "Artes menores: las pequeñas esculturas," in *La población del valle de Teotihuacán*, 1922, tomo i, volume i, pages 179-182.

¹⁸J. Reygadas Vértiz: "Estratigrafía y extensión cultural," in *La población del valle de Teotihuacán* tomo i, volume i, pages 225, 226; Engineer Ezequiel Ordóñez: "Formación geológica," in *La población del valle de Teotihuacán*, tomo i, volume i, pages 16-18.

of the culture of the valley, there has been found no vestige that demonstrates the co-existence of man and the great Quaternary vertebrates, as has been satisfactorily established on the European continent.

All the great mammals that have been found in the terrains that belong to the Pleistocene division were extinct when the first human beings appeared in our valley of México and in the regions formerly occupied by them.

The first inhabitants of this valley left the evidence of their existence in the remains of their different utensils, which mingled later with the materials that formed the first archæological strata, some of which were still subject, as has been said, to volcanic action (the basaltic lava of the Pedregal and perhaps other contemporary streams).

These characteristics distinguish these strata from the rest, for, although in parts of the basin the same archæological remains did not survive beneath the lavas, this geological incident has sufficient importance to differentiate the strata that contained the vestiges of archaic culture (which, besides, shows peculiar characteristics) from the cultures that followed it.

In short, the sedimentary deposits that form the drift of the basin may be considered as divided into two groups: the first, the higher group, which includes the evidences of human life; and the second, which includes the fossil remains of the vertebrates, among which have been found the great mammals, such as the elephant, the llama, the horse, the glyptodon, et cetera, et cetera.

Since man and the vertebrates mentioned did not exist at the same time, an interval occurred between the vanished faunas, which belong to the second group of strata, and the group that comprehends man. This interval must be represented by intermediate formations, or one of these two groups of sediments rests directly on the other.

If the first populators of the New World came from Asia and entered by way of North America in a period that corresponds to the Neolithic in Europe,¹⁹ a

¹⁹Aleš Hrdlička: *Genesis of the American Indian*, pages 134-135.

space of time has intervened between this fact and the extinction of the faunas that have been referred to the Pleistocene division. During this space of time ought to have occurred geological transformations that must have left some evidence in the basin. It is certain that at that time the lacustrine sedimentation must have taken place; hence it is left both to the geologist and the archæologist to determine these intermediate deposits in order to fix their upper boundary with the deposits in which are to be found the most ancient vestiges of human life, and in the lower boundary, the last remains of the fossil faunas.

Very probably these intermediate formations were not sterile (at least in their upper part); therefore it is interesting to become acquainted with the fossil fauna and flora contained in these layers.

It might be that in many places the higher group, with the remains of human life, rested on the sediments of the lower group, with the remains of the great mammals; this would by no means overthrow the geological conclusions, just as conclusions of an archæological character have in no wise been gainsaid when the remains of pottery of different periods have been found mingled, since this merely indicates that one culture had not disappeared when another was developed in the valley.

Other facts also require a judicious interpretation, for, among the objects found in the sepulchers discovered beneath the lava of the Pedregal, as well as among those that have been taken from the pyramid that rises from the lava of the Pedregal, itself, there have been found fossil remains (teeth) and other relics that were probably considered of this nature by the dwellers of the valley, who accounted for the great skeletons that are often to be found almost level with the earth or have been torn from their beds by the action of the waters. Hence, as in the case of other peoples of the earth, the presence of these great skeletons stimulated in our peoples legends similar to those of the countries that had been inhabited formerly by a race of gigantic men.

It is to be hoped that, with the investigations of stratigraphy—both archæologi-

cal and geological—which are being undertaken, very satisfactory conclusions may be reached, for in the basin improperly called the “Valley of México,” there exists an abundance of paleontological and archæological material. Hence all that is lacking is the study of all this with constancy and

especially with method, and, above all, of what has to do with our geological stratigraphy; for archæological stratigraphy has received not a little attention during recent years, and it necessarily requires for its furtherance the direct aid of geology.



THREE LETTERS OF JORGE ISAACS

ALFONSO REYES has published in *La Pluma*, a Madrid magazine, three letters from the author of *María*, valuable documents that we reproduce out of compliment to the readers of *Cultura Venezolana*. They are addressed to don Justo Sierra, a great personage of letters, and their object was to recommend a Neogranadan writer of brilliant thought and valiant pen, whom fate led by the hand, like Poe and Pérez Bonalde, along the rough places of life. The idyllic poet of El Cauca also sought something *pro domo suo* and he opened his heart burdened with misery; he, of whom it would be proper to say, with Juan Vicente González, that he was a bee of Helicon fallen into the cup of partizan wormwood. His letters are saturated with the unfathomable sadness of the poor gentleman, felt so deeply by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Poverty hovered about that home that the enchantment of poetry presents to us as tranquil and happy, amid groves of palms and within reach of the murmur of a plashing fountain. With a modest hand the poet drew aside, in an act of intimate revelation, the thick veil that concealed his uncertainties, his anguish, the miserable prose of life. He ventured on industrial enterprises, solicited an administrative position, came off his hobby-horse, and, since he possessed nothing, shared with his brother, who was driven from his native shores by the tempests of public life, the only treasure that remained to him: the tenderness of his heart. He asked for his companion, who was on the eve of departure, something more noble than material support: that is, counsel, the persuasiveness that would withdraw from his lips the wretched drink that was poisoning his soul and his brain.

The letters mentioned are as follows:

BOGOTÁ, *March 15, 1888.*

SEÑOR DON JUSTO SIERRA,
MÉXICO.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND:

I send you affectionate greetings; and I am greatly pleased to repeat to you that I have not

forgotten and that I shall never forget all that I owe to your goodness in honor and stimulus.

I shall soon write you at length, and these lines are merely to recommend to you a fellow-countryman of mine, the señor don Juan de Dios U——, who is probably going soon to your country.

The señor U——, a famous writer of Colombia and a man of admirable talent, is a member of a family highly esteemed for the services its illustrious men have lent to the republic since 1810: the blood of good and noble tribunes and of wise democrats runs in his veins; he loves what they loved; very young still, he succeeds in being what he was obliged to be.

He has been proscribed, and, as his virtuous mother has told me, he will find it necessary to live by his pen in some country of Spanish America, and it seems almost certain that he would prefer to go to México.

I beg of you, as well as of the señor F. Sosa and other illustrious Mexicans that love Colombia and that honor me with their regard, perhaps more that I deserve, to do for the señor U—— what they would do for one of my brothers. Show them this letter, which is for them also.

Your loyal friend and obedient servant,
JORGE ISAACS.

IBAGUÉ (COLOMBIA), *May 4, 1888*
SEÑOR DON JUSTO SIERRA,
MÉXICO.

Receive my embrace. Who knows when I shall be able to give you a real one!

I finished the study of the coast happily, with good fortune. The coal deposits that I discovered on the Golfo de Urabá (Darién del Norte) are a source of fabulous wealth. I am now associated—to enable me to crown the enterprise with success, to make contracts abroad, et cetera, et cetera—with the strong and reputable house of the señores José Camacho Roldán y Compañía. The administrative partner of the house will go in July to the United States and to Europe with this affair in hand, and in August or September I shall go to the coast to meet the competent engineer that the syndicate organized for the purpose will send to investigate the deposits. They will find that they are greater than I—moderate in my reports—said.

On the right track now. Only a final effort is needed, and “well and done,” as the Chileans say. I promise you—as soon as I shall have or-

ganized here the happiness of my family and the work of my older two sons, Lisimaco and Jorge—to start to the United States, in order to go from there, after studying that country for some months, to México. The rest will take care of itself.

I shall perhaps return half dead from my next journey to Urabá, et cetera; but shall I not have earned the privilege of seeing my family entirely happy for some years?

I recommended to you some months ago the señor don Juan de Dios U—, a distinguished Colombian, who went into exile. I know that you, the señor Sosa (whom I salute affectionately) and your many liberal friends will do something for U—. A thousand thanks to all of you from this moment.

U—, between us, has the misfortune to be fond of drink. His virtuous and intelligent mother often counseled him to remedy the evil. For periods he gives up the cursed vice, and then his brain is an inexhaustible fountain of light, and the darkness, the owl and the vampires go into mourning. It may be that there, alone, having to win the consideration, affection and admiration of men like you, U— will master and cure himself for ever. How much Colombia would gain thereby! I do not know how you will suggest or cause to be suggested anything in this respect. I beseech you to do it. However, you will see how he can write, what an intellectual force he is as a boy and what a great soul he has!

The señores Aguilar e Hijos, typographers of your city, wrote me the letter that I am answering to-day, and I take the liberty of inclosing you the answer to it, as it would be well for you to see it. They told me (October 15, 1887) that they had delivered you a box with a hundred copies of the last edition of *Maria* they have printed. If the number of copies of the complimentary gift had been as many as two hundred fifty or three hundred copies even (and it would have been just), the gentlemanly and fair conduct of the señores Aguilar might have been reported in the Mexican press as an example worthy to be followed throughout Latin America. I request you to send the books to Cartagena, to the señor Amaranto Jaspe, very strongly packed, as well as insured.

Your loyal friend,

JORGE ISAACS.

IBAGUÉ (COLOMBIA), *March 19, 1889.*

SEÑOR DON JUSTO SIERRA,
MÉXICO.

MY GOOD FRIEND:

Receive an affectionate embrace. Months have passed since I wrote you. From May, 1888, I have had to work hard on some mines

that are in forbidding mountains about six leagues southwest of this village.

In my last letter I spoke to you about the sending of a hundred copies of *Maria*, of the last edition brought out in México. They were a courteous gift of the señores Aguilar e Hijos. They wrote me on October 15, 1887, and in that letter they said that the hundred copies would be placed in your hands. In Bogotá, friends with whom I spoke of this, have awaited the arrival of the books; and if the edition is as attractive as Doctor Mejía assures me it is, these copies would be highly esteemed.

It is difficult to send the box directly to Colombia. You can address it to some respectable house in Panamá, that it may send it on to Barranquilla. If it could come directly to the port of Barranquilla, it would reach there readily, in the care of the señores Ferbuson Noguera. I shall write to them telling them to whom they are to send the box in Honda, a port in the interior, on the Río Magdalena. I shall be much obliged to you for your care, et cetera, in sending these books. The señores Camacho Roldán y Tamayo are to receive the books in Bogotá. If Doctor Salvador Camacho Roldán was in the city of México in 1888, as he assures me he was, he must have had the pleasure of knowing you; if he was, you now have a way of sending the books safely to Colombia. He would have explained everything to you.

Now to something else.

I shall return to the Atlantic coast to remain during the whole of next April for the purpose of visiting, with an engineer that is to come from Europe, the coal deposits that I discovered on the Golfo de Urabá or Darién del Norte in 1887. If my representative in charge of this business in Europe and the United States, Doctor José Camacho Roldán, brother of don Salvador, is successful in his method and undertaking, as I hope, the company that will have charge of the exploitation of these very rich coal deposits will make enormous, incalculable gains. I only fear that Doctor Camacho Roldán's negotiation may be delayed for some reason. This would upset my plans for the future absolutely. On the results of my hard work along the Atlantic coasts—to which I have devoted much time since 1882, from Cabo Falso to Punta Espada, in La Guaria, and to Pisisí, on the Golfo de Darién—I have set all my hope of a comfortable life in the future and of the possession of a certain patrimony for my family. At times I imagine that my efforts to acquire this modest fortune are useless; that I ought to resign myself to my family's not having, as long as I live, any more than what is absolutely necessary to avoid falling into frightful poverty. Thus we have struggled since 1862. Do not be

startled by that date: we are brave, and, as I had an opportunity to become rich in the high public positions that I occupied after 1876, if I had not placed my honor above everything, my poverty is to-day my pride.

I also fear that, as this country is governed to-day by the men about whom you are informed—ultramontane conservatives—obstacles of some kind will be placed, at last, to my obtaining a definite result from the venturesome undertaking of which I have spoken to you previously. These deposits of coal, being so close to Colón, are of really great value to the country; they are worth much to it because of their great richness, which the commerce of the world will employ; but what would you have? I have not worked in a country that knows how and is able to recompense such fortunate efforts. Had such a work been undertaken in México, Argentina or Chile, I should be rich to-day. Here it is different; I do not yet even possess so much as a modest house as a home for my family, and I am still struggling to live, even in poverty. If my spirit were capable of miserable fatuities, I should have imagined that all these trials and hardships of years and years are the glorious tortures from which other unfortunates—winners of honor and well-being that are to-day enjoyed by their compatriots—sought in vain to free themselves during life; but no: I have not yet been able to do anything that will make me worthy of the torments of those exiled souls.

Well, my friend, let us be far-seeing: I need to be so in order that later my conscience may not accuse me of blindness and of having been too frank in speaking with you of intimate things. What was published in 1886 in the newspapers of México regarding my painful situation was the truth. It was so from 1882 until 1884, and it was so from September, 1885, on the conclusion of the disastrous campaign in which we the mentors of liberalism had engaged that year. I denied what had been published by noble Mexican writers; I denied the truth for the honor of my country. You perhaps might have seen that statement of mine published in *El Promotor* of Barranquilla. Do you know how my compatriots thanked me for my abnegation? A certain Jorge Abello, a nobody, one of the editors of that petty sheet, made vile sport, worthy of the *vogue*, because he said that the editors of the paper had not known what I was doing on the coast, or whether I was in México or Colombia. In truth, they had believed that I was in México! . . . Why tell you anything more?

I relied much more at that time on the immediate success of my enterprises, and in them I endangered life, leaving the graves of my companions on the desert shores.

If the results of that undertaking are delayed, or if my efforts fail, I shall have to suffer a great deal; I shall be in debt for the journey of don José Camacho Roldán to Europe and the United States; it will be necessary for my family and myself to continue to reside in this place where it has lived as if in exile since 1880; I shall have to absent myself, at all events, in search of work, leaving it in sadness and almost deserted, as on other occasions. It is already too much for my strength, my friend; and in this situation I shall have, as always, the "respectful" indifference of the wealthy churils that are to be found in this wretched place—rich enough to live here—and the cruel indifference of the men that govern Colombia to-day.

I could establish myself with less difficulty in El Cauca; but to do this it would be necessary to possess at least a small capital; and perhaps they would not let me live in that region, where I was born, from fear and conservative partizan jealousy; I am loved there by the liberal young men that have struggled victoriously under my orders.

In what manner could you, aided by the señor Sosa and your other friends, give me a helping hand to save me from this abyss? Afterward, everything would be feasible and bearable; I am still vigorous, and I can do much yet.

You know that in México they have already printed fourteen editions of *Maria*, and those that have been put out in the other Hispanic-American countries, without counting Colombia, exceed twenty-five. What do you suppose would be the result of an effort made in México to induce the publishers of the book to form a fund that would recompense, even in part, my rights as the author of this book? What would be the effect of a similar endeavor, made from México, with the publishers of the rest of America, who, to my great prejudice, have published editions without my consent? Do, in this respect, you, the señor Sosa, Doctor Mejía and my other good friends, what you think wisest and *most delicate*. If you in México think it better to do nothing in the affair, I approve, in advance, of what you decide.

Another means is possible. If the señor General Díaz knows who I am, and if he holds a favorable opinion of me, would he have any objection to honoring me with an appointment as consul-general of México in Colombia? Would the Mexican laws permit such an appointment? I should try to fill the position in such a manner that my work would not be useless to México, and if my deep gratitude is worth anything, the eminent citizen that to-day presides over that nation would have not only

my gratitude, but that of my children and of the Colombians that love me.

Although written from my soul, to trace these last lines has been more difficult for me than to write many chapters of that book, the poem of my heart, which you admire. The prose of existence . . . how much sordid living costs! How much one is capable of doing for the love of those admirable children that have been my only joy and consolation! How frightful and cruel it is to think that I shall leave them in the world friendless!

Do not reread these lines. Act as if you were my brother. Do not forget, in attempting one or the other measure, that my name is involved; that I do not ask alms of the publishers that have speculated throughout America with my work; that if the president of México is worthy of admiration and praise, I . . . I am, by naturalization papers, a citizen of all Latin America, a brother to all the souls that labor

happily and struggle gloriously in her, complementing the work of our liberators.

Farewell for to-day. Your letters will reach me readily at Cartagena, under cover to the señor Doctor Henrique de la Espriella.

I send you an affectionate embrace for the señor Sosa. Has my long reply to his letter of April 27, 1887, reached him? I have received no other letter from him.

Your loyal friend and obedient servant,
JORGE ISAACS.

Postscript.—I send you, taken from number 7,262 of the *Diario Oficial* of Colombia (December 26, 1887), what was published up to that time about the coal deposits studied by me. The press of the country—that of the conservatives somewhat restrained—applauded and admired what had been done and obtained. Would it be useful to reproduce these documents in México?



DON QUIJOTE IN THE LIGHT OF PSYCHIATRY

BY

EDUARDO URZAIZ

An interesting and instructive analysis, in harmony with science, based on wide reading and characterized by good judgment and freedom from extravagant theories. After discussing the main theme of don Quijote's madness, the author concludes: "Cervantes sought merely to paint a madman; with the elements of truth, he left in the picture all the bitterness of his unhappy life as a lover of goodness, as one disinherited by fortune, as an uncomprehended genius. Therefore in don Quijote he pictured himself, and he created, without wishing to do so, the symbol of his country, the nation of glorious defeats."—THE EDITOR.

THERE exists no book—except *The Bible*, perhaps—that has been the object of a more extensive exegesis, of more prolix commentaries, of more thorough studies, than *Don Quijote*. Celebrated lectures, opuscles, pamphlets, entire books, have been devoted to the inimitable work of Cervantes: now analyzing the beauties of the style, now seeking in it hidden symbols, now pursuing with perverse earnestness the blemishes of which no human production is exempt.

Great geniuses are inseparable from their work. It is by studying the latter that the former are to be honored, because it is all that remains and endures throughout the ages. Their lives, however interesting they may be, differ little from those of the common run of mortals: they are born, they struggle, they suffer more or less and they overcome to a greater or less degree the prejudices of their times; they rarely reproduce themselves, and they pay, like any Gideon, the inevitable tribute to nature.

"*Don Quijote*," said don Diego de Saavedra, "is an altar that we may not approach without great respect and reverence."

I, like Juan Montalvo, ought to exclaim, contritely and humbly: "Who art thou, infusorian, that, with this world on thy back, comest to cast it at my door?"

Illustrious shades of Boileau, Saint-Évremond, La Harpe, Saint-Pierre, John Bowle, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Montégut, Clemencin, Mérimée, Morel Fatio, Menéndez y Pelayo and so many others not less

illustrious: I invoke you with due respect and I say to you, like the Knight of the Sad Figure: "Flee not, your honors, nor take any affront, for my mind is bent only on admiring and reverencing you."

I am not so bold or rash as to claim to set my pen to a work in which you displayed the beauties of your gifted pens. To excuse such daring, neither the devout predilection that I have cherished for *Don Quijote* since I could barely spell out its pages, nor my having read and reread its most splendid passages, until I had learned them by heart, would suffice.

Impelled by my fondness for dealing with the insane, I merely wish to analyze the portrait of this ideal madman: a picture executed in so happy a manner that in it the precision of the clinical portrayal does not diminish in the slightest the artistic merit, and the sobriety and exactitude of the traits are such that no conventionalism blurs the scientific truth.

Let it not be thought that in considering don Quijote as a clinical case of mental alienation, I claim the palm of originality; for I am by no means the first, or the only one, to study this aspect of Cervantes's work. Don Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo has said that the psychiatrists are the most authoritative critics of *Don Quijote*; and, indeed, the alienists, beginning with Esquirol, have always read with interest and wonder this singular work, and many have applied to its protagonist a more or less accurate diagnosis. Roussel, Vanlair and Villechauvaix, French physicians, have expressed opinions as to don Quijote's madness. Louveau of Montpellier wrote

his doctor's thesis on it. Lucien Libert presented at Paris, also as a thesis, a voluminous pamphlet that bears the title: *La folie de don Quichotte*. Revesez, a Hungarian physician, considered the relations of the two personages of Cervantes to the psychology of multitudes. In Spain, Pedro Mata, Comenge and Fisac have considered the medical aspects of *Don Quijote*. Doctor Morejón made a serious study of the subject: a study translated into French by Doctor Laguarda and analyzed by Legrand du Saulle in the *Annales Médico-Psychologiques*. Doctor Pi y Molist is the author of a book entitled *Primores del Quijote en el concepto médico-psicológico y consideraciones generales sobre la locura para un nuevo comentario de la inmortal novela*. In the summer session that the Academia de Medicina of Madrid devoted to Cervantes in 1905, the learned Ramón y Cajal delivered a very fine address on the *Psicología del Quijote y el qui-jotismo*. Contemporary with this address were two notable works that bear the same title: *La locura de don Quijote*. The author of one of them is Doctor Rodríguez Marín of México, and of the other, don Ricardo Royo y Villanova of Zaragoza. The latter studied the psychosis of don Quijote in the light of modern science, and in the form of a clinical observation, presented in a masterly lecture.

Different diagnoses have been applied to don Quijote by the authors mentioned: "monomania," "erotic monomania," "expansive monomania," "delirium of greatness," "delirium of persecution," "systematized partial delirium," "paranoia," "delirium of interpretation." In truth, the divergence of opinion is more apparent than real, which some may attribute to vagueness in the portrayal of the subject. It is due to the fact that the kind of madness that Cervantes described has been called by several names at different times; and even to-day there are authors dissatisfied with the terms that are generally applied to it. In the time of Esquirol and Pinel, forms of partial insanity were called "monomania," and, according to the dominant character of the madness, it bore the additional adjectives of "erotic," "expansive," "religious," "reformatory,"

"inventive," "litigious," et cetera. Thanks to the works of Maguan, Sérieux, Lasègue, Capgras, Regis and Falret, and those of Kraepelin and his school, the different monomanias have been comprised in a single psychosis, thoroughly studied and defined, which the German writers call "Paranoia," and for which the French prefer the term *délire partiel systématisé*, which some modern authors propose to change for that of "delirium of interpretation." As may be seen, it is merely a question of names.

Those that do fall into great error, even within the denomination of monomania, now abandoned, are those that have qualified the mania of good Alonso Quijada as erotic. Let it be understood that not physicians alone have fallen into this error, which arises from having read the immortal novel very superficially. Certain light critics attach exaggerated importance to the love of don Quijote for Dulcinea and they present him as the prototype of platonic lovers; while love is in him a simple detail of knight-errantry, like the pasteboard visor he added to the helmet of his great-grandfather to convert it into a head-piece of very fine lace. Don Quijote had to be in love because Amadis was, as "a knight-errant without love affairs is a tree without leaves and without fruit, and a body without a soul." The theme of his delirium was knight-errantry, and within its sphere, platonic love is one more touch, like the touches of his sleeping armed and of passing his nights out of doors.

"Paranoia" or "systematized partial delirium" is a chronic and incurable psychosis characterized by a group of false ideas that become systematized and constitute a mental nucleus, a center of attraction and radiation for the other psychical functions of the affected person and of all his acts and thoughts. The nucleus of false ideas is slowly established after a period of vacillation and doubt in which the invalid struggles and defends himself against the aberrations that take possession of his consciousness. In the production of this disturbance, delirious interpretations, hallucinations and sensorial illusions exercise a great influence. The first mentioned fix the type of delirium

and mark the direction it is to take: every act, however trivial and insignificant it may be, is interpreted by the invalid according to his particular manner of seeing things and supplies pabulum for his madness. Hallucinations change initial doubt into certainty and give to ideas the character of an unshakable conviction. Hence the futility of all reasoning to convince these patients of their errors.

In the delirium of paranoiacs the idea of persecution is always mingled with that of greatness. The former predominates in the beginning; later, the latter increases, and the invalid attains to what is called "transformation of personality:" he is no longer Pedro, Juan or García, but a pope, "a king of the waters," or a knight-errant, like our hero the good Alonso Quijada.

With the disturbance that I have just sketched lightly is contrasted the preservation of the essential factors of the understanding. The memory of paranoiacs is remarkable, and the logic of their reasoning is perfect. Apart from their theme, they may be discreet, cultured, artistic and even learned. This is a madness of distinction, and it includes in its archives illustrious names and even canonized saints. Benvenuto Cellini was a paranoiac, and Mohammed and Joan of Arc, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Hector Berlioz also were paranoiacs.

The description of the ingenius hidalgo of La Mancha agrees in all its details with the portrayal of a typical paranoiac, just as the most expert clinician might accomplish it. First, we have a period of incubation, the time in which don Quijote, forgetting the exercise of the chase and the administration of his property, gives himself up entirely to the reading of books of knight-errantry. Insomnia, an invariable symptom of all the incipient insanities, is not absent, and he spends his nights "reading from sun to sun and his days in nodding."

Soon came the hallucinations and delirious interpretations. His niece saw him more than once passing his time

reading those wretched books of misadventures for more than two days, with their nights, at the end of which he cast aside the book, grasped his sword and slashed the walls, and when he

was tired out, he said he had killed four giants like unto four towers, and the sweat that he sweated from weariness, he said it was blood from the wounds he had received in the battle.

The delirium once systematized, conviction was strengthened in his mind. Don Quijote believed it necessary and proper, "both for the increase of his honor and for the public good," to become a knight-errant, and he hastened to put this idea into practice. He cleaned his weapons, put on his laced helmet, baptized his old hack and dubbed himself, selected and named his lady and set forth in quest of the cherished adventures through the ancient and well known country of Montiel. From that time he entertained ideas of greatness and imagined himself "crowned for the valor of his arm, at least, over the empire of Trebizond." He had not accomplished any feat whatsoever, yet he exclaimed:

Blessed age and blessed century, that in which will be brought to light my exploits worthy to be cast in bronze, sculptured in marble and painted on tablets as a memorial in the future.

He was not lacking in ideas of persecution, either: his belief in the dislike of sorcerers was well known to his good friends the village priest and the barber, as when they made shift of it to explain the disappearance of his library. He, for his part, accepted this explanation as the most natural thing in the world, and he added:

That is a wise sorcerer, a great enemy of mine, who has cast an evil eye on me, because he knows, by his arts and letters, that I have to come, in the fullness of time, to fight in single combat with a knight that he favors, and I must vanquish him in spite of his efforts to prevent it, and therefore he seeks to work me all the mischief that he can.

He was never free of hallucinations, delusions, delirious interpretations. The inn was a castle; the innkeeper, a castellan; the maid-servants of the locality were high ladies; the castrater of pigs was the herald that announced his arrival; the tossers of Sancho were phantasms; the barber's new basin was the famous helmet of Mambrino;

the windmills were giants; the sheep, armies; the coarse canvas chemise of the filthy Maritones seemed to him to be of the finest silk; her hair was of gold; and into soft and aromatic perfume he changed her breath, garlicky from the salad of the night before.

The malign sorcerers whet their anger against him: now they change his enemies into phantasms, to prevent his wreaking full vengeance on them; now they turn his incomparable lady into a rustic field-hand; now they enchant him and shut him up in a wretched cage. Nothing, however, is capable of disheartening him: drubbings, stonings, falls and blows only serve to convince him more and more of the need that the world has of his potent arm.

On the other hand, "whenever he spoke and made reply, he showed he had a very good understanding: he lost his stirrups only when he was playing the knight." A good proof of the soundness of his intellectual faculties was the wise counsels he gave to Sancho on setting out for the government of the island of Barataria, his discreet arguments in the house of don Diego de Miranda, the fine address on arms and letters and that other, no less beautiful, on the age of gold:

Blessed age and blessed centuries, those on which the ancients set the name of golden, and not because in them gold—which, in this our age of iron, is so much esteemed—might be obtained in that happy time without any weariness at all, but because those that lived in it were not acquainted with these two words: *thine* and *mine*.

Although it was Cervantes that was speaking, he revealed the delicacy of his observation when he put such discourses into the mouths of his heroes: affectation and pomposity of style are very natural in paranoiacs. Such diseased persons, in harmony with the lofty idea they have of themselves, do not seek common language, and they use far-fetched and obscure phrases.

As a good paranoiac, don Quijote possessed unyielding convictions, and he could not be convinced by reasoning. When his niece dared to counsel him to keep out of quarrels and remain peacefully at home, he answered her angrily: "O my niece, how

wrong you are!" When, at the slow pace of the oxen, he returned to his village, tied hands and feet, Sancho was unable to convince him that he was not enchanted, in spite of the solid, but none too decent, arguments he used. The learned Toledan canon, who on the same occasion attempted to prove to him that the world has never known Amadis or Belianises or emperors of Trebizond, heard from don Quijote's lips ironical and angry remarks. When that meddlesome clergyman, table-mate of the duke, censured the latter, who was giving pabulum to the madness of don Quijote, whom he called addlepate and counseled to be off to his home and *bacienda*, the rage of the hidalgo broke out terribly. "While cherishing no respect for dukes, with an angry face and a flashing look," he arose, "quivering from head to foot like mercury," and he said:

The place where I am and the presence before which I find myself and the respect that I have always entertained and still entertain for the calling to which your honor belongs, restrain and tie the hands of my just anger. . . .

Inclined by my fate, I tread the narrow path of knight-errantry, by the exercise of which I despise property, but not honor. I have redressed wrongs, settled difficulties, vanquished giants and overthrown sorcerers.

It is usual to observe in paranoiacs, although other afflicted persons present cases of it, a curious phenomenon that receives the name of *retrospective falsification* or *pseudo-reminiscence*. It is a disturbance of the memory, although, in reality, judgment, imagination and association of ideas take part in it. Patients tell long stories of their lives and adventures, believing them in good faith, with the appearance of truth, while they are completely false. Among enlightened invalids, the result of reading is mixed with the recollection of facts.

This phenomenon did not escape the shrewd observation of Cervantes. In the diseased imagination of the hidalgo of La Mancha, his readings were confused with reality. When, at nightfall, he found himself on the floor, after a sound beating and unable to arise, he fancied himself Baldovinos, wounded and abandoned on

the mountain, and he adapted to his use the verses of the old romance that related this occurrence; later he forgot about Baldovinos and became the moor Abindarráez, whom don Rodrigo de Narváez bore off as a prisoner to his alcaidship. When he came out of the cave of Montesinos, heavy with sleep, he related marvelous adventures, based on those of his favorite books.

There is a point at which the painting of don Quijote accords admirably with reality and which is perceptible only by means of close observation. Although, seemingly, paranoiacs retain their intelligence intact, the ethical sense is more or less affected in them: feelings plays an important part in bringing about their disequilibrium. In spite of those that see in don Quijote the prototype of altruism and generosity, it must be confessed that the moral sense of the good hidalgo left much to be desired. Cervantes tells us that "he was, above all, on good terms with Reynaldos de Montalván, and all the more when he saw him issue from his castle and rob every one on whom he chanced." In the adventure of the galliots, don Quijote showed that his ideas as to property were not very clear. We find food for not a little thought in the ethics of that speech in which he attempted to prove the utility of procuresses and pimps in every well ordered state. Note too that he did not oppose Sancho's disposing of the spare pack-mule that the priest was taking along in the daring adventure of the camisades, or to his retaining the money found in Cardenio's bag in the heart of the Sierra Morena.

I should abuse the patience of my readers if I should continue the points in which the description of the ingenious hidalgo is in harmony with reality. The surprising and admirable fact is that Cervantes succeeded in drawing the picture of a well defined psychosis before it was known or described by the alienists.

In my opinion this phenomenon was due to his being in advance of his time, which is characteristic of genius, and to his following the procedure which, ages later, was to be adopted by the great masters of the realistic school. Cervantes portrayed the case of don Quijote with that tone of truth that is only seen in the works of painters

that draw inspiration from nature without prejudice or artistic conventionalism.

Where alone Cervantes seems to depart a little from scientific truth is in the conclusion he gives to don Quijote's madness. The latter, being vanquished by the Knight of the Mirrors, was forced, on his word of honor, to return to his village and not to take up arms for the period of one year. Black thoughts took possession of him, discouraged and depressed him. An intermittent fever interposed to hasten his end; he recovered his reason in his last hour and he died as a man in his senses. This transformation of a paranoiac into a melancholiac has not been observed as a fact, to my knowledge. In thorough megalomania, there is no misfortune or accident that is capable of depressing those that suffer from this disease: confined in a madhouse and occupied in vulgar tasks, they think they are emperors or kings, and they never lack an explanation to account for their condition or a hope that will encourage and sustain the faith they have in their lofty destiny and great worth.

A return to reason in the hour of death is, indeed, a phenomenon that may be observed in some of the alienated, although not with great frequency, and precisely not in the paranoiac. It seems to me that Cervantes did nothing more than apply to his hero what he saw in other madmen, with but a slight departure from the truth, more than excusable among so much that was apt.

There have not been lacking those that have thought that don Quijote was a direct copy from nature and that Cervantes had the design of ridiculing a definite person by his portrayal. There are critics that affirm that in reality there existed a drunken and ridiculous hidalgo named Alonso Quijada, who, it seems, had something to do with the affair of the imprisonment of Cervantes in La Argamasilla. Others believe that the model of don Quijote was a certain don Rodrigo de Pacheco. They base their opinion on the fact that he was the only hidalgo that lived in La Argamasilla when the imprisonment of Cervantes occurred. I do not enter into investigations as to the accuracy or inaccuracy of these views: in my opinion,

it is incontrovertible that, with a model or without it, the work was drawn from nature.

To account for the success of Cervantes in describing a pathological case, it is not necessary to suppose that he was a distinguished physician or an alienist of genius, as we have it from some of his admirers that are bent on proclaiming him a master in all the branches and all the lines of human knowledge. As Juan Montalvo said:

The real merits of Cervantes are too many and too great for his glory to be in need of illusions, which, after all, constitute nothing more than a fantastic learning.

It may not be denied that Cervantes showed a decided interest in the observation of mental derangement. His journeys, his campaigns, his captivity, probably brought him into contact with insane persons whom, as the keen observer he was, he could do no less than study. Don Quijote was not the only madman described by him. Attorney Vidriera the protagonist of one of his *Novelas ejemplares*, was a maniac who, after a violent attack, retained for some time certain delirious ideas and at length regained his reason. Some one has called him the elder brother of don Quijote.

When the barber visited don Quijote, after his first campaign, he related to him a story of madmen, the scene of which was a hospital in Sevilla. In the text of *Don Quijote* appear other madmen: Crisóstomo, Anselmo and Cardenio. In the last we find intermittency very well observed, and an access of furor, followed by amnesia, very well described: perhaps he was an incipient epileptic. There is, however, a certain conventionalism in the figure of Cardenio, and the conception of the determining cause of his madness is a vulgar one, just as the rapid cure of it is unlikely.

In the prologue of the second part of *Don Quijote*, Cervantes gives two other stories of madmen. The first of them was the one that inflated dogs with a reed and asked bystanders if such a task seemed easy to them. The other was wont to burst into an extended song over dogs; but, after being cudged by the owner of a

hound, he threatened him with a song, and, without going so far as to impose it on him, he said: "Stand on your guard, for you are a hound." Here, in my opinion, Cervantes shared in the prejudice of his time, since he held to be true the saying that a madman could be cured by pain: a barbarous and lugubrious refrain on which the therapeutics of mental affections was based for a long time. No one can wholly escape the ideas of his time. Cervantes revealed sufficient discretion in abstaining from presenting don Quijote to us as cured by the wholesome effects of the beatings he received, and in showing his good friends the village priest, the barber and the bachelor Carrasco trying a moral treatment on him. Avellaneda, the dull rival of Cervantes, made don Quijote enter the Nuncio de Toledo, where he received, as he entered, and for therapeutic purposes, a mighty drubbing, followed by a cold ducking; because such were the remedies applied to lunatics before the great Pinel broke their chains.

Derangements of the human mind have been especially attractive to observers and artists. Where the terrorized multitude sees only divine chastisement, the wise man meditates, the artist observes and later seeks to reproduce.

The Greek writers of tragedy left admirable pictures of madmen, even if they were episodic and incomplete. Such are the descriptions that Euripides makes of Orestes persecuted by the furies, a true and sharp access of hallucinatory delirium.

In Goethe's *Faust* we encounter the puerperal insanity of Marguerite, who, abandoned by her lover, falls into a state of mental confusion and kills her son.

In the portrayal of the alienated, another colossal genius, Shakespeare, competed with Cervantes. Deeply versed in human passions, a genius more ample and universal than Cervantes, he painted several madmen instead of one. The depicting of the psychasthenia of Hamlet, the melancholy of Ophelia, the hysteria and mono-ideistic somnambulism of King Lear is admirable. Yet I do not hesitate to maintain that, as living documents, they are inferior to the paranoia of don Quijote de La Mancha. The observation is less fine, and in Shake-

speare's types there is a certain conventionalism: they are what the author needed for the dramatic quality of his work.

To the dramatists and novelists of the romantic school, madness was a very useful device. To them it was the easiest and simplest thing to turn a personage into a madman at a given moment: a vague look, a penetrating cry, an hysterical burst of laughter was more than sufficient. With the same facility they made them sane when it was necessary. They are the madmen of the melodrama and the *folletti*¹ which, very conventional and false, do not interest the alienist.

It would seem that among the authors of the modern realistic school we ought to find descriptions of insanity superior to that of don Quijote, but it is not so. With a scientific preparation that Cervantes lacked, with the vast field presented to their observation by asylums and prisons, contemporary novelists and dramatists prefer the intermediate types; when they attempt to portray well defined pathological states they fail, as a rule.

Ibsen, in *Ghosts*, has given us a glimpse of general paralysis; d'Annunzio, in *Trionfo della morte*, has presented the fixed idea of suicide.

Zola, who described in *L'assommoir*, with a master hand, an access of *delirium tremens*, in portraying other types, was guilty of frequent confusions and errors. His failure was due to an excess of scientific study over direct observation. He confessed that in order to write *La bête humaine*, he often consulted Lombroso's *L'uomo delinquente in rapporto all' antropologia*. Listen, however, to what this learned man says of him:

Zola, who admirably painted people poisoned with alcohol, the lower middle class of the cities and villages, it seems to me, has not studied criminals from nature; and this is because they are not to be found with so much ease and they do not permit themselves to be studied comfortably, even in prison. To me, his criminals possess the indecisive and false ideas of certain photographs that are made from paintings and not from the originals.

I think that precisely in this consists the failure of modern authors when they attempt to present definite pathological cases: instead of observing them directly, they read Lombroso, Garofalo or Krafft-Ebing. Study, if in doubt, *Le journal d'une femme de chambre* of Octave Mirbeau or *El otro* of Eduardo Zamacois, and you will see transferred to the novel the chapters of sexual psychopathy.

The great Spanish realist Pérez Galdós, in spite of being a keen observer, has also failed in the portrayal of a madman. A certain Maximiliano Rubén, who figures in *Fortunata y Jacinta*, is unclassifiable. His disturbance slightly resembles *dementia precox*, but it is lost or confused in a vulgar and false conception of madness. He seems to be a dissimulator rather than a true madman.

I think that no one among moderns has surpassed Alphonse Daudet in the portrayal of pathological types, although he sought his models in the vague and hazy borderland between reason and insanity. The *failures* that he presented in *Jack* are perfect examples of the unbalanced. Delobelle,² d'Argenton, Moronval and Doctor Hirsch all have the color of reality. The same may be said of Jack's mother, the beautiful Ida de Barancy,³ who, with her little head of a bird, her child's complexion and her light prattle, constitutes the perfect type of mental debility, verging on moral insanity. Notable also, in the same book, is the perfect description of the melancholy of the little Negro Mâdou, the dethroned kinglet of Dahomey, who died of nostalgia. Even the detail of presenting all this tribe of degenerates gathered in the sordid Moronval college, although it conduces to the conventional aims of the novel, is the result of the observation of a real fact: that these types, like certain animal species, live in bands. Although they hate one another, they need and seek one another in order to secure for themselves the admiration and flatteries that the public withholds from them. The secret of Daudet's success is in the process he followed: to observe well and to paint from

¹A novel or story, usually serial, printed across the bottom of a newspaper and separated by a line from the rest of the text.—THE EDITOR.

²Can the allusion be to Labassindre?—THE EDITOR.

³Could the author have meant Charlotte de Barancy?—THE EDITOR.

nature without a preconceived idea of reproducing a definite pathological type, gathered from incomplete and badly assimilated medical reading. It is impossible to pass over Daudet without mentioning Tartarin de Tarascon, the French Quijote, or, rather, the universal, modern Quijote. Tartarin is Quijote with his roughnesses polished and his angles rounded off by three centuries of civilization. He descended in a straight line from the famous hidalgo of La Mancha; but contemporary democracy has permitted the clean strain of the Quijadas to become crossed with the plebeian one of the Panzas. Therefore Tartarin is a good bourgeois and he incarnates both the personages of Cervantes. While Tartarin-Quijote dreams of hunting tigers and lions, scaling the Alps and broadening the colonial dominions of France, Tartarin-Sancho regrets to leave his comfortable cottage, his padded slippers and his rum punch. Tartarin's paranoia stops in the initial period of vague suspicions: he does not believe in enchanters, and his enemies are simply "they;" nor does the phenomenon of *pseudo-reminiscence* pass unobserved by Daudet, and with fine irony he describes it under the name of *mirage tarasconnais*.

In Santiago Rusiñol's *Pájaros de barro*, there is a type of deranged person worthy to figure beside Daudet's personages.

Among modern authors worthy of special mention is the Portuguese Botelho, who, in his novel *O barão de Lavos*, follows admirably the process of sexual inversion in a degenerate that at last succumbs to general paralysis.

No one, however, in my opinion, has entered so thoroughly or with so firm a tread into the scientific field as Joaquín Belda in his novel *La diosa razón*. For the writing of it he must have based his studies conscientiously not only on books but on clinics. Only thus can it be explained that this book turned out to be less a novel than a treatise for popular information, in which the most exacting alienist would not find a single point in conflict with the most accepted modern theories. The protagonist, don Ramón Bolallos, is a sufferer from general paralysis, which is described in a masterly manner in all its stages, from

the first manifestations to death in complete dementia. Besides, there figure in the work other pathological types, never better portrayed. A notable chapter is the one in which the author sets forth the causes of insanity, points out the polymorphism of neuropathic inheritance and lays stress on the erroneousness of the vulgar conception of alienation. It may be said that *La diosa razón* is a medical novel.

Let us return to the work of Cervantes and examine the good squire Sancho Panza, a type which, as a literary creation, perhaps surpasses in merit his lord and master. If don Quijote was copied from nature, Sancho Panza sprang, with his beard, his saddle-bags and his fund of proverbs, from the powerful imagination of Cervantes, like Minerva from the Olympic head of Jove.

Some of the authors that have studied don Quijote from the medical point of view look upon Sancho also as a pathological case and they speak of the madness of the two, and of mental contagion. It seems to me that this is to exaggerate the case and to assume the airs of subtlety. Sancho Panza can not be studied scientifically, because he is an ideal and impossible type. His kinsman Bertoldo is perhaps more human than he, although he does not bear comparison in the literary sense. Sancho was sufficiently credulous and ignorant to trust in the promises of Quijote and to follow him, although he was aware of his madness. At times he verged on imbecility, and yet he applied proverbs and stories with inimitable humor and opportuneness: sometimes he personifies good sense, and in the government of his island he parodies the judgments of Solomon. In the case of the money inclosed in the walking-stick, he reveals the perspicacity of a Sherlock Holmes. Cervantes wished merely to paint a malicious rustic; but he mingled such elements of rusticity and malice that the mixture became a hybrid type that we shall seek vainly in real life.

Some have thought they saw in *Don Quijote* an essentially symbolic work, which does not fall in very well with the opinion that the hero is the result of the direct observation of nature. Cervantes had no other idea or tendency (and he says so

with absolute explicitness in several passages of his work) than to make an end of books of chivalry. The symbolism of *Don Quijote* is accidental.

Universality is a characteristic of the productions of genius, for the reason that they are real documents, and into them go the whole souls of their authors. Hence they live and endure, and they portray inextinguishable tendencies of humanity. "When portraits," said Ramón y Cajal, "come so perfect and true from the pen, it is because the author has often beheld himself in the turbid mirror and the intricacies of his own consciousness." "The figure of don Quijote," he added, "grows, invades real life and marks with its intellectual stamp the whole Spanish nationality and the whole Spanish race."

Cervantes sought merely to paint a madman; with the elements of truth, he left in the picture all the bitterness of his unhappy life as a lover of goodness, as one disinherited by fortune, as an uncomprehended genius. Therefore in don Quijote he pictured himself, and he created, without wishing to do so, the symbol of his country, the nation of glorious defeats. Hence his work personifies the everlasting tendencies of humanity: on the one hand, the generous but ridiculous audacity of those that believe themselves to be much and are nothing, those that are badly armed for the struggle for existence, who dream much and do little and dash at every step against reality; on the other, the cunning imbecility of fools with practical sense, who have backs made to receive blows, and go about their business.



PACIFISM IN LATIN AMERICA¹

BY

ALBERTO M. CANDIOTI

An *ex parte* treatment of an important subject, which is offered, not because we approve of it or because we conceive it to be a fair and adequate study, but because it contains some interesting data and because it represents a not uncommon tendency of the day in certain European and Hispanic-American circles.—THE EDITOR.

THE European tragedy, begun in 1914, has not yet ended. The roar of the cannon and the lamentations of the dying are not heard; mothers do not suffer from the loss of their sons; blood is not running; cities and fields are not being destroyed; but war continues, because hatred still abides.

Hatred is hovering over the nations of Europe, it penetrates the souls of men, the hearts of the elect, the directive minorities, the capitalists, the aristocrats, the intellectuals: it is in all things and everywhere.

Happily, as has always occurred—according to the teachings of history—after great human calamities, reactions set in: apostles, the illuminati, the sincerely good, alter the course of things and take the path that leads to new horizons.

The new men of the present time have already taken up the march along other routes, toward other goals, and they are working incessantly to enlighten the consciousness of the retarders.

The pain has been great, the lamentation intense; all humanity has heard it, and, either from selfishness or from pity, conscientious men of all the races are working to prevent the rending howl of the peoples from being heard again.

In this sense, Latin America has been and is happy, but, nevertheless, after having seen evil from afar, the youthful intellectuals of the New World know that they are under obligation, as human beings and patriots, to struggle with the faith of

crusaders to make peace a continuous reality in the land of America, which, according to the happy phrase of an eminent Argentine, is not only for Americans, but also for humanity.

It is necessary to take a glance at the international past of Latin America in order to understand with justness the peaceful spirit that has animated the men of Central and South America.

AS THE Latin-American peoples have attained their independence and as their leaders were inspired by the ideas of the French philosophers, which initiated in men's minds the revolution that became a fact and assumed material form in 1789, they understand, wisely, that a community of origin and interests unites them, and that, in reality, Spanish America is but a single people, but a single great nation.

It is as if, from the instant in which the peoples of America awakened to the consciousness of their personalities, they understood that it would be useful to endeavor to make international peace permanent on the continent. They desired that peace should be an ideal, incarnate in the souls of Latin-Americans who, in order that the young nations, with this as their motto, should march to the achievement of greatness and infinite beatitude.

This splendid idea caused the leaders of the movement of independence to conceive the possibility of founding three great sister confederations: the Central American, that of the north of South America and that of the south of the continent.² These confederations would insure peace in America and prevent the aggression of Europe.

¹An article written for the book *Die Friedensbewegung*, which has just appeared in Berlin, and to which have contributed writers of all parts of the world; among the most illustrious of them: Einstein, Norman Angell, Barbusse, Foerster, Claparède, Aulard, Löbe, Lauret, et cetera.

²The author would have done well to document this assertion.—THE EDITOR.

In almost all the plans of confederation elaborated there existed a council or congress of plenipotentiaries, which, in the capacity of arbiter, was to meet to decide all international questions.

It is proper to recall certain details of the efforts made by the Latin-American republics to enter into confederation, as well as to celebrate treaties of arbitration.

In 1815 Bolívar conceived the magnificent idea of convoking at Panamá an international congress in which would be represented all the nations of the world to discuss the problems of peace and war.

In 1822, while Bolívar was president of Colombia, he invited the governments of Buenos Aires, Chile, México and Perú to assemble in a congress. As a result, Colombia signed treaties of union with several countries of Central and South America.³

Always persisting in his ideas of a Pan American union, Bolívar invited all the nations of America in 1824 to gather at Panamá.⁴

The congress met on June 22, and it lasted until July 15, 1826. Among other resolutions, a covenant of perpetual union, league and confederation was signed. The clauses of this covenant are very important, as they show the spirit of fraternity that reigned in the assembly.

In 1848—before the menace of a Spanish

expedition to the republics of the Pacific—Bolivia, Chile, El Ecuador, Nueva Granada and Perú signed a treaty of confederation, in the preamble of which it is set forth that the Hispanic-American republics, united by the bonds of common origin, language, religion and customs; by geographical position, by the common cause that they have defended, by the similarity of their institution and, above all, by their common interests, can only consider themselves as a part of the same nation, which ought to unite its strength and its resources in order to remove every obstacle that interferes with the destiny that nature and civilization offer them.⁵

Nothing explains better than these words the natural causes that make Latin-American fraternity perfectly intelligible.

The Mexican-Yankee war of 1848,⁶ which caused the Hispanic-Americans to understand the necessity of union, led to the signing of the covenant of union of the American states, September 15, 1856. This covenant was subscribed to by Chile, Perú and El Ecuador. On November 9 of the same year, México, Guatemala, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Perú, Nueva Granada and Venezuela signified their adhesion.

In this covenant were established norms for the prevention of war, and, as had been done by other congresses, it was decided to form a council of plenipotentiaries, which, among other faculties, was to mediate, in case of disputes between the contracting parties. Invited by the government of Perú, the representatives of Bolivia, Chile, El Ecuador, El Salvador and Venezuela met in congress on November 15, 1864, and on January 23, 1865, they signed a convention for the maintenance of peace. In this convention the method of settling international conflicts by arbitration was determined.

After the Central American congresses

³Colombia and Perú, July 6, 1822; Colombia and Buenos Aires, June 10, 1823; Colombia and México, October 23, 1823; Colombia and Central America, March 15, 1825.

In articles xiii and xiv of the treaty of union, league and confederation between Colombia and México, it was set forth that the contracting parties were to use their good offices to cause to enter the union the Latin-American republics that had not done so, and that as soon as this great and important result should have been attained there would be formed a general congress of the American states, which should consist of their plenipotentiaries, in order to establish, in a firm and durable manner, the fundamental relations that were to exist between all and each of them, that it might serve as a council on great occasions, as a point of contact in common dangers, as a faithful interpreter of their treaties when difficulties should arise regarding them, and, in short, that it might be the arbiter and conciliator in their misunderstandings.

See the treaty in Karl von Martens and Ferdinand de Cussy: *Recueil manuel et pratique de traités, conventions, et cetera*, Leipzig, F. Brockhaus, 1846 1857.

⁴This invitation included also the governments of the United States of North America and Brazil. The latter was sometimes excluded from the first American congresses, owing to its monarchical character.

⁵Translation from the French (as we have not the original text at hand), taken from the work of Alejandro Álvarez, *Le droit international américain*, Paris, 1910, page 52.

⁶Rather, of 1846 and 1847: war was declared in May, 1846, and Scott entered the city of México on September 14, 1847, although the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, which terminated the war, was not signed until February 2, 1848.—THE EDITOR.

of 1876, 1887, 1888 1889, 1895 and 1907,⁷ in which it was sought to create a confederation of the Central American republics, the idea of confederating was abandoned by the Latin-American republics, but, on the other hand, congresses were multiplied to discuss many subjects of international public and private law, in which reigned great cordiality and a peaceful spirit, for in many of them treaties of permanent arbitration were signed.

In 1880 was celebrated a treaty of arbitration between the republics of Colombia and Chile, in which it was established that the settlement of international disputes by arbitration should be a *principle of American international public law*.

The government of Colombia invited the other nations of Spanish America to meet at Panamá in 1881 for the purpose of celebrating treaties similar to the treaty it had just signed with Chile. The majority of the republics of Central and South America accepted the invitation.

The representatives of the republics of Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Perú and Venezuela signed, at Caracas in 1883, a solemn act by which international disputes were to be settled.

The First Pan American Congress⁸ was held in Washington, from October, 1889, until April, 1890. In that congress, due to the efforts of the delegates from Argentina and Brazil, *permanent and obligatory arbitration* was sanctioned for all questions that should not affect their independence, "as a principle of American international law."

In the Second Pan American Congress [Conference], gathered in México in 1902, adhesion to the convention of the Hague that included voluntary arbitration was discussed. Argentina⁹ and Perú, at the

head of the majority of the delegations, presented an ample plan for obligatory arbitration. The congress sanctioned, in turn, adhesion to the conventions of the Hague. Treaties of obligatory arbitration were signed separately by the following nations: Argentina, Bolivia, Guatemala, México, Paraguay, Perú, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador and Uruguay.

In the Third Pan American Congress [Conference], which met at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, arbitration was not discussed, a decision being reached merely as to the form in which this subject should be discussed by the second peace conference, which was to meet at the Hague.

In the Fourth Pan American Congress [Conference], which met at Buenos Aires in 1910, arbitration was not discussed.

The men of Latin America have always made a great effort to assure peace on the continent, and it is proper to recall here the words of a great citizen, Doctor Roque Sáenz Peña, pronounced at the Hague during the second peace conference, in July, 1907:

We hold, indeed, that the creation of a permanent court, even if its jurisdiction be voluntary, constitutes a step in the direction of peace. Apart from *obligatory arbitration*, to which the Argentine republic would so much like to subscribe with all the nations represented here, it seems evident to us," et cetera.

On September 15, 1921, the representatives of the Central American republics again met to try to form the desired federation so often dissolved for different reasons. The meeting took place in Tegucigalpa, and a decision was reached to form a Central American confederation.

jandro Álvarez, who said, in his work *Le droit international américain*: "La République Argentine est peut-être le pays qui a passé le plus grand nombre de traités d'arbitrage obligatoire et général," page 242.

The following is the list of the countries with which treaties of arbitration have been celebrated by Argentina: Bolivia, 1902; Brazil, 1905; Colombia, 1912; Chile, 1902; Spain, 1916; El Ecuador, 1922 (not ratified); France: convention of arbitration, 1910; treaty of arbitration, 1914 (in force); United States of North America: treaty of arbitration, 1908 (not ratified), peace treaty, 1914 (not ratified); England, convention of arbitration, 1910 (not ratified); Italy, 1898-1907 (in force: the most ample of all those celebrated); Paraguay, 1899; Portugal, 1909 (not ratified); Uruguay, 1899: additional protocols, 1899 and 1900, and two in 1901.

⁷As will be seen later, a Central American confederation was again effected in 1921.

⁸Properly, the First Pan American Conference, or, to use the exact words, the "International American Conference."—THE EDITOR.

⁹Defending obligatory arbitration, the Argentine delegates said, in a memorial: "With a treaty or without it, the Argentine government is resolved to settle all international questions by arbitration."

The Argentine republic is the nation that has celebrated the greatest number of treaties of obligatory arbitration of a general character, as has been recognized by the eminent Chilean internationalist, Ale-

The peaceful spirit is so incarnate in the depths of the American soul that on many occasions the obligation to seek the peaceful settlement of international disputes by means of arbitration, before going to war, has been included in the fundamental law.¹⁰ One of the constitutions, that of the republic of El Ecuador, provides that the president or whosoever may be in possession of the executive power, may be impeached for treason, and, among other things, for "provoking an unjust war."¹¹

It was therefore in Latin America that, for the first time, were inserted, in the fundamental charters of the peoples, constitutional precepts of a sincere and honorable pacifism. In America, Uruguay was the first nation to recommend in her constitution "the employment of all possible means for the settlement of international disputes before appealing to war."

¹⁰In the constitution of the United States of Brazil, adopted in 1821, we find, in article 34, number 11: "To authorize the government to declare war in case recourse to arbitration fail, or to make peace." Later, in article 88, it says: "The United States of Brazil, in case any nation shall engage directly or indirectly in a war of conquest, by herself or in alliance with another nation."

Article 96 of the constitution of the Dominican Republic of 1907 says: "The executives authorized by this constitution to declare war must not do so without previously proposing arbitration by one or more friendly powers."

"In order to strengthen this principle, this clause is to be introduced into all the international treaties that the republic shall celebrate: 'All differences that may arise between the contracting parties must be submitted to the arbitration of one or more friendly nations before appealing to war.'"

The constitution of the United States of Venezuela of the year 1909 says, in article 138: "In international treaties should be inserted the clause that: 'All differences between the contracting parties shall be settled by arbitration, without appeal to war.'"

Among the powers granted to the president of the republic by the constitution of the republic of Uruguay of the year 1820, in article 81, occurs the sentence: "To declare war by the authorization of the general assembly, after having employed every means to avoid it without prejudice to the national honor and independence."

In the constitutional reform effected in Uruguay in 1918, promulgated on January 3, in section 7 of the new constitution, in respect of the executive and his authority, duties and prerogatives (chapter iii, article 70), the idea of the former constitution was broadened; it says, in clause 18 (faculties of the president of the republic): "To declare war, after resolution by the general assembly, if arbitration be impossible or if it produce no result."

¹¹The constitution of the republic of El Ecuador, 1906, article 82.

The constitution of Brazil was the first to mention arbitration.

It was a Latin-American nation—the Argentine republic—which, having won in a war, upheld the principle that victory confers no rights.

IT HAS been necessary to give this information regarding the past in order to make clear the spiritual state of the Latin-Americans at the breaking out of the great war of 1914.

Unquestionably, everybody in America desired peace,¹² but the slaughter was so great, the vested interests were so numerous, the propaganda was so skilful, defamation was so exaggerated, and so clever an effort was made to excite fiery and impressionable imaginations, that, in spite of themselves, some of the peoples, peaceful par excellence, were drawn in, and, when they were least aware of it, merged with the belligerents . . . although it is true, however, that in the case of most of them, their participation was nominal.

While Bolivia was the first country of the New World to break off relations with the central empires, for the purpose of adding herself to the ranks of those that were fighting for "liberty and right," Argentina, Colombia, Chile, México, Paraguay and Venezuela remained neutral. Many broke off relations from mere sympathy, and a few, because they had been the subject of direct aggressions.¹³

In all the countries were formed two parties:¹⁴ the "interventionists," who desired to lead their fellow-countrymen to the

¹²As a protest against the war, Argentina, Brazil and Chile held, a few months after it broke out, a conference in Buenos Aires, and on May 25, 1915, they signed a treaty to settle international conflicts peacefully. In the preamble of that document occur the words: "In harmony with the designs of concord and peace on which their international policy is based, and with the firm purpose of cooperating to the end that the confraternity of the American republics shall be made every day more solid. . . ."

¹³The following republics broke off relations with or declared war against the central powers: Bolivia, Brazil, Cuba, El Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panamá and Uruguay.—Author's note.

The author failed to include Costa Rica, which joined the allies.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁴This sweeping statement calls for documentation.—THE EDITOR.

sacrifice; and the "neutralists," who desired that their countries should remain faithful to their tradition of peace. Both organized to uphold their principles. The pacifists—what irony! were accused of being militarists, for the enormity of not desiring to see their countries covered with blood¹⁵ and armed and militarized to fight against peoples that had done them no harm.

In many countries the frenzied triumphed; their victory was the curious result of a general suggestion, rather than of the thoughtful and sincere sentiment of the peoples. The reactions that set in as soon as peace was signed in Europe justify my assertion.

Where the struggle was most intense, where more passion was aroused and where foreigners sought to influence the common sense of the native people to the greatest degree was in the Argentine republic. They did not accomplish their purpose, however. Faithful to their tradition, the Argentine people again gave a positive and manly proof of independence and pacifism.¹⁶

It has been able to maintain this valiant attitude at every moment: during the war, by not participating in it; during peace, by striving that the organ created by the victors, in order to maintain it, should be the true expression of the will of all the peoples of the earth and thus become the temple of humanity, where the great and the small should have the same right to think, to speak and to demand.

In the first assembly of the league of nations, gathered at Geneva, the utterance of the president of the Argentine delegation startled the plenipotentiaries that were about to discuss universal peace without having purged themselves of hatred. Interpreting the traditional sentiments of the Argentine nation, "born to existence with as just claims as any of the others, which is for no one and against no one, but

with all, for the good of all,"¹⁷ he said, proposed, demanded, that in the great assembly the covenant of the league should be modified in order that it might begin by triumphing, "before everything, in the conscience of the civilized world, surrounding it with all the authority that would guarantee the loftiness of its purposes."¹⁸

The proposed modifications, which without doubt interpreted the most earnest sentiment of all the delegations of Latin America, although it was not manifested officially on that occasion,¹⁹ were as follows:

Admission of all sovereign states; admission of small states without the right to vote; constitution of the council by democratic election; an obligatory court of arbitration and justice.

The Argentine principles were rejected.²⁰ The league dropped its mask; and it turned out to be an alliance of nations, not to consolidate the perpetuity of universal peace, but to end the war.²¹

¹⁷Phrases of a telegram addressed by the minister of foreign relations *ad interim*, Doctor Torello, through the president of the Argentine delegation at Geneva.

¹⁸Conclusion of the address of the president of the Argentine delegation, pronounced before the league of nations, November 17, 1920.

¹⁹Only the government of Chile, on the one hand, and the members of the committees on foreign relations of the senate and chamber of deputies, together with the señor Alessandri, then president-elect, on the other, made an official declaration in favor of the Argentine principles. Under date of December 15, 1920, the government of Chile made this solemn declaration: "The government of Chile, recognizing and accepting the noble and elevated motives that have inspired the Argentine government in the assembly at Geneva, reiterates on this occasion its sympathy with and its unshakable adherence to the sister republic, and it will cooperate with all earnestness from conviction and a sense of reciprocity, for the success of the lofty purposes upheld by the Argentine delegation in the amendments proposed before the assembly of nations. It instructs its representatives in the assembly to make public in that body the decision of the government of Chile."

²⁰"Postponement is the present rejection of our two essential principles: the admission of all the nations and the equality of all sovereign states. *The categorical declarations of the most important representatives of the assembly confirm this assertion.*"—Words of a telegram from the president of the Argentine delegation to the league of nations, addressed to the president of the Argentine nation, December 7, 1920.

²¹"The non-admission of some countries might create dangerous antagonisms, might be the origin of a league of states constituted against the league of which they would not form a part. and the cause of

¹⁵The author has already said that "their participation was nominal." However, when the whole presentation is *ex parte* and inspired, why quibble over a trifle?—THE EDITOR.

¹⁶This statement is contrary to the facts: the people of Argentina and the two chambers of their national congress were in favor of severing relations with Germany. The president alone prevented action.—THE EDITOR

IN South and Central America there exist few international problems that may awaken fear of a disturbance of the peace.

As race hatreds do not exist in Latin America; as there is no economic competition; as in a very few cases there exist dreams of revenge, the pacifist movement, organized in a permanent manner, is well known.²²

The European war ended, no one in Latin America now remembers the "neutralists" and the "interventionists;" people are at work, and they desire that universal peace shall be permanent.

The Russian revolution is in reality one of the few happy results that the great war has bestowed upon humanity. The Russian revolution has circulated through the world a breeze of democracy that has caused the powerful to understand the need of thinking of the suffering multitudes.

Its methods may be cruel; its principles, too bold for the present time; but it is true

constant disturbance of the peace of the world. The league of nations would seem, besides, very unjustly, like an alliance formed to end the war, and not what it is in reality, a powerful organism with the mission of assuring peace."—Words from the discourse of Doctor Pueyrredón, the president of the Argentine delegation in Geneva, pronounced on November 17, 1920.

²²We should say that economic conditions, international problems and human feelings are about the same in the region indicated as elsewhere.—THE EDITOR.

that the French revolution was no less cruel, no less bold, and nevertheless, all, and especially we South Americans, owe a debt of gratitude to that despairing cry of the people of 1789. Thereby we received liberty and rights.²³

The Russian revolution, whether it be accepted or not, whether it be repudiated or applauded, whether it be despised or feared, has had a prodigious power for illuminating consciences, and in all parts of the civilized world, the hardened reactionary of yesterday is to-day a man that discusses problems that he despised formerly, with persons he never before considered worthy to be heard.

Latin America has also experienced the consequences of the revolution, just as it experienced those of the war.

In all the youthful consciences of the New World has been reaffirmed the sentiment of fraternity; the sorrow of the weak has caused them to understand the injustices of the present; the horrors of the recent war have converted them into the most fervent defenders of peace. The pacifist sentiment has increased; and it is to be hoped that it will become unanimous.

²³The writer's absolute avoidance of allusions to the United States as a factor in universal peace, as a coöperator with the other nations of America and as a stimulus to independence at the close of the eighteenth century is too marked to have been accidental. A comparison is suggested between his treatment of the general subject and that of noted Hispanic-American authors.—THE EDITOR.



THE WINNING OF A PEOPLE

BY

L. INURRIGARRO

When we were in Buenos Aires in November, we were visited by the author of this article, who, after some friendly conversation, said that he believed the United States and Argentina would greatly profit by a better understanding and by more intimate relations in all senses; that the influence of the United States on the institutions and economic development of his country would be more wholesome than that of any other nation; and, consequently, that the people of the United States ought to be made to understand the situation in order to develop a sound and far-reaching policy of sympathetic penetration and coöperation that would increase and secure their influence and participation in Argentine affairs. In token of his serious thought and his conviction, he produced some typed pages which, he said, contained notes that he would like to read to us, the better to express his mind. When he had finished reading them, we requested permission to translate them into English for publication. He demurred at first, but he finally consented, with the explanation that he had not prepared an article for the public, but merely a series of notes for a personal conference.—THE EDITOR.

EUROPEANS have peacefully won over countries by the following means:

1. By religion. This method is inapplicable to our cosmopolitan environment.

2. By emigration in numbers so great that they tend to obliterate the natives, or, by taking possession of the positions and occupations that exist among the different social classes, to thrust them into the background. This has been the method of Spain and Italy, who have sent thousands of Spaniards and Italians to our country; these immigrants have reached here almost wholly lacking in education; and, without a *peso* in their pockets, they have availed themselves of our favorable laws, tilled our fertile lands in an ideal climate and made positions for themselves.

They have intermarried with our families and set up thousands of homes. Business, the industries and journalism are occupied by myriads of Spaniards and Italians. They have established prosperous banks; they have played a part in the navy and the army; they are to be found everywhere; yet, nevertheless, they have neither secured nor attempted to secure—because they would be sure to fail—a dominating position in our country. This failure has been due to the fact that men and women from all parts of the world have come together here and have done well and are living in comfort. The different races have mingled and have furnished very curious examples that demonstrate moral and

intellectual adaptations in a perceptible manner, thus neutralizing their nationalistic influence, for the good of the country.

Almost all those that are prosperous have learned to read and write here. They have become educated, acquired a good social bearing and brought up their families in surroundings of which they could never have dreamed. Even the Jews have changed, and as a mere result of the environment their religious fanaticism has moderated.

Of course the peoples that have come to this country have unquestionably contributed to our advancement, but few of these immigrants have been intellectual people: people capable of exercising a directive influence on Argentine minds; and it has never occurred to them to try to do so in one or another manner.

3. By commerce. The most typical case to be found in our country is that of the British.

Previous to our independence, the British had confidence in the investment of capital in our country and they foresaw that she would become a great nation.

At bottom they have tried to dominate and direct us, but the method they have employed has not been effective. Hence they have failed and they will continue to fail.

The British have furnished money for many enterprises and have invested much capital in this country. Fifty per cent. of the foreign capital invested here at present is British. It has constructed our railways, our ports, our refrigerating establishments;

there are great British commercial houses, et cetera; yet the thousands of British that have come to this country have always lived in voluntary isolation, marrying among themselves, and preserving their own language and their habits and customs, and they have not learned our language.

In all the circumstances of life, the British have looked upon the Argentines with suspicion; and they concern themselves solely with securing the interest on their investments. Their invariable rule has been to win the friendship of the presidents of the republic, the ministers and the more important politicians, in order to make sure of the capital they had invested and to obtain concessions. The Argentine people have always entertained great admiration, respect and consideration for the British, but, to tell the truth, they have never been able to like them.

We are astonished to observe that although the British have invested such enormous sums of money in this country and have furnished us so many cultivated people, some of whom have had exceptional minds, they have never thought for a single moment that in order to safeguard their capital and to win over all Argentine hearts, it would only be necessary to exercise a formative influence on the great intellectuality of our country by training it in English ideas and doctrines. If Great Britain had undertaken this, there would to-day be millions of Argentines that would entertain a warm affection for her; and our statesmen would be disciples of that great nation.

The strikes on the railways and in the refrigerating plants would have been impossible in this country, because several generations of Argentines, nurtured on British doctrines, would have prevented them.

As it is, one rarely chances on an Argentine that speaks English or is thoroughly acquainted with English history; and there are very many Argentines, of all the social spheres, who perceive only the financial aspect of the British.

What is unquestionable is that they have been unable or have not wished to draw us to them, and the proof of it is that Argentines have traveled over the whole of continental Europe; from all parts

they have brought abiding and affectionate recollections; but when they have reached England, they have confined themselves to visiting London and one or two other cities.

Few Argentine families that are not of English origin have gone to live in England. It is greatly to be regretted that Great Britain has not won us intellectually, for if she had, she would have won our hearts, to her own advantage, and we should to-day enjoy the good fortune of possessing statesmen that would govern our country with wisdom.

We love France truly, because she has nourished our minds in the several branches of human knowledge. At one time we had, as rector of the Colegio Nacional, an eminent Frenchman, Monsieur Cosson, and as professor of philosophy, the learned Jacques. These two Frenchmen worked earnestly for the education and development of youth. Great prominence was gained in those days by their pupils Avellaneda, Goyena, Aristóbulo del Valle, Lucio Vicente Lopez, et cetera, who exercised an immense and wholesome influence on this country in the political sense. With their advancement, French influence visibly increased, and there came a moment in which it predominated here in an absolute manner.

Unfortunately for us, Cosson and Jacques died, and France, which had no interests here at the time, did not bother herself to send others to succeed them.

The death of the group of young men just mentioned occurred at about the same time, and with them French political influence began to decline; but affection for France endured; and to read her books, visit her cities and frequent her laboratories was esteemed an honor by every Argentine.

Germany opened her doors to the officers of our army; she began to invade our commerce: she welcomed our professional men that visited her; and, little by little, she began to win us by acquainting us with her methods of instruction and her literature. German scientists were brought to our institutions, and with their teaching they instilled a love for Germany.

This campaign began only a very short time ago, but it has been sufficient to enable the German professors that are in the country and the Argentines that have

been in Germany, or are acquainted with her literature, to build up a group—happily small—of Germanophiles.

A curious phenomenon may be witnessed in our country. Until a little while ago the intellectuals of Europe were ignorant of our existence. Frequently they confused us with Brazil or placed us indiscriminately in the list of South Americans. They thought that Bolivia was the same as Venezuela, Argentina, as Paraguay, et cetera. Suddenly they opened their eyes, however. They discovered that we are a great nation, that we have a bright future; and the whole world has taken it into its head to win us over at all hazards. Yet people have been mistaken in the means they are employing.

The United States also has fixed her eyes upon our country, and we behold with great regret that she employs and is going to employ the very means used by the British.

The constitution of this country and many of her laws are based on the constitution of the United States. We have done what we could to introduce a little of the great culture of that country.

The United States, whether because she was very much occupied with other things, because she had other aims or because she gave little thought to us, did not concern herself with us until the present time, when we see that she is really interested and would like to win us to her.

The United States is immensely rich and immensely strong, as compared with us; and we go so far as to say that she is under moral obligation to win us over, but with clean hands, by gaining possession of our hearts and of our minds, permeating us with her civilization by leading us as a kindly teacher leads her pupils, but never by despising us, giving us or taking away money, ships and coal; for such a method serves merely to engender adulation or hatred. Let her impart her ideas, her politics, her doctrines. Let her train statesmen capable of appreciating the wealth and the future of our country; capable of leading us along the right path, that we may make of ourselves a great nation. Then, indeed, shall we be grateful and give due credit to the great nation of the north.

To secure this desideratum, the United

States ought to make a sacrifice, one that would be fully recompensed by the advantages she would derive from this great undertaking.

In our opinion she ought to do all that is possible to diffuse a knowledge of her language in our country; and North Americans ought to learn our language.

They ought to become more intimate with Argentines in order that by this means the two peoples may become thoroughly acquainted and overlook each other's faults. It would be well for them to send professors of political and economic sciences to live in the country in order to train students and follow them in their political careers; and thus, in contributing to the general welfare of our country, the United States would share in the development of institutions and laws, to her own legitimate advantage in the end.

Not for an instant are we to imagine that this would all take place in a moment. A long time would be required.

It is not too much to suppose that if such North American professors were to devote themselves unselfishly to their tasks here, within five years their students would become members of the senate and the chamber of deputies, and perhaps some of them would head ministries or occupy high administrative positions and exercise a controlling influence on the press.

If these students were followed in their careers by their professors, they might occupy even higher positions and would, in ten years, say, direct public instruction, the finances, politics, et cetera; that is, all that affects the policy of a constituted nation.

Compare what the position of the United States would be, if the chief political and administrative offices of this country were occupied by persons with North American ideas, and if the Argentine people—which would possess greater and greater power—were happy and were grateful for the civilization and development that the United States would have fostered in their midst, with the position of any of the European nations represented in this country, and it will be clearly seen that this is the true and only policy that the great North American nation ought to adopt in respect of the Argentine republic.

FLUCTUATIONS IN EXCHANGE AND THE DEPRECIATION OF CURRENCY

BY

RAÚL SIMÓN

I. Resources in the time of a fiscal crisis.—II. Measure of the value of money.—III. Effects of paper money on international exchange.—IV. The value of money and exchange in Chile before the great war.—V. Exchange and money during the years of the great war.—VI. The outlook.

I

RESOURCES IN THE TIME OF A FISCAL CRISIS

THE first effect of a fiscal crisis is manifested in the depreciation of money. It is logical that it should be so. When a government faces a deficit in its financial resources, or when unforeseen requirements call for extraordinary expenditures of money, it may have recourse to three sources of income: 1. An increase of taxes. 2. Domestic or foreign loans. 3. An issue of paper money.

The source of income chosen will depend on the financial capacity or energy of the government. The recent European war was mainly financed: in England, by taxation; in France, by loans; and in the central empires, by issues of paper money. The effect of each of these prevailing methods may be observed in the depreciation of the respective currencies: of thirty per cent. in England; of fifty per cent. in France; and an almost total depreciation in Germany, Austria and Poland.

Taxation—which ought logically to be the preferred method—is not always easy to apply. To apply it, energy, foresight and a knowledge of the taxable capacity of the country are required. A loan is difficult to obtain, above all, in cases in which the economic condition of a country seems to be imperiled. At least it may be said that there exists a limit to every country's credit. An issue of paper money, on the other hand, does not demand financial effort of any kind, energy on the part of the government or the least knowledge of the taxable capacity of the country. As compared with taxation, it has the apparent advantage of not constituting a

burden on the taxpayer, at least at the first moment; and in respect of taxation, it possesses the other advantage of not requiring credit abroad or an investigation of the solvency of the soliciting state. Besides, it pays no interest, and its amortization or conversion may cover an unlimited period. Finally, the amount of the issue is also unlimited. This explains why bad governments always meet their financial crises by issues of paper money.

II

MEASURE OF THE VALUE OF MONEY

WHEN a country has gold coin in circulation, this coin possesses an intrinsic value, a value of its own, which is determined by the value of the amount of gold contained in it. As the value of gold is practically stable throughout the years (in reality, it varies somewhat, according to the greater or less production of the gold mines), the value of products or manufactures expressed in gold currency varies according to the law of supply and demand and the cost of production. Hence the value of coin does not enter into the value of money.

However, from the moment in which gold coin is replaced by paper, its intrinsic value disappears. If it were not that the acceptance of bills is compulsory and if the issuance of them were not associated with an innate faith in the promises of the state, paper money would be worth nothing. Nevertheless, in a case in which the hope of exchange for coin disappears definitely and in which the disturbance of the public exchequer continues to demand, more and more, additional issues of paper, the latter ends finally in almost absolute depreciation.

Such was the case with the *greenbacks*¹ issued by the United States during the civil war; of the French *assignats* during the revolution; of the English bank-notes during the Napoleonic wars; of the Russian rubles, the Polish marks, the Austrian *Kronen* during the recent war; of the paper issues of almost all the South American countries during the last fifty years; and such will be, finally, the case of our *peso* if a reform in the policy of our public exchequer does not stay us on the financial declivity down which we are tending.

Aside from the phenomena of international exchange, which we shall analyze later, the depreciation of fiduciary money is measured by the rise in the values acquired by means of it. In other countries, the value of the money is measured by means of *index numbers*,² utilized for the first time in England by Sauerbeck, and to-day in general use in the economic statistics of all the countries (with the exception of Chile and other countries in which true economic studies are not carried on). By means of index numbers is calculated the average cost of living, the basis of a mean price of a certain number of articles (sixty, more or less), to each of which is applied a coefficient that reveals its importance in consumption. So, the index number for a certain series of years being calculated, a true measure of the value of money is obtained, and, reciprocally, the cost of living.

In Germany, for example, the index numbers indicate a maximum variation of from one hundred to one hundred twenty-one during the twenty years previous to the war; and of from one hundred to eight hundred fifty from 1914 to 1921, this increase indicating the rise in the cost of living in relation to the depreciation of the currency. (The index number will rise still higher in that country, because the internal depreciation of the money occurs subsequently to the external depreciation, but it tends irresistibly to equal it in a determinate period).

It is to be regretted that the office of statistics does not supply us index numbers for Chile. They would prove that the cost

of living has increased in proportion to the depreciation of the currency.

The following table—taken from the *Cours de science de finances*, by Gaston Gèze, professor in the Université de Paris—indicates the increase in the index numbers in France, England, Italy and the United States:

Year	France (Office of Statistics)	England (Sauerbeck)	Italy (Bachi)	United States (Dun)
1901-1910	100	100	100	100
1914	116.8	117.5	100	112.5
1915	163.7	145.8	162.4	117.4
1916	228.8	202.7	260.5	152
1917	315.2	240	378.3	202.3
1918	401.8	266.1	517.2	218.5
1919	406.9	287.1	437.5	223.6

This table demonstrates that the highest index numbers pertain to the countries in which the depreciation of money has been the greatest.

III

EFFECTS OF PAPER MONEY ON INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE is the equivalent of the money of one country in that of another country. According to the monetary systems compared, there may exist, among others, the following principal cases of exchange:

1. Exchange between countries with a gold standard.
2. Exchange between countries with a gold standard and another country with a silver standard.
3. Exchange between countries with paper money.
4. Exchange between a country with a gold standard and a country with paper money.

In the first case would appear England, France, the United States, Italy, Argentina, and Austria and Russia before the war.

In the second, India, with the countries mentioned, also before the war.

In the third, Germany, France, Chile, Italy and others after the war.

In the fourth, the United States, with Chile and almost all the other countries after the war.

We are concerned merely with analyzing the first and second cases.

1. Exchange between countries with a gold standard.—In this case there is,

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

²English in the original.—THE EDITOR

strictly speaking, no problem of exchange. There exist then two methods for the payment of international balances: one is by buying and selling bills of exchange, and the other by the shipment of gold.

Exchange in gold being the equivalent between the gold dollars of the money of the two countries, nothing more is necessary in effecting the payment than the transportation from the debtor country of a certain number of gold coins that shall contain a weight in gold equivalent to that contained in the sum owed in the money of the creditor country. Evidently, as the transportation of gold involves a certain expense and, besides, the question of security, it would be well to acquire for the payment a draft for a sum equivalent to the debt. However, in case of an excessive demand for bills of exchange for this purpose and the premium on them, a sum of money greater than the total of the debt, plus the expense of transporting the gold, could not be paid for each draft.

It is for this reason that exchange in countries that have a gold standard does not vary beyond the cost of transporting the gold. This limit is what is called *gold point*.³

The balance of payment, according as it is favorable or adverse to a certain country, does not produce in these cases a depreciation or a rise in the money that passes the *gold point*. If the balance is favorable, gold enters the country; if it is unfavorable, it leaves the country. So then, in a metallic system, the amount of gold in a country increases or diminishes; but the money, which has a value of its own, remains practically stable.

In this case were, before the war, the United States, Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Austria, Russia, Argentina and almost all the countries except some of the American countries, and among them ourselves.

2. Exchange between a country with a gold standard and another country with paper money.—This was our case, before the war, with almost all the other countries; and the case will be the same as fast as those countries pass through their financial crises and return to their normal condition.

In a country with a gold standard, the balance of payments does not figure in the value of the money, as we have said.

In a country with paper money, payments may not be made abroad without the acquisition of *bills of exchange*, or of foreign gold for transportation to the creditor country. In this case enters as a chief factor the liquidation of the balance of payments.

First of all, it is necessary to define what is called "balance of payments."

It is well known that one country—considered as a whole—produces or sells, consumes or buys; in other words, it carries a *debit* and *credit* account.

Under *credit* it sets down what it receives, that is, the value of exports, loans placed abroad, invisible items invested in the country (ships' tolls, salaries of diplomats, expenditures of travelers, initial capital of foreign countries established in the country, et cetera). Under *debit* it sets down what it delivers or pays, that is, the value of imports, payments for the amortization of loans and invisible items invested by Chileans abroad (the sojourn of Chilean travelers in other countries, expenses of diplomats, interest paid to foreigners established in the country, et cetera).

The *balance* may be favorable. In this case the several foreign countries buy the paper money of the favored country and then the money of that country rises in value.

The *balance* may be unfavorable, and then the country with paper money must buy gold, paying for it in paper. In this case the paper money depreciates.

Commercially, the *balance* is expressed in a purchase (unfavorable balance) of bills of exchange and an offer of bills of exchange (favorable balance).

To calculate now the value of the balance it is necessary to pass over the invisible items, as they are not included in the statistics. Besides, these items are relatively small, compared with the others enumerated in the balance of payments (imports, exports, the placing of loans and the payment of them). Hereafter, in speaking of the balance of payments, we

³English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

shall consider only this restricted acceptance of its meaning.

The balance of payments determines the fluctuations of paper money and its effect on exchange.

However, we should not overlook the internal rise or fall of money that results from the reduction or inflation of paper money. As the internal rise or fall of money soon exerts an influence abroad, the financial policy of the state is more important than the balance of payments.

The law of economic equilibrium (a country can, during a long period, buy more than it sells) renders it necessary to establish partial payments of an alternative type, which would produce a negligible total balance in a certain number of years.

This would be equivalent to saying that an unfavorable balance would become at the end of a certain time a favorable balance. In other words, the *balance of payments is the cause of oscillations in exchange*, but not of a continued depreciation of money.

A continued depreciation, like ours, must have a permanent cause, which is none other than the continuous increase of the fiduciary medium.

IV

THE VALUE OF MONEY AND EXCHANGE IN CHILE BEFORE THE GREAT WAR

THE case of our international money and exchange is the clearest possible confirmation of the economic laws that we have mentioned.

Originally we had in circulation gold and silver coin only.

The original value of our *peso* was forty-eight pence.

A well known law (that of Gresham) shows that when two moneys of a different intrinsic value and an equal legal value come into contact with each other, the money of less intrinsic value displaces the one of greater intrinsic value.

We have remarked that we had in circulation gold and silver money calculated at their standard of fineness according to a certain relation between the different values of the same *peso* of the two metals.

The value of silver fell throughout the world. Then it came about that a silver

peso was worth intrinsically less than a gold *peso*, while both moneys were legal tender, and just as to-day, when *chauchas chicas* are coined, *chauchas grandes*⁴ disappear, so gold *pesos* disappeared then.

There remained then in circulation the *pesos*, which were depreciated because of the decrease in the value of silver.

So the silver *peso*, which was ordinarily worth forty-eight pence, came to be worth:

In 1872	46 pence
In 1873	45 pence
In 1874	45 pence
In 1875	44 pence
In 1876	41 pence
In 1877	42 pence
In 1878	39 pence

(The excessive number of bank-notes in circulation also contributed to this depreciation).

In 1879, to meet the expenses of the war of the Pacific, fiscal paper money was issued for the first time (twelve millions). The issues succeeded one another, and the money continued to depreciate slowly. The following is the result for each five years:

Year	Millions of Fiscal Paper Money in Circulation	Mean Exchange in Pence per <i>Peso</i>
(1879)	12 (initial)	33.
1880	19	30.8
1885	16.6	25.4
1890	20.8	24.0
(1894)	38.3	12.5

In 1895 a metallic conversion was made at eighteen pence, and the exchange was maintained until 1898 at above seventeen pence. A crisis that occurred in 1898 and a shortage in the supply of fiscal gold again forced the issuing of paper money,

⁴*Chaucha*, according to Román (*Diccionario de chilénismos*, Santiago, Chile, 1908-1911, volume ii, page 22), is derived from the Quechua *chhaucha*, in this sense, "something imperfect," "something half made:" hence its application to the coin of twenty *centavos*, which took the place of the Spanish *peseta*, worth twenty-five *centavos* in Chile, and its being called *chaucha* because it was an imperfect or incomplete *peseta*; the *chaucha chica* (little *chaucha*) contains less silver, in proportion to the baser metal, than the *chaucha grande* (the big *chaucha*), and it is used, like the "nickel," mainly in the country and not for export

and its value fell suddenly to thirteen pence.

Beginning with this date, we have lived under nothing short of a system of monetary inflation.

The following figures give the value of the paper money in circulation and of the mean exchange for each five years:

Year	Millions of Paper Money in Circulation	Mean Exchange in Pence per <i>Peso</i>
1900	50.7	16.8
1905	80.6	15.6
1910	150.3	10.7
1914	224.9	8.9

V

EXCHANGE AND MONEY DURING THE YEARS OF THE GREAT WAR

DURING the years of the recent war, issues of paper money continued. There was, however, a certain reduction during the first years. The following are the respective figures made up on December 31 of each year:

Year	Millions of Paper Money	Mean Annual Exchange in Pence per <i>Peso</i>
1914	224.9	8.9
1915	177.7	8.2
1916	178.9	9.4
1917	186.1	12.7
1918	227.6	14.6
1919	250.7	10.6
1920	302.8	12.0
1921	320	8.0

It is proper to remark that we have considered in this case periods of time relatively short (one year), and positive and negative variations have occurred in exchange in each of them. These variations have resulted from the circumstantial effect of the balance of payments: an effect more marked in this case, since the war caused extraordinary changes in the figures that determined the balance of payments.

We have, in the first place, the different value of the exports of nitrate. So, in these years, the following have been the approximate figures of the value of the

nitrate exported in gold *pesos* of eighteen pence:

Year	Millions of Tons Exported	Value of Exports in Millions of Gold at Eighteen Pence
1913	2.7	315
1914	1.8	212
1915	2.0	233
1916	2.9	338
1917	2.7	478
1918	2.9	510
1919	0.8	98
1920	2.7	527
1921	1.1	?

Note the high value of the exports of nitrate in the years 1917, 1918, 1920, as well as the crisis in exports in the years 1919 and 1921.

As nitrate now predominates in the value of our exports, the variations in the total of exports follow perceptibly the variations in the demand for nitrate. The following figures are a comparison of the total of exports with the total of imports, for the purpose of deducing from them the *custom-house balance*, which is one of the items of the *balance of payments*. The figures are given until 1920, inclusive, which is the last year of which the office of statistics has supplied complete and definite data:

Year	Exports in Millions in Gold <i>Pesos</i> of Eighteen Pence	Imports in Millions in Gold <i>Pesos</i> of Eighteen Pence
1913	396	329
1914	299	269
1915	327	153
1916	513	222
1917	712	355
1918	763	436
1919	301	401
1920	778	455
1921

(These figures may be compared with the preceding ones relative to nitrate, and the predominant influence of this product in the total value of exports deduced).

The difference between exports and imports gives us the result of the *custom-house balance*. To get at the *result of the balance of payments*, it will be necessary to

consider, besides the loans placed, the annual interest and the invisible items, passing over the latter (their quantity is small and, besides, they are not given in the statistics), we reach the following results of the balance of payments, which give the mean annual exchanges that are to be noted. (The plus sign indicates the positive result: a rise in exchange; the minus sign, the opposite).

Year	Result of the Balance of Payments in Millions of Gold at Eighteen Pence	The Mean Annual Exchange in Pence per <i>Peso</i>
1913	+ 37	9.7
1914	0	8.96
1915	+144	8.25
1916	+261	9.46
1917	+327	12.73
1918	+298	14.92
1919	-139	10.59
1920	+285	12.31
1921	- ?	8.08

From these figures it may be deduced that whenever the favorable result of the balance of payments disappears, a fall in exchange occurs. Inversely, a favorable result improves the exchange. Thus in 1918 the result was favorable, and the *peso* attained the value of fourteen pence. In 1920 the export of nitrate increased again, the result was favorable and exchange rose to twelve pence. In 1921, even if we do not have access to the data of exports and imports, it is known that the export of nitrate was less than half of what it was in 1920. This affords ground for asserting that the result of the balance of payments will be unfavorable. This would be the cause of the fall in exchange from twelve to eight pence.

During 1922 the export of nitrate has been paralyzed. The result of the balance of payments was very unfavorable. Exchange has gone down to five pence.

VI

THE OUTLOOK

HOWEVER, the law of economic equilibrium has begun to be effective, thus reducing imports. On the other hand, the pool of nitrate is being effected at the same

time that equality between the internal and external depreciation of European money increases the value of artificial fertilizers. Everything tends to show that during the second six months of the current year the Chilean nitrate industry may revive with the resumption of the demand. An equal improvement is now to be noted in the production of copper.

The result of the balance of payments may therefore lose its inactive character in the course of the present year. It will bring about an improvement in international exchange, thus causing a favorable oscillation in the curve of depreciation. Unfortunately, the situation of the public exchequer seems to be as critical as formerly. If, indeed, the reduction of imports favors the balance of payments, thus producing an ascendant oscillation in the curve of exchange, it will cause, on the other hand, a reduction in the revenues of the state, with a consequent increase of the fiscal deficit.

The budget of 1922 has been approved by the mixed commission with an initial deficit of seventy million *pesos* in paper (a surcharge of one hundred fifty per cent. for gold), still supposing that the export of nitrate will reach 1,380,000 tons: a figure that nothing renders probable. If we admit—which is not impossible—that the export of nitrate will, in reality, reach half the supposed total, we shall add to the initial deficit of seventy millions in paper the diminution of the duties on exports, whereby the total deficit of the public exchequer will rise to the approximate sum of 130,000,000 in paper (with one hundred fifty per cent. added for gold).

To offset this deficit, the state will be forced to have recourse to taxation and to a domestic or foreign loan. It should be understood that taxation will not be able to offset the deficit immediately. The government, for a long time, has proposed laws of taxation, the product of which it calculates at forty millions in paper; but these laws have not yet been enacted, and if they were, they could not produce an appreciable effect during the coming year. The deficit of 1922 will be covered, unquestionably, in the same way as the deficit of 1921 (273,000,000 in paper, of

which 136,000,000 belonged to 1921, and 137,000,000 to 1919 and 1920, involving in both cases a surcharge of one hundred fifty per cent. for gold). As is well known, resort has been made merely to a loan, a part of which was placed in the country, and the other, abroad. If the deficit of 1922 is covered by a foreign loan, this will be a favorable factor in the balance of payments, which will at once become unfavorable, with the greater increase in the interest on the debt.

If the deficit is covered by an internal loan and if this takes the form of an issue of treasury notes and an increase in the

fiduciary circulation, we shall experience, independently of the balance of payments, a new effect of the old and permanent cause of the depreciation of money.

In short, while an improvement in the regimen of the public exchequer does not increase the quota of taxation in the total of the fiscal income, a loan or the issuance of paper money will always meet the shortage in the public fiscal revenue. The money of the country will continue to be subject to the general law of downward tendency, the balance of payments merely indicating the circumstantial alternative oscillations.



THE MYSTERIOUS MAMMAL

BY

CLEMENTE ONELLI

In our spring of 1922, the metropolitan press alluded to strange stories of the survival in Argentina of an animal that had ceased to exist some millions of years ago in its habitat in the northern hemisphere. The accounts were associated vaguely with the director of the Jardín Zoológico of Buenos Aires. Persons unacquainted with paleontology and persons unacquainted with the director of the Jardín Zoológico of Buenos Aires, devoted at least a few minutes' thought to the reputed prodigy; those that are acquainted with paleontology, or with the director of the Jardín Zoológico, only smiled or shrugged their shoulders, according to their personal idiosyncrasies. In the following article, the director of this garden solves the mystery—a patent hoax—in his facetious manner.—THE EDITOR.

ONE of the greatest difficulties that I have encountered in planning the expedition to go in search of the mysterious mammal (probably a great Quaternary edentate) has been the meddling of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals of several parts of the world, which, believing the canards of the foreign press, have considered it their duty to interfere to prevent an investigation of the case.

I have been forced to seek the hospitality of the *Boletín de la "Sarmiento" Asociación Protectora de Animales*, which, in pursuance of its noble and humanitarian aims, is not misled by widely circulated errors or by exaggerations that are inadmissible in view of human and scientific requirements.

So I published the following note:

"At the moment in which the director of the Jardín Zoológico of Buenos Aires and an honorary member of La "Sarmiento" Asociación Protectora de Animales is besought, from all parts of the world, not to decree and render effective the sentence of death pronounced upon a plesiosaurian, it seems to me that the moment has arrived in which I ought to make certain explanations in the official organ of the Asociación Protectora de Animales, the best informed of societies in its tendencies and certainly the sanest in its judgments, its propaganda and its activities.

"These pleas for grace which, as I have said, have come to me from all parts, have even called my attention to the fortieth chapter of the book of *Job*, in which allusion is made to 'behemoth . . .

surely the mountains bring him forth food,' are sometimes signed by sincere and really humanitarian persons; at others, by intriguers; and at others, by deluded hysterics: all, to tell the truth, thoroughly ignorant of the most vulgar principles of paleontology, since they have entreated me not to take the life of a plesiosaurian that lived in the northern hemisphere in the hot seas of the cretaceous or Jurassic period: this the sole surviving specimen of a species that lived millions of centuries ago, which, according to some, has come, perhaps by water, perhaps by land or probably by an aërial route, to plunge into a basin of fresh and frigid water of southern Patagonia.

"This superlative simplification of the paradox explains also why a humanitarian society of another country should venture to address the government, and, at the same time that it solicits the prohibition to hunt, suggests (in the twentieth century) the duty of closing all the scientific laboratories in which guinea-pigs and other animals are injected with the virus of human diseases 'in order to reinject the rottennesses of these animals into the human body.' This being the case, insinulative counsel goes hand in hand with what has already been said as to saving the life of the plesiosaurian.

"Now, in spite of having explained repeatedly in *La Nación* and other dailies what is the purpose of the expedition that I have sent, I am going to repeat it here, in this well balanced organ of humanitarian sentiment, because I suppose that among the thousands of reading members, there may be, owing to innate ingenuousness,

some (although they can be counted on the fingers of one hand) that feel disturbed in their consciences and may believe that an honorary member of their association is about to commit what would be a crime and certainly a bad example, which would stand out, if it emanated from one so highly placed.

"Let us take up the details.

"A month after I had received a communication and after I had made investigations and weighed the pros and contras, I gave to the public the letter from a miner turned hunter, who besought my material aid in capturing an animal: I declared that the fantastic and profane version seemed to indicate the dimensions of an enormous plesiosaurian.

"This last word gave pleasure. Several times, in turning the pages of the *Petit Larousse*, with 5,800 small illustrations, as do all those that are ignorant of orthography, there had fallen beneath the glance of those poor creatures ignorant of paleontology the monstrous figure of an animal with this euphonious name, and all took it into their heads to say that it was a plesiosaurian.

"Besides, the Arguses of the North American press—who keep an eye on the whole world and telegraph to the entire universe that Lloyd George has sneezed, that the sister of the deceased pope was very sad, and that on the Saturday of Glory the bells of Rome were set flying—were greatly pleased that a country from which come very few fantasies that can be communicated to the world, had yielded one, respectable beyond all reproach, and hence might keep company with the Genoa conference.

"Opinion in the world and, above all, in Buenos Aires, was formed: either I was preparing a great *bluff*¹ (the opinion of the few) or I was an ignoramus that believed in the plesiosaurian (the opinion of the many).

"To attack public opinion on the front would be to show very little common sense and kill the enthusiasm of those that were minded to pay the expenses of the expedition and to win for myself the reputation of one inclined to hoax the public.

"I took the middle path counseled me by my easy-going philosophy: I said that the plesiosaurian was a pseudonym by which had been revealed to the world a great edentate, which, since it seemed to it but a meager pedigree to be descended from the Quaternary period and not from the Jurassic, in order not to be taken for a parvenu of geology, had caused itself to be called by this pompous name, when it was, in reality, but an enormous *cryptoterian*.

"Three or four days later I let one of the North American correspondents feel of the excrement, dry but not fossil, which clearly proclaimed an herbivorous animal, and not a plesiosaurian, which was carnivorous and ichthyophagous.

"I said that during recent years the monster had showed itself in several inaccessible regions of the cordilleran valleys, where it had taken refuge from the pursuit of the Indians: regions in which have lived for at least sixty generations wild horses that had penetrated them from the plains, and, from colonial times, when the ship of the bishop of Placencia was wrecked, Friesian cows and bulls, which for centuries had reproduced themselves in those regions.

"I published the instructions given to Engineer Frey, the leader of the expedition, in which I expressed my preference *for the capture of a young animal, because it would be more easily acclimatizable and more easy to transport*, and I said that, in case it should be impossible to take one alive, to sacrifice one.

"Therefore the deluded hysterics, if they did not live in the land of ninnies, but in one in which people read a serious daily, like *La Nación*, would have perceived that the animal sought is not a plesiosaurian, but the *Cryptoterium domesticum*, thus called because he has lived in the same caves as the primitive Indians; and that, if these indigenes still exist, mingled with other incursive autochthonous races, it is not improbable that these *cryptoterians* may be living yet, and that, as they are not eclectic, like man, they have been unable to cross with the wild cows and bulls, for among animals this crossing of species takes place between horses and asses, because of their close kinship, since they

¹ish in the original.—THE EDITOR.

are more nearly related than a blond Scandinavian and a Hottentot woman.

"(The last declarations are intended merely to scandalize the learned!)

"I shall say, besides, that during the last month I have received an enormous number of letters from deeply versed persons, from which it may be gathered that, on the evidence of documents preserved in the archives of the ministry of war since 1877, monsters were seen in Patagonia, according to the testimony of soldiers and distinguished officers (some are still alive), and likewise during the following years, until, on a day in January, 1922, one was seen in a certain spot by the señor Primo Capraro, a man of means, a pioneer of the valleys of Patagonia, to whom those regions owe many improvements, due to his serious and steady character and his activity: a man, in short, that is worthy of entire confidence.

"The expedition that is going in search of the animal required by science for its study, and which is therefore greatly interested in capturing it alive, rather than dead: that expedition, besides its scientific aims, has a broad plan for investigating the

wealth of the region and the possibility of its exploitation as a means of improving the zone, that, with the passing of time, we may prevent the loss of a hundred million *pesos*, gold, annually, now going abroad in search of the raw material that nature has lavished on our country in that region.

"With the foregoing declarations, ingenious persons of good faith will be tranquillized, recognizing the obligations they are under to science and acknowledging the patriotic aims for which the expedition has been fitted out. Hysterics and evil-minded persons, those who, by their exaggerations, have brought ridicule on the lofty and humanitarian ideals of societies for the protection of animals, will shift their campaigns: they will now set about preventing the production of oxen and take a firm stand in favor of rams being left as rams, that they may butt and kill one another to their hearts' content, and they will urge a hot campaign to induce the sanitary authorities of their country not to permit the introduction in tins of *pâté de foie gras*, the product of geese well stuffed."



SUGGESTION AND DELINQUENCY

A STUDY IN THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CRIMINAL

BY

JUAN RAMÓN BELTRÁN

A serious study that will interest the physician, the lawyer, the psychologist, the sociologist, the teacher, and, indeed, the general reader that is acquainted with the general subject.—THE EDITOR

SUGGESTION is one of the most discussed factors of delinquency, and it is one that has induced a long controversy between two schools of opposing views.

All the psychiatrists, psychologists, jurist-physicians, et cetera, of these last decades, have decided in favor of one or the other tendency. Hence we see Charcot and Brouardel of the school of Paris defend with talent and brilliancy their points of view, while in Nancy, Liébault, Beaunis, Bernheim and Liegois do the same in respect of their conclusions.

The time has passed in which physicians and jurists shared the popular ignorance regarding the phenomena of suggestion. Many observers have satisfactorily explained its mechanism, accomplishing a veritably scientific revelation in respect of human psychology and demonstrating the serious error that was committed when, without understanding the psychical nature of hypnotism, it was relegated to the domain of occultism and placed at the disposal of witches, sorcerers, charlatans, wholly outlawed by psychotherapy.

Hypnotism and suggestion, in the state of trance, are the same thing. The suggested sleep is a phenomenon of suggestion, and in speaking of *suggestion in the state of trance*, *psychotherapy*, *action of the will*, et cetera, we do nothing more than mention different aspects of the same phenomenon: suggestion. The abundance of such terms for the same phenomenon is due purely and exclusively to the fact that in this question, as in all psychological questions, there is a veritable chaos of terms ill applied to psychical phenomena, the interpretation of which has been made in an incorrect or incomplete manner.

There exists a direct relation between *suggestion* and *suggestibility*. The psychological knowledge of the present day demonstrates that this conception, set forth by Bernheim, is correct. Suggestion is a normal phenomenon that results from suggestibility, that is, the property possessed by the human brain for receiving and evoking ideas by associating them with an active tendency by which they are converted into acts, *ideo-dynamism* being the mechanism that presides over these physical activities.

The term *idea-force*, or that of ideoplasia, has also been employed to designate the effect that ideas, representations and emotions exert on the cerebral activity in suggestion.

All ideas are at one and the same time force, and in accord with the nature and intensity of the cerebral activity that belongs to them, more or less ideoplastic, since every representation that appears in our consciousness immediately produces a cerebral activity.¹

It is for this reason that Bernheim affirms that every idea that by whatsoever mechanism reaches the brain (sensorial impression, emotive impression, word, reading, et cetera), is, in reality, a suggestion.²

These are the psychical mechanisms of hypnotism in which we ought to recognize a mental state derived from suggestion and facilitated by a true psychical law: that *every suggestion tends to become effective*.

This opinion is corroborated by many facts of observation. In the first place, there are as many kinds of suggestion as there are specific nerve-centers and routes

¹Auguste Henri Forel: *La question sexuelle*, page 316.

²Hippolyte Bernheim: *Hypnotisme, suggestion et psychothérapie*.

for the sensitivo-motor interchange of our sentient life. Hypnotic practice demonstrates that on the impressions suggested depends the sensation received by the hypnotic, whom we can cause to walk, to saunter through gardens full of plants with fragrant flowers, to see admirable landscapes, et cetera, without leaving the house; or to enjoy exquisite liquors, taste delicate dishes, drink repulsive drinks, et cetera, all from the same glass of water.

When suggestion operates on the muscular sense, the psychical mechanism that dominates it becomes more complex, because it brings into action the emotivity of the hypnotic. If we put the subject in the attitude of strife, his face reflects an impression of anger; if, on the contrary, we join his fingers and lift them to his lips in the attitude of throwing a kiss, pleasure appears reflected in his countenance.

In many cases, the participation of another person is not necessary to produce suggestion: any object whatsoever is sufficient. Morand³ relates that a certain butcher, in hanging a cut of meat, from a hook slipped in such a manner that he thought he was caught by an arm on the hook, he, indeed, remaining suspended in the air from this piece of metal, from which he was lowered half dead. Taken to his house and examined, it turned out that the arm was absolutely unharmed; the hook had merely passed through the sleeve of his coat! The suggestive idea, in this case, came from the object, which produced the same effect as if it had been suggested by a hypnotizer, and the suggestion was so complete that there was proof of symptoms of a violent emotional shock, frequent in serious accidents.

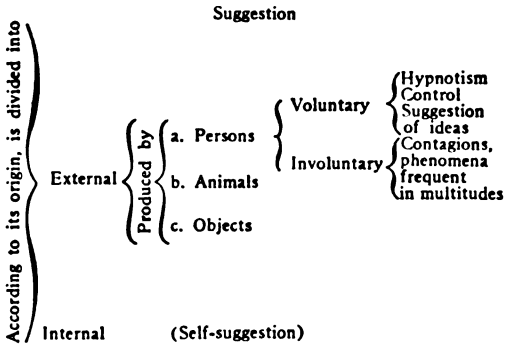
On the other hand, the origin of the suggestion may be found in a self-suggestion produced by a psychical process of a cenesthetic nature, which presents the same effects as external suggestions.

In self-suggestion, the suggestive action of ideas is spontaneous, that is, ideas are not suggested to the subject by another person or thing; but its effect is identical with that of external suggestions. This is due to the fact that an idea, or a sentiment, takes increasing possession of our

brain and triumphs over all its opponents, producing a preponderating suggestive effect on the nervous system.

There exists a true transition between external suggestion and self-suggestion. The idea of not being able to sleep produces insomnia; the idea of a yawn makes one yawn; the idea of shame makes one blush; that of pity, weep, et cetera. Frequently, the sight of another person yawning is sufficient to cause us also to yawn; to see certain objects that belong to a woman, whether a beloved one or not, may produce sexual excitation. These different cases prove that suggestion may not only be obtained in a direct manner through the will, but even without wishing it. When we speak of suggestion and hypnotism, we are alluding to that which is brought about intentionally by means of the definite will of one person to influence another,

As a résumé of the ideas presented, we set forth the different kinds of suggestion in the following table:



During suggestion, the psychical idea is developed in conditions different from the normal. This difference has not been considered hitherto at its true value, and writers have not agreed on the interpretation of the facts.

We may affirm that during states of suggestion the psychical life is developed by subconscious activity. This view is a departure from classic ideas, according to which a person is in a state of unconsciousness in hypnotic suggestion, sleep, somnambulism, et cetera.

Forel⁴ applies the term subconsciousness to

⁴Auguste Henri Forel: *Der Hypnotismus und die suggestive Psychotherapie.*

³J. S. Morand: *Le magnetisme animal.*

all that writers consider inconscient in our mental activity, because, by a minute introspection, it is proved that it is a psychical state (with its corresponding activity) *subordinated to the control of the brain*, which is what rules and accompanies this activity by means of the concentration of the motive that we call attention in our life of trance.

If the subconscious activity passes unperceived ordinarily, it is because it lacks the necessary intensity to enable it to associate itself with the series of perceptions that result from our attention. To admit a state of subconsciousness as characteristic of suggestion is to suppose the existence of psychical processes that escape our memory and will, of true mental states overlooked. Freud⁵ has demonstrated that there exists a great psychical similarity between sleep and hypnotism, which is properly called *artificial sleep*, and that suggestions made to hypnotized persons may be compared with the dreams of natural sleep.

Oskar Pfister⁶ affirms that

it has been proved that in our dreams, as in automatism (forgetfulness, involuntary changes of expression, meaningless words that are mingled thoughtlessly with our speech) are reflected, skilfully disguised, our internal conflicts and our secret desires. Joseph would not have dared to confess to himself his immoderate ambition, and much less to speak of it to his brothers. Hence it was that he dreamed of the stars. Unfortunately for him, his brothers, much less ingenuous, divined before he did so what was the true significance of his dreams.

After having dreamed, it is possible to recall the psychical events that have occurred under the circumstances, a characteristic that Liébault and Bernheim found in 1889 in a hypnotic that they had caused to experience all kinds of hallucinations.⁷

When this subject awoke, apparently he knew nothing of what had occurred during the hypnotic sleep, and to Bernheim's direct question as to it, he declared that he remembered nothing. Bernheim insisted, assuring him that he must know what was asked of him, and then the subject began to

doubt, to recall ideas, to remember as in a dream. He evoked the first sensation that had been suggested to him, then he remembered another, and slowly recollection became more and more complete until it appeared without any break. The subject was acquainted with the occurrences that had taken place during the hypnotic sleep, but they had been inaccessible to him until after a psychical effort. He did not know that he was acquainted with them and he thought he was ignorant of them.

We deal now with a case similar to the one that Freud verified in dreams,⁸ after which it is not always possible to recall what has been dreamed, and when this recollection is easy on waking, it becomes more and more confused after the passage of hours. The larger number of dreams are quickly forgotten; in recalling them, many gaps very soon occur; other dreams do not leave any recollection whatsoever, but all may be recalled by a mental effort.

In natural sleep, our attention is withdrawn from the external world. The same occurs in hypnotism, with the sole exception that in it the hypnotic continues in psychical relations with the hypnotizer. In both states, the facts of real life are present, and the memory is excited. "Mental life in these two kinds of sleep is characterized by its own peculiarity, most events being represented by visual excitations."⁹ These especial circumstances of the psychical life present to the physician and the psychologist of crime a dual question, related to the consciousness of the subject in these circumstances, that is, his discernment and capacity for imputation.

Opinions are greatly divided in this respect, distinction being made between psychical states directly related to hypnosis and posthypnotic psychical states that may or may not be influenced by hypnotic suggestion. The importance of this second question is very great, since it is frequently related with unlawful deeds, cases in which, if the direct act of suggestion were admitted, the responsibility of the delinquent would be diminished or eliminated.

⁵Sigmund Freud: *Introduction à la psychanalyse*, page 105.

⁶Oskar Robert Pfister: *Au vieil évangile par un chemin nouveau*, page 7, Berne, 1920.

⁷Sigmund Freud: work quoted, page 104.

⁸Sigmund Freud: work quoted, page 105.

⁹Sigmund Freud: work quoted, page 97.

It is the unanimous opinion of all experimenters that during hypnosis the hypnotized subjects lose completely the conscious control of their psychic life. Ribot¹⁰ tells of the case of a physician of Breslau that affirmed that hypnosis would make no impression on him. After having been merely semi-hypnotized, he could not pronounce a single word. Awakened, he declared that he could have spoken very well, and that if he said nothing, it was because he did not wish to do so. Semi-hypnotized again, a new mutism occurred. He was then awakened and he confessed that he could not speak.

A friend of Richet's¹¹ submitted to hypnosis, firmly resolved to resist the commands that might be given him. Nevertheless, he obeyed blindly and without the necessity of a great degree of hypnosis. In explanation of the fact, the hypnotic himself declared that he had simulated automatism, since, in his judgment, he could have resisted it. "I arrived with the firm resolve not to simulate, but from the moment in which the sleep began, I seem to myself to have simulated."¹²

Vibert¹³ tells of the case of a tramp named Castellan, who, making use of "exotic practices," "sorcery," et cetera, hypnotized a girl of twenty-six, and took advantage of her state to violate her.

Brouardel¹⁴ participated as an expert in the following case:

It was an affair of a girl of twenty years, B—, whom her mother had taken several times to the office of a dentist named Levy. This man had declared that the treatment of the dental affection would have to begin with an examination of the genital organs! and he had obtained the consent of the two women to make this examination. He had violated the girl, as he confessed later, and this although the mother, who was in the same room, perceived

nothing. Levy claimed that the relations had been established with the consent of the girl B—, who denied the assertion and declared that during each visit she had lost consciousness for a certain time and that when she returned to her normal state she had felt pains in the genital organs, but without being conscious of what had occurred until she found herself to be *enceinte*.

The expert examination proved that the girl had been hypnotized, since, in order to put her to sleep, it was merely necessary to close her eyes; whereupon Levy was condemned.

If, however, unlawful acts occur after the passing of the hypnotic state and it is desired to relate them with suggestions received during the state, the question changes completely in character. Bearing on the case, Brouardel (quoted by Bonjean),¹⁵ together with the school of La Salpêtrière, held that

suggestions, agreeable or indifferent, may be carried out by the hypnotic *a posteriori* of that state, and that if such suggestions relate to acts that are repugnant to the personal likings or natural sentiments, he offers an almost unconquerable resistance to their accomplishment.

On the other hand, according to the school of Nancy, "even if the subject resist, it is possible to cause him to perform the desired act by emphasizing the suggestion." There exists an absolute automatism, as the subject possesses no spontaneousness and is in the condition of the celebrated ideal: "He is like a walking-stick in the hands of a traveler."

This is the position adopted by both schools, and if, indeed, it is true that Gilles de la Tourette¹⁶ and Delboëuf share the opinion of the school of La Salpêtrière, they recognize that it is possible by means of suggestion to succeed in suggesting testamentary disposals in favor of a stranger.

In the so-called "experimental crimes" obtained by means of observation, they demonstrate that such posthypnotic sug-

¹⁰Theodule Ribot: *Les maladies de la volonté*, page 147.

¹¹Charles Robert Richet: *Revue philosophique*, October-November, 1880; March, 1883.

¹²Charles Robert Richet: work quoted, pages 348, 349.

¹³Charles Vibert: *Précis de médecine légale*, page 380.

¹⁴Paul Brouardel: "Relation de l'affaire Lévy," *Annales d'hygiène publique et de médecine légale*, third series, 1879, volume 1.

¹⁵Albert Bonjean: "L'hypnotisme et la criminalité," *Revue de droit pénal et de criminologie et archives internationales de médecine légale*, number 2, 1921, page 134.

¹⁶George Albert Gilles de la Tourette: *L'hypnotisme et les états analogues au point de vue médico-légal*.

gestions are possible. Morand¹⁷ supplies a case taken from Gilles de la Tourette in which a great hysteric of La Salpêtrière, in the library of Charcot, was hypnotized by suggesting to her the order to assassinate another person.

In June, 1884, W— was invited to go to the laboratory, and she had no sooner crossed the threshold than she was placed in a hypnotic state. The following conversation took place:

"Where are you?"

"In the laboratory, of course; what a question!"

"Very well; but we are going somewhere else. Here we are now in the Bois de Boulogne, under the arbor; we are taking a pleasure excursion; the weather is fine here; the air is fresh; let us be seated."

She did so; she was delighted with the view of the trees, drank a glass of water that I told her was syrup, et cetera.

"You were very kind to bring me here; I was beginning to be bored in La Salpêtrière; I am going to pass an excellent day."

"Very well; we shall dine in the country, but you are going to make me a promise."

"What is it?"

"When you awake. . . ."

"But I am not asleep."

"I know you are not, but that is not the question; let us suppose that you are asleep. So, when you awake, you will poison Monsieur G—."

"Hist! What if they should hear you?"

"There is nothing to fear; we are perfectly alone here." (This simple affirmation was sufficient to cause her neither to hear nor to see any longer the persons that were witnessing the scene).

"But why do you wish me to poison Monsieur G—? He has done nothing to me, and he is a very agreeable young man."

"I wish you to poison him."

"I shall not do it; after all, I am not a criminal."

Desiring that the suggestion should be carried out without difficulty, I added: "You know well enough that he was the cause of your quarrel with Madame R—" (for whom she had a warm affection).

"I do not believe it."

"I affirm it."

Her will yielded more and more, and she declared that she was ready to execute my orders.

"I have no poison," she said; "what if I

should give him a thrust with a knife or shoot him?"

As I knew that if she was asleep, she would awaken when she heard the pistol shot—and I wished to bring into play the spontaneity of which she was capable—I said to her: "A pistol makes too much noise; we have now returned to the laboratory of La Salpêtrière; do not be annoyed, as we shall go at once to dine; here is a glass; I am pouring into it beer (fictitious) and I mix poison with it. The difficulty now is to make Monsieur G— drink it when you wake up. At all events and happen whatever may, do not recall in any way, if they interrogate you, that it was I that have made you promise to poison Monsieur G—, even if they interrogate you 'when you are asleep again.'"

"Very well, sir."

W— was no sooner awakened than she went from one to the other of the witnesses, conversed, said a word to each of them, remembered Monsieur Claretie, whom she had seen in the concert of the insane women and became interested in an experiment in medical photography that was being tried, and nothing could cause her thoughts to be suspected. Suddenly she said:

"My God, how hot it is here," and, addressing Monsieur G—, she asked him: "Are you not thirsty? I am dying of thirst. I am sure you are thirsty. Monsieur L—, haven't you any bottles of beer yet? Offer us one then, if you please."

"It is useless," replied G—, "I assure you, mademoiselle, for I am not thirsty."

"With this heat, it is impossible; you can not refuse; besides, Monsieur L— was offering us beer a moment ago, and, look, here you have a glass that is still filled," she added, taking the one that I had fictitiously mixed with poison; "accept it, I beg of you, from my hand, and drink."

"Thanks; I am not thirsty; however, I am willing to take it, but not without receiving a kiss."

Here W— made a gesture of protest, but she forced herself to smile on the one that she was going to poison; she could not refuse him a kiss; she would sacrifice everything to carry out the fatal order. We were convinced that she would have given herself to him entirely, if this had been the price of the suggestion accepted.

"Are you afraid that this beer may contain something harmful? See, I myself am drinking it."

She pretended to drink, but taking care not to swallow even a drop of the liquid.

"You have given me a kiss and I have drunk from your glass; we are quits."

¹⁷J. S. Morand: work quoted.

Monsieur G— pretended, after he had drunk, to fall dead, and when one of the on-lookers started toward her, asking her whether the beer contained poison, she answered:

"I can assure you, sir, that it contained none, and here is the proof: Monsieur G— has kissed me, and I have taken beer from his glass, and you see that I am all right."

She herself had invented a refutation.

This interesting question of posthypnotic suggestion has been exploited in literature to obtain dramatic effects,¹⁸ beginning with the supposition of criminal acts performed by a hypnotized person that had lost memory of the suggestion and of the person that had made it.

If it is true, indeed, that judicial cases of crimes or misdemeanors committed by posthypnotic suggestion are not very frequent, this, which has been used as a decisive argument by the sustainers of the ideas of the school of Paris, is due purely and exclusively to absolute ignorance of the factors of suggestion in crime.

Albert Bataille¹⁹ relates the case of a soldier, Garnier, who, at the suggestion of his mistress, Avelina, killed the latter's husband and then tried to commit suicide in prison; but, given succor in time, he escaped uninjured from the episode. The court before which the case was tried established, by reading Avelina's letters to Garnier, the entire criminal purpose and the whole influence of the adulteress over the weak and lascivious soldier.

Bataille himself recounts the case of the trial of Sougaret. Here it is the man that makes the suggestion to the woman to commit a crime. By means of a continued and patient effort at suggestion, he induced one of his two mistresses to kill the other in the way and place that he had indicated. The criminal, named Marie Nobila, held out against the suggestion for a month, but Sougaret insisted, telling her that she had no courage and that she did not love him, driving her in this manner to crime.

Evaristo de Moraes, a learned and skilful writer, as well as a talented man of science of Rio de Janeiro, has related in admirable

pages²⁰ the history and psychological analysis of a criminal who, at the suggestion of other persons, was induced to attempt against the life of Doctor Prudente Moraes an aggression that he resisted and on one occasion did not dare to commit, until he yielded to the impulse of the repeated suggestions to which he was subjected. As on many occasions, Marcelino Bispo ended by committing suicide in prison.

We see from what has been said that posthypnotic suggestion exists. If in judicial cases it has not been verified with great frequency, this is due to the fact that the methodical analysis of suggestion dates from only a few years ago, and consideration has been given to therapeutic hypnotism alone, while observers have passed over mental, passional and juridical circumstances that would be included in a full study of the subject.

This study will follow in the main the new turn that Freud has given to psychological knowledge. His view of psychoanalysis, the experimental results obtained and the numerous series of valuable observations, the true psychological discoveries that he has made, open to contemporary psychology the fertile and unexplored field of our subconscious life.

What has been thrust aside, according to Pfister,²¹ remains in the inconscience without undergoing any change. Conscious experiments or the play of imagination can excite these relegated impressions and cause them to manifest their existence. Nevertheless, they remain unchanged, and, as the same relegated tendency itself can give rise to different manifestations, it occurs that, under the stimulus of varied experiments, they occasion many imaginary constructions, although they themselves may not have undergone any change.

The duration of posthypnotic suggestions still remains to be considered. This factor depends directly on the number of times the subject has been hypnotized. In the case of the first session of hypnotism, these suggestions are fugitive and passing, but when the hypnotic sessions are re-

²⁰Evaristo de Moraes: *Marcelino Bispo*, Rio de Janeiro, 1868.

²¹Oskar Robert Pfister: *La psychanalyse au service des éducateurs*, Berne, 1921, page 82.

¹⁸Arsène Jules Claretie: *Jean Mornas*.

¹⁹*Causes criminelles et mondaines*.

peated with frequency, the subjects preserve for a long time the subconscious influence of the commands that were given them before awaking. Beaunis²² admits that the duration of posthypnotic suggestions is almost indefinite, and he reports on some cases in point. In general, when the subject that is following a posthypnotic suggestion is questioned, he answers that he has acted without knowing why, and he gives specious reasons to explain his conduct.

As a means of social prophylaxis, public sessions of hypnotism are prohibited by law,

²²Henri Beaunis: *Études physiologiques et psychologiques sur le somnambulisme provoqué.*

since they occasion serious danger to predisposed subjects, who may be driven as a consequence of them to abnormal acts or mental states. On the other hand, it would be well to bear in mind that posthypnotic suggestions exist—an opinion that is shared at present by the majority of the jurist-physicians—and that in view of them, as Krafft-Ebing says,²³ hypnotism ought to be used only for therapeutic purposes, by competent physicians; and in order to remove it from all suspicion, it ought to be practised in the presence of honest witnesses.

²³Richard von Krafft-Ebing: *Médecine légale des aliénés*, pages 465 and 466.



Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS AND THE WORLD: PAN AMERICAN TENDENCIES IN SOUTH AMERICA - - - - -	R. RONZA	201
<i>Cultura Venezolana, Caracas, Venezuela, November, 1922</i>		
THE ORIGIN OF THE HISPANIC-AMERICAN PESO - - - - -	GUILLERMO SUBERCASEAUX	206
<i>Unión Ibero Americana, Madrid, Spain, September-October, 1921</i>		
POEMS IN ECSTASY - - - - -	GABRIELA MISTRAL	210
<i>México Moderno, México, México, September, 1922</i>		
POEMS IN PROSE - - - - -	ENRIQUE JOSÉ VARONA	212
<i>México Moderno, México, México, September, 1922</i>		
THE BRAZILIAN NOVEL - - - - -	RONALD DE CARVALHO	214
<i>Nosotros, Buenos Aires, Argentina, September, 1922</i>		
THE SWORD OF INDEPENDENCE - - - - -	MARCELINO DOMINGO	222
<i>Social, Habana, Cuba, December, 1921</i>		
THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA - - - - -	GILBERTO SILVA HERRERA	224
<i>Gil Blas, Bogotá, Colombia, November 30, 1922</i>		
AMADO NERVO'S "MYSTICISM" - - - - -	ADOLFO M. SIERRA	236
<i>Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina, March, 1922</i>		
SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS - - - - -	LUIS B. TAMINI	240
<i>Revista Argentina de Ciencias Políticas, Buenos Aires, Argentina, June 12, 1922</i>		
INDIGENOUS INDUSTRIES AND THE POTTERY OF TEOTIHUACÁN - - - - -		248
<i>Estudio, México, México, November, 1922-January, 1923</i>		
THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA - - - - -	LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ	250
<i>Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina, November, 1922</i>		

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

APRIL, 1923

NUMBER 4

INTER-AMERICA

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles or make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censoring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

INTER-AMERICA was established at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, among whose objects are the cultivation of friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and the increase of the knowledge and understanding of each other by the several nations.

INTER-AMERICA is edited at 407 West 117th street, New York. It is manufactured and distributed by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and company, of New York.

INTERNATIONAL ADVISORY EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

James Cook BARDIN, professor of Spanish, university of Virginia

Milton Alexander BUCHANAN, professor of Italian and Spanish, university of Toronto

Aurelio Macedonio ESPINOSA, professor of Spanish, Leland Stanford university

John Driscoll FITZ-GERALD, professor of Spanish, university of Illinois

Hamlin GARLAND, novelist and dramatist, New York

Antonio GÓMEZ Restrepo, secretary in the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, Bogotá

Guillermo HALL, chairman of the department of modern languages, Boston University, Boston

Helio LOBO, Publicist, consul-general of Brazil at New York

Frederick Bliss LUQUIENS, professor of Spanish, Sheffield Scientific school, Yale university

Federico de ONÍS, professor of literature, university of Salamanca, and of Spanish literature, Columbia university

Manuel Segundo SÁNCHEZ, director of the Biblioteca Nacional, Caracas

Froylán TURCIOS, man of letters and journalist, director of *El Nuevo Tiempo* and of *Esforge*, Tegucigalpa

Carlos de VELASCO, man of letters, director of *Cuba Contemporánea*, Habana

Armando DONOSO, man of letters and journalist, on the staff of *El Mercurio*, of the *Pacific Magazine* and of *Zig-Zag*, all of Santiago, Chile

Benjamín FERNÁNDEZ y Medina, man of letters and publicist, minister of Uruguay at Madrid

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

English INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)	\$.80 per annum
Spanish INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)80 per annum
English and Spanish INTER-AMERICA (12 numbers)	1.50 per annum
Single numbers of either issue15 per copy

All communications should be addressed to

DIRECTOR OF INTER-AMERICA

407 WEST 117TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS AND THE WORLD: PAN AMERICAN TENDENCIES IN SOUTH AMERICA - - - - -	PAN AMERICAN R. RONZA	201
<i>Cultura Venezolana</i> , Caracas, Venezuela, November, 1922		
THE ORIGIN OF THE HISPANIC-AMERICAN PESO	GUILLERMO SUBERCASEAUX	206
<i>Unión Ibero Americano</i> , Madrid, Spain, September-October, 1921		
POEMS IN ECSTASY - - - - -	GABRIELA MISTRAL	210
<i>México Moderno</i> , México, México, September, 1922		
POEMS IN PROSE - - - - -	ENRIQUE JOSÉ VARONA	212
<i>México Moderno</i> , México, México, September, 1922		
THE BRAZILIAN NOVEL - - - - -	RONALD DE CARVALHO	214
<i>Nosotros</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, September, 1922		
THE SWORD OF INDEPENDENCE - - - - -	MARCELINO DOMINGO	222
<i>Social</i> , Habana, Cuba, December, 1922		
THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA	GILBERTO SILVA HERRERA	224
<i>Gil Blas</i> , Bogotá, Colombia, November 30, 1922		
AMADO NERVO'S "MYSTICISM" - - - - -	ADOLFO M. SIERRA	236
<i>Revista de Filosofía</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, March, 1922		
SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS - - - - -	LUIS B. TAMINI	240
<i>Revista Argentina de Ciencias Políticas</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, June 12, 1922		
INDIGENOUS INDUSTRIES AND THE POTTERY OF TEOTIHUACÁN		248
<i>Eibnos</i> , México, México, November, 1922-January, 1923		
THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA	LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ	250
<i>Revista de Filosofía</i> , Buenos Aires, Argentina, November, 1922		

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

APRIL, 1923

NUMBER 4

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

GUILLERMO SUBERCASEAUX was born in Santiago, Chile, in 1871; he was educated at the Colegio de San Ignacio and the Universidad de Chile, both of Santiago; he was graduated at the latter of these institutions as a civil engineer; he has devoted particular attention to the study of economic subjects; he has served as minister of *hacienda*, and for several years he was a professor of political economy in the university; he is the author of the following works: *Estudios económicos*; *El papel moneda*; *Manual de economía política*; *Nuevas orientaciones de política internacional sudamericana*.

GABRIELA MISTRAL (the pseudonym of Lucila GODOY Alcayaza) was born in Vicuña, Chile, April 7, 1889; her limited academic instruction was received in the towns of her native province and at the Escuela Nacional Normal in Santiago; from 1905 to 1918 she taught in the Liceo de Niñas of Los Andes; in 1918 she was appointed principal of a Liceo de Niñas in Punta Arenas; later, owing to public interest in her literary work, the government was induced to appoint her to a principalship in Santiago; her first poems, *Sonetos de la muerte*, published in 1915, established her reputation as a poet; among her works may be mentioned, in addition to the sonnets alluded to: *Hablando al padre*; *El árbol dice*; *Tarde*; *Los versos de noviembre*; *La maestra rural*; *Interrogaciones*; *El ruego*; *Himno al árbol*; *Amo amor*; *Yo no sé cuáles manos*; *Coplas*; *Al Señor*; *¿Sientes allá abajo?*

ENRIQUE JOSÉ VARONA Y PERA was born in the city of Camagüey, Cuba, April 13, 1849, and he was educated there and in Habana, where he was graduated from the Universidad de la Habana with the degree of doctor of philosophy and letters; he is a man of letters, an educator and a publicist, and he has exerted a marked influence upon the scholarship, literature and public affairs of his country; for many years he held the chairs of psychology, moral philosophy and sociology

in the university; he served as one of the Cuban deputies in the Spanish *cortes*, and as secretary of finance and as secretary of public instruction during the United States intervention; in 1912, he was elected vice-president of the republic, and since the expiration of his term he has devoted himself to academic and literary pursuits; among his works are: *Odas anacreónticas*; *Poetas*; *Paisajes cubanos*; *La metafísica en la Universidad de la Habana*; *Estudios literarios y filosóficos*; *Los cubanos en Cuba*; *Cuba contra España*; *Las reformas de la enseñanza superior*; *La instrucción pública en Cuba*; *Nociones de lógica*; *Curso de psicología*; *Desde mi Belvedere*; *Mirando en torno*; *Seis conferencias*; *Conferencias sobre la lógica*; *El fundamento de la moral*; *Artículos y discursos*; *Violetas y ortigas*; *Por Cuba*; *Discursos*.

RONALD DE CARVALHO is a Brazilian man of letters and critic and one of the editors of the *Revista do Brasil*; he is regarded as one of the more prominent of the younger writers of his country; his volume *Poemas e sonetos*, awarded a prize by the Academia Brasileira de Letras, and his recent work entitled *Pequena historia da literatura brasileira* give a clear idea of his essential characteristics; much of the article of his published in this number was drawn from the latter of these works.

LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ was born in Heredia, Costa Rica, in 1885; his academic education was received in the Colegio de San Agustín, Heredia, and in the Liceo de Costa Rica, San José; the most of his adult life has been devoted to the teaching of history, psychology and education; he has devoted particular attention to the history of education in Costa Rica since the achievement of independence; he served as secretary of public instruction during the presidential administration of his older brother don Alfredo González; his most serious work is: *Historia de la influencia extranjera en el desenvolvimiento educacional y científico de Costa Rica*.

Inter-America

APRIL, 1923

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI



NUMBER 4

THE LATIN-AMERICAN NATIONS AND THE WORLD

PAN AMERICAN TENDENCIES IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY
R. RONZA

An elucidation of "Pan Americanism" as understood and presented by the president of Uruguay, with a sketch of the history of the conception, an estimate of the possibility of its early adoption and a definition of what would be the attitude of the American republics in case they became associated in a compact for common defense and coöperation.—THE EDITOR.

THE Pan American doctrines that are most acceptable in South America to-day are those of the eminent president of the republic of Uruguay, Doctor Baltasar Brum, whose energy and moral and intellectual courage are truly noble. His ideas in respect of foreign politics are set forth in a series of documents that render an exact study of them possible. They are the *Memorias del Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores*,¹ which comprise not only the collection of the decrees and the diplomatic correspondence, but also, in an appendix, the text of the principal addresses delivered by the señor Brum while he was minister of foreign relations. A lecture delivered before the students of the Universidad de Montevideo, April 21, 1920, gave him an opportunity, although he was already president of the republic, to express his whole thought freely. It was published *in extenso* by the lecturer himself, with the

title of *Solidaridad americana*.² We shall follow his exposition, being satisfied to substantiate every affirmation with documents and considerations taken from the works of the minister.

Pan Americanism is American solidarity.

The first and most curious manifestation of this theory is to be found in the decree "Regarding American Solidarity," which is worthy of being quoted as a whole.

The entrance of the United States into the European war placed Uruguay, then neutral, in a delicate position, which her chancellery settled on July 18, 1917, by a declaration of a general scope:

Considering that in divers communications the government of Uruguay has proclaimed the principle of American solidarity as the norm of its international policy, it being understood by this that an attack on the rights of a country

¹Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, Montevideo, 1920.—Author's note.

An English version of the same pamphlet was published in Montevideo in 1920 with the title *American Solidarity*.—THE EDITOR.

²Volume i, February, 1914—February, 1915; volume ii, September, 1916—February 15, 1918.

of the continent ought to be considered by all as personal and to provoke in each of them a uniform and common reaction;

Considering that, while an agreement in this respect, which will render these ideals practical and effective, is being reached by the nations of America, the government has adopted an attitude of expectancy as to its action, although manifesting on every occasion its sympathy with the countries of the continent that have been forced to abandon neutrality;

Considering that until such an agreement shall have been reached, Uruguay could not, without violating her sentiments and convictions, treat as belligerents the countries of America which, for the defense of their rights, might have entered into an intercontinental war;

And considering that this opinion is concurred in by the senate and the president of the republic, in general council of ministers, it decrees:

That no American country, which, in defense of her rights, shall declare herself to be in a state of war with nations of other continents, shall be treated as a belligerent.⁵

This is solemnly to affirm the moral personality of America, to request the constitution—for protection against the enterprises of Europe—of a common security that the small states of Europe have never been able, at least in modern times, to obtain against their enemies, and also to take an important step along the path that leads to this American good understanding by the revocation of the provisions of neutrality in behalf of American belligerents.

This decree raises an interesting question of international law, at the same time that it discloses the sentiment of distrust, not wholly free from deprecation, that so curiously colors the Pan Americanism of Doctor Brum, as it inspires the policy of "splendid isolation" in respect of Europe, to which the United States commits herself more and more every day.

This decree was received enthusiastically by the most of the American governments. Bolivia made known on August 1, 1917, that she considered these "declarations of continental solidarity . . . the true expression of her own convictions and her

desires, which are assuredly those of all the American nations."⁴

Brazil congratulated "the friendly sister republic on this solemn and practical affirmation of Pan Americanism."⁵

The minister of Uruguay in Cuba telegraphed that Doctor Desvernine, minister of foreign relations, had publicly recognized the decree of June 18 as of "a practical importance superior to that of all the Pan American congresses," and he considered "that the courageous step taken by Uruguay . . . would at an early date provoke a better understanding among the Columbian [American] peoples and would lay the foundation of a solid law."⁶

Similar congratulations were received from Chile, El Ecuador, Perú, Guatemala, Paraguay, México and the United States. Let us remark without insistence that Argentina limited herself to sending a simple acknowledgment of receipt.⁷ The Pan American ideas of Doctor Brum have entered into the ideological diplomacy of America. They have not yet become effective; but their course is certain. The Uruguayan government has never ceased to invoke the principles enunciated in 1917. It has even applied them in circumstances of particular gravity. So, it was in the name of American solidarity, in order to stand in the struggle for right with the United States, Brazil, Bolivia, Guatemala, Costa Rica and El Ecuador, which had become associated against Germany, that the diplomatic and commercial relations of Uruguay with the German empire were severed on October 6, 1917. This stand was appreciated at its full value by the American nations. Mr. Lansing, secretary of state of the United States, telegraphed the following:

The doctrine of Pan Americanism has been consolidated by the altruistic attitude assumed by the republic of Uruguay, and her unselfish championing of the cause for which other American nations have been battling proves that Pan Americanism is not merely a word but is a potent force for mutual defense and for a world peace.

⁴Work quoted, page 443.

⁵Work quoted, page 446.

⁶Work quoted, page 448.

⁷Work quoted, page 440-441.

⁸*Memorias del Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores*, volume ii (September, 1916-February 15, 1918), pages 438-440.

Well received by the governments, it is probable that the doctrine will become popular. Everywhere it encounters a well prepared public opinion, because it is the expression of an agelong aspiration, which gave rise to the celebrated declaration made in 1823 by Monroe, the president of the United States.

Doctor Brum has declared that his ideas are nothing more than a development of those formulated a century ago by a North American president. The following ideas as to other aspects of the subject belong neither to Monroe nor to him. "Pan Americanism," he said, "is not a North American creation nor is it an exclusive idea of Monroe's. It is a thought that was entertained by the heroes of the Latin-American struggle for independence." Naturally, he then quoted Artigas, the hero of Uruguayan independence, who proclaimed that the people of the Banda Oriental⁸ would always behold an enemy in the enemy of "any state of America." Then he mentioned the Chilean Egaña who, from 1811, proposed the union of America against enemies from the other side of the seas; and he added that "in every American country and in all their heroes are to be found some of the declarations that are at bottom the essence of the Monroe doctrine."⁹

This affirmation is correct. I have verified it several times by the slight knowledge of American history that I possess. Bolívar and San Martín, like Egaña and Artigas, were the true heralds of Pan Americanism; and we must agree with the illustrious poet and historian Juan Zorrilla de San Martín that:

The doctrine of Artigas is more definite than that of Monroe . . . the latter was a basis of internal legislation, a political criterion, if you will, of the Anglo-American people in respect of its foreign relations; that of Artigas was a law for Hispanic-American confederation, which the hero promulgated and to which he submitted as a natural law that ought to be binding on all. The true hero of Pan Americanism was among us, and he spoke Spanish.¹⁰

⁸"Eastern Strip," one of the historic names of Uruguay.—THE EDITOR.

⁹Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, pages 20-21.

¹⁰Juan Zorrilla de San Martín: *La epopeya de Artigas*, second edition, volume ii, page 165.

Hence all the Uruguayans, as well as all the peoples of Latin America, may consider Pan Americanism as one of the most respectable of their national traditions. The strength that this venerable basis imparts to the doctrine may readily be imagined.

More ancient, more general, than the Monroe doctrine, which, nevertheless—Doctor Brum is speaking—has rendered great service to the whole of America, but is now insufficient, the Pan American doctrine ought to be substituted for it.

It claims to be but a development of the Monroe doctrine. Hence it does not seek to exclude Anglo-Saxon America from the American concert. This would not fail to arouse protest. The United States is not universally liked in Latin America; she has been reproached, not only for her appetite for economic conquest, but also for her treatment of Cuba, México, et cetera. In his lecture to the students of Montevideo, the señor Brum took advantage of the opportunity offered by his being for the moment Professor Brum—a personage without diplomatic responsibility—to discuss the cause of the powerful nation of the north. His allegation was very cleverly circumspect and a thorough revelation of the sentiment of one, who, although a South American, is a great friend of the United States.

Unquestionably, "in the past the policy of the United States may have been unjust and harsh toward some of the Latin countries, but this ought not to constitute today an obstacle to a definitive rapprochement, in view of the fact that an immense majority of the North American people incline to a just and friendly policy toward the nations of the continent." It is a duty to all "to try to encourage this tendency, rather than to destroy it by means of a policy that is based merely on the recollection of former errors. It is necessary to grant to peoples, as to men, the right to evolve in the direction of goodness."¹¹

The señor Brum affirms, consequently, that the position of the United States is neither antagonistic to that of the Latin-American republics nor opposed to the interests of any of them.

¹¹Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, page 10.

THIS Pan Americanism is no longer satisfied with the protection, more or less humiliating—and very dangerous, as events have proved—afforded by the United States, in the name of the Monroe doctrine, to American nations threatened by Europe.

Doctor Brum goes still farther.

It is necessary, he has said, to constitute, as soon as possible, the American league that the decree "Regarding American Solidarity" declares desirable:

Without prejudice to adhesion to the society of nations, there ought to be constituted an American league on the basis of the complete equality of all the associated countries.

This league has been prepared by the signing of a series of treaties of obligatory arbitration on the part of: the United States, July 20, 1914; Chile, February 27, 1915; Brazil, December 27, 1916; Bolivia, April 29, 1917; Perú July 18, 1917; and by the exemplary activity and spirit of conciliation that Uruguay has displayed in respect of the settlement of the question of boundaries; with the Argentine republic, regarding the islands of the Río Uruguay, September 28, 1916; and with Brazil regarding a clear delimitation of the northern frontier, December 27, 1916.¹² It may be said in all justice that the few questions still pending are not such because of the obstinacy of the Uruguayan government. Every state of Latin America is engaged in at least one or two controversies over frontiers. At times they have supplied fuel for historic rancors that do not seem near settlement.

It is one more reason, the señor Brum asserted perseveringly, for establishing without delay the American league whose immediate task it would be "to concern itself with conflicts . . . that may arise among the associated peoples. . . . I believe that when the American league is once recognized and the sincerity of its intentions is once demonstrated, formulas could always be found to settle in a satisfactory manner the differences that may arise among sister nations."¹³

Another consideration—and it is particularly grave—still emphasizes this character of urgency. America, said the señor Brum, is not sufficiently protected by the society of nations.

I cite textually his arguments, because the point of view, very "American," seems to me to be questionable.

The treaty of Versailles, "in recognizing and expressly respecting the Monroe doctrine, seems to desire to leave American affairs outside of the questions submitted to the society of nations."

As for the rest, he added, "the supreme council being formed mainly of delegates of the great powers, to the exclusion of almost all the American countries, it is necessary to create a powerful organism that shall supervise the decisions of the society of nations. This organism can only be an American league."

This distrust of the society of nations, deemed too European, too much delivered over to certain great powers, is accentuated in the very conception of this rôle of supervision attributed to the American league.

When an American country has a controversy with the society of nations, it will be able to solicit the coöperation of the American league.¹⁴

The señor Brum's idea is to make united America a great power comparable to England or France; even a superior power, inasmuch as no European "empire" could oppose an economic and military strength equal to the two Americas closely associated.

"Controversies" are already foreseen in that the league would have an attitude in respect of the division of the great European powers. The league would be called on insensibly to play a directive part in world affairs; and once more would be demonstrated the superficial character of the doctrine of aloofness in respect of extra-American affairs, and especially of European affairs, which certain North Americans add as a corollary of the Monroe doctrine, and this at the very moment in which the conference of Washington was occupied with the question of the Pacific. As if a political dispute in any corner of the

¹²Baltasar Brum: *Memorias del Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores*, volumes i and ii, *passim*.

¹³Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, page 29.

¹⁴Baltasar Brum: *Solidaridad americana*, page 30.

world would not always be, before everything else, a European dispute!

SUCH are President Brum's doctrines. They arouse, at one and the same time, both enthusiastic approval and objections. I shall content myself with pointing out their true worth.

First of all, what reception do they meet in America on the part of the governments and the peoples?

The United States,—although, when Doctor Brum made his visit to Washington in 1918, she gave official adhesion "to the grandiose Pan American doctrine" through the instrumentality of President Wilson and Secretary of State Robert Lansing,—seems to have given her adhesion in principle only.

The adhesion of the Latin nations is more practical. Unfortunately, it is doubtful whether these nations have attained to the same political maturity as the Uruguay of Brum and Battle y Ordóñez.

Argentina is resolutely pacific: she has no territorial ambitions. She is concerned entirely with her economic development. However, proud of her riches, proud of being the leading temperate country of Latin America, believing herself to be called on to play a chief part on the continent, would she subscribe to the beautiful formula of President Brum: "There are no small nations . . . all are strictly equal?"

It is proper to doubt whether Chile would be willing to submit to an American league her litigation with Perú over Tacna and Arica. We ought also to bear in mind the anger aroused a few weeks ago by the attempt of Bolivia to vindicate her rights before the society of nations; and we must not overlook the conflict between Panamá and Costa Rica, which North American arbitrament settled with not a little brutality; and if we mention no other disputes than those that have recently attracted the attention of the world, it is necessary

to say, however, that they are not the only ones that could be provoked by some unexpected incident. Latin minds are vehement. Internal political struggles are ardent. Parties are ready, in these countries as elsewhere—more than elsewhere, perhaps—to use any question of foreign politics to gain their ends in domestic politics.

An ardent nationalism, which in some countries assumes a disagreeable similarity to chauvinism, develops with rapidity.

It is very curious to note the opposition that exists between the elderly, saturated with European culture and broad human sympathy, and the young, much less cultured, who are not at all or but slightly acquainted with French—the language of philosophy, science and artistic culture—who read little and are ignorant of the world, but who admire themselves and praise their country with a touching ingenuousness.

Is this to say that President Brum's doctrines are condemned to join the ranks of other fine theories in the realm of Utopia? By no means: Doctor Brum is not in the least a dreamer; and it may perhaps be said that he will work tirelessly for the success of an idea.

He has the immense merit of pointing out the path and of leading his country in it. It may be said that America is not mature enough to put his ideas into practice immediately; but in young countries the stages are overleaped, and the dream of to-day will be the reality of to-morrow.

Will there be one Pan Americanism or two Pan Americanisms: one Latin and the other Anglo-Saxon? The near future will decide.

It is venturesome to predict the future. Since the war, we have been living through sad years, but they have been years of a prodigious interest. A new world is being born from the old . . . in misery and in sorrow. All is somber to-day. Perhaps to-morrow will be better. Let us try to perceive the harbingers.



THE ORIGIN OF THE HISPANIC-AMERICAN *PESO*

BY

GUILLERMO SUBERCASEAUX

A timely, lucid and painstaking study of the most important coin of America: it will convince the candid reader that our highly prized dollar is, historically, but a parvenu.—THE EDITOR.

THE monetary units of the Hispanic-American republics, as well as those of the United States of North America and Canada also, have the same origin and acknowledge the same paternity.

The European mother-countries established in the colonies of America monetary systems based on the monetary systems they themselves had possessed; but different circumstances induced the use of certain coins in particular, which have been characteristic of America, such as the *peso*, adopted as the monetary unit of almost all the systems of the republics of this continent

The *peso* became so general throughout America that in the period of independence it was adopted as the monetary unit, not only in the Hispanic-American republics, but also in the Anglo-Saxon republic and Canada. The *peso* has been therefore the great progenitor of the American monetary systems.

The name *peso* with which this coin has been designated came from the custom of using in payments, as if it were coined

As the Spaniards were accustomed to use their own coin, they introduced into the colony the names, values and fractions that were familiar to them; but as they possessed neither sufficient Spanish money nor a mint to coin it, they began to conduct their business with unminted metal; and, instead of delivering, for example, a *castellano*, they paid the weight [*peso*] of a *castellano*. This introduced the custom of asking for a certain thing a precise weight [*peso*] of metal, which was paid by the buyer; and thence came the word that still serves to designate the unit of our monetary system.¹

¹The primitive meaning of *peso* is "weight;" it is from the verb *pesar*, "to weigh."—THE EDITOR.

²Pablo Macedo, México.

money, a certain weight [*peso*¹] of metal.

A similar historical origin may be traced in the cases of the coins denominated in Europe "pound," "mark," "ounce," et cetera, which came from the measures of weight that bore these names.

The Spanish *peso* of those first years of the colonial period was a gold *peso*. As Doctor Álvarez says,³ the terms *castellano* and gold *peso* were used as synonyms. This gold *peso* was also the first monetary unit used in Chile during the period of the conquest.⁴

What was the metallic contents of this *peso*? By one of Carlos V's provisions of 1537, this gold *peso* was equivalent to 556 *maravedis* of a fineness of 22.50 carats, a proportion equivalent to 0.937 fineness. As fifty of these *pesos* was to be equivalent to one mark of fine metal with its alloy, it came about that a *peso* of the kind called *castellano* was to contain 4.6 grams of gold of 0.937 fineness.

Not only did they use the gold *peso* of 556 *maravedis* at that time, but also, as Father Rosales testifies, the *peso* of 450 *maravedis*. The Peruvian writer Alejandro Garland said in this respect: "This *peso* was current during the first years of the conquest, and it was to this coin, whose monetary value was 450 *maravedis*, that the chroniclers and historians of the period referred."⁵ This same Peruvian writer asserts that they used at that time other kinds of gold *pesos*, such as the *peso* of 14

³Valores aproximados de algunas monedas hispano-americanas, Buenos Aires, 1917.

⁴Some days after the foundation of Santiago, March 7, 1541, Pedro de Valdivia granted to Juan Pinuel the title of "scribe" of the cabildo, assigning him annually a salary of 200 *pesos* gold.—J. T. Medina. *Las monedas chilenas*.

⁵Los medios circulantes en el Perú, Lima, 1908.

reales and 14 *maravedís*, that is, 490 *maravedís*.

These Castilian *pesos* of gold, however, were not the forerunners of the *peso* that is the Hispanic-American monetary unit, whose origin we are studying. This *peso* descended from a silver coin, the multiple of the old Spanish *real*, a coin worth the sixty-seventh of a mark, which was equivalent to 3.433 grams, and which still existed in the time of Alfonso el Sabio (1252-1284). As the silver *peso* contained 8 *reales* of the standards of fineness and the weights established for coins in the time of Carlos V, it came about that this coin had to weigh 27.464 grams of 0.9305 fineness. This standard of fineness was modified on several occasions. Calculating the value of this silver coin in *maravedís*, at the rate of 34 *maravedís* to the *real*, there would result 272 *maravedís*.

This was the silver coin that afterward made its way throughout the whole world and which, becoming general in America, came to be the monetary unit of most of the states that were set up on both continents. The other names given to this coin were: *patacón*,⁶ *peso fuerte* and *peso duro* or *peso grueso*, all of silver.

These silver *pesos* coined in America whether in Perú or in México, did not always have the same intrinsic metallic contents as that fixed by the Spanish ordinances. According to a Bolivian writer, the first *pesos* that were coined in the mint at Potosí, established in 1572, called also *pesos cruz* or *macuquina*, contained 28.50 grams in weight, with a fineness of 0.931;⁷ while the *pesos* of México had a lower fineness.⁸

⁶Augmentative of *pataca*, a Spanish coin (from the Arabic *abutaca*, "the one of the window," because of the columns that adorned it): the *patacón* (English, "patacoon,") was a silver coin, of an ounce weight and cut out by shears; according to familiar usage, it was equivalent to a *peso duro* (hard *peso*); in Argentina, it was a former silver coin, equivalent to .96 of a *peso fuerte* (silver *peso*).—THE EDITOR.

⁷Casto Rojas: *Historia financiera de Bolivia*, La Paz, MCMXVI.—This standard of 0.931 that Rojas gives is doubtless the same one of 0.9305 that existed in Spain in the time of Carlos V.

⁸According to the royal ordinance of June 9, 1728, there was in the mints of the Indies a lack of "scrupulousness in the maintenance of fineness and weight in silver coins," the coins of México being turned out with a fineness and weight different from those of the

Finally, we may say that in the earliest times of the Hispanic-American conquest and colonization, different kinds of *pesos* were used, all of them referring to a certain weight of fine metal, whether gold or silver; but of these *pesos* the one that must be considered the progenitor of the *peso* that is the American monetary unit is the silver *peso* of 8 *reales*, the metallic contents of which is more or less 27 grams. Of course, with the existence of the bimetallic system, in use then as now, to the silver *peso* there was also attached by law a value in gold whose metallic contents depended on the relation that existed between the value of gold and silver. According to the standard of value fixed by an ordinance of Carlos V in 1537, which was of 10.6 units of silver to one unit of gold, the gold contained by the silver *peso* of 8 *reales* was less than 2.5 grams of fine gold.

WHEN the independence of Chile was declared, it happened, as in nearly all the states of America, that the monetary system of the colonial period was continued, the new government limiting itself to replacing the images of the former sovereigns, the royal insignia and the inscriptions borne by the coins, by other images, insignia and inscriptions with allusions to the independent existence that was being established. So, on June 9, 1817, the supreme director, in the name of the recently constituted government, decreed that in the future the national silver coin should bear the seal of the government and the following inscriptions: "*Libertad*," "*Unión y Fuerza*" and "*Chile Independiente*,"

"Whosoever," this decree added, "shall violate in any manner the new coin, shall be punished as a traitor to his country. . . ."

What happened in Chile in 1817 also occurred with admirable uniformity in the

coins struck in Potosí. The standard of fineness of the coins of México must have been of 10 *díneros* and 22 grams, while the coins of Potosí would have been 11 *díneros* or a little more.—Author's note.

The *dínero* to which the author alludes was a silver or copper coin used in Castilla in the fourteenth century and equivalent to 2 *cornados* (10 *maravedís*); it was also a Peruvian silver coin, equivalent to half a *peseta*.—THE EDITOR.

other Hispanic-American republics. In spite of the slight development attained by credit at that time, it would have been impossible to alter the monetary standard without prejudicing existing contracts. Besides, since the prices of merchandise, the salaries of employees and wages in general, as well as payments of interests, freights, tariffs, et cetera, were fixed on the basis of the existing coins, and since, in respect of prices, custom is of great importance, it was natural to maintain the metallic value of the former coins, it being necessary merely to change the dies. Therefore, without the need of establishing a previous agreement among the Hispanic-American republics, all of them proceeded in a more or less equal manner; because the same causes in identical circumstances tend to produce a similarity of effects.

In the Argentine republic, amid the anarchy that was caused by the struggle for freedom in 1813, the constituent assembly decreed that the coins struck in the mint of Potosí should maintain the same fineness and weight as the gold and silver coins of the reigns of Carlos IV and Fernando VII, but that they should bear other stamps with the inscriptions "*Unión y Libertad*" and "*Provincias del Río de la Plata*." A few years later, also amid the anarchy that continued thenceforth, the system of paper money was introduced.⁹

In Perú, according to Garland, "the few changes decreed by the government recently established [1822] were limited to the replacement of the bust of the Spanish monarch by the Peruvian coat of arms, and of the legends and symbols by others more in keeping with the new régime."¹⁰

The first monetary decree of independent México was that of August 1, 1823, which retained the weight and fineness of the ancient Spanish coins, the emblems alone being modified.¹¹

In the same manner, the *boliviano* of Bolivia, the *bolívar* of Venezuela, the *peso* of Uruguay, the *sucre* of El Ecuador, the

peso of Paraguay, et cetera, are descended from the ancient *peso*, the Hispanic-American monetary unit of the bimetallic system, which, with the beginning of the period of independence, merely changed its external aspect, assuming the republican dress decreed by the new governments.

The United States of America has constituted a notable exception to this rule, for when she declared her independence, she established in 1792, by a resolution of congress, the dollar,¹² that is, the Hispanic-American *peso* decked with the insignia and inscriptions of the new Anglo-Saxon republic, and she abandoned the use of English coin. The reason for this apparent anomaly is easily explained. The Hispanic American *peso* was at the time a coin that circulated much in the Anglo-American states that proceeded to unite and declare themselves independent. In truth, it was the coin in which prices were quoted. Besides, this coin of a *peso* lent itself better to serve as a basis for a decimal monetary system; a system much simpler than the English monetary system, with its pounds, shillings and pence. Hence the existing situation was not disturbed; what took place was but the mere consolidation of the use of a system that all the people had adopted, in the main at least, in their commercial transactions and in many other payments. Besides, many of the states of the Union had suffered the disastrous consequences of the most absolute depreciation of their paper money of the colonial period, and this fact, while at the same time that it brought into discredit the existing monetary system, which was that of the English coins, facilitated the adoption of the new regimen based on the *peso* or dollar, which had always circulated as a metallic money with an intrinsic value.

In later times we see a change of moneys in Perú also, when, in 1897, she proceeded to adopt the English pound sterling. That this reform could have been effected without producing the disturbances consequent upon a change of monetary system may

⁹Emilio Hansen: *La moneda argentina*, Buenos Aires, 1916.

¹⁰*Los medios circulantes usados en el Perú*, Lima, 1908.

¹¹Martínez Sobral: *La reforma monetaria de México*, México, 1909.

¹²The word "dollar" comes from the German *Thaler*, the name of the silver coin used in Bohemia from the sixteenth century. This same name was afterward applied to the Hispanic-American silver coin denominated *peso*.

also be explained by the circumstances that intervened. The former existing paper money in Perú had become absolutely valueless. In its stead was established the circulation of the *sol* or silver *peso*, of free coinage, which, in consequence of the fall in the value of silver, could not itself meet the required conditions; and, as the English pound was then a money greatly used in the conduct of business, it was adopted, the pound sterling being equivalent to ten *soles*. The free coinage of the *sol* was discontinued, and afterward was established the Peruvian gold coin copied from the English pound, but without the shillings and pence, which are so troublesome in accounts. The failure of the former exist-

ing monetary system was necessary in order to facilitate the adoption of a foreign money already much used in business transactions on this coast of the Pacific, such as the pound sterling.

WE HAVE already seen how the monetary units of the republics of America are descended from the same progenitor, which was the old Spanish *peso* of the colonial period. When we reflect to-day on the great differences in value that exist between these monetary units, it is difficult to believe that they could have had a common origin: they are the sons of the same father, but they have led, all of them, very different lives.



POEMS IN ECSTASY

BY

GABRIELA MISTRAL

These paragraphs, like most of the utterances of this well known author, will serve as a touchstone: some will comprehend and like them; others will make nothing of them and consequently turn away with a shrug. The reader's attitude toward them will be, to an unusual degree, a mere question of temperament.—THE EDITOR.

I

I AM WEEPING

THOU hast told me that thou lovest me, and I am weeping. Thou hast said that thou wilt pass through the valleys of the world with me in thy arms.

Thou hast pierced me through with bliss. Thou couldst have bestowed it on me drop by drop, as water is doled to the sick, and thou hast given me to drink of the torrent!

Fallen upon the earth, I shall die of weeping until my soul shall understand. My senses, my face, my heart, have heard: my soul does not just understand.

When the divine even dies, I shall return haltingly toward my home, resting against the tree trunks along the way. . . . It is the path that I made this morning, and I am not going to recognize it. I shall look with astonishment at the sky, the valley, the roofs of the village, and I shall ask them their names, for I have forgotten my whole life.

To-morrow I shall sit up in my bed and I shall ask them to call me, that I may hear my name and believe; and I shall again burst into tears. Thou hast pierced me through with bliss.

II

WAITING FOR THEE

I WAIT for thee in the field. The sun is going down. Over the plain descends the night, and thou comest forth to meet me, naturally, as the night falls.

Hasten, for I wish to see the twilight on thy face!

How slowly thou approachest! It seems as if thou wert sinking into the heavy ground. If thou shouldst delay at this

moment, my pulse would stop from anguish, and I should remain stark and white.

Thou comest singing as the brooks descend to the valley. I hear thee; now I am smiling. . . .

Hasten! The departing day wishes to die on our united faces.

III

HIDE ME

HIDE me, that the world may not fathom me. Hide me, as the trunk hides its rosin, that I may perfume thee in the shadow, like the drop of gum, and that I may soften thee like it, and others may not know whence comes thy sweetness. . . .

I am ugly without thee, like things torn from their places: like the roots upturned on the ground, abandoned.

Why am I not small, like the almond in its closed shell?

Drink me!

Make me a drop of thy blood, and I shall rise to thy cheek, and I shall be in it like the vivid streak in the daughter of the vine. Turn to me thy sigh, and I shall rise and descend into thy breast and become enmeshed in thy heart; I shall go forth into the air to come back again; and in this play I shall spend my whole life. . . .

IV

GOD

SPEAK to me now of God and I shall understand thee: God in this repose of thy long gaze on my gaze, this comprehending, without the intrusive noise of words; God, this ardent and pure surrender; and he is this ineffable confidence.

He, like ourselves, is loving the dawn,

the midday and the night, and it seems to him, as to us two, that he is beginning to love. . . .

He needs no other song than his own love, and he sings it from the sigh to the sob; and he returns again to the sigh. . . .

He is the perfection of the rose in full bloom, before the first petal falls.

And he is this divine certainty that death is a lie.

Yes; now I understand God.

V

THE WORLD

"THEY do not love each other," they said, "for they do not seek each other. They have not kissed, for she is still pure." They do not know that we gave ourselves to each other in a single look!

Thy task is far from mine, and my place is not at thy feet, and, yet, doing my work, I feel as if I were weaving thee in with the woof of softest wool, and thou feelest there far away that my gaze is falling on thy bent head; and thy heart is bursting with sweetness!

Dead the day, we shall meet each other

for a few moments; but the sweet wound of love will sustain us until another even-tide.

Those that wallow in voluptuousness without being able to become one know not that we are wedded by a look.

VI

THEY WERE SPEAKING OF THEE

THEY were speaking of thee, abusing thee with many words. Why will the tongues of men weary themselves uselessly? I closed my eyes and beheld thee in my heart; and thou wast pure, like the hoarfrost that sleeps in the crystals at dawn.

They spoke to me of thee, praising thee with many words. Why will the generosity of men weary itself uselessly? . . . I kept silent, and praise sprang up within me, as the vapors of the sea rise luminously.

They remained silent regarding thy name on another day, and they called other names in ardent glorification. The names of strangers fell inertly, emptily; and thy name, which none pronounced, was present like the spring, which covered the valley, although none was singing it.



POEMS IN PROSE

BY

ENRIQUE JOSÉ VARONA

Reflections suggested by familiar and commonplace objects, expressive of the delicate sentiment of the author and couched in his characteristic language.—THE EDITOR.

I

THE tree that sings! An unforgettable vision of my childhood, the delight of my eyes and my ears! There was a graceful Casuarina, swaying rhythmically to the caresses of the wind like a green psaltery toyed with by the agile fingers of an invisible music. How it whispered mysterious stories, which my child's soul interpreted: promises of something enchanting that was to come by that broad road open through the world.

Again I have seen thee, heard thee, after many years. It was thy wont to sing sweetly. Why do thy songs now fall on my ear like a complaint? Why weep the notes thou sheddest; why do they weep over my illusions that have flown for ever?

II

NEAR a tiny pond I saw a group of idlers: well dressed, some; dirty and ragged, others. In their placid good fellowship they were crumbling a loaf of bread in it, in order to watch the nibbling of the little fish with red scales: animated petals, as it were, that quivered in the tranquil water.

I thought with melancholy: When you are grown, you will separate, you will avoid one another with hatred or contempt, but both kinds of you will continue to attract the defenseless little fish; and then it will be with the perfidious bait that conceals the hook.

III

IS NOT the thought that I deposit in the depths of thy suspicious soul, like poisonous sap in the nectary of the wild flower, the offspring of my sickly fancy? Thou goest with thy wings outspread, without knowing whither, without troubling thyself to know; and thou gatherest from the

trees by the way the bounty they bestow. Am I, perchance, going to reach thee down the fragrant apples and remove for thee the piercing thorns?

IV

CROAK, early-rising crane. What matters my rest to thee, wakeful crane? From afar another croak answers thee. Toward it flies thy confused soul. What knowest thou of my vaunting, my exalted soul? Alas! what knowledge have so many others that pass near me self-centered, although so many subtle ties seem to bind them to the one that palpitates within my breast? Because of the great terror of feeling itself so much alone the human soul doubtless dreamed of imparting an immense soul to impassive nature.

V

FROM my terrace I can contemplate, in two pictures quite near at hand, the two aspects that nature assumes when she falls beneath the ferule of man. They seem to be placed designedly, one on my right, the other my on left. Here, are borders traced according to the line, where grow plants, which, because of the way they are kept and their trimness, seem to be artificial. There, on the other hand, alternate, in a narrow space, the desolateness of the rock, that rises above the scanty sand, and the impulse to savage freedom with which thistles and brambles shoot up in wild competition. Within the space of a few meters civilization shows me a diminutive Eden and a Sahara in miniature.

VI

MY EYES, lost on thy vast expanse, peaceful sea, how palpitates my bosom to the beat of the soft rhythm of thy wavelets. It almost seems that my life is being diffused before the caressing

smile of thy serenity. That soft lapping sounds like the playful tap of a tiny gloved hand. No; I would not recall thy startling aspects, thy thundering frown of the days in which thou didst set free the winds of the four quarters of the earth and hurl them forth as if a prey to vertigo. Why? To-day thou art stretching, playful tiger cub; and the world is rejoicing about thee; and I drink in thy joy, forgetful of the terrors I have left behind and that await me.

VII

I WAS watching, a short time ago, with vague melancholy, the titanic efforts of a little spider engaged in climbing over the smooth surface of a bath-tub, polished like a burnished sheet of steel. The daring creature tried to cling with the filaments that served it as feet, and it succeeded in ascending somewhat, along that white convexity, only to slip down much lower soon. Then it rolled impotently to the bottom: I know not whether because it was weary or dead.

There I left it, thinking that with the same passive curiosity, with the same inefficacy, we witness day after day a similar spectacle, but an infinitely more tragic one; for those that struggle, grow weary, insist, slip, turn and finally fall back, broken in soul and body, are men.

VIII

O HILL, that slippest so gently toward the sea, who has despoiled thy undulatory slope of thy mantle of green turf?

Have the genius and the malice of man been minded to make apparent the contrast between the naked rock and the graceful mound that verdures on thy summit? All bare and rough below; all white and velvety above! Yet that innocent mountlet covers the mouths of the formidable cannon that hurl the bolt.

IX

I SAW the statue of the master. It rose against the mass of somber clouds crowned by fleeces of ruddy gold. As I looked, the winter sunset seemed veiled in melancholy. A little farther on I saw the statue of the hero. It was very tall; its altitude was threatening; but it seemed to be shrouded by the clouds, which had thickened and darkened. Night was enveloping it, and the burden of life gravitated upon me.

X

THE sky was canopied with an ashen tapestry, which was broken here and there by a thin blue streak, like an involuntary smile on a murky face. The cold of the morning seemed to be condensing. The desolate street slumbered. Only a man was passing, with his head bowed between his shoulders, and his arms crossed behind his back. I had an impression that the tarnished sheet of the firmament rested on the wayfarer and that his soul was becoming numbed beneath its weight.



THE BRAZILIAN NOVEL

BY

RONALD DE CARVALHO

An account of the development of fiction, from the first halting manifestations of it during the colonial period until the present time, when Brazilian literature occupies a high place among the literatures of the world. The following is the first sketch of the kind that has been placed within the reach of English readers, we think.—THE EDITOR.

UNTIL the middle of the nineteenth century, Brazilian literature consisted of poetry, first attempts at history, books on the nobility, studies of the routes of the conquerors and works on religious themes, of which the Jesuits produced numerous examples. The wealth and extent of the country—like its exuberant forests, its mines of gold and precious stones—dazzled the colonists. The first thought of the discoverers was to sing the praises of the marvelous landscapes that surrounded and captivated them with their savage majesty. Poetry was therefore the natural language employed by the Brazilian of the colonial times: an unrestrained, rustic and primitive poetry in which the voices of nature occupied the chief place. The purple tinted skies, the seas with swollen waves, the forests that teemed with exquisite flowers and fruits, the rich variety of the tropical flora and fauna, attracted the attention of all; while action distinctively human was relegated to an inferior plane, to such an extent that Sebastião José da Rocha Pitta, one of our early historians, instead of preparing a vindication of the conquerors that traversed the South American continent in all directions, had eyes for hardly more than the natural beauties of Brazil.

With Manoel de Macedo and José de Alencar, when Brazilian society was once formed, the prose of fiction acquired a physiognomy of its own and definitive outlines, assuming form in our literature. Joaquim Manoel de Macedo occupies a first place among the founders of our national school. He was the true describer of our manners and customs of that period, still colonial in the most of its aspects. In the immense gallery of his personages, there

are some, such as the *Moreninha* and the *Moço Louro*, who still live in the memory of all Brazilians, although decades have passed since their noisy appearance.

Macedo understood admirably the sentimental tastes of our popular soul, and he wrote, with small ingenuous intrigues, the intimate and commonplace history of it. He wept and laughed profusely, in the same way as his melancholy lady readers; he related his anecdotes, without point or blood, with the tranquil fancy of a cautious bourgeois, a public functionary and the head of a numerous offspring. He did not descend to the rugged domain of the naturalists, like Aluzio Azevedo; he did not penetrate the consciousness of others, as Machado de Assis did, with the air of a timid, indifferent and disillusioned person; nor did he rise to the delightful lyricism of Alencar. He kept to the level, neither soaring very high nor delving very deep. His love affairs are, in general, innocent diversions; they do not extend beyond the street-door, or, when they do, they end in marriage, with all the formalities of a chaste engagement, presided over by spinster sisters or elderly aunts.

Macedo did not like scandals or sensational crimes; his pen was a modest one. He was pious and Catholic. His daring went no farther than certain considerations full of good sense—vulgar and practical—that good sense characteristic of *persons of experience*, who get even with tottering and valetudinarian old age by bestowing counsels, opposing wills, murmuring and preaching against *innovations* and *brazen* and *demoralizing fashions*. In that realm he moved like none other. If we may be permitted the expression, Macedo was an *after-dinner writer* for the circle of the serious and intelligent Brazilian family, at-

ached to the deeply rooted preconceptions of centuries. His style, apart from the kind he displayed in his emphatic and verbose poetry, is flowing and agreeable; it moves serenely and it is vivid and easy. It lacks, indeed, a certain color, but it is always correct in the portrayal of personages and scenes, although the diction is not chaste.

That coloring became extraordinary in José de Alencar, in whose works are found many of the most admirable pages of our Brazilian romantic literature. *O guarany* and *Iracema*, with the proper distances maintained, stand, among us, for what the first lyrical episodes of Chateaubriand stood, in France. There has never been seen, even in the fresh and savory poetry of Gonçalves Dias, such intensity of emotion, such elegance of style, such grace of ideas and of narrative. The Indianism of Alencar is truly epic. His Indians speak as nature taught them; they love, live and die like the plants and lower animals of the earth. Their passions possess the suddenness and violence of tempests: they are rapid fires that burn for an instant, flare up, glow and disappear. Alencar possessed, in a high degree, a genius for the picturesque. Although he was born in a region meager in landscapes, as that of Ceará is, he had such an intuition for nature as few could have. His novels with an Americanistic background—the best that he produced, unquestionably—are, as Chateaubriand said of his *Atala*, “descriptive and dramatic poems,” in which the woof of the intrigue is almost always a pretext for painting the natural scene. The discreet feeling of the artist and man contributed to enhance the charm of his books, which are of a rich and impressive coloring. Alencar was, above everything, a poet; life did not interest him, and he very rarely succeeded in following it, like Manoel de Macedo, in its prosaic and vulgar aspects. His figures are lacking in color when he exposes them to the eyes of all in the noisy street or in the worldly salon. Lost in the forests, amid the noise of the cataracts, beneath the shade of the silent trees, they assume legendary aspects, grow rapidly and become mythical, in harmony with the elemental forces whence they are wrested, as by a miracle.

Alencar, who sacrificed nothing to the multitude and who had a skeptical soul and a penetrating intelligence, sought insensibly to approach it and its preferences by writing novels of customs to the taste of his period, which are inferior, however, to the rest of his work. Like Walter Scott, Alencar needed broad canvases, as his brushes were those of a great decorator; not those of a painter of genre or of a portraitist. Historical subjects, rustic motives, in short, everything removed from the present, were preferred by him. His lack of psychological ability was made up for by a penetrating intuition of things, somewhat pessimistic, it is true, but profound. With him we learned to have *style*, that is, to consider the novel a work of art and not simply an entertainment, a mere play of more or less possible situations, or a series of piquant anecdotes. If his qualities as a subtle lyricist had been insufficient, Alencar would have influenced by brilliancy of form, neglected prior to him, or rather, unknown in our literature.

Beside Macedo and Alencar stands out the name of a writer, cut off at the beginning of his literary career, when he had barely published his first work. We refer to Manoel Antonio de Almeida and to his *Memorias de um sargento de milicias*. There is in this work the material of a perfect novelist, a master of the subjects he studied, an unprejudiced and sagacious observer of the environment in which he lived, in the skilful management of the several vicissitudes of the plot, firm in sketching the types drawn from society and from the environment. Manoel de Almeida was a disciple of Balzac, not only in respect of the skill with which he developed the situations, but also in respect of the exuberance of his temperament. He that desires to become acquainted with the manners and customs of the popular classes at the beginning of the last century among us will find an abundant material of details drawn from life, with spontaneousness and grace. The *Memorias* are, as it were, photographs in the rough, without the retouching that often mars, and without artifice, and therefore realistic in the beautiful parts as well as in the ugly parts.

In Bernardo Guimarães we have the

first-fruits of *sertanismo*¹ and of the rural novel, which Alfonso Arinos, one of our best writers of short stories, developed afterward in an almost definitive manner. Bernardo Guimarães recounted, naturally, the impressions of his life as a provincial, buried in the solitudes of the central plateau, among the country people, the *fazendeiros*² and the rural magnates of Brazil. By nature a poet, he felt rather than analyzed the things of the world.

Mauricio, Escrava Isaura, O seminarista and *Ermidão* show the several stages through which the writer passed, being preoccupied now with the drovers, now with the Negroes, now with the small intrigues of the simple society of the interior. However, his types do not possess great vigor, although his descriptions of landscapes are delicate and agreeable. He knew how to paint the charms of nature skilfully, he evoked with voluptuous tenderness the verdure of our boundless fields, the masses of mountains covered with heavy forests and the silky swishing of the fronds swayed by the wind.

Franklin Tavora and Escragolle Taunay were also descriptive. Both continued the rustic manner of Guimarães: the former with greater vigor, the latter with more sobriety and elegance. Tavora, like José de Alencar, possessed a gift for the picturesque and a feeling for the tropical earth, its exuberances and its mysterious types, half way between civilization and barbarism, with the characteristics of fugitives, at times reserved and at times brutal, from whose souls he was able to draw pages of sincere emotion. His capacity for observation was notable. The physiognomy of man and of the environment of the Brazilian north appears in his work with singular relief, with the stamp of one that saw and was intimately acquainted with what he described. Rustics, farmers, cowboys, laborers: all those people that live in the remote regions of our country were reproduced and judged by the novelist of

Ceará. Although he lacked the virtues of a colorist, Tavora did possess, however, a keen discernment of our tropical environments. *Cabelleira*, in which he studied the *cangaceiro*,³ his customs and his peculiar character as a nomad warrior; *Matuto*, in which he painted the life of the farm-laborer and the customs of the *caboclo* of the north, as well as *Lorenço* and the *Casa de Palha* are documents that testify, even to-day in many respects, to a perfect comprehension of the rural life of our country, at one and the same time tender and aggressive, criminal and heroic, repulsive and noble.

Taunay's style is not so vibrant as Tavora's; it is calmer and more thoughtful, more studied, without being overwrought; for the author of *Innocencia* and *Retirada da Laguna* was a writer of fine strain, discreet, elegant and natural. Taunay admirably united the refined taste of the European with the southern opulence of the American; with the delicate tints of the Isle of France he mingled the violent tones of the Brazilian nature. Born and educated in Brazil, he felt from early life the need of laying here the foundation of a truly national literature, without the exaggerations of a narrow nationalism, but with amplitude and elevation. His novels reveal the nationalistic purpose that was his chief concern as a man of letters. His nationalism was sincere; it sprang from his soldier's heart, because Taunay fought in the ranks of our army, giving of his blood and his strength, his intelligence and his flesh for the aggrandizement of the country. He was not content with the easy existence of the city; he penetrated to the remotest parts of our western frontiers; he did not follow a comfortable career; he did not make himself a bachelor of arts; he became a soldier, and as a soldier he took part in the campaign against Paraguay and in the expedition of Matto Grosso, which he was to make famous for ever with his *Retirada da Laguna*. This book, written in French and translated afterward into Portuguese,

¹From *sertão*: a word used to denote a place far removed from the coasts and the cultivated regions.—Note of the translator of the original Portuguese into Spanish.

²The owner of a *fazenda* or country estate.—THE EDITOR.

³A Brazilianism in common use in northern Brazil. "outlaw," "bandit," "marauder," "gun-toter."—THE EDITOR.

⁴A Brazilianism: a copper-colored person (chiefly used to designate Indians).—THE EDITOR.

is one of the most beautiful and comforting poems in praise of the energy and modesty of the Brazilian soldier, and its author's best title to glory.

In *Innocencia* the love novel began to lose the purely sentimental aspect that Macedo had imparted to it. Taunay introduced into the fable an element of moderation, portraying passions with less violence and figures with more emotion and naturalness. There were those that thought they saw in this attitude poverty of imagination and dearth of talent, without observing that the artist understood the just measure of things and avoided, consequently, the useless chatter and the infelicitous inflations made use of by the national writers, prolix by nature, in imitation of the Portuguese.

During the period of our romanticism, two tendencies dominated therefore: the rural or Indianist tendency of Alencar, and the anecdotal, descriptive or realistic tendency of Macedo. In these two currents was developed the national novel, which moved between the forest and the city, between the Indian and the *coboclo*, the *matuto*⁶ and the bourgeois of the middle classes, the merchant, the public functionary and the soldier.

After Macedo and Alencar, it was Machado de Assis and Aluizio de Azevedo that exerted themselves most to raise the level of the national novel to a considerable and noble height. There was lacking at the beginning, however, a certain capacity for observation, that with which only an ampler, more varied social environment could provide them. Macedo, as we have seen, was not an experimenter in human phenomena; he did not possess an intuition for the universal values so necessary to every modern writer. He was more of a painter than an architect, that is, he was more skilful in reproducing than in constructing. His arguments are spontaneous, probable and natural, but not superior; they interest, but they do not move. His types suffer excessively from the contingencies of the environment; they do not transcend, as it were, the surrounding reality, which envelops them in the lines of its vulgar can-

vas, which belittles them in their triviality. His creatures are poor in inner energy and mediocre in spirit; they pass us like Chinese shadows, subdued, without relief or consistency, resembling the fantasies that the childish imagination delights to construct in the background of an ingenuous and illusory soul. They do not meditate and they are not restless; they do but live the transitory life of the pebble that rolls along the smooth bed of the gorge. Their destiny is that of the humble leaf on the wings of the great winds.

Alencar's figures are like echoes of poems. They trail long mantles with legendary gems; they do not accord with real life; they transcend any human category; they are mystical, superterrestrial, like the formidable nature that dominates them. To him reality was not the tranquil river of which Heraclitus told us, always renewed, continuously changed by many different waters. It was a creation of his fancy, a world born of the exaltation of his subjective personality, in which all things were reflected, greatly enlarged, like a flash of light on the surface of a polished mirror. A breath of epepee accompanies and continuously animates them. Their gestures are numerous and clumsy, like those verses to which the Latin poet alluded. This is because there is generally in Alencar's work a continuous tumult, the blowing of a savage trumpet, more natural in a writer of epics than in one enamoured of reality, capable of observing it surprised in its fundamental idiosyncrasies. Therefore, if Macedo is a narrator of anecdotes that are simple and without greater consequences, and if Alencar is a poet gifted with a noble power of imagination, neither one nor the other may be considered true novelists. The figures of both lack—those of the former because they are too contingent, those of the latter because they are raised too high above the surrounding environment—that breath of humanity that characterizes the creations of a Dickens, a Balzac or a Tolstoy. Mr. Pickwick, Père Goriot and Pietro Besukow are human specimens through which it is not difficult to perceive the lightning of torture and universal uncertainty.

Shall we be permitted, however, to con-

⁶ "Backwoodsman," "hayseed," "rube." — THE EDITOR.

sider the novels of Machado de Assis and Aluizio de Azevedo in this human and universal sense? Will they not be, perhaps, almost as remote from such a standard as their predecessors? With the exception of Machado, I think all the novelists of the nineteenth century were unaware of, or could not attain to, such heights. Some of them—Bernardo Guimarães, Tavora and Taunay—were not very far removed from the picturesqueness of form and the graces of argument of what might be called “daily triviality;” others—Manoel Antonio de Almeida, Julio Ribeiro and Raul Pompeia—remained, each in his own manner, and with due regard for the respective proportions, on the shores of the ocean of things, satisfied with the spectacle it afforded them in contemplation, without seeking, in the intimate structure of things, the reason of the phenomena they were witnessing.

Aluizio de Azevedo—to mention the most successful of our novelists of observation—was a felicitous recorder of small dramas and of scenes, manners and customs peculiar to a certain class of our society at the end of the second empire, the same society that we behold, with less immodesty and more disguise, weeping or laughing in Macedo's gallery. Man, according to Aluizio Azevedo, was Vogt's instinctive animal—superior to the other animals of the terrestrial fauna in existence and in his physiological nature—with a certain miraculous secretion, pompously called “soul” or “thought.” His conception of humanity must have been a purely mechanistic one; all the social phenomena were limited therefore to a formula of extent and movement, mass and velocity, matter and energy. Hence there was in his work, as in that of almost all our naturalists, a certain air of unconscious fatality: a mold too excessively narrow to contain the infinitude, variety and subtle gradation of individual values. His novels are like those streets through which move tumultuously people of the most contrasting positions. Our minds are astonished in the presence of all these types that pass before us, without our being able to penetrate the secret truth of any of them, without our as much as glimpsing the deep perspectives of their several characters. Azevedo was an impressionist that drew

with difficulty at times, but he knew how to paint with skill and audacity.

That technic of line, that profound science of the drawing of personages, sad or smiling, noble or trivial, from life, was possessed by no one with more penetrating intuition than by Machado de Assis. Without wielding that magic rod with which Balzac caused the fabulous world of his human comedy to cry, to moan, to howl or simply to laugh and shout, according to his whim, our novelist managed with inimitable skill the carbons, sanguines, acids and burins with which he delineated and engraved his meaningful portraits and ironical etchings. Rather than a sculptor of great masses, he was a very sensitive imager, an excellent carver of bas-reliefs. He was not interested in man caught in the capricious mazes of the multitude, but in the multitude itself reflected in the elusive synthesis of each soul, in each man taken separately. Unlike Balzac, whose power of assimilation found in everything—pain and joy, poverty and splendor—motives for prolonged investigations and interminable divagations, Machado had his preferences and he did not conceal them. His types are never commonplace. The rudest—for instance, the disappointed beggar of *Quincas Borba*—has his philosophy. He knew how to scan the firmament “without arrogance or abjectness,” as if to say to the sky: “After all, thou wilt not come down upon me.”

All Machado's personages—the prudent Dom Casmurro, the ironical Braz Cubas or that professor of melancholy of the *Apologo*—reveal a similar intuition for beings and things. To them life is a useless effort, a beauty without immediate benefit, which does not give itself whole-heartedly or which gives enough to enable us to become weary of it the first time we are crossed, at the first blow received. There may be perhaps a little cynicism in his attitude, but, in short, what are we, what do our actions represent in our mutual coexistence, but a little misery gilded by a halo of pious cynicism? Braz Cubas, for example—to summarize his several creations in a single one of them—knows and applies, now against himself, now against others, all the subtle poisons of perversity. In his famous

delirium he presents himself successively, now under the heavy appearance of the pot-bellied barber of mandarins, now as an initiate, an adept, of the secrets of eternity, capable of discovering the future ages and of clearing up those of the past. It is true that everything ends—the vision of time and the monotonous rolling of the ages—at the door of the death chamber, like the simple playing of a cat with a wad of paper. . . . Will not terminate thus, peradventure, our rational systems, the ingenious empiricism of our metaphysical explanations? In this resides the wisdom of Machado's personages—belief in things—although he seems to laugh at them. His personages make no effort to go beyond an able skepticism: they seem—to use one of the felicitous images of Descartes—like certain ivies which, having enveloped the trunk on which they find support to its highest point, return satisfied to the promiscuity of the creeping plants of the ground. They returned satisfied with themselves and with their journey! Although he did not possess the secret of the management of great *ensembles* and, possibly, of his own movement, Machado revealed in his novels a vital aspect of our souls. As a good psychologist, he did not attempt to oppose the course of events. He did not believe in the "happy moment" or in the "unhappy moment;" he believed in both and he kept in touch with the reality of both. His reasoning was always in relation to immediate time and space, since he accepted all things, living and dead, good and bad, honest and dishonest, with the imperturbable readiness of mirrors and pictures. His work argues a sense of constant preoccupation with an earthly beauty and wretchedness, and a rare comprehension of the sad futility to which contingencies will reduce the heart and intelligence of men. In his novels the "human document" does not obey a preconceived method, a fixed postulate or any scientific or literary law whatsoever. In them is barely reflected a curious spirit, which observes itself, at every moment, through the medium of other spirits and goes on correcting, with a smile or with a tear, the image that life sets before its eyes.

After Machado de Assis, our fictional

literature passed through a long period of indecision and experiment. The appearance of Graça Aranha's *Cbanaan*, received with unusual enthusiasm, brought to the Brazilian novel a strange freshness, an enchantment of vivid and delightful forms, an epic expression, comparable only to the best pages of Alencar. The problem that the novelist set himself to solve was one most intimately related to the ethnic and political formation of our country, since it dealt with the immense and continuous physical, moral and intellectual fusion that is taking place in our nationality. From this point of view, *Cbanaan* may be deemed the American novel par excellence, the best and most profound effort of its kind that has appeared on the Latin-American continent. His leading types are veritable ideas afoot: ideas that move and orientate the destiny of our race. The conflict between the Latin soul and the Germanic blood, within the exuberant environment of tropical nature, is presented with tremendous power; but what most distinguishes this novel-poem is the exaltation of human energy in the presence of the universe, the marvelous richness of rhythms, the profound intuition for Brazilian values that it reveals at every moment. Graça Aranha already showed in this first book the ductility of spirit, the plasticity of style, the depth of ideas, that were to produce, in the *Esthetica da vida*, one of the loftiest works of our contemporary mentality.

Coelho Netto ought to be among our best describers, endowed, as he was, with a luxurious and brilliant language, the most opulent in character that it is proper to demand of a writer. His novels and stories, especially those of a regional character, are precious sources of information regarding our life and our manners and customs; there are pages full of color and warmth, full of penetrating idealism, which is the best element in Netto's temperament. His vision, however, is more particular than general; he is so dazzled by forms that he is limited in his creative imagination. In this respect, Netto approaches our greatest writers, including, among others, Euclides da Cunha: in his work, the land dominates the man, so to speak. An artist before everything, the author of *Rei negro* is an

impassioned scion of our nature, which he knows how to esteem and translate with intense feeling. His pen is a veritable brush, so many are the tints of which it makes use to animate and colour our tropical pictures. The dawns and twilights of our countryside have never encountered a more deeply moved poet than Coelho Netto.

Afranio Peixoto was otherwise; that is, after Machado de Assis, he is the most perfect expression of the strictly *human* novel in Brazil. Combining with a solid experience of social values an ample and varied scientific culture, he succeeded in escaping the danger of novels with a thesis, in the style of the naturalists, as well as the enticements of the simple narrative of manners and customs that are wanting in elevation or originality. Of his excellent tetralogy—*Espbinge*, *Maria Bonita*, *Fruto do bosque* and *Bugrinha*—the first is perhaps the most characteristic; but in *Bugrinha* the author attained to a rare limpidness of form. In *Espbinge*, Peixoto displayed all the virtues of the spirit: psychological penetration, sagacity of criticism, the constructive method in personages and situations, a taste for extensive, acute, agile reasoning, which goes and comes, according to the impressions received; without overlooking his very singular faculty for placing himself behind his types to breathe into them, every now and then, an irony, distraught and, as it were, timorous, against certain divine and human entities.

Woman, however, whether the restless and impetuous Lucia or the fascinating Maria Bonita or the provocative Joanita or the impetuous and deeply moving Bugrinha, is celebrated in all his novels. She is the sphinx, around which all of us are, more or less, disillusioned Œdipuses. In the irresolution of Paulo in the presence of Lucia, Afranio Peixoto has desired to show what the thought of man is worth, composed, as it is, of theories and abstractions, calculations and positive rules, in the face of the insinuating marvel of the eternal feminine, light as a perfume, but penetrating, insistent, obstinate as a perfume, who abuses her immateriality to torture our desire always renascent and always unsatisfied. Almost all the women of his gallery

are twins in ideas and in acts. The former have the defects of the latter. Seldom are repeated in these human exemplars what we call *qualities*, for in them animality is mingled as an elegant vice with the impulses of the heart. Afranio Peixoto reveals himself to us under this aspect, a subtile connoisseur of feminine geometry: he has always followed the curved line.

Love, in his women, is almost always a story of short but intense duration. To many of them would be applicable the old epitaph: "*Biduo saltavit et placuit.*" What characterized Afranio Peixoto's temperament was the great power of movement that may be observed in all his work. This quality, rare in Machado, predominates in his novels. Master of a vigorous style, even more brilliant than that of his great predecessor, Peixoto was able to use this gift to animate his pictures in an extraordinary manner. The landscape in *Braz Cubas*, *Dom Casmurro* or *Quincas Borba* is bare, almost barren. The novelist was content with a stretch of beach, a corner in a garden, a clump of trees or the summit of a peak to break the azure of the sky. Peixoto did not disguise his liking for nature, even if he complained of its indifference. Nature did not stir him, but neither did it intimidate him; and this constituted the difference between the two writers: one was dry, at times harsh, always serene, although he might be simulating; the other was amiable, gracious and, like a truly voluptuous artist, sensitive to the least impressions of life. The former gave more attention to things; the latter was more enthuasiatic in their presence. Both, however—the former with more keenness, the latter with more variety and movement—were masters in our fictional prose.

Among the novelists of the present generation ought to be mentioned the Senhora Julia Lopes de Almeida, justly admired for her stories of manners and customs, written with taste and naturalness; Xavier Marques, the stirring portrayer of the life of our plains, who knows how to describe skilfully; Alcides Maia, one of the most interesting of our regional novelists, a distinguished landscapist of the pampas of Rio Grande do Sul; Lima Barreto, who, with his sober and precise style and his

guileless heart, seems a more sensitive Sterne or a less rude Gorky; Veiga Miranda, one of the best evokers of the scenes of our *fazendas* and of the bucolic life of the interior; Thomaz Lopes, who, cut off prematurely at the beginning of his literary career, showed himself to be a subtle psychologist and thoroughly acquainted with the social life of Rio de Janeiro; Goulart de Andrade, who reveals in his novels a delicate sensibility as an artist and poet; Madeiros e Albuquerque, whose sober and measured pen sketches the aspects of reality with warm and vivid tints, after the manner of Aluizio.

Of the most recent writers, it is just to mention the following: Godofredo Rangel, Théo Filho, Menotti del Picchia, Léo Vaz, Mario Sette, Lucilio Varejão, Carlos de Vasconcelos and Enéas Ferraz. Godofredo Rangel wrote, in *Vida ociosa*, impressionistic pages of rural life, which admirably reflected the characteristics of the interior: fatalism, sadness, abandon and melancholy, which the souls of the country people seem to have caught from the desert and remote solitudes. Menotti del Picchia is, above all, a moving portrayer and a delicate poet. Carlos de Vasconcelos is a

narrator of violent passions and of the savage scenes of the north and northeast. Théo Filho is a cosmopolite, in the best sense of the word. From contact with men and things he has acquired an aggressive disillusionment, a knowledge of caricature, a capacity for ever apt satire and observation. His work is already significant. Mario Sette and Lucilio Varejão know how to describe perfectly the physiognomy of the small national cities in which our old family traditions remain intact. What interests him in the individual is what lurks in the innermost depths of his being. Strife abroad, the struggles of the world, fail to interest him. He does little more than utilize them as a simple theorem or a subtle calculus. Enéas Ferraz, the author of *João Crispin*, is a sagacious psychologist of the daily reality, of the misery and monstrousness of the bourgeois environment of our large, new cities. In his bold sarcasms, however, there is a sentiment of tenderness and frankness; in his rebellions there is always somewhat of repressed tears. It is that he mingles, with all naturalness and from an irresistible impulse, the reality he sees with that which he feels.



THE SWORD OF INDEPENDENCE

BY

MARCELINO DOMINGO

A description of the monument erected to the memory of Antonio Maceo, the Cuban patriot; some account of his life and character; and reflections on the changes that have occurred in the attitude of the author toward men and institutions. Born in Spain, with such antipathies as he would naturally cherish, he confesses with chagrin that he was blind in his youth, and that now he sees with Cuban eyes and recognizes Maceo's true worth.—THE EDITOR.

THE monument to Maceo is the most beautiful one on the island of Cuba. Glance at the spot where it stands and look at the work.

The site is an immense plaza that opens out at the end of the Malecón and that is bounded on one of its sides by the sea; in the center of this plaza rises the monument, which has an insuperable richness of lines. On an enormous square pedestal of white stone is raised, on horseback and sculptured in bronze, the figure of the leader. The leader appears with bared head, his shoulders thrown back, and in his hand a *machete*; the horse, curbed, draws in his head and pierces the air with a look of dauntlessness. This man and this horse, placed beside the monument of Martínez Campos, which is concealed amid the groves of El Retiro in Madrid—a general with his whole body covered by a cloak; a horse with his head dragging on the ground—possess all the value of an historical parallel. The design of the monument to Maceo does not end here. In the stone of the pedestal stand out bronze reliefs with scenes from the war and inscriptions like the following: "Bold and daring, he never turned his weapons against the laws of the republic and he fought to the death." Among the reliefs on the socle of the pedestal and on the base rise figures with the lines of a Rodin: one of them emblems Victory; another, the Patria; another, Sorrow. The plaza is surrounded by cannon of the Spanish epoch: great, heavy cannon, which adorn the very spot where they were a menace and a danger. At twilight, in the distance, the figure of Maceo rising above the tallest buildings of the city, the blur of the leader on horseback cuts the background of the

ruddy clouds and presents the fantastic impression of a Pegasus amid the flames of fire.

In the presence of the monument, we turn our mind toward the moral panorama presented by Spain in those days of the war against the Cuban revolution. We were children, but we retain the impression of the huzzas of joy aroused by the embarkation of the soldiers; of the cries of hatred that we raised against the Cuban, who was deemed disloyal and traitorous; of the almost universal acceptance obtained by the phrase of Cánovas: "To the last *peseta* and to the last man;" of the contempt and the protestation that surrounded the attitude of Pi y Margall; and above all we preserve the impression of the representative value that was attributed to Maceo. He was spoken of with the adjectives that are to-day attached to the name of Raisuli. He appeared to our eyes with the aspect of a vulgar brigand: ragged, ignorant, with a dark skin and soul black with evil passions. So much faith had we in the firmness of our power that the contemptuous and pitying laughter, with which the participation of the United States in the war was received, was accompanied by the song with which in the schools, the pupils, raising their voices and lifting their arms, asserted that with a sword of pasteboard in his hand any one of them would be sufficient to finish up Maceo. The great writer Enrique José Varona, in a speech made in Chickering Hall (New York), said that "they felt no more tranquil in Rome after the death of Hannibal, nor in monarchical Europe more secure after the death of Napoleon, than Spain felt when an accidental bullet freed her of Maceo;" and this assertion, which may have seemed like an unwarranted

hyperbole, was the truth. To revive those moments of Spanish history is to recall an hour in which patriotic fervor was united with the most unjust cause and the greatest ignorance of the reason for which gold and life were at stake that a people had ever cherished. God surely was minded to ruin Spain, else he would not have driven her insane.

Maceo deserved the monument: he was one of the statuary heroes of the Cuban revolution. He did not spring up with the last movement. From the year 1878, in which it was observed that the treaty of Zanón was a jest, Maceo, with Calixto García, attempted on several occasions to awaken protest and arouse all Cuba in arms against the state that did not know how to be a mother-country, and against the nation that was unable to build in the mother-country a state that would do its duty. He was unable to do so; and when, on February 24, 1895, the cry of rebellion was raised, Maceo, who was in Costa Rica, escaped cautiously from that country, arrived at the island of Fortuna with twenty-one companions, embarked there with them in the schooner *Honor* and reached Cuba on March 31. "They no sooner leaped ashore," wrote Varona, "than they began the combat. Fighting day and night like beasts at bay, they hewed their way through the Spanish forces, who pursued them with obstinacy, until they succeeded in joining the Cuban troops of Periquito Pérez in the jurisdiction of Guantánamo. As soon as the notice of their arrival spread, thousands of men hastened to their ranks." Maceo, in agreement with Máximo Gómez, attacked the forces that were to hinder the passage of the latter toward the west; Maceo threatened them, wore them out, drove them to right and left and held them in check until the moment in which he learned that Máximo Gómez had already entered Puerto Príncipe. On November 29, the columns of Gómez and Maceo were united in the east; at the end of December they made a dash into Habana. The replacement of Martínez Campos by Weyler and the latter's application of the system of concentrations gave to the struggle a new aspect.

In an insignificant military action, Ma-

ceo, who always marched at the front, lost his life. His arm was no longer necessary, as Martí's word was no longer necessary, when the latter died at Dos Ríos: the revolution had triumphed. The revolution was not only established in the consciousness of all those that were struggling for it, but it had also acquired a universally favorable environment. This was proven by the words that were pronounced in honor of Maceo in the Italian parliament; by the manifestation of fellowship with Cuba caused throughout America by the announcement of the leader's fall; and the protests of sorrow that came from England and France.

Maceo was a sword for Cuba when Cuba needed a soldier; he was a will disciplined to the laws of Cuba when Cuba needed a citizen. José Martí, the philosopher of the revolution, has interpreted him thus:

Maceo is as vigorous in mind as in arm. Puerile enthusiasm can find no place in his sagacious experience. His thought is firm and harmonious, like the lines of his brow. His speech is smooth, as the expression of a constant energy, and it possesses the artistic elegance that comes from its thorough adjustment to cautious and sober ideas. He does not utter disjointed phrases, nor does he use an impure voice; he does not hesitate when he seems to do so; he is but weighing his subject and his man. He never speaks pompously or with too great freedom. He will be a column of the patria and never her dagger; he will serve her by thought, but still more by his courage.

Was this the Maceo that Spain thought could be vanquished by a pasteboard sword; that she painted more with the repulsive aspect of a bandit than with the dignifying aspect of a revolutionary? What the slayer of Maceo was is proven by the silence and solitude in which the homicidal soldier has died in Spain. What Maceo was to Cuba and to the world is betokened by this monument: a merited monument; for the great men of America have been neither the colonizers nor the dominators, but the reconquerors: those that have placed their swords or their pens, their arms or their understandings at the service of the cause of independence.

THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA

BY
GILBERTO SILVA HERRERA

Bolívar decided to divide Greater Colombia before the rebellion of Valencia.—The confederation of the Andes.—The Liberator congratulated Páez.—He instigated the withdrawal of Venezuela in 1830.—His responsibility in the extinguishment of Greater Colombia much greater than that of the "Lion of Apure."

A NOTABLE Latin-American historiographer published a short time ago a study of the Bolivian epopee, in which he placed on General Páez the chief responsibility for the dissolution of Greater Colombia.

A new examination of the period from 1825 until 1830 may lead to a different estimate of the attitude of Bolívar and Páez in those stormy days.

IT WAS the year 1825. The lands of the sun were awakened from their sleep of three centuries by the man that has most deeply stirred America, now at the zenith of his majestic immortality.

The unsullied crowns of the Andine cordillera, the infinite solitudes of the southern seas and the venerable capitals of the Incas were the tokens of his prowess at the head of the courageous and veteran sons of Colombia. To the lions of Colombia the Liberator was a hieratic chief; in Perú a grateful people offered columns of incense, as they had in other times to the sun-god; gallant Bolivia rose at the mandate of his will from the summits of the Andes, for it was his destiny to surpass Alexander, who gave his name to cities only; the sons of the Río de la Plata besought his colossal power to enable them to resist the descendants of the Lusitanians;¹ the Queen of the Seas and the American Union had recognized as sisters the nations of which he was the soul; he conceived the congress of Panamá, which was attended by a continent; and in the Old World the thunder of his war-horse aroused somewhat of the ad-

miration of the old republican days of Rivoli and Marengo.

There no longer remained in South America a foot of ground on which to plant the flag of Castilla.

The Liberator saw before him an enterprise no less cyclopean than that of liberation: that of imparting cohesion to the three nations that had sprung into independent life, akin in all respects and united by a solidarity wrought in thousands of anguished days of struggle against the common adversary and in the desire to form a state worthy of comparison with the American Union, which had demonstrated that a colossal nation could spring from less homogeneous elements.

From Lima the Liberator discerned the overwhelming influence that the United States would in time acquire in Spanish America, and he strove to offset it by means of a league of American republics or by the association of the three republics that his Olympian arm had caused to rise from among the chains.

Bolívar was already the president of Colombia and Perú, but he could exercise no decisive influence save over the country in which he resided. Month after month he awaited the replies of the government at Bogotá to his solicitations which, on several occasions, such as that of the invasion of Brazil, were unheeded. When he should withdraw from Perú, he would have to surrender the exercise of supreme power.

To rule the Incas, the Caribs and the Chibchas² without hindrance: such was his

¹The author uses the names of these three Indian peoples or federations to designate, respectively, the countries in which they formerly flourished: that is, Perú, Venezuela and Colombia.—THE EDITOR.

²The Brazilians.—THE EDITOR.

thought at that time. His ears were flattered by the insinuations of the politicians of Lima, that he should found an empire along the Andes, as far as the domains of Doctor Francia.³ Unrepublican ideas had been proposed by the lips of Bolívar. The monarchical machinations of the Limans coincided with those of Páez, Mariño and other influential Venezuelans, who desired to terminate their dependence on Bogotá and become arbiters in the affairs of their own country, for they considered, like General Mariño, that "in all the republic of Colombia the capital of Caracas is the one that unites most intelligence, prudence and wisdom."

The Liberator hastened to refuse the courtesies of Páez and his friends, because he demanded for himself a greater glory than that of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon. Yet he had to behold with melancholy the vanishing of an empire over territories whose hundredth part was vaster than the patrimony of the twelve tribes, and at last he precipitated himself on the plan of an empire, exclaiming: Emperor I shall be, and a more potent one than Charlemagne, but I shall keep far from me the disdain that characterized the Iturbides of the New World; I shall be a Bonaparte, first consul, more powerful than the tyrant of the hundred crowns of the Tuileries; the empire of the Andes shall be called the confederation of the Andes.

A Venezuelan historiographer—an expert in European archives—is of the opinion that Bolívar did not launch himself upon a vulgar tropical center for fear of the end that overtook the first emperor of México. Apart from the fact that the temper of Bolívar's soul was not one of such pusillanimity, this theory is but slightly probable, perhaps, in respect of the year 1825, in which Bolívar, egged on by the Peruvians and Venezuelans to replace Fernando VII in all his attributes, might have become a king, an emperor or a grand lama; for peoples and armies followed him with blind devotion; but he let the precious moments slip, and, years later, when he decided in

favor of a monarchy for a European prince, he won banishment from his country and death in the anguish of the disappearance of his illusions.

Political considerations moved him to refuse the empire; he was engaged in winning the friendship of the Río de la Plata and of Chile in order to attract them to his policy; México, the countries of the south and even Brazil herself saw in the empire of the Andes a voracious and formidable neighbor that would have to be exterminated for the sake of the tranquility of the continent. He had no descendants; in a few years a Bolívar of the valleys of Aragua would be smothered to death in one of the campaign boots of the Liberator.

In him was openly manifested the undemocratic spirit that had always dominated him and that adverse circumstances had kept in the background. He conceived the Bolivian constitution, which he himself qualified as a "monarchy without a crown," and which, as Santander said, contained all his political ideas, the reverse of that of Angostura, "for he was no longer in a position to compromise with any one."⁴ President for life, irresponsible, inviolable, with the power to appoint or to remove a hereditary vice-president, whose functions would be equivalent to those of a first minister; a hereditary senate composed of the courtiers of President Bolívar, compared with whose governmental influence that of a sovereign of a Hanoverian dynasty would have been insignificant. What more would a Joseph de Maistre have desired?

To General La Fuente the Liberator explained on May 12, 1826, months before he received the news of Páez's rebellion, his plan of confederation:

You must know that the parties keep Colombia divided; that the treasury is empty; that laws oppress: finally, you must know that in Venezuela they are clamoring for an empire.

He said the same would happen in Perú, and he added:

After having thought for a long time, we have decided, among persons of best judgment and myself, that the only remedy that we can apply to this tremendous evil is a general confedera-

³That is, Paraguay: for an article on Doctor Francia, see "Rosas and Doctor Francia," by José de Armas, in *INTER-AMERICA* for October, 1919, page 21.—THE EDITOR.

⁴*Archivo Santander.*

tion of Bolivia, Perú and Colombia, closer than that of the United States, ruled by a president and vice-president and governed by the Bolivian constitution.

He said that in everything, except in respect of foreign relations and of war, every state would be autonomous, and he added:

Every department will send a deputy to the federal congress, and the deputies will be divided into the respective sections, each section having a third of the deputies of each republic. These three regions [those provided by the Bolivian constitution], with the vice-president and secretaries of state, which are to be chosen from the whole republic, will govern the federation. The Liberator, as supreme head, will go every year to visit the departments of each state. *The capital will be a central point. Colombia ought to be divided into three states: Cundinamarca, Venezuela and Quito.* The federation will bear such a name as it may desire. There will be one flag, one army and one sole nation. At all events, it is necessary that this plan shall be initiated by Bolivia and Perú. . . . Afterward it will be easy for me to make Colombia adopt the only means of salvation that remains to her.⁵

The Peruvians applauded the idea of a confederation, since it flattered them that Lima should again become the metropolis of South America, as it had been in the first days of the colony. Bolívar promised General Santa Cruz the rulership over the state of Northern Perú; to Gamarra, that of Southern Perú; and to La Fuente, that of Bolivia. As to Colombia, Páez was to go to Padilla or Montilla; and Quito, to Briño Méndez.

Santander, whom Bolívar flattered by offering him the hereditary vice-presidency of the confederation, said to him that this office seemed to him "a little impracticable." Marshal Sucre expressed jealousy that the Colombians, who had ridden the Andes to free Perú, should be willing to become subjects of the Limans, but, at length, after Bolívar had offered him also the hereditary vice-presidency, he worked earnestly to render the federation attractive in Bolivia.

And—O genius of the tropics!—Bolívar succeeded in causing the empire, under the disguise of a federation, to be approved by many that would have offered their blood to oppose it under its proper name. Behold, the best proof of the Liberator's genius, unequalled in America! Some of Bolívar's contemporaries may have excelled him in the art of war, in strategical plans, in the science of government, but no one surpassed him in the supreme science of knowing the psychology of these peoples and of gliding amid the labyrinths of their souls.

In the month of July, 1826, the Liberator was in Magdalena, promoting the acceptance of the confederation in Perú and Bolivia, when the news came of the rebellion of Páez in Valencia on April 30. Bolívar was informed, from some time earlier, of the projects of Páez, whose insurrection served him to discredit the government of Colombia and the constitution of Cúcuta. On April 23 he told Santander that he had learned through the señor Pando, recently arrived from Panamá:

that the congress of Colombia has summoned General Páez to sit in judgment on him, and that this general probably will not obey, because they accuse him of being the author of a project to establish a monarchy in Colombia. . . . Some counsel the gathering of an "empire of Potosí" at the mouth of the Orinoco; others, a federation of the three sister republics. I belong to the latter party. It may be that Páez will enter the one that I desire.⁶

Leonardo Infante: this gallant soldier sat up in his tomb to become a decisive factor in the revolution of Páez. Colonel Infante, one of the Venezuelan centaurs that rode thousands of leagues behind the Iberian lion,⁷ was accused in Bogotá of a murder, of which conclusive proofs were not discovered. The Venezuelan Doctor Miguel Peña, judge of the supreme court, protested against a sentence adverse to Infante, whereupon General Santander removed him from the court and condemned Infante. The execution of Infante by shooting gave the Venezuelans a slogan against the government of Santander,

⁵Paz Soldán: *Historia del Perú independiente*, volume iii, page 83.—Bolívar wrote to his friends of Colombia regarding the confederation, some time before the revolution of Valencia.

⁶O'Leary: *Narración*, volume ii, page 656.

⁷Páez.—THE EDITOR.

whom they hated to the death. Doctor Peña, harassed and sickly, set out for Caracas, swearing vengeance, after being the object of mockery by Santander, who christened him "*Peñita!*"⁸ When he learned this, he informed Santander that an uncle of his called him "*Peñón,*"⁹ and he begged him to continue to consider him "in the class of the small citizens."

Who would have said to Santander that within a year *Peñita*, changed to a *peñón* higher than that of Ávila, would laugh in turn at the government of Bogotá!

The accusation against Páez was presented in the senate, and he was summoned to Bogotá; and Doctor Peña, who would have outstripped the most terrible member of the Jacobin club and who was already the confidential man of the "Lion of Apure," sprang up and said to him:

If you go to Bogotá, they will shoot you as they did Infante, although you are innocent; for the so-called legalists, who have Santander as their leader, are in need of a coup to teach the militarists a lesson.

Infante's body was passed by Páez on the way to Bogotá, and it was the first blow struck at the life of Colombia. Everything seems to indicate that the coup of Valencia on April 30 was prepared with some anticipation. The news of the imminent revolt reached the Liberator's ears on April 23, that is, many weeks after it had emanated from Caracas.

The buffet administered to Páez by Colombia was a splendid opportunity for the establishment of the confederation of the Andes. It has already been seen how Bolívar, months before he learned of events in Valencia, when what he knew was that Colombia regarded him with admiration and that he was leading the peoples of Spanish America, resolved to bury her when he divided her into three small autonomous states. What a marvelous pretext was offered him for effecting the dissolution of that august nation!

The Liberator wrote to Colonel Tomás C. Mosquera from Lima, on August 1, after having felicitated him on the act of Guayaquil:

⁸"A little rock:" diminutive of *peña*, "rock."—THE EDITOR.

⁹"Large rock."—THE EDITOR.

The events of Venezuela also present a flattering aspect, according to documents that I have received. General Páez concludes one of them with the following words: "The name of the Liberator is inscribed in the depths of my heart."¹⁰

"A flattering aspect:" O brain maddened by the adulation of the descendants of Pizarro's worshipers! The bitterness of envenomed recollections will cause thee to exclaim, years later: "Páez was guilty of a veritable crime against the state!"¹¹

It is probable that General Páez did not venture to hurl Valencia's cry of defiance, which would have exposed him to being annihilated by the enormous power of Bolívar, until after he had been informed of the Liberator's resolve to divide Colombia into three small states.

When Bolívar informed himself, during the first months of July, of the rebellion of Venezuela, he ordered the government of Colombia by no means to undertake to put it down, but to await his return. He

¹⁰*Archivo Santander*: volume xv, page 227.—There exist several other letters of Bolívar's to the same intent.

The military commander of the *departamento* of Guayaquil, General Valdez, wrote to Bolívar on July 8, 1826: "Because of the affair of Venezuela, Illingroot brought us together in a friendly manner, assuring us that the step taken by Páez was to our liking and that we of this province ought to do the same, or at least to assemble the people and make known to them that this measure was in no way opposed to our freedom." Thus it came to pass, and the act [that of July 6] was effected.—O'Leary, volume ix, page 440.

The Liberator learned in Lima of the rebellion of Venezuela on July 6, and the same day it was declared in Guayaquil by General Illingroot, who was the commander of the Colombian squadron on the Pacific, who had reached Lima a short time before and who was a confidential friend of Bolívar's, that the latter sympathized with the insurrection. Valdez, Paz del Castillo and Illingroot raised a war-cry, and it would be childish to suppose that they acted without Bolívar's orders.

The Liberator's secretary-general, General José Gabriel Pérez, in acknowledging from Lima the act of Guayaquil of July 6, said that the rebellion of Páez was not opposed to the policy of the Liberator.—O'Leary: *Documentos*.—Author's note.

Surely the "Illingroot" mentioned in this note and elsewhere in the article, as well as in O'Leary, can be no other than John Illingworth, known in Hispanic-American history as "Colonel" and later as "General" and then as "Admiral Juan Illingworth," famous in the struggle for independence along the Pacific coast of South America. For details regarding him, see *INTER-AMERICA* for April, 1922, page 21, note 9.—THE EDITOR.

¹¹O'Leary: *Apéndice to the Memorias*, page 211, Bucaramanga, April, 1828.

took no steps to induce Páez to join Colombia again, but, rather, he encouraged him in his plan of separating Venezuela, when he said to him:

I could wish that with certain slight modifications the Bolivian code might be adjusted to these small states joined in a vast federation.¹²

Besides, it would be but slightly reasonable for Páez to return to obedience to the government of Bogotá, in opposition to the desire of his eminent leader and friend that Colombia should be dissolved to form three small states. The national government's hope for the overthrow of Páez was the influence of Bolívar; but the "Lion of Apure" knew, absolutely, what was the Liberator's thought as to the preservation of Colombia; so, having in front of him the formidable Urdaneta and Bermúdez in Maracaibo and Cumaná and having lost the great fortress of Puerto Cabello, he unflinchingly awaited Bolívar, who, he knew very well, would not lose time with those that might dare to hinder his movements. The recollections of the "llanero"¹³ as to the end of Miranda and Piar were very vivid.

At last Bolívar severed the delightful ties that bound him in Lima and began a journey of thousands of leagues to prepare the funeral of the republic of Colombia and of the constitution of Cúcuta, in order to establish the confederation.

Old in heart, worn by the asphyxia of ethereal summits, as thou leavest the Peruvian shores with an offering of wormwood for thy country, what hast thou done with that great captain, who, from the Ávila to the Tolima, from the Chimborazo to the Illimani, astounded the world by the death-rattles of the executioners that thy sword, generator of nations, overthrew?

When the public men of Perú and Bolivia were won over to the plan of the confederation, the Liberator departed for Colombia

¹²Baralt y Díaz: *Historia de Venezuela*, edition of Curacao, volume iii, page 175, letter from Lima, August 8, 1826.—In the same way Bolívar addressed Colonel Tomás C. Mosquera and other friends of Colombia.

¹³Literally, an inhabitant of the *llano* or *llanura*, (plain), a "plainsman;" in general usage, the equivalent, in northern South America, of the Rioplatensian *gaucho*, "cow-boy." The allusion is to Páez, called the "llanero."—THE EDITOR.

with the conviction that the future also might present a flattering aspect. "I fear nothing during my absence, because I have great confidence in the present rulers," he said to General La Fuente. What was his security? That he had promised to return the following year to inaugurate the congress of the confederation of the three republics?

When he reached Quito he discussed with the most eminent persons the project of the confederation, which encountered nothing but applause, for the Ecuadorians were never enthusiastic partizans of Greater Colombia. From Quito he wrote to La Fuente: "So far I have found among all the peoples of El Ecuador the most favorable disposition in respect of this object [the confederation], and I hope that as I advance I shall find the same ideas."¹⁴

When he set foot on Colombian soil at Guayaquil, he issued his proclamation to the nation: "Let there be no longer a Venezuela; let there be no more a Cundinamarca." From this it seemed that his ideal might be the union of Colombia; but a few days afterward he took the first step for the burial of the republic. In Quito, he created a "superior headship of the south," and he instilled in the Ecuadorians the idea of terminating the independence of Bogotá. Juan José Flores, when he separated El Ecuador in 1830, merely harvested the seed sowed by Bolívar four years earlier.

The republic of Colombia was assailed by legions of Bolívar's agents, sent by him to provoke acts in disavowal of the constitution of Cúcuta and in favor of the dictatorship. Páez would have been little inclined to recognize the government of Colombia when he saw how Bolívar was everywhere stimulating acts hostile to it.

The only serious obstacle to Bolívar's plan was the attitude of General Santander, who thundered against acts in favor of the dictatorship, which placed the country at the mercy of the janizaries. Santander performed the most memorable act of his life: he arose in the presence of the idol, with no other shield than the constitution and with an entreaty to the giant for

¹⁴Paz Soldán: work quoted, letter of September 29 1826.

the life of Colombia. Bolívar, who, the year before, had called the laws of Colombia "wise laws," "was now convinced to the marrow of his bones that only an able despotism could rule America,"¹⁸ and he removed Santander with these words:

The journalists proclaim heroes under the laws, and principles above men. So much for ideology. That must be the celestial patria in which laws personified are going to fight for heroes and principles, as the geniuses of destiny will direct things and govern men. Virgins and saints, angels and cherubim will be the citizens of this new paradise. Bravo! Bravo! Then let those legions of Milton march forth to stop the advance of Páez's insurrection, and, since government is administered by principles and not by men, they have no need either for you or for myself. *We have now had our fill of laws.*¹⁴

Afterward, near Bogotá, he said to him:

I think it will be neither useful nor glorious to enforce existing laws. Our sacred agreement was covered with unsullied purity, it rejoiced in an immaculate virginity; now it has been violated, stained, broken, in short; it can no longer be of any use; a fundamental law may not even be so much as suspected, like Cæsar's wife.¹⁷

O Lincoln, if thou hadst followed the doctrines of Bolívar, what would have become of the American Union?

The rebellion of Páez was an unsurpassed pretext for overthrowing the laws of Colombia; for so magnificent a service the "llanero" was soon to receive an undreamed of reward.

The ideal of the Liberator's last years seems to have been to get rid of political parties. In 1826 he congratulated himself that the Bolivian constitution "prevents the vacillations of parties and the aspirations that are produced by frequent elections," and in 1828 he said to a friend that with the government that he wished to establish "*parties are destroyed.*"¹⁸

Among the multitude of counsels that Santander gave to Bolívar to save him from the abyss toward which he was hastening, stands out the following, which was published only three years ago and which is a truly startling prophecy of the misfortunes that befell Colombia and Bolívar:

From the facility with which the people of certain municipalities and towns are now being assembled to decide that reforms should be pushed, that the Bolivian code should be adopted, that a dictatorship should be created, that the great convention should be convoked, et cetera, they will come together to-morrow to destroy what they have made, to dissolve all union, to fail in every agreement, to depose from power and to banish you or to do something of the same kind. We are under the eyes of Europe, and our public actions ought not to be in violence either of civilization or of the spirit of the age.¹⁹

The opposition of Santander to the dictatorship of Bolívar has been misinterpreted to such an extent that an historian such as Bartolomé Mitre²⁰ has qualified his efforts against absolutism as "dark conspiracies." Envy and ingratitude have almost always been attributed to Santander when his struggle with the Liberator has been mentioned.

Santander, with his conception of government, was a century in advance of

the ignominy of Colombia and a repetition of the acts of the Danish people, who did not wish to be governed by their king, save despotically and absolutely. A dictatorship in constituted Colombia, and when the most of the *departamentos* have embraced the cause of the constitution against the rebels of Venezuela, is the blackest stain that the authors of the project might inflict upon the country!

"What! Is the Columbian people already in dis-sociation? Have the laws ceased to exist? Is the government terminated? If you should die to-morrow or if they should hate you (because all adulators weary of burning incense), they would do the same thing, declaring that they do not wish a constitution of any kind. The consequence will be that there will never be any law or government or order; and is it this, perchance, that we have offered to the people, when you summoned them to aid in destroying the Spanish government? On the contrary, did you not say to them a thousand times that the object was to rescue this country from dependence on Spain, to organize and constitute it according to the free will of the people and according to the principles of constitutional law?"—*Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 246.

¹⁹*Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 287, October, 1826.

²⁰*Historia de San Martín*.

¹⁴*Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 39.

¹⁵*Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 39.

¹⁶*Archivo Santander*, volume xv, page 258.

¹⁷*Biblioteca popular*, Bogotá, inedited letters of Bolívar, page 56.—On October 8, 1826, Santander said to Bolívar:

"The acts of Guayaquil and Quito, creating a dictatorship against the existing Colombian agreement, thus grossly insulting our national government, are

most of the Hispanic-American politicians of his time. In his administration of Greater Colombia he made many mistakes, but it may be compared with that of any of the Latin-American democracies of our days. In the application of the law he went even to the point of cruelty. He lamented that the thirty-nine Spaniards he caused to be needlessly shot after Boyacá were not thirty-nine thousand. His administration guided the first faltering steps of the republic in international life with wisdom and dignity; he guaranteed the suffrage, in which only a few rulers have imitated him in Colombia, Venezuela and El Ecuador; he kept himself free from the influences of the period of García Moreno and of the present times in Colombia; and, above all, he tried to maintain a constitutional life that would not suffer by comparison with even that of England.

Bolívar was preparing for a fruitless war with Brazil, and Santander entreated him to desist from such an adventure. When Bolívar decided to bury Greater Colombia in favor of the confederation of the Andes and when he established a tyranny that has set us down as an incapable people, Santander exhausted his efforts to save his friend from the immeasurable disenchantments that surrounded his death.

Bolívar and Santander: the former in front, overthrowing at every blow centenary edifices; and behind him the latter, in the silent work of laying the foundation of a state whose government had nothing to envy of Albion! These two men united, what height might not Greater Colombia have scaled? In the twilight of the farewells of San Pedro Alejandrino the Liberator reviewed the past and exclaimed that his enmity with Santander had been fatal to him. The Liberator attempted to govern after 1825 in the same way as when he had driven the Spaniards into the Caribbean and the seas of Balboa with his lance, and he failed to distinguish between those that had dared to oppose him; and this was thy great misfortune, O august Colombia! who mightest have in time become the first born of Columbus, like thee, great and unfortunate!

The Washington of Valley Forge became

the Washington of Mount Vernon: and the Bolívar that was the father of all the Colombians in 1825 died in frightful exile from his country, he, the creator of a world!

The Liberator destroyed those that only desired her happiness, and she then passed into the hands of Páez, Urdaneta and Flores. The "Lion of Apure," when he recalled the words of Morillo—that he had done Bolívar a great service in killing the lawyers—felt distressed that he had not done the same with those "that fell at his side." Juan José Flores counseled Bolívar, in case the convention of Ocaña should not show complacency, to dissolve it without hesitation, "for true glory consists in conquering, and we [the soldiers] are not in a position to receive the law when we can make it."

Rafael Urdaneta said to Bolívar, in recommending to him that he assume discretionary power: "In my opinion the troops of Colombia are the first citizens of the republic, and when they speak, their voice is more penetrating than that of others." General Mariano Montilla explained to Bolívar his methods of government in Magdalena in the following manner: "The first fellow that as much as opens his mouth to me in this *departamento*. although he be related to the family of Jesus Christ, I tar and feather him; or, if he tries to do anything, I hang him."

And these were the men with whom Bolívar governed Greater Colombia during the last years!

The Liberator reached Bogotá and studied with the government the plan of confederation. The vice-president [Santander] showed himself to be lukewarm toward Bolívar's favorite idea, but Bolívar got him to promise to write to General Santa Cruz to request information regarding it. In Perú, the Liberator had said that the capital of the confederation would be Lima, and in Bogotá he tried to win over the minister Castillo y Rada of Cartagena to his project of dividing Greater Colombia into several states with the cajolery that Cartagena would be the "sultaness" of America. The government of Colombia did not grow enthusiastic over Bolívar's colossal idea; neither did it dare

to object to it; it decided to wait until the return of the Liberator from Venezuela before opening the necessary negotiations with Perú and Bolivia.

Bolívar, now resolved to form the three little Colombian republics, had done with euphemisms and said to Santander: "*The affair of Páez is nothing.*"²¹

O Bolívar, the affair of Paéz was nothing, because Colombia was no longer anything in thy heart, either!

And Páez—O supreme aberration! He embraced and congratulated him on his criminal rebellion! From Bogotá, on November 15, he despatched his aide-de-camp, General Ibarra, with the following letter for Páez, rescued a short time ago from century old oblivion, which causes infinite sadness:

I have learned of all the ills from which my native land is suffering, the risks that are being run by my first and greatest friends and companions in arms, those that have bestowed upon me glory and have taken me as far as Potosí, the sons of Venezuela, those that have formed heaps of corpses with their own bodies to raise me above all America. I have said aloud that you have had the right to resist injustice with justice and the abuse of power with disobedience. . . . You have broken neither the social covenant of Colombia nor the fraternity that cemented it, and you have but rejected an iniquitous and stupid act. That is all. Do not let my letter be seen for anything in the world; for a secret discovered is a weapon in the hands of the enemy; take good care of this letter as the key of my designs.²²

If such were his words to Páez, he said to Santander, a few days later, regarding the war in eastern Venezuela:

This war is going to be very cruel and it will last three or four years; in it are employed the vilest canaille that the earth possesses, the most perverse men that are known.

General Páez hastened to reply to Bolívar:

I have received the truly consoling letter that you wrote me under the date of the fifteenth of last month on your arrival at Bogotá; it is and will be a sublime work of tenderness, friendship and the most heroic patriotism. In it you show your soul to the Venezuelans as great, disinterested, void of passions. . . . It leaves me nothing to desire; but what a satisfaction it is to me to find that you, above all the intrigues and the secret slings of malice, remain as much my friend as you were formerly, and that you know that all my steps from the beginning of this resolution have been addressed to preserving the respect, the deference and the love that I cherish for you. I am satisfied if my decision has not been disapproved by you, and so would be all the Venezuelans, if I could show them your letter.²³

Bolívar wrote to General Heres, minister of war of Perú, from Tunja, December 4, 1826:

During the week that I have remained in Bogotá, I have been occupied with nothing less than urging on the vice-president and the secretaries the necessity of adopting the plan of a confederation of the six states, and I think that the vice-president will support it with all his influence. We have agreed that the congress shall not meet and that the great convention shall be convoked, and then it will be easy to give sanction to that which ought to exist *de facto*. *Venezuela is in reality independent*, and she will be the one to take the most advanced steps in this plan, because, torn by excited passions and by opposing interests, hesitating, without government and poverty-stricken, she will embrace it with pleasure. All the south longs for it, and Nueva Granada can no longer be isolated between two states that overlap her extremes.

Hence the pompous military expedition that the Liberator led into Venezuela for the ostensible purpose of subduing Páez was a travesty. When the majority of the Venezuelan people—those of the regions of Angostura, Cumaná, El Zulia, Los Andes and Puerto Cabello—were in arms against Páez, the Liberator presented himself in his native land at the head of a strong army. The son of Apure remained unterrified in the presence of this formidable coalition; he regarded with disdain the pack that had set on him, for he was thoroughly aware

²¹*Archivo Santander.*

²²A letter published by the Venezuelan historiographic academician the señor Carlos A. Villanueva, in *El imperio de los Andes*, page 273.—The original reposes in L'Institut de France. In it stands out the sympathy entertained by Bolívar for the Granadans, those that decided the campaign of Carabobo, those that constituted the larger part of the armies with which Sucre carried victory into Perú.

²³O'Leary: *Memorias*, volume ii, page 70, Valencia, December 18, 1826.

that Colombia had already become an obstacle to Bolívar, and the government of Bogotá even more so. The Liberator needed a powerful base whence to dominate Santander, if the latter persisted in defending the constitution of Cúcuta; and he could find none better than in the strength of Páez. Already possessed of the support of Venezuela, Quito and Perú, he could bend Nueva Granada to his projects of a confederation and of the Bolivian constitution, as he himself expressed it at that time.

Bolívar was so sure of the adhesion of Páez that he introduced himself unattended into the camp of the "llanero" and proclaimed him "the savior of the patria." A splendid reward, so much to Páez's liking that in 1830 he repeated the same action to merit it again. Bolívar crowned him with honors and he vituperated those that had defended Colombia. General Bermúdez and other ardent defenders of legitimacy fell into disgrace with Bolívar. The forces hostile to Páez were demobilized, and Páez's regiments were preserved intact; the functionaries that remained faithful to Colombia were dismissed. Bolívar appointed Páez commander-general of Venezuela, two-thirds of which had declared opposition to the hero of Las Queseras.

In Caracas was created a government autonomous in respect of Colombia, and the Liberator said to Páez that in the future, "*he was not to obey the government of Bogotá, but the authority of Bolívar only.*"²⁴ Greater Colombia perished that unhappy day. In the future, the rulers of the different sections of the republic—

Urdaneta, Páez, Montilla, Flores—obeyed the voice of Bolívar only, without retaining so much as a memory of Colombia.

If it had been the desire of the Liberator, Páez would have recognized the government of Colombia. The "Lion of Apure" declared in March of that year: "I have no other god, no other religion, than Bolívar." But Bolívar's glance was fixed on something different from the republic of Colombia. "I have said to you that the only thought I have is the great federation of Perú, Bolivia and Colombia,"²⁵ he wrote to the vice-president from Caracas.

The Liberator thought of being, within a few months, the arbiter of South America, but he did not take destiny into account, and in one day two of the three pillars of his Macedonian projects crashed to earth. The rebellion of the third Colombian division in Lima was to Bolívar a blow equal to that of Hannibal when he learned, tremulous with impotent anger, of the end of Hasdrubal, or to that of the Corsican when he contemplated, in Trafalgar, his exile amid the waves.

Farewell, Perú and Bolivia! Farewell, unforgettable shores of La Magdalena! Farewell, portentous empire that was to reach from the smiling seas of the buccannery to the snowy perpetuity of the proud Andes!

Santander committed the great folly of approving with joy the insurrection of Lima. It is true that the vice-president possessed very just motives for resentment against Bolívar, who, in proclaiming Páez "the savior of the patria," had implicitly censured the conduct of those that had opposed the insurrection of Valencia; but he should have reflected that with the movement of Lima a war between Colombia and Perú would be inevitable. It seems that Santander saw in the affair of Lima merely a means to weaken Bolívar enormously. In that moment of anguish in which the Liberator was like the lion at the instant of the exterminating leap, Santander appeared with these words: "All see in the affair of Perú a victory for the constitutional cause and a support for the future;" and he threw himself into it with

²⁴*Archivo Santander*, volume xvi, page 209, letter to Santander, Caracas, February, 1827.—Regarding the meeting of the Liberator and the council of ministers at Bogotá, March 30, 1830, General Rafael Urdaneta said in his *Memorias* (O'Leary, volume xv, page 379): "Urdaneta proved that the separation of Venezuela had been an accomplished fact from January 1, 1827, in that the Liberator began to create in Venezuela unconstitutional authorities; and that he gave her special laws for her former regimen; that in the government office they received the communications from the authorities of Venezuela, not to discuss them, but to give them approval according to the formula, which was the only dependency that the government of Colombia now possessed. In Quito had been established an administrative board that made her virtually independent of Colombia. *The Liberator, who was very frank, declared that all that he had just set forth was true, and that from these facts dated the separation of Colombia.*"

²⁵*Archivo Santander*, volume xvi, page 209, February, 1827.

the same ardor as that with which he had hurled himself on Morillo in the swamps of the Orinoco.

The convention of Ocaña followed. Bolívar, in the presence of the overthrow of his power in the south, decided in favor of a less vigorous constitution than the Bolivian.²⁹ Santander advocated a federalistic one. The two giants came face to face, and after a tremendous struggle of months, Santander succeeded in winning to his doctrines half the Venezuelan deputies and the majority of those of Nueva Granada, and Colombia was about to receive the finishing stroke that would extinguish the image of a republic that had existed from 1827. The convention of Ocaña, the supreme hope of the people, became a frightful field of intrigue. Neither of the two parties was minded to surrender an iota of its claims. Bolívar strove for the code of Bolivia; and Santander, with the desire of forcing the Liberator to make his acts conform to the dictates of the juridical and pragmatic statutes, fashioned there the coffin of Colombia. From Ocaña the followers of Bolívar went forth to dictatorship, and the followers of Santander to the twenty-fifth of September and the revolutionary camps. The cyclone that broke there lasted three years; the treacherous dagger flashed and the tread of firing squads sounded in the land; the foot-hills of Puracé and the mountains of Antioquia²⁷ groaned beneath the corpses of those that had been brothers at Junín and Ayacucho; the whip and the bayonet were powerless to silence the cries of the sanctuary . . . and when the smoke of the muskets ceased, Colombia had also vanished into space.

The pride of the Liberator rebelled, and he declared: "'Absolute Victory or Nothing,' is my device,"²⁸ and, rather than contemplate the victory of his adversaries

and bow before the will of the nation, he ordered the Bolivian deputies to retire from the convention, which was dissolved for lack of a quorum.²⁹ Tyranny alone remained. The Liberator prepared from Bucaramanga the acts of Bogotá and other capitals to overthrow the legal régime.³⁰

"*Desperation is the salvation of the lost, and this ought to be our salvation,*"³¹ was the thought of Bolívar when he saw his views rejected: desperation had clouded in him all sentiment of equity toward those that had aided him to tread all America as a conqueror, and it caused him to say: "I see in our opponents nothing but ingratitude, perfidy, theft and calumny; such monsters are unworthy of our clemency, and we ought to chastise them, because the public good demands that we do so."³²

After Tarqui, Bolívar conceived the hope of returning as a sovereign to the banks of the Rímac, as in his former days of glory. The project of a monarchy for a foreign prince was supported by Bolívar until he saw that national opinion was unanimously opposed to it. General Urdaneta informed Páez that the Liberator wished the monarchical plan to be discussed as if he were unfriendly to the idea. The rebellion of Córdoba and the gathering of the congress caused the return of Bolívar from Quito to Bogotá. He trusted blindly that the congress, which he qualified as "admirable"—for he had taken part with all earnestness in the selection of its members—would at length confirm his ideas of government. The Liberator, perhaps with the hope of reconquering Perú and of

²⁹O'Leary: *Apéndice*, page 190.

³⁰On June 1, 1828, Bolívar wrote from Bucaramanga to an influential friend: "I am going to start to Bogotá within four days, and as things leave no hope, we must act."

³¹O'Leary: *Apéndice*, page 189.

³²O'Leary: *Apéndice*, page 209.—In this book are found several of Bolívar's opinions regarding Santander. In one of them he said:

"But what country can be saved amid so many monsters that dominate everything? When virtue is called servile and parricide, liberal? And when the most atrocious of thieves [Santander] is the oracle of public opinion and of principles? I do not wish to serve with them even for a moment."—Page 240, April, 1828.—Bolívar said this before September 25. Ideas of Bolívar's, but slightly favorable to Sucre, Páez, Padilla, et cetera, are also to be found there.

²⁷Bolívar said to Páez regarding the convention: "I had proposed to my friends a resolution that would consolidate all the interests of the different sections of Colombia, which was to divide it into three or four states and cause them to unite for the common defense; but no one has dared to support this expedient."—Bucaramanga, June 2, 1828.

²⁸Thus in Colombia, with the stress on the *o*, but correctly, of course, "Antioquia."—THE EDITOR.

²⁹O'Leary: *Apéndice*, page 251, April, 1828.

bringing about the confederation or with the belief that the congress would live up to the title that he had bestowed upon it, published to the four winds his desire that Colombia should be divided. To Joaquín Mosquera he said: "*My opinion is that this congress ought to separate Nueva Granada from Venezuela.*"³³ He wrote to the Venezuelan leaders in an identical manner.³⁴ The monarchical conspiracy had irritated the Venezuelan people, and a formidable roar shook the Andes. The English admiral, Fleming, engaged in a very active and effective labor in Caracas against the monarchy and in favor of the separation of Venezuela, for England would have been disturbed if the crown had been offered to a French Bourbon.

To meet the desires of Bolívar, a meeting was held in Caracas equal to the one he had promoted at another time, and an act was approved to proclaim the independence of Venezuela; but it went farther than Bolívar had ordained: it refused to recognize his authority. The Roman Cæsars, to maintain their dominion over the people, followed a certain policy;³⁵ and the Liberator's was that of acts and yet more acts. In his last years he decided all the great questions by means of this system. Acts to destroy the constitution of Cúcuta, to clamor for the dictatorship, to intimidate the convention of Ocaña, to proclaim the monarchy, accompanied Greater Colombia to her grave. However, as Peter the Great said: "So many times has our cousin Charles XII defeated us that at last he has taught us how to vanquish him," the people turned against Bolívar his favorite weapon, and two acts, those of Lima and Caracas, hurled him from the vertex of Chimborazo.

After the mournful occurrences of 1826, there were two occasions on which to consolidate Colombia: the first, when the Liberator returned from Perú, acclaimed by the whole country; but he only consummated the disunion by constituting auton-

omous governments in Caracas and Quito; the second, at the convention of Ocaña. The laws of Colombia, as well as the circumstance that the capital was in Bogotá, aroused a certain opposition among many of the Colombians, but remedies had been decided on for these evils. The constituents of Cúcuta made Bogotá the capital for a term of ten years, at the expiration of which a national assembly would choose a definitive capital and would prepare a new constitution. The Liberator anticipated the ten years and convoked the assembly of Ocaña to establish the republic on stable foundations. The most of the Colombians desired to return to a representative government which, as Freeman said of Rome, would have prevented their falling into the terrible dilemma of choosing between tyranny and anarchy. That unique moment, however, vanished amid the tumult of pride and intrigue.

The Liberator, in his last years, took few firm steps; the observer stands astonished at the manner in which his perpetual indecision caused him to veer from day to day. He hesitated between a centralistic and a federalistic constitution. He had made the comment, "the affair of Páez is nothing," only to say later, "Páez was guilty of a veritable crime against the state." He instigated the separation of Venezuela in 1830, which straightway drew from him bitter lamentations. He cried out against the monarchy, to declare years later that it was his favorite form of government, and then to return to the republican ideal.

We have reached 1830. Páez, Urdaneta and Flores, Bolívar's favorites, were retiring, each with a slice of Colombia. Since hope of forming the grandiose confederation of the Andes had vanished, Bolívar turned his eyes toward Colombia; but the convention of Ocaña caused bayonets to spring up throughout the country. When the hope of maintaining the unity of Colombia vanished, an attempt was made to bind together the three new republics; all efforts failed.

What must have been the infinite disillusionment of the Liberator when he contemplated, in a dying state, the trail

³³Guayaquil, September 3, 1829.

³⁴Restrepo: *Historia de la revolución de Colombia.*

³⁵"*Nam qui dabat olim Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se Continet, alque duas tantum res anxios optat, Panem et circenses.*"—Juvenal.

of his terrifying march through America. The confederation of the Andes, for which he undermined the existence of Colombia, seemed as remote as the Spanish dominion. Of Colombia there remained only the bitterness of "what might have been."

Yet even if thou didst fail, thy Bolivian confederation will be crystallized some day by the avalanche of the north and the eruption of the south, O great Bolívar, who, like Washington, didst dream of a nation worthy of thy greatness!



AMADO NERVO'S "MYSTICISM"

BY

ADOLFO M. SIERRA

The author holds that, although much has been written about Amado Nervo and his "mysticism," the whole truth has not been told. He conceives that he finds an explanation of certain tendencies of Nervo's characteristically in abnormal conditions. Many will be disposed to take issue with him, but surely it is not improper to collect all the evidence possible as a means of arriving at a definitive conclusion regarding one that so deeply moved a great variety of readers.—THE EDITOR.

IT IS unquestionable that in the realm of intellectual values we esteem only what we comprehend: Spinoza's *amore intellectualis*:—yet one works his way toward comprehension; he does not attain to it suddenly, but by following the analytical method, his reliable instrument. So therefore, in order to attain to comprehension, to the full enjoyment of a certain author, we must have within our reach the greatest sum of illustrative data as to his person, although it is improper in any case to excuse ourselves from the contemplation of this or that unattractive aspect of his life for sentimental reasons. No; Taine has already said: vice and virtue, like "sugar and vitriol," are entirely natural products; and we deem the work accomplished all the greater in proportion to the humanity that we find in it.

Sainte-Beuve, applying somatic analysis empirically to the lives and customs of great men, reached incredible limits in his first *Causeries du lundi*. He not only found pleasure in the solemn enumeration of faults, vices and virtues, but, carrying the process to the extreme, he verged on the systematic, giving preference, above the spiritual product in itself, to the elements of the ingesta. Anabolism and catabolism acquired in his hands as much prominence as or even more than style itself. However, in sin itself he found penitence, and this method, although scientific in its general lines, fell into absolutism, and its ruin was rapid. To-day no one remembers it any longer.

It is proper therefore, without going as far as license, to begin the commentary on the life and work of an author with his vices and virtues, since from such con-

stituent elements is fashioned, in the long run, our intellectual warp.

The Hispanic-American public is naturally disinclined to ideas of this character. It likes to have its heroes dressed out as demigods under the seamless mantle of fantasy, even at the expense of truth.

The psychasthenia of Larra (*Figaro*), rather than his illicit and unfortunate amours, led him to suicide. However, his biographers have had little to say on the subject, in spite of the enormous influence this neurosis exerted on his literary art, fragmentary and touched with genius, without doubt, but also indicative of the physical disturbance from which the author suffered. In respect of Rubén Darío, we are still in want of a psychological study of his chronic alcoholism in connection with his inner life and his intellectual work, since in him ethelism was, from childhood, the inseparable and mournful lure of his hours as a poet. The most of his best poems were elaborated under the influence of abnormal conditions.

Manuel Acuña's epilepsy was but slightly emphasized by Justo Sierra, in spite of the importance this affliction acquired in the tragic development of his life.

Finally, very precarious is what has been published about that illustrious madman who, in the world of South American letters, bore the name of José Asunción Silva. His lamentable and anomalous passion for his sister Elena,¹ the heroine of the celebrated *Nocturno*, disturbed his psychism so much that when she died he

¹Regarding this tradition, see the article entitled "José Asunción Silva," by Rafael A. Esténger, published in the December, 1920, number of INTER-AMERICA, page 111.—THE EDITOR.

ended his life with a pistol-shot. Doctor Manrique, his physician and friend in Bogotá, who was the minister of Colombia in Paris, possessed, when we knew him in 1910, some curious documents. Some day we shall devote an essay to them.

The case of Nervo was similar. Much was written before his death, and not a little has been written since then. His apologists have been many and his admirers thousands. There is scarcely any patrimony of human greatness that has not been bestowed on him. Myrrh and incense perfume his mortal remains. His divine mask has been chiseled.

On the other hand, few are those that have related the story of the poet's life and showed his naked soul. Nervo himself, more because of an inherent tendency of his character—a confused mingling of timidity and candor—than because of mental reserves, always hid in his works and in his life of relation the human man that throbbed within him. A lover, he concealed in the most secret recesses of his home the predilect woman, as if he feared that his comrades might see her. Deeply religious and a believer in Catholicism, he never frequented churches or religious services, but every afternoon, at the hour of twilight, he withdrew discreetly from the presence of his friends, to give himself up to prayer. Sad and heartsick, he sought in the mysteries of toxicology the lenitive of his sorrows.

There was more, however, so deeply did Nervo delve into this strange propensity for Hermetism, which, even in the moments in which he purposed to free himself, such as occurred in his recent book *La amada inmóvil*, he hardly succeeded in doing so. Many critics have wished to see in this book the poet's most sincere expression, his hidden trait, we might say. However, we confess to disagreeing with this opinion, and, in proof of our heterodoxy, we take the liberty of making certain rectifications regarding the data or ideas set forth in *La amada inmóvil*.

I

THE year was 1911, in Paris. The Hotel Lutetia, a sumptuous modern mansion in the German baroque style,

situated in the heart of the Latin quarter, was the center of the daily pilgrimages of the Argentine and even of the Hispanic-American colony resident in that capital.

They were moved by the natural desire to inform themselves personally regarding the illness that had attacked the son of Lugones the poet in those days. Suffering from fever, there came a time when we physicians that attended him gave up hope of saving him. The serenity of the poet of *Los crepúsculos del jardín* was truly Olympic at that moment.

Thanks to the presence of certain French geniuses, who from time to time appeared there—for example, the Gourmont brothers, Remy and Jean Jules Huret, the historiographer Seignobos, Maurice du Plessys—we were wont to salute, in the salon of the Lutetia, Pompeyo Gener, Luis Bonafoux, Francisco García Calderón, Juan José Tablada, Benjamín Sanín Cano, Eduardo Carrasquilla Mallarino, Rogelio Irurtia, Ernesto de la Cárcova, Ramón Cárcano, Enrique Larreta and many other writers. Above all, the silent and solemn presence of Rubén Darío was never lacking. Full of alcohol and grief, the magician of the *Prosas profanas* was moved to sobs in the presence of the restrained but not impassive sorrow of his friend Lugones.

II

NOW, it was on this occasion that we became acquainted with Amado Nervo. Accompanied by Darío, the melancholy Mexican bard came one afternoon, not only to salute the poet of *Las montañas del oro*, but also to request our medical attention, induced perhaps by Darío or Bonafoux, for his ailing "poor child," to use the phrase with which he liked to refer to his mistress. Her name was Anne Louise Dailiez, and, as Nervo himself has said of her in the stanzas of *Gratia plena*:

*Era llena de gracia, como el Ave María;
¡ Quién la vió no la pudo ya jamás olvidar !²*

She was twenty-five years old, with a rosy complexion, medium stature, har-

²She was full of grace, like the Ave Maria;
Whoever saw her could never forget her!—THE EDITOR.

monious curves, light hair, a small mouth and very white teeth. She spoke Spanish fluently, giving it a funny and picturesque rhythm in pronouncing it.

They had reached Paris two days earlier, coming from Spain, in the capital of which the author of *Perlas negras* had discharged the functions of Mexican consul.

As a result of his habit of retirement, Nervo was lodging in a very modest *pension* near the Luxembourg gardens. There, amid the whitest of sheets, devoured by pain and fever, lay Anne Louise Dailiez. As we approached the couch, and as Nervo introduced us affectionately, little Anne lay as if unconscious: her eyelids closed and her breathing rapid; but very soon, after the manner of one that is recovering consciousness, there came a suggestion of a languid smile, at the moment in which she held out to us a pale hand, dry and burning.

We shared the responsibilities of bedroom physician with a distinguished Peruvian youth, a brother of the former minister of Perú at Brussels—the señor Francisco García Calderón—who at that time was completing the last course of his studies in Paris and was already a physician. During the recent war he lost his life in the trenches, fighting on the side of France.³

In Anne's case it was an affection that required a surgical operation.

The operation being decided on, the sufferer was moved to the operating establishment of Professor Doleris, an intimate friend and teacher of young García Calderón's.

When he reached the operating room, the desperation of the poet Nervo approached paroxysm. Kneeling beside the bed, he caressed the invalid's hands, hair, face, or he repeated aloud in Latin *Ave Marias* and *Paternosters*, while he caused to pass between her trembling fingers the rustic beads of a wooden rosary that had been given her some days before for her comfort by the writer of *Los cantos de vida y esperanza*. It was also on that dreary afternoon at the end of September that I acquired the

certitude of that sad vice that was devastating Nervo's mind. The unfortunate mystic of *Serenidad* was accustomed, from years before, to obtain a respite from the chastisement of his sorrows by appeal to the Pravaz syringe. The nervous exaltation, almost bordering on illusion, that Nervo experienced during those days was due in a large measure to his abuse of the alkaloid.

Poor racked poet! . . . We have fresh in mind the recollection of that strange confidence that Nervo made to us a few minutes after the conclusion of the operation on Anne. Radiant with joy as a child over the apparent success of the operation, and while his loving companion was still sleeping under the influence of the chloroform, with the mystery of one that confesses furtively a compromising secret, he read in a very low voice the following poetic composition that he had written during the night and that we see to-day published in the volume of *La amada inmóvil*, although somewhat retouched and with an entirely arbitrary date. The poem alluded to, the manuscript of which García Calderón retained and of which he immediately made two copies for Nervo and myself, respectively, runs thus:

DESOLACIÓN

Tu eres la sola verdad de mi vida:

El resto: ¡ qué es !

¡ Humo . . . palabras, palabras, palabras . . .

Mientras tu agonía me hace estremecer !

Tu eres la mano cordial y segura

Que siempre estreché

Con sentimiento de plena confianza

En tu celeste lealtad de mujer.

Tu eres el pecho donde mi cabeza

Se reposa bien.

Oyendo el firme latir de la entraña

Que noblemente mío sólo es.

Tu lo eres todo: ley, verdad y vida. . . .

El resto: ¡ qué es !⁴

DESOLATION

Thou art the only truth of my life:

The rest: what is it?

Smoke . . . words, words, words . . .

While thy agony causes me to tremble!

³José García Calderón: regarding him, see the article entitled "A Peruvian Author Who Died for France," by Gonzalo Zaldumbide, in INTER-AMERICA for December, 1918.—THE EDITOR.

The days that followed the surgical operation put the poor invalid to the test. An insidious fever was consuming her like a slow fire. The strength of her heart itself threatened to yield. Our prognostic began to be somber.

A certain morning when Anne's condition suddenly became grave, the poet of *Almas que pasan* thought she had gone; and, as was the custom in the great tribulations of his life, he had recourse to the alleviation of verse, and he composed the following stanzas, which we preserve in his own handwriting:

ESCEPTICISMO*

¿ De qué sirve al triste la filosofía !

Kant o Schopenhauer o Nietzsche o Bergson. . . .
¡ Metafísicos !

En tanto, Ana mía,

Estás por morirte, y no sé todavía
Dónde ha de buscarte mi pobre razón.

¡ Metafísicos, pura teoría !

¡ Nadie sabe nada de nada: mejor,
Que esa pobre ciencia confusa y vacía,
Nos alumbra el alma, como luz del día,
El secreto instinto del eterno amor !

No ha de haber abismo que ese amor no abonde,
Y be de ballarte. . . . ¿Dónde? ¡ No me
importa dónde !

¿ Cuándo? No me importa . . . ¡ pero te
ballaré !

Thou art the hand, cordial and sure,
That always I have pressed
With a sentiment of full confidence
In thy heavenly loyalty as a woman.

Thou art the bosom whereon my head
Reposes well,
Hearing the firm beat within thy breast
Which nobly is mine alone.

Thou art everything: law, truth and life. . . .
The rest: what is it?—THE EDITOR.

*This composition also appears in *La amada inmóvil* with another title and a much later date.

Si pregunto a un sabio, "¡ Qué sé yo !" responde;
*Si pregunto a mi alma, me dice: "¡ Yo sé !"*⁶

Nervo's therefore was an excessively vulnerable temperament that withstood the harshnesses of reality by severe effort and which, when excited artificially by "spiritual toxicants," according to the beautiful phrase of Kraepelin, reacted in a disorderly and oftener in an emotional manner. It is said of Lamartine that before writing in prose or preparing his dissertations, he had to stimulate his spirit by writing a few verses, a fact that explains the predominance of his poetic gift over the rest of his discursive faculties. Of Nervo, on the other hand, it may be affirmed that he made verse the predominant instrument with which to defend himself against the material and moral misfortunes of his life, since neither propriety nor self-interest nor pride ever moved his ego. Verse therefore was to him a life-preserving instrument, but not convulsive, rebellious, lapidary verse; on the contrary, calm, modest and melancholy verse: in a word, elegaic verse.

6

SCEPTICISM

For what does philosophy serve the sorrower?
Kant or Schopenhauer or Nietzsche or Berg-
son?

Metaphysicians!

While, my Anna,

Thou art about to die, and I know not yet
Where my poor heart will have to seek thee.

Metaphysicians, pure theory!

No one knows aught of anything; better,
Than this poor science, confused and empty,
Illumines our soul like the light of day
The secret instinct of eternal love!

There can be no abyss that this love does not
fathom,

And I shall find thee. . . . Where? Where,
it matters not to me!

When? It makes no difference, either . . .
but I shall find thee!

If I ask a wise man: "What do I know?" he replies;
If I ask my soul, it says to me: "I know!"—THE
EDITOR.



SOUTH AMERICAN LETTERS

BY

LUIS B. TAMINI

Sprightly reflections, in the form of letters, on the present state of the world, with particular reference to certain European countries and the republic of Argentina.—THE EDITOR.

In my opinion, the only thing that can save Europe is the practical application of the religion of Christ. This alone can save the world from another catastrophe.—LLOYD GEORGE (January 5, 1922).¹

LUCILIO is an Argentine. He was born in a country-seat in the suburbs of Buenos Aires and beneath the shadow of one of those aged pines that have disappeared from the landscape of Buenos Aires, listening to his favorite birds—the *ratona*,² the thrush, the *churrinche*,³ the *bornero*⁴ and the *benteveo*⁵—almost exterminated now by the nets of the foreign pot-hunter, who destroys them by the hundreds for a market-day; and at the age of twenty-one he has read all the didactic works he has been able to find in an unused room of his ancient family country-house. These great houses have also vanished, along with the

Neapolitan pines and the lively *ratonas*: castellets—as dreary and neglected outside as they are full of luxury and beauty inside—with Saracenic patios and conventual gardens.

Lucilio is a patriot, and he has meditated on that spirit of May⁶ that fashioned another youth, Belgrano, studious like himself, whom necessity changed into a general. Lucilio would never sacrifice to his ambition the well-being and honor of his country, and he has chosen as his motto the *vitam impendere vero* of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who loved the truth so much, for he too, like Lucilio, was formed in the midst of nature.

Lucilio has set for himself the task of observing and understanding, above everything. "*Verba volant, scripta manent*," Lucilio said to himself, his mind being well stored, even at his age, after a liberal education, with recollections of the classics: "I shall be a writer, and my pen, like Rousseau's, will never limp."

Lucilio's intelligence opens to its environment during a period of tempests. A great war has swept over Europe, leaving nothing but the ravages of civilization, and Lucilio already knows that to-day the richest and most highly civilized country is the United States, and that after that great nation comes Argentina, which is the great moral force of South America.

Lucilio possesses principles; he hates force and fraud as political instruments; and justice and truth are not hollow words

¹After a considerable search, we have been unable to come at the original passage in English from which the Spanish translation was made. Consequently we have had to translate back into English from the Spanish, with a probable departure from the exact wording.—THE EDITOR.

²A bird similar to the common "catbird" of the United States (*Mimus carolinensis*).—THE EDITOR.

³A small bird with feathers of dark gray, save those of the head, neck and tail, which are touched with scarlet.—THE EDITOR.

⁴According to Granada (*Vocabulario rioplatense razonado*, Montevideo, 1890, page 372), the *bornero* is "a bird of a cinnamon tan color, excepting the breast, which is white, and the tail, which is reddish. It builds a spherical nest of clay, similar to an oven [*horno*], with a side entrance and divided into two compartments by a wall with a means of communication."—THE EDITOR.

⁵A bird about nine inches long, with a gray back, yellow breast and tail, and a spot of white on the head. Its song resembles the sound of the words "*bien te veo*" ("well, I see thee," or "I see thee well"). This is the common opinion as to the Spanish words supposed to be represented by the note of this bird. We, however, incline more to the opinion that the spelling should be "*benteveo*," and that the sound resembles the words "*ven, te veo*" ("come, I see thee").—THE EDITOR.

⁶An allusion to the famous *Asociación de Mayo*.—THE EDITOR.

to him. He would like to set out for Europe to preach the gospel to the Europeans, as Saint Augustine did to the Britons, but, realizing that the civilization of Europe is passing, that it is dying and that no one could at this time stay its decadence, he merely desires to visit the European capitals and to philosophize like Macaulay, who proclaimed the Catholic religion as still vigorous while the savage of New Zealand would be contemplating the ruins of Saint Paul's cathedral in London.

Lucilio has a friend buried away in Patagonia (in "La Devastada," an *estancia*), to whom he often sends his comments on Argentine politics. "I am tired," he says, "of these men that never have been lions and who, in order to attain their ends, become foxes. I am going to Europe to observe, to say good-by to her past magnificence; and I shall explain to you from there in a series of letters why we can no longer believe either in her books or in her academies; and I shall address you from Paris as from the wealthy Sardis in ancient time, and from London as from the miraculous Babylon with its hundred gates of bronze."

LETTER I

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"I have reached Paris in the midst of the carnival of 1921. I go about in this second Buenos Aires, where no longer may be seen brilliant spectacles like the scene in our park on February 3 of a Sunday—'*Hic Troja fuit*'—accompanied by a 'cicerone,' who before the war conducted a class in philosophy in a great institution. 'Ah, señor,' he said to me, in his *Lingua Franca*, 'all philosophy is to-day demonetized. It does not teach us how to live, and I have to eat.' Taking the hint, we entered a restaurant, and I begged of him to take something before continuing our dialogue.

"All the philosophers that I have known suffered from dyspepsia; but this one of mine ate so much that I could do no less than remark to him with tact that sobriety in these days of extortionate prices is the virtue par excellence.

"'What would you have?' he replied; 'the spirit of the carnival has returned to Paris. Only imagine that there are those

that buy champagne at a hundred francs a bottle. However, I have finished, and let us be off to the boulevards to see the celebration of *Mi-Carême*.'

"All the world was dancing in the squares; all classes mingled in an Apocalyptic maze; and my philosopher said to me, while embracing a buxom cook, who invited him to a *jazz*.'

"'You do the same, for what you see is the symbol of the end of the world; dance over this volcano, if for nothing else than to be able to write about it to your friend Marcial.'

"I could not do so, because in an adjacent street I had just seen a procession of the involuntarily unemployed: men without bread and out of work, who were demanding the right to live. The suffocated 'cicerone' ended his almost gruesome dance in the presence of those famished beings, who would have desired to have their stomachs filled like him, in order to aid digestion with a tango; and, taking me by the arm, he said:

"'Come, for this is no family dance, and it may end in blows, although the police keep a good eye on those that are out of work. Parenthetically, señor traveler, permit me to remark that they no longer dance in the family; social culture is buried here with everything else; the public dance-halls have their proprietors, who demand exorbitant prices for the right to whirl stupidly like a top; and it is even said that they are going to organize coöperative dances, in order that all of us—rich and poor—may fall to the bottom of the abyss dancing.'

"We entered a variety theater. A young woman from Provence, of Roman beauty, lively and elegant as a statue of Lysippus, the queen of *Mi-Carême*, threw flowers from the stage at the spectators without saying a word. Why? The carnival speaks to the senses only and a monologue or an aria would add nothing to first-prize beauty. I have mentioned Lysippus in this case, because art also is buried, and it would be difficult to mention a contemporary sculptor. The artist no longer copies or interprets nature; he is called a post-

⁷This word occurs in the original: we do not call it English.—THE EDITOR.

impressionist, a cubist or a futurist, and he follows his sickly imagination, *ægrî somnia*.

"Laugh, Marcial, at my carnivalesque delirium; the celebrated *bal* of the Opéra of this *dancing* capital was opening again for the first time; and, accompanying a tremendous rush that was organized, as is the custom in it, I have come off so bruised that I know not whether I am writing like a sane man or a lunatic. Out of your wisdom judge me according to that practical sense by the use of which you prepare with such scientific cruelty your *haciendas*, which are to be converted into extracts of solid meat to feed anemic Europe.

"I saw in London the race-horse for which you have paid ten thousand guineas. I do not congratulate you; nothing so much stimulates gambling as a blooded horse for the races. Such a horse is nothing more than a playing-card; soon his pure blood disappears in the Argentine environment, and creole qualities reappear; and it is not a source of wealth, but of ruin, to Argentina.

"Your friend,

"LUCILIO."

LETTER II

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"I have traveled from Paris to London in an *aéroplane*. I know nothing more monotonous; one travels without perceiving it, like a box of merchandise, and as is done for it, the traveler will soon have to pay according to his weight. I took a walk in Regent street, which is our Calle de Florida, and out of curiosity I entered a bureau of advertising and information opened by a Buenos Aires journalistic enterprise. As you have complained, Marcial, of the quality of paper used in the printing establishments, I desired to satisfy my natural curiosity; for rarely do the great oriflammes of our press reach my hands, and the Bonaerensian daily that a friend has had the goodness to send me is so small that in its dwarf's ambition it has chosen as a motto '*multum in parvo*'. Not without reason do you complain, friend Marcial, of the diffusion of ideas, after having reached, exhausted, the last page of your great daily newspaper. Follow my example—'*multum, non multa*'—and pardon so much Latin.

"Yes; the paper seemed to me inferior; but I have observed the same in respect of other Argentine publications; and you must have been in a very bad humor when you wrote to me, for you had put on gloves to read your gazette, a surprising thing in an *estanciero*. I noted, among other absences, that of foreign news, and in spite of the increase in price of Argentine news to compensate for this absence, and the well known diminution in subscriptions and sales, I considered logical the rumor that our great dailies, like many in London, had begun to lose money.

"People read little to-day, Marcial, in Europe; books are on the decline; and authors turn porters to keep from dying of hunger. Sports attract the multitude in London and Paris, and *foot-ball*⁸ has never brought in greater returns. At night good society—as well as 'the other'—gathers to listen to the imbecilities of the *music-halls*:⁹ to laugh, to forget and, above all, not to think. One always hears that London and Paris continue to lead in scientific discoveries and that they are only remiss in the application of them. I hope it may be true.

"Does it not seem to you, Marcial, that the moment has come in which we South Americans ought to pronounce a moderate criticism on aged Europe, although she has never been moderate with us? In Paris, that machine that triturates the rich South American and returns him to his country converted into pulp, they called us *rastacueros*,⁹ and remember the congress of Versailles and the nations of 'limited interest.'

"How much the European journalist has made of our revolutions and wars, *pour rire*, in spite of the fact that—as Pacheco y Obes, the general of the siege of Montevideo, said, in a tribunal of Paris—they could die in them as well as the people of Europe, and no one could say more.

"We might apply the law of retaliation,

⁸English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

⁹*Rastacuero*: from the French *rastaquouère*, a corruption of the Hispanic-American *rastracueros*, from *rastrar*, "to drag," and *cuero*, "leather;" first, a person that has made a fortune in the leather trade; second, a person, usually a foreigner, who is very ostentatious and whose resources are doubtful; and, third, by extension, a captain of industry.—THE EDITOR.

but the South American is magnanimous toward the foreigner, and we ought merely to limit ourselves to giving good advice to Europeans, hoping that they will listen to us with respect, above all, in the vexatious rôle of director of consciences.

"Do they not continue to interfere, perhaps, with their politicians—above all, great planets like Viviani, or small planets like Guernier—in our public affairs? Our diplomatic corps in London and Paris are not independent. They take part, in the salons and clubs, in European high finance, and this is the first cause of this interference to which I refer, and behind which might often be discovered a Shylock.

"If I represent the march of civilization by an ellipse, I think that we Americans, having 'kept' our civilization, as President Harding said in his great message, find ourselves at the point least removed from the sun of the periphery, and Europe at the opposite extreme. We owe her therefore a little of the fecund warmth that we receive, and our writers will not fail to give her good spiritual counsel when it becomes necessary.

"This independence of ours is new; but after our having withdrawn with much courage and no less opportuneness from the league of nations that meets in Geneva and is the echo of the Europe that I am painting, my good Marcial, we ought not to hesitate to go forward, although it be with danger; for only thus shall we come to be a great people, 'in the full exercise of its sovereignty,' a phrase employed also by Harding in that message.

"Our responsibility will be great; but the 'sentiment of responsibility,' which is the characteristic of mature peoples, will have been born.

"Your friend,

"LUCILIO."

LETTER III

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"I shall recall here your opinion, that we ought not to be very proud of a national constitution that is a faulty plagiarism of that of the United States, for, as we are Latins, our psychology is centralistic, while that of the Teutonic¹⁰ race has always prac-

tised decentralization in politics. The federal system leads to a squandering of budgets; it creates a caste of politicians that know only how to live off the state; and, like you, Marcial, I believe that we ought to return to our ancient mother-country Rome, as has happened in Colombia, by passing from the federal to the unitary system.

"Rome is not dead, according to an English writer, Robert Blatchford; she has prolonged her life in Italy, Spain, the south and center of France, in Roumania, in parts of Belgium and Switzerland and, above all, in the papacy; for, my dear Marcial, we writers are so fickle that we are again beginning to admire the papacy, and although the present pope, who is an excellent vicar, does not speak like the great Gregory VII or Urban VIII, he is beginning to lift his head.

"If I had among my books that history of the popes by Ranke,¹¹ which I have seen in your library and which is so interesting, I should read it again.

"What would you have, Marcial? *Tout arrive*, and the opportunity of the bishops of Rome has come. We were promised, as Venizelos said the other day, a new type of civilization, and we have only seen in its stead the warring interests of the victors, *too much interest*, as Ambassador Carnot himself declared in London. The epoch is sordid, the profiteer merchant, covered with titles, the *mercanti*, whom the president of the 'Bovril' meats company has just called *buccaneer*, and who was below the buccaneers of the past because the latter at least took some risks.

"There has thus been formed an aristocracy of the adventitious, which takes the lead in pleasure and prodigality in the theaters, restaurants and casinos; and the worst of it all is that the old aristocracy, poor and demoralized, follows and imitates them. That democracy, so boasted during the war, begins to be eclipsed; there is a quest for dignities that will render us exclusive and keep us at a certain distance from our less favored fellows; and, paren-

dently had in mind to say "Anglo-Saxon."—THE EDITOR.

¹¹Leopold von Ranke: *Die Römischen Päpste in den letzten vier Jahrhunderten*, Leipzig, 1874.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁰We translate the word used in the original, as it was the author's, although we recognize that he evi-

thetically, I must tell you, Marcial, that the president of the company of our southern railway has been made a baronet.

"Do you think you will be able to obtain here and there a greater influence in order to induce a new increase in the tariffs? And you perhaps ask regarding this, which is one of those reserves due to advantageous exchange in the past, why does not one appeal to those of the railway or to the stockholders, who make money in the bourse, in exchange, by trade and in other ways, and not to the public?"

"I end this letter, Marcial, in a black humor. If what Blatchford asserts is true, that the Latin race in Europe is a continuation of Rome, I ask: And where are the Romans? Do not consider me a hypocrite; do not go imagining that I think a civilization has been lost, like a village priest, because some beautiful women sell their charms publicly, for the same was done in Rome and in Alexandria, and it is practised in Buenos Aires in the full light of day. No; but I do not understand how the regular woman can frequent public balls, side by side with that irregular one, without concluding that society is undermined at its base: that is, the family, the home, respect for childhood and for the honor of the species.

"However, I hasten to inform you that I have just discovered some true Romans. I went to the British museum to calm my neurasthenia in the presence of the grandiose antiquities of Egypt and Nineveh. I had to pass through a long gallery of authentic Romans, with physiognomies like ours, after more than a thousand years: busts and statues of marble. Alas! that to-day we can admire humanity only in marble.

"Your friend,
"LUCILIO."

LETTER IV

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"What a lot I could tell you about things, my dear Marcial! And you would see from them, perhaps, that the culture of present Europe is not exemplary in manners and customs; but this Europe does not grant us in respect of herself the freedom that she takes with us every day in her

press. To narrate what I see would require the pen of a Procopius, the historian of the Byzantine empire, the chronicler of Theodora and her friend Antonia; and, like the contemporaries of Procopius, we in London live, given over to the hippodromes.¹² The assassination of Dato, the conservative liberal Spanish leader, to whom was attributed the hand of iron in a velvet glove, has passed unperceived, and the sensations of the day are the incessant bets that are being made—a thousand pounds, for example—on the great spring race in the Lincoln handicap. Not even the playwright Shaw, in whose eschatological comedies are bandied words that are used only in the slums, can rival the favorite hero, a horse named Corn Sack, whose trials for the famous event are devoured by the public every day.

"It is said that the German plenipotentiaries that came to London to sign the agreements as to indemnities and reparations have left here with the idea that the city is immensely rich, rolling in comforts of every kind. They paid more attention, doubtless, to the extravagance of the expenditures of the millionaires, which still continues, than to these processions of the proletarians, surrounded by police, that have been passing, demanding work, who remind me of the hungry *sansculottes* that preluded the great French revolution. There are more than a million and a half out of work, and, *res sacra miser*, they are to be seen in the railway stations and elsewhere, shaking collection boxes, which have a lugubrious sound, to implore a pittance of the public.

"Wealth is, in modern society, the only object of worship; the socialists, taken symbolically, are like those Titans, who, wishing to conquer Olympus, fought with the gods—the capitalists—and while we are becoming all poor or all rich, the struggle for a coffee *fazenda* in São Paulo, a rubber plantation on the island of Java, where intermediary man appeared, an *bacienda* in the rich forests of El Cauca [Colombia], described by Isaacs in the celebrated novel *María*, or an

¹²In the Hispanic-American countries the word *hipódromo* ("hippodrome") is used to designate a race course.—THE EDITOR.

estancia in Argentina, are ardent human ideals.

"I pronounce in favor of the Bonaerensian *estancia*, Marcial, and I am going to demonstrate its potency. A señora of Buenos Aires—and this is an expression made use of by a London newspaper—has just given in London a "soirée," the magnificence of which is the gossip of this capital. Her husband is the British minister of foreign relations, a man of physical beauty and great talent, but less endowed with wealth; and to this festival gathered all the cosmopolitan magnates that are to be found at this moment in the English metropolis, making treaties and unmaking them, to devour or not to let themselves be devoured; for the surface of the earth will always be a battle-field, like the bottom of the ocean whence it arose.

"Now this great lady, who is the queen of London society, is the proprietor of one of the most beautiful Argentine *estancias*, that of "Duggan;" and it is related that on that night a fabulous sum was spent.

"When are you coming, Marcial, you that only out of modesty call your *estancia* "La Devastada" ["The Devastated"], to take a turn here? Like the old English aristocracy, the half of whose incomes, more or less, is absorbed by taxes, you complain of your poverty. If you must marry, I promise you at least a baroness, for a rich *estanciero* is only a little less than a king.

"Your friend,
"LUCILIO."

LETTER V

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"Let me write you a few lines about our South America and her relations with Europe. Believe me, Marcial, Europe can no longer do without South America, and she is convinced of the necessity of uniting the destinies of the two continents. For some time I have been thinking, Marcial, that another war is in store for South America, with a local conflict in the first place.

"For some time Europe has been beginning to render herself independent of the virtual Yankee protectorate: Italy has recognized, in advance of the United States, the government of Obregón in México; a

British cruiser, the *Cambrian*, has appeared off the coast of Panamá and Costa Rica; suggestive rumors fill the air, of an alliance between Chile and Japan and of large Anglo-Japanese capital invested in Chilean nitrates.

"So well is it understood, Marcial, that war engenders war, instead of imposing peace, that the present league of nations will probably remain as an organism of the allied and associated nations themselves, and that preparations for war, according to the press, will always continue in England and France.

"The next great war will be of chemists against chemists, and Chilean nitrate will play a great part, as it did from 1914 until 1918. The allies trembled for the shipments of nitrates, exposed, as they were, to the lurking German submarines and cruisers.

"Only because of diffidence did Chile refrain from declaring that it was she that won the great war, because she had a certain right.

"On what can the Europe of to-day depend save on South America? Europe's economic condition is such that only England, among the recent belligerents, is paying her expenses from her revenues. This country, in which one can have confidence which even to-day has the courage to grant Egypt the independence she promised her—also an act of magnanimity—lives by her exports of coal and the products of her factories; but so much has this commerce diminished that it is insignificant with India, now become a great manufacturing country; meager with America; and almost negligible with Scandinavia and eastern Europe, without taking into account the lost market of sixty million Germans, twenty million Austro-Hungarians and a hundred and eight million Russians.

"South America is an inestimable market that is only beginning to be developed, one that Europe can not do without and one for which it is possible she will stake everything at no remote day.

"Of what are the South American people thinking? We in our country are the only ones that know, Marcial, since she is the only country that the bureaucracies have not been able to muzzle. Bear in mind,

Marcial, when you hear opinions about South America, that they are almost always expressed by authority by diplomats or politicians, that is, by functionaries that must obey the oligarchies that pay them. I remember that the people once made a pronouncement in a conflict which took place between a North American syndicate and the Bolivian government, and my surprise still continues, Marcial, that the people pronounced in favor of the syndicate, so tired are we of these ignorant politicians, narrow, sordid and so little patriotic, who in South America, as in Spain, are the true cause of all the decadence and ruin.

"Pause for a second with me in the presence of Colombia. She has an open wound through which she is breathing, the Panamá canal, which, after all, as has been said, gave freedom to the world. What does Colombia wish of the United States? She wishes, as the theologians say, contrition of heart and satisfaction in works; she wishes a declaration of '*mea culpa*,' and five million pounds sterling. Now Panamá was a state wrested from Colombia, always in dispute with the government of Bogotá. Why did not President Reyes defend it, even with the last drop of his blood, as he proclaimed to the world? Because he did not speak with sincerity; because it was perhaps better to make a good trade with that always rebellious state of Panamá. (It has already been done).

"The truth is that in Colombia was broken the Spanish-American tradition of defending one's own soil to the last extremity, as was seen in Buenos Aires during the reconquest; and on the Pacific in the case of Chile and Perú; in Venezuela, against the European blockade; in Nicaragua, against Walker's buccaneers; and in México, against the United States; for México, although she lost the provinces [states], has always upheld with her blood the haughtiness of the Latin race of South America in the presence of the Teutonic [*sic*!] race of North America.

"What will the Colombian oligarchies do with those five million pounds sterling? Will they convert them into benefits for the Colombian nation? It is true that it has been proposed that a special commission

shall administer these funds. Apart from the protests of Colombian officialdom, we do not know what the noble Colombian nation, whose personality is usurped by the politicians, feels and thinks regarding questions so closely bound up with her destiny.

"Your friend,
"LUCILIO."

LETTER VI

"MY DEAR MARCIAL:

"Among the small personages of history—perhaps the most interesting ones—figures Cagliostro, or, under another name, Giuseppe Balsamo, to whom, in spite of his impostures—for he possessed all the secrets of magic, the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, the water of beauty—a great English writer devoted several articles: for Cagliostro fled from Paris to London, accused of complicity in that celebrated scandal of the necklace of Queen Marie Antoinette; and in that metropolis he busied himself with painting in the blackest of colors the court of Louis XVI. Will you believe me, Marcial, when I say that I have read that Cagliostro or Balsamo or Marquis Pellegrini, always fleeing secretly from capital to capital, cherished the intention of seeking refuge in Buenos Aires, where later was discovered a part of the necklace mentioned?

"That was the Buenos Aires of 1785, still governed in the name of the king, but already rich and attracting the adventurers of the world.

"The fops of the times that surrounded the viceroys had taken to visiting Paris, and I recall a great-uncle of mine that had ruined himself in Europe and who, incapable of any kind of work, passed whole days in the *Confetería del Gallo* in Buenos Aires, recounting his adventures. This exodus of rich Argentines to the beautiful capital of France continued until 1914. Paris attracted them, held them spell-bound, as the serpent the first man, and not the Argentines alone, but also the wealthy Mexicans, Brazilians, Colombians and Chileans have consumed in the Sardanapolesque bonfire of the 'city of light' the surface riches of their respective countries: the diamonds of Brazil, the revenues

of the Argentine *estancias*, the guano of Perú, the gold, silver and precious stones of México and Colombia.

"Some of our Parisian *estancieros* did not abandon the colt-skin boot, in the figurative sense, and hence their nickname of *raslacueros* or of *rastas*, simply, now a mere survival, because the colt-skin boot has disappeared.

"In this season of the winter of 1921 have been seen many Englishmen at Cannes, many North Americans at Nice, the same cosmopolitan and rueful multitude at Monte Carlo; but the South American remains in his country, better appreciating it for the first time, passing the time in touring South America. It is a new migratory evolution toward the splendid Rio de Janeiro, the climate of Paraguay, the *punas* of Bolivia, the lakes of the Andes, the strait of Magellan and even those mountains of Colombia in which were lost the treasures of the Incas of Perú, the chains of solid gold that encircled the great palace of the emperors of Cuzco, for which the North Americans are out hunting.

"Countries like Argentina that are beginning to be populated ought to make protectionists of themselves, in order to guard their independence. Protectionism is sterility; it causes misery; but it is the best shield of nationality; and this occurs to me in respect of this other migratory movement of the higher classes of European society to our South American continent, as the alternative for the contrary current that I have mentioned and that seems to have stopped. I run over with interest the lists of passengers on the boats of the Royal Mail Steam Packet company bound for Brazil and Argentina, and in them I find beside a marquis of ancient lineage, such as Queensberry, a viscount of recent creation, such as Saint David, president of that railway company of the Pacific, which

forms part of the immense combination that is being created by the president of the great railway of the south, including the petroliferous region of Rivadavia.

"The Buenos Aires of 1950 will be portentous, Marcial: probably a rival of New York, a Sirius among the city stars; and you can not deny, Marcial, that we writers, the small personalities of history, are the ones that have fashioned it. For to contemporaries we shall always be heretics, and as to remuneration, *de minimis non curat prætor*.

"Our criticism, our individuality, does us a great deal of harm; but it is liberty of conscience whence has sprung the new South American state, combating right based on might, fraud on simulation, challenging oppressive authority, in spite of its persecutions, and creating a new life.

"Somber indeed is the drama of the independent writer, whom you, Marcial, who pasture magnificent flocks, ought to view with pity.

"The new social classes that are going to South America carry ideas that are deemed reactionary in the Europe of today. The league of nations of Geneva is considered reactionary. Universal suffrage ought therefore, Marcial, to be the *New Testament* of South America; for it is the right to pass judgment on the state, which, in the last analysis, is often no more than a government house full of intrigues and attacks on freedom. A government under such circumstances does not desire judges, and suffrage is restricted or the liberty of the writer is impaired, or, indeed, the church, taking a hand in politics, presents itself in opposition to liberty, because all authority comes from God, and only it has access to the Deity.

"Your friend,
"LUCILIO."



INDIGENOUS INDUSTRIES AND THE POTTERY OF TEOTIHUACÁN

EDITORIAL

An allusion to the general industrial conditions of México and to a possible method of developing certain primitive handicrafts, rather than a discussion of the indigenous industries of the country.—THE EDITOR.

THE development of modern industries in México is, let what will be said, so slow and subject to such vicissitudes that those that seemed to be flourishing have suddenly disappeared. Their disappearance has been due to many causes, and we make no attempt to discuss them authoritatively. We merely comment on one of these causes, which is perhaps the most important at the present time.

Since the great war, all the nations have centered their efforts on industrial production, perfecting their merchandise surprisingly and cheapening it to an incredible degree.

Shall we, who have always been and are to-day more than ever, microscopic industrials, be able to stay the avalanche of products that are sent to us at prices inconceivably low by many nations that have been manufacturers for centuries? Certainly not! Of course, we can set up prohibitive fiscal barriers against importation; but the remedy would be worse than the disease, because, in the first place, we should be obliged to lead a primitive existence, for to live without foreign industrial products would be not to live. In the second place, the offended nations would take revenge by not buying raw materials from us, and such a policy would curtail our exports and would bring with it a sudden national paralysis. Is the remedy for this condition to be found in smothering our industrial production and in opposing the establishment of new modern industries? We believe that the existing industries ought to be fostered by falling and getting up again—to use the common saying—without, of course, placing an excessive burden on similar foreign products, as this would work injury to the people in general, however much it might benefit two or three

or twenty industrials. As to the establishment of new industries, we should be very cautious; above all, in respect of those that require thorough scientific knowledge and great technical skill. Proceeding otherwise, we should expose ourselves to ridicule.

On the other hand, there is a way to do something practical for the national industry, but, unfortunately, this something may not be understood, or there may be no desire to understand it on the part of those that are afflicted with industrial *Europeanism*. We refer to the typical industries, mainly to the indigenous ones, which have always had and will always have an open market in México and abroad, in spite of the wretched industrial methods of production and sale that have been followed. For example, the straw hats of Oaxaca and Puebla, which are so widely used outside of the cities in the United States, constitute an item of relative importance among our exports and which could be made a hundred times more productive if more modern methods were used in the collection of the palm leaves, in the manufacture of the hats and in packing and sending them to ports of outlet; but neither the unhappy Indian that gathers the leaves for miserable wages nor the one that carries them on his back nor the one that weaves nor even the merchant himself that sells the hats obtains an adequate return for his labor, and, above all, the first three are underpaid. Much the same might be said of fabrics, embroideries, pottery, repoussé work and many other manufactures.

However, we must proceed with caution in attempting to promote the indigenous industries, lest we produce disastrous results, as has happened in the case of persons of good faith who, while desiring to improve these industries, modernized them to such a extent that, although their me-

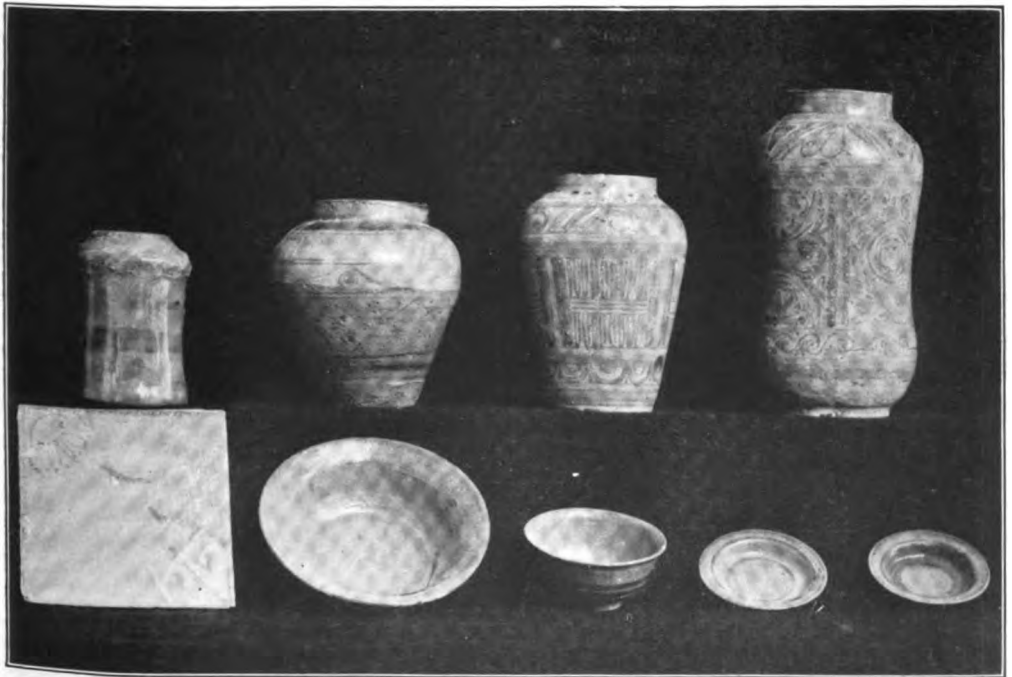


PLATE I. MODERN ENAMELED POTTERY MADE AT SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACÁN
(An industry established in the region by the Dirección de Antropología of México)



PLATE 2. MODERN ENAMELED POTTERY MADE AT SAN JUAN TEOTIHUACÁN
(An industry established in the region by the Dirección de Antropología of México)

mechanical production was beyond reproach, they lost, on the other hand, their typical character. As a result, in spite of their being very well made, they were of a hybrid and unattractive appearance, which naturally caused the failure of the industry to which we allude, above all, abroad, where only the artistic originality of the indigenous products is appreciated and esteemed.

Bearing in mind the ideas just set forth, the Dirección de Antropología, attached to the Secretaría de Agricultura y Fomento, has undertaken the establishment of industries in the valley of Teotihuacán, among which may be mentioned that of pottery.

The potters of the region possess not a little aptitude, transmitted from generation to generation for many centuries; but, unfortunately, the isolation in which they have lived has rendered the forms and glazing of their pottery very defective, although what they produce is decorated with great beauty and originality; hence they have confined themselves to the manufacture of the lower grades, that is, vessels decorated with black on the natural color of the clay. The glazing has salts of lead as its base. It is a pottery, in short, similar to the inferior kind that is sold in the markets of the capital.

Bearing all this in mind, as likewise the taste which, in this respect, characterizes the numerous foreigners and Mexicans

that visit the pyramids that exist in the region, there has been established a public workshop for gratuitous theoretical and practical instruction, in which has been manufactured enameled polychrome pottery, which in some ways presents more originality than that of Talavera in Puebla, as its decorations do not show, like those of that city, a foreign influence, but are characterized by motives and models treasured in the minds of the regional potters from remote times. In short, the artistic personality of the pottery was respected, but the technic of production was perfected by the construction of adequate ovens, the development of clays of different colors and of fusing materials, and, besides, regional potters were sent to the factories of Puebla for practice under competent masters.

The Secretaría de Industria y Comercio is trying on its part to direct wisely the development of the typical industries and it has given enthusiastic support to the labors of the Dirección de Antropología.

The result is flattering, but the limited product turned out is not sufficient to supply the demand. In the exposition of the Dirección de Antropología may be seen models of this pottery (plates 1 and 2). If this industry is successfully established, as has been said, the people will proceed to foster other industries, such as the manufacture of yarns, fabrics, ropes and bags of maguey fiber [*benequén*], et cetera.



THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA

BY

LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ

I. The influence of the philosophical ideas of the French revolution on America.—II. The character of the Spanish universities and their influence on America.—III. The culture of the people after independence.—IV. The influence of the neighboring peoples.—V. Immigration and culture.—VI. European influence, beginning with 1830.—VII. The influence of the Central American countries.—VIII. General factors that contributed to the progress of the country.

I

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PHILOSOPHICAL IDEAS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION ON AMERICA

WHEN the Hispanic-American colonies became independent states, after throwing off the Spanish yoke, two varieties of ideas directly influenced the method of organizing public instruction in these countries. On the one hand, there was European neo-humanism, represented by the works of the French Encyclopedists—Diderot, Montesquieu, d'Alembert, Voltaire and Rousseau—whose philosophical ideas, after having transformed the social and political institutions of Europe, crossed the seas and contributed to awaken the consciousness of the youthful peoples of America. The proclamation of the principle of sovereignty and universal suffrage in Rousseau's *Du contrat social*; the study of the nature of governments in Montesquieu's *Esprit des lois*; the fiery discourses of the tribunes of the French revolution; and the wise and liberal provisions of Carlos III in Spain, constituted the sources of inspiration whence the nascent republics of America drew their political institutions.

On the other hand, the declaration of principles of the congress of Philadelphia, which conferred sovereignty on the thirteen British colonies, and the elaboration of the constitution of the United States, effected under the inspiration of Washington, served as models for the constitutions of the liberated colonies, and when representative popular government was set up in

them, they established the bases of the democratic character of public education.

The politico-pedagogical ideas of the members of the French convention—Daunou, Lanthenay, Fourcroy, Talleyrand, Lakanal, Condorcet—exercised a wholesome influence on the constituents of America sent to the *cortes* of Cádiz and gave to the continent of Columbus a constitution based on the philosophical ideas that had stirred Europe. The constitution promulgated on March 19, 1812, demanded the ability to read and write, as a condition for being a Spanish citizen, and as such an elector and eligible to office: an indirect means of rendering education obligatory. One of the articles—the ninth—provided for the establishment of primary schools in all the towns of the monarchy and for the creation of such universities and other establishments of instruction as might be deemed proper. It stipulated that the plan of instruction should be uniform for the whole kingdom; that there should be a director-general of education, to supervise public instruction, under the authority of the government; and that the *cortes* should organize this important branch by means of special plans and studies. This article concluded by establishing, in its last section—that is, the sixth, which corresponds to the three hundred and seventy-first of the constitution—the freedom of Spaniards to write, print and publish their political ideas.

Those *cortes*, which abolished proofs of nobility for admission to the military schools and corporal punishment in correctional and educational institutions, ordained that schools of agriculture should be

founded in the provincial capitals, that cheap primers should be prepared and that a committee should be appointed to present a general plan of studies that would improve the previous legislation and the ancient methods.

As the great events of the French revolution developed, the pedagogical tendencies of philosophy were more and more accentuated in Europe. These tendencies—already initiated in the sixteenth century in the philosophical writings of Erasmus, Bacon, Vives, Rabelais, Montaigne, Descartes, Comenius, Malebranche, Spinoza, Locke and Franck, and in such moderns as Condillac, Diderot, Helvétius, Kant, Rousseau, Fichte, Schleiermacher and the philosophers of the convention, Daunou, Lakanal, Fourcroy and Condorcet—prepared the concept of education in its scientific value until it should be raised to this category by the inspiration of Pestalozzi, Froebel, Herbart, Spencer, Bain and the other writers of a later period. These ideas, of an essentially scientific character, formed the minds of the future educators of America that participated in the organization of the educational institutions of this continent.

The religious environment in which Spain moved, the theocratic spirit that dominated her policy, hindered the intellectual Europeanization of the mother-country; and hence the scientific and philosophical movement which, from the fifteenth century, culminated throughout Europe, was retarded in Spain by the mentality of men of antiquated ideas, trained in a school in no wise favorable to the progress of culture. Nevertheless, by the end of the eighteenth century the philosophical ideas that came from the neighboring France and the progressive political thought of the English constitutions penetrated some of the Spanish institutions until they assumed an effective form in the provisions of Carlos III and the liberative movement promoted by the *cortes* of Cádiz in 1812.

Two pedagogical tendencies of considerable importance attracted the attention of Europe in that period: the pedagogical inspiration of Pestalozzi and the systems of monitorial teaching of Andrew Bell and

Joseph Lancaster. The pedagogical doctrines of Pestalozzi, which had spread in France and Denmark, reached Spain in 1806, and the Real Instituto Pestalozziano Militar was soon formed under the direction of Voitel. The fundamental works of Pestalozzi were translated into Spanish, and the *A B C de la visión intuitiva* was added to the Spanish pedagogical literature. That seed, watered in Spain by Voitel, did not fall on barren soil, and soon the Spanish laws themselves, copied afterward by the American nations, found inspiration in the principles of the educator of Yverdon.

Bell and Lancaster's system of monitorial teaching had as its field of activity France, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Germany and the United States of America, as well as certain European possessions in Asia, Africa and Oceania. This system was introduced into Spain by the captain of the regiment of Malaga, a Mr. Kearny, who had been studying it from 1816 in the schools of London and Paris.

Pestalozzi's ideas were propagated by his disciples, and especially by Froebel. His doctrines were diffused in America by means of the publications of Horace Mann and the North American educators that followed him, who succeeded afterward in spreading them in South America through the instrumentality of the educators Domingo Faustino Sarmiento and José Pedro Varela.

The Lancasterian system was introduced into South America by the noble efforts of Simón Bolívar. Lancaster, summoned to America by the great South American genius, went to Colombia, where the Liberator not only provided means for the development of his plans, but also aided him with 20,000 *pesos*, that he might found schools in Caracas, as he had established them in Colombia. The celebrated educator had secured the aid of a Mr. Thompson, an enthusiastic British philanthropist, who not only aided him with his valuable coöperation, but, carried away by Lancaster's system, became the most ardent of the leader's partizans. Thompson made the round of many of the cities of Colombia, Ecuador and Perú, establishing schools of

that kind in Bogotá, Popayán, Quito, Lima and in the region of the upper Amazon.

In 1820 Mr. Thompsom went to Buenos Aires and introduced there the Lancasterian system as the director of schools of this kind. Invited to go to Uruguay, he was unable to accept the invitation; he sent in his stead the illustrious professor don José Catalá y Codina, to whom were intrusted the founding and organizing of a school for boys according to the British system.¹

Being propagated now throughout South America, from Greater Colombia to Buenos Aires, the Lancasterian system next made its way to Central America, where it enjoyed especial popularity during the remaining two-thirds of the nineteenth century.

II

THE CHARACTER OF THE SPANISH UNIVERSITIES AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON AMERICA

IN THE colonial period the Spanish universities stamped their tendency and spirit on like centers established in America. The universities of México, Guatemala, León, Santa Fe de Bogotá, Lima and Córdoba modeled their organization on the classic universities of Spain. All the Hispanic-American university centers during the colonial regimen, as well as those others that date from the first half of the last century, possess the same medieval intellectual characteristics as the universities of the mother-country. These institutions were essentially religious and conservative centers in which special prominence was given to ecclesiastical studies and the philosophy of the second scholasticism, the dominator of the Spanish theocracy, with its bookish and mnemotechnic system and a narrow spirit burdened with preoccupations and routines that did not lend themselves in the slightest to stimulating scientific investigation. Its learning had become crystallized in traditional formulas, with the essentially mnemonic methods of the veriest scholasticism

and the system of cyclical teaching and dogmatism of the Peninsular cloisters. Under such circumstances the Hispanic-American university existed without the stimulus of philosophical and scientific culture to which European investigation gave prominence in its educational institutions.

Among the principal grounds of complaint that the peoples of America had against the government of their Peninsular mother-country, according to don Joaquín V. González, in his publication *La enseñanza pública hasta 1810*, was the complete neglect of public instruction, understood in the sense in which this term is used by every civilized society, that is, the general instruction of the masses.

Where did the young people that afterward attended the secondary or higher colleges and universities learn to read? Primary instruction was given:

1. In the homes themselves of the well-to-do, by teachers paid by them, or by members of these homes.

2. In the monasteries and convents, with the single condition that primary and secondary instruction should, naturally, be based on the doctrine, interests and requirements of the Catholic church and be subject to all the canonical limitations and prohibitions and the special ones applicable to the case, which the laws of the Indies were charged with sanctioning, confirming and causing to be fulfilled.

3. In the parochial houses annexed to the village churches, generally by the lesser clergy, sacristans or servitors of the churches themselves.

4. Finally, from the later years of the eighteenth century, in the schools that we shall call "fiscal," maintained by the revenues of the town or the commune, this in such rare cases that we hardly find reference to them; because the several authorities were little or not at all concerned with promoting this branch of their government of which they hardly had an idea.

That instruction given in the primary schools constituted the only manifestation of intellectual life, characterized, as it was, indeed, by its religious spirit. Around instrumental knowledge—reading, writing and arithmetic—revolved religious instruction and practice as the principal object of teaching. Pedagogical methods and procedures were unknown. The teacher never

¹Orestes Araujo: "Historia de la escuela uruguayana," *Anales de instrucción primaria*, Montevideo, year ix, volume ix, pages 393-395.

imagined it necessary to be acquainted with the pedagogical theory in order to teach the branches that constituted elementary education. No teacher considered that, apart from the possession of knowledge, anything else was required of him. His only knowledge was that of teaching; he was ignorant of anything else; nor did the school demand more. The slight knowledge that was to be imparted did not demand of the teacher that he should adopt teaching as a profession.

The disciplinary practice was based on punishment, and the prevalent method of teaching consisted in the continuous exercise of the memory. All the procedures were mnemonic: the unconscious repetition of rules, words and phrases for the acquisition of the branches of knowledge—which did not extend beyond writing, reading, arithmetic, religion, morality and urbanity—applied with Catoic severity. The manner of teaching was collective. The lessons in all these subjects were repeated together by the pupils under the immediate vigilance and direction of the master.

Such was the rudimentary teaching that was imparted in the schools of the colonial period, denominated "schools of first letters." Their functioning was irregular. Such schools existed when the resources of the *cabildos*² or *ayuntamientos*³ rendered their maintenance possible, or when several neighbors could conveniently join in the payment of a teacher.⁴

The commercial motives that induced the maintenance of the monopoly of Spanish products in America; the isolation in which the Spanish colonies were kept in respect of the European countries and of themselves, in order to prevent all commerce save with the mother-country; the restrictive laws as to the diffusion of books throughout the new continent; and the theocratic spirit of the Spanish government, which directed religious thought in

harmony with the designs of the Catholic sovereigns alone, retarded culture in America, causing to be felt in the colonies, not only the absence of the scientific and philosophical thought of Europe, but also what Spain only could give us: the palpitations of her literary life, which attained to such brilliancy in its epoch and whose poetry afterward inspired so many ideals and broadened so many horizons.

Such is, rapidly sketched, the intellectual inheritance that America received from Europe before the occurrence of the events that bore on the independence of the different colonial regions. That culture might have influenced the colonies that possessed some means of communication, although in an illicit manner, with the European nations, apart from the metropolis; but in a country such as ours, owing to the isolation in which she existed and the poorness of her soil, which did not attract the agents of culture, education was limited to the purely rudimentary teaching that was imparted in the so-called "schools of first letters."

If, indeed, some of the Hispanic-American nations owed much of their culture to European countries, other than the mother-country, Costa Rica received her great contribution of culture during two-thirds of the last century from Spanish civilization. This influence came to her, directly, from Spain, with the adoption of her laws, the importation of school texts and the introduction of professors under contract; she received Spanish culture, indirectly, through the universities of Guatemala and León, to which centers the Costa Rican youth repaired for their studies.

A part of the colonial legislation, in that which dealt with the municipal organism, continued in force in Costa Rica, even after the declaration of governmental autonomy. The organization of the *ayuntamientos* of 1812 in the constitution of Cádiz persisted among us for several years. The last of the municipal ordinances, issued after 1828, if they did not constitute a transcript of Spanish legislation, did not on this account lose the spirit of those Peninsular laws.

As instruction was intrusted to the *ayuntamientos* after the promulgation of the constitution of Cádiz, and as this practice

²*Cabildo*: municipal corporation, one of its meetings or the place where it meets.—THE EDITOR.

³Corporations, composed of the *alcalde* or mayor and several *concejales* or aldermen, for the administration of the civil business of cities or towns.—THE EDITOR.

⁴Luis Felipe González: *Historia del desenvolvimiento intelectual de Costa Rica en la época del colonaje*, San José, Costa Rica, 1914, page 30.

was adhered to in the authority conferred on the municipalities by the later laws, the earlier organization possessed a municipal character. That incipient culture—imparted by the *ayuntamientos* in the so-called "schools of first letters"—of reading, writing, arithmetic and Christian doctrine, although deficient, yet supplied to all the social classes without restrictions of any kind, was the origin of the democratic character of our teaching, and the beginning of Costa Rican public instruction.

III

THE CULTURE OF THE PEOPLE AFTER INDEPENDENCE

THE political events which, in September, 1821, brought as a consequence the freeing of the Central American provinces from Spanish dominion, at the same time that they ushered in a period of liberty for Central America, also opened the intellectual horizon of these peoples, and, together with the birth of these new institutions, culture, based on ideals of liberty, was developed.

That Costa Rica might set up her own government, she instituted the Junta Superior Gubernativa, which, from November, 1821, until September, 1824, was intrusted with the supreme direction of the affairs of the country. That governmental régime—which, according to the saying of one of the cultivators of national history,⁵ was productive of patriotic efforts for the preservation of peace and order, for the prevention of anarchy, of which there was a menace, and for the consolidation of the regimen of a permanent government—not only strove to develop the industries, but it also devoted its attention to fostering the education of the people by soliciting foreign aid in organizing our incipient public instruction.

A state of prosperity is to be observed in this period. Under the shelter of the new institutions, the economic activities of the country attained to a high degree of development. The restrictions placed by the Spanish government on commerce and the industries being removed, economic life

developed freely and new enterprises broadened our activities.

At that time flourished the mining industry, which stirred the national life of the country and stimulated immigration from abroad. The frequent arrival on our shores of small vessels, to transport to the United States and to the countries of Europe the products of our mines, promoted commercial relations with those lands and afforded us an opportunity to appreciate the progress attained by their peoples.⁶

From the beginning of the mining industry, we have had among us men filled with energy, who, in taking up their abode among us, have been active agents of progress. From those times are recalled Richard Trevithick,⁷ Ramón Pomerol, John Dent, Jacques Millet, Manuel Dutarty, Buenaventura Espinach, Manuel CACHEDA, Esteban Xatruch, Manuel and Jorge Peinado, Dominic Matthey, François Giralt, Juan Baltar, Benjamin Phillips, Pedro Iglesias and others besides, who became for Costa Ricans examples of labor and initiative, agents that transmitted the good ideas and the culture of the European continent.

Fresh elements of progress were imported, and the people of the nation entered new paths of culture. That was a period in which our men, being better prepared economically, made their first trips to the European continent, and, in contact with the nations of that continent, they informed themselves of their progress and introduced new enterprises in the country.

The restrictive laws established by the Spanish government and the limitedness of the economic possibilities of our provinces, as well as the severe measures applied to the introducers of books, prevented the existence in the country of any manifestation of intellectual life. When relations were opened with the Old World, the

⁵As to the developemnt of the mining industry, see the introduction to the report by Doctor don Ernesto Mellis: "Las minas del Monte Aguacate y las costas," *Anales del Instituto Físico-Geográfico Nacional*, San José, Costa Rica, 1890, volume iii, number 2, pages 203, 220.

⁷Regarding the life of Captain Trevithick, see the *Life of Richard Trevithick, with an account of his inventions*, London and New York, 1872, volume ii, chapter 13.

⁶Francisco María Iglesias: *Documentos relativos a la independencia*, volume iii, page 1.

introduction of the first scientific, philosophical, literary and religious works by distinguished Spanish, English, French and North American authors was begun. In the libraries of some of our men⁸ had already appeared, as harbingers of European intellectual life, the literary works of Ovid, Seneca, Vergil, Horace, Cervantes, Calderón, Lope, Garcilaso de la Vega, et cetera; the philosophical works of Suárez, Muratón, Montesquieu, Roselli, Majencio, Varela, Malebranche, Lugdunense; the legal works of Flangieri, Álvarez, Destutt de Tracy; the ethical works of Franklin, Pascal, those of Father Mariana and *The Holy Bible*; and many others that came to improve the minds of many of the men of that time.

Among the European immigrants that came to the country were some professors of English and French, who inducted the young intellectuals into their apprenticeships in these languages and with whose aid they thus succeeded in translating foreign literary and scientific works⁹ into Spanish. There came also at that time a commercial traveler for a North American house, Cotheal and company, who established connections with the commerce of Costa Rica. He brought among his articles for sale several works by North American and European writers.

The spread of books assumed such proportions that in May, 1832, the first prohibitive law that dealt with the introduction of books that attacked the dogma of the church was recorded. That law was the first reaction against the intellectual movement caused by the economic success of the mining industry. The result of that success was the introduction of the first printing-press, which, in 1830, initiated a new intellectual movement for Costa Rica with the publication of the works of national and European writers. *El Noticioso Universal*, which marked the dawn of Cost Rican journalism, was struck from that press, and in that periodical were published the first literary efforts of our intellectuals.

⁸Those of Joaquín de Iglesias and don Rafael Francisco Osejo.

⁹In 1814 a Monsieur Langer, a Frenchman, was professor of French in Cartago.

IV

THE INFLUENCE OF THE NEIGHBORING PEOPLES

ALL the culture of the period of Spanish government was confined to the scant knowledge supplied by the schools of first letters, random classes in Latin and Spanish grammar that were conducted by certain priests in the towns of San José, Cartago and Heredia and the courses of the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás. With this limited opportunity for culture, the men that the country needed for the discharge of the public functions of government could not be trained.

In June, 1824, in an extended exposition, signed by "La Tertulia Patriótica," we are informed in the following terms of the small number of persons that filled public offices. It runs:

Since this province, along with the sister provinces, was subject to foreign dominion, and while its representation was still so meager, the lack of culture was very perceptible; it was always in want of a lawyer to direct and even to give being to the scanty administration that had been left by the colonial system in charge of its interests, so that they were always at the arbitrary disposal of military prigs, idiots, spendthrifts and tyrants without opposition; the public exchequer, replenished always by the taxation of unhappy citizens, exacted even at the prejudice of their natural sustenance, was the fortune that those placemen prodigally dissipated; the administration of justice, which is the only consolation of the oppressed of society, was, on the contrary, the exterminating dagger with which humanity was more afflicted and despotism more protected; industry and commerce, far from being stimulated, were burdened and their products usurped by those who, by the gifts of nature and in spite of great obstacles, undertook them.

This is sufficient to show the misery into which we were plunged for the simple want of a jurisconsult, whom even the least of the other provinces did not have to do without, and for whom we have insensibly extended ourselves; for this is not the principal branch in which we were lacking; because, in truth, either of the other branches is in every sense an incalculable need; among them, I shall note briefly medicine, the lack of which has caused the decimation of our population, which ought to be immense, and has caused it to decline from the remotest times

of our enslavement; and mineralogy, for the want of which the rich treasures of which nature has made us the possessors have been so long hidden. We have nothing to say of the modern sciences, nor even of philosophy, the knowledge of which began ages ago and is disseminated throughout the earth.

Finally, Christian and moral maxims, which we could not do without in our education, are taught in a hazy and obscure manner that plunges us more and more every day into timidity and slavery. There still exist to-day lamentable evidences of this truth in the fanaticism and illusions that are to be encountered in the majority of our towns; but it would be an interminable task to make a prospectus of our condition in those times. Let us turn our eyes to the present, in which we have fallen on happier days. Let us point out the means of upholding our independence, and we shall find that, after a wise constitution, we are in need of wealth and a strong public opinion; for the former, much commerce, industry and economy; for the latter, many and powerful agents, wise and cultured in all branches; skilful soldiers, deeply versed in mathematics; expert mining operators, with adequate technical knowledge; competent political agents, economists and publicists; physicians, statesmen and artists, whose education ought to be based on principles in any independent state. Finally, public opinion, which is the fundamental basis of our system, can not flourish if it be not founded on the principles of wholesome philosophy, while the most of the people are now lacking in the simplest knowledge of this important subject; but our situation hereabouts is so diabolical that the government and the public agents even lack expeditious clerks to administer the affairs of their offices; and our political progress is not a little retarded by this want and the one that is experienced by the curious readers of certain districts who, informing themselves of the public documents and decrees, might explain them to the people, thus preventing the great evils and worry caused us by the misunderstanding of them.

The preceding lines are the best revelation of the intellectual state of the first years that succeeded the attainment of independence. If, indeed, as was said at the beginning, in the period of our political freedom the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás functioned for more than a luster as the only center of higher learning, that institution had not yet yielded all the fruits that were to be desired. Hence it became necessary to import into the coun-

try foreign educators, in order that, by means of the contribution of their knowledge, they might aid us in organizing public institutions.

The most notable influence of the period was that of Nicaragua. Already in 1814 there had been brought to this province, to preside over the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás, the academician don Rafael Francisco Osejo, who, besides his achievements as a teacher, of which we shall speak later, began to make himself felt by his participation in the defense of the Indians of Pacaca, Cot, Quircot, Aserrí and Curridabat, in the last years of our colonial life. When independence was proclaimed, Osejo adopted the cause of freedom with enthusiasm, and he was the promoter of the convocation of the delegates of the people that were to elect the Junta Superior Gubernativa, which he brought about, thanks to the influence he exercised in the *ayuntamientos* of San Jose and Escasú. Beginning with these events, Osejo's political activity was quite notable. He was a deputy on several occasions and a member of the court of justice, and in the exercise of these functions he was the inspirer of many of the institutions of that period.

Nicaraguan influence was manifested at that time in the men that had been induced to come to the country expressly to share in the task of furthering our political organization and in the Costa Ricans that were educated in the Universidad de León, and who, on their return, were appointed members of the Junta Superior Gubernativa, the constituent assembly, the congress, the council and the supreme court of justice. Among the former, we ought to mention don Nicolás Espinosa and don Simón Guerrero, especially brought to the country: the former, for the office of counselor of the Junta Superior Gubernativa; and the latter, to organize the courts of justice. A similar service was lent in the judicial branch by the lawyers don Toribio Argüello, don Valentín Gallegos, don Agustín Gutiérrez and don Rafael Barroeta. Although the señor Gutiérrez was a Guatemalan and the señor Barroeta a Salvadorian, they had studied in León. Of the Costa Ricans graduated at the Universidad de León, we ought to mention don Pedro

Zeledón, one of our first lawyers and the father of legal instruction in Costa Rica; don Manuel Aguilar, who served in different branches of public administration, as a deputy, magistrate, counselor and chief executive; and don Braulio Carrillo, who filled several positions and rose to the dignity of president on two occasions.

Priests graduated at León also played a very great part at that time in public affairs. Of these priests, the first place was occupied by Father Juan de los Santos Madriz, who served in the Junta Superior Gubernativa, and who was one of the editors, in company with don Juan Mora Fernández, don Joaquín de Iglesias, don Santos Lombardo and don Rafael Barroeta, of "the fundamental international social covenant of Costa Rica." Father Madriz, who was the president of the Junta Superior Gubernativa, held office as deputy several times and he was president of the assembly in 1823; Presbyter don Manuel Alvarado, also graduated at León, was a member of the Junta Superior Gubernativa and a deputy for several terms; Presbyter José María Esquivel, a priest of San José, took part in the later political events of the period of independence, along with other priests of the period: the señores Luciano Alfaro, Joaquín Flores, Pedro José Alvarado, Gabriel del Campo, Joaquín García, Nicolás and Joaquín Carrillo, José Nereo Fonseca, Cipriano Gutiérrez, Joaquín Bonilla, José María Porras, Emigdio Umaña, Francisco de la Rosa Zumbado and Félix Romero.

During the political organization of the first administrative period, beginning with 1825, many of the graduates of the Universidad de León made their contributions as legislators. Of that period may be mentioned Presbyters Cecilio Umaña, Joaquín Rivas, José María Arias Guerrero, Vicente Castro, Joaquín Quesada, Julián Blanco, José Antonio Castro, Félix Hidalgo, Francisco Peralta, Pablo Rojas, Juan de los Santos Madriz, Rafael de Carmen Calvo, José Ana Ulloa, José Antonio Alvarado, José Anselmo Sancho, José Andrés Rivera and Nicolás Oreamuno, who worked together in drafting laws and provisions designed to effect the organization of the different departments of public administration.

The geographical factor of proximity, on the one hand, and the relations that existed between the families of Costa Rica and those of Nicaragua, on the other, account for the influence of that country on our political and educational institutions, either through her university center of León or through the men that came thence to cooperate with ours in the political organization of Costa Rica.

The intellectual influence of Nicaragua on our educational institutions is to be found, first, in the administration of the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás, in 1814, through the participation of the academician Osejo, and, afterward, in its organization, by means of the rules and regulations issued on April 26, 1825, elaborated by Attorney don Pedro Zeledón and the priests don Manuel Alvarado and don Joaquín Rivas, distinguished Costa Ricans that had studied at the Universidad de León. In accord with these rules and regulations was established for the first time in that institution the teaching of living languages—English and French—and the branches of jurisprudence that comprised the study of natural law, the law of nations and public law; that of Roman institutions, the laws of Spain, the secondary laws of the country and ecclesiastical canonical law; the branch of philosophy, which was to include—in view of the conception entertained of it at the time—the study of dialectics, geography, mathematics, ethics and experimental physics. Primary instruction—also provided for in these rules and regulations—consisted of Christian doctrine, social contract, Spanish grammar, spelling and arithmetic.

Our first law of public instruction, promulgated May 4, 1832, decreed that the municipal corporations should compel the heads of families to provide their children with instruction in Christian doctrine, reading, writing and arithmetic, between the ages of eight and fourteen, and it imposed a fine of three *pesos* a year on those that did not fulfil that requirement. The author of this law was the Nicaraguan academician don Rafael Francisco Osejo, engaged by the municipality of San José to direct the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás in 1814. This law originated in the

report of Professor Osejo, presented on May 16, 1831, in his capacity as deputy of the Asamblea Ordinaria:

The instruction of youth is a thing of the greatest importance, and for it nothing is more necessary than the establishment of schools of first letters. The public funds can not provide them, owing to their notorious meagerness. Experience has constantly taught that the heads of families, in spite of what reason dictates, regard this important subject with entire neglect. I am sure that there is almost no municipality that is not agreed that, in order to remedy the evil of a lack of schools, there is no other remedy than rigidly to oblige the heads of families to place their children in the public schools and to pay a certain quota, that which your wisdom may deem proper. This I beseech of you, and you, señor, will decide what is best.

The culture imparted in the Universidad de León during the entire second half of the last century influenced our instruction very directly. That culture, which emanated from Spain, reached Costa Rica through the instrumentality of the graduates of this university. The organization of the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás and the law of public instruction of 1832, as well as the organization of the Universidad de Santo Tomás, were a reflection of the culture of the Universidad de León.

At the beginning of 1843 was begun to be felt in our educational institutions the influence of a distinguished Costa Rican student, also educated at the Universidad de León. The illustrious Doctor don José María Castro, graduated at that university center, was appointed secretary of public instruction in the administration of don José María Alfaro; he decreed a transformation in the Universidad de la Casa de Santo Tomás and other laws and provisions that tended to better the state of our instruction.

As in the case of the political institutions, the influence of the clergy educated in Nicaragua was caused to be felt from the beginning of the last century in the educational work of the country. In Costa Rica, even as early as 1801, a college in Cartago was presided over by the priest don José María Esquivel, educated in León. The priest don José Arguedas, a teacher of Latin and the humanities, was a professor in San José; the priest don Joaquín García,

in Cartago; and father don José María Porras, in Heredia. Father Esquivel, already mentioned, was a professor in the Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás; and the priest don José de los Santos Madriz was the first Costa Rican that conducted classes in philosophy in this establishment. Fathers don Luciano Alfaro and don Félix Romero were professors in the Casa de San Miguel de Alajuela in 1822; and the priest don Joaquín Flores taught Latin at various times in Heredia. All these were priests of the Universidad de San Ramón in León.

As in the educational organization, the influence of Nicaragua made itself felt in the development of the art of music in our country. From the beginning until the middle of the last century, all the professors of music that played a part in Costa Rica were of Nicaraguan origin. In general, these professors were engaged to play in the religious services of the churches and they devoted themselves at the same time to the teaching of the musical art to children. In 1814 the people of Heredia made a contract with don Juan Evangelista Mayorga, a native of León, as the music teacher for the service of the parish. Afterward, in 1815, the master don José María Morales was engaged for the same purpose. In 1827 don Pablo Jirón was engaged as master organist for the church in Heredia. In 1836 don Damián Dávila, also of Nicaraguan origin, established a school in Heredia, where he exercised a very considerable influence on the development of musical culture. Of Nicaraguan nationality was also don Cruz Morales, the grandfather of don Gordiano Morales, with whose musical talent Costa Ricans are well acquainted. The influence of Nicaragua on the development of music declined at the beginning of the sixth decade of the last century, in which the influence of Europe began to be felt more markedly, as we shall see later.

The influence of Guatemala on the culture of Costa Rica during the period to which we refer was exerted, first, through certain notable men, who left that country for political reasons and found in ours their second home; and, later, through young Costa Ricans that went to the Universidad de San Carlos to pursue studies in law and

medicine. It may be said that, beginning with 1840, the Universidad de Guatemala took the place of that of San Ramón in León as the favorite center of the youth of our country. The first Costa Rican students of medicine, with the exception of don José María Montealegre, who studied in Great Britain, received their professional training in Guatemala. In 1843, don Cruz and don Lucas Alvarado, graduates in medicine in Guatemala, came to Costa Rica. They were joined in 1849, by don Jesús Jiménez and in 1851, by don Andrés Sáenz who also had studied in Guatemala.

The Universidad de Guatemala likewise conferred the degree of doctor of laws on certain Costa Ricans. Don Julián Volio, don Juan José Ulloa and don Demetrio Iglesias were the first Costa Rican lawyers that were graduated at the Universidad de San Carlos.

In the realm of ecclesiastical culture we ought to mention the señor don Anselmo Llorente, the first bishop of Costa Rica, who was educated in Guatemala. Although the statutes of the Universidad de San Carlos, founded by Carlos el Hechizado¹⁰ were conservative enough, the organization of that university center was characterized by tendencies more liberal than that of San Ramón in León, which still remained under the influence of the statutes devised by the señor Bishop García Jerez, at the beginning of the previous century.

V

IMMIGRATION AND CULTURE

IN THE culture of a young people, such as ours, a factor of great importance and one that has exerted a wholesome influence on her development, is that of foreign immigration. Since immigrants have come to us, in general, from centers of higher culture, they have favorably influenced our environment when they have settled in the country, thus contributing to form a new educational atmosphere. The causes that have induced the coming of immigrants to Costa Rica have been several.

The factor of geographical proximity was a determining cause, during the period

of the first republic, of an emigration of considerable importance from the nations of the Central American isthmus. These emigrants, as well as those from Colombia, Chile and Perú, came to Costa Rica attracted by the economic activity that was developed at that time in our country. That economic prosperity was the result of a development in the mining industry, the exploitation of brazil-wood, the cultivation of coffee, and certain small industries, such as those of indigo, sugar, leather, et cetera. At the same time, the relative peace and tranquillity¹¹ that we enjoyed in Costa Rica rendered this country attractive to desirable elements, not only from the nations mentioned above, but also from the United States and the more advanced countries of Europe (England, France, Spain, Germany and Italy).

Constant political agitations in the neighboring countries gave impulse to repeated currents of emigration toward our country.¹² This factor, well worthy of being taken into consideration, and determined by the abnormal political situation that existed in the other Central American states from time to time, has induced the emigration not infrequently of elements of culture that have been very advantageous in the development of our institutions and our economic activities.

During this period of convulsions, which may be regarded as having continued through the last century and as having extended also to certain countries of South America and the Antillas, there occurred in Central America some forty-five revolutions in a score of years. According to data that we draw from the historian Alejandro Marure¹³ of the Universidad de San Carlos in Guatemala there were in the Central American countries, during the period that intervened between 1821 and 1842, the following number of military actions: in Guatemala, 51; in El Salvador,

¹¹The *New York Herald* said in 1851: "Costa Rica: this country next to Chile, is the only one of Spanish America that has freed herself from the scourge of civil war.—" *Gaceta de Costa Rica*, July 12, 1851.

¹²See the circular of the diplomatic agents of the minister of foreign relations, don Julián Volio, of January 20, 1865.

¹³Marure: *Efemérides de los hechos notables en Centro América, 1821-1842*, page 149-157.

¹⁰"Charles the Bewitched," that is, Carlos II, a son of Felipe IV (1661-1700).—THE EDITOR.

40; in Honduras, 27; in Nicaragua, 17; and in Costa Rica, 5: a total of 140. These continued convulsions, which resulted in the intransquillity of these countries, drove from them the orderly and hard-working persons that sought elsewhere the personal guaranties that were denied them in their own countries.

After the achievement of independence and the development of the mining industry, there sprang up a very active commerce with England, with our neighbors in Guatemala, Nicaragua and Panamá and, toward the south, with Perú. At the end of the third decade of the last century considerable importance was attached to the exploitation of brazil-wood: a product that was exported to England, where it was sold at ten shillings a hundredweight. A decade after independence, the coffee plantations began to prosper, and at the end of the fourth decade the first exports of this product were begun. They went to Chile, a country with which the most active commercial relations were maintained. In the fifth decade (1840-1850), commercial relations with Europe, due to the exportation of our products, became closer and closer. Our imports and exports increased considerably, and in San José and Punta Arenas were established some commercial houses that dealt in merchandise imported from the South American and European countries and from the United States.

During the first republic, our economic development and the agricultural, industrial and commercial activities of the country attracted European emigrants of that period; and with them came men of advanced ideas and initiative: the promoters of true culture.

The effect of these immigrants ought to be duly considered in the study of the factors of national culture, because they have contributed in no small degree to forming the educational environment of the country. Being as a rule more highly cultivated than the nationals, they have necessarily influenced them favorably. If it is true that they did not exercise the teaching function, they were able, nevertheless, to influence the educational environment that was to transform the culture of the Costa Ricans. Hence we have undertaken to

mention some of these immigrants, without attempting to give a complete list; we mention simply the persons that are worthy of consideration in the sense indicated.

Among the British merchants were John Dent, John Muir Gerard, mining agent of his associates, Marshall, Bennett, James Poningdestre and company and Joseph Lowe of London; Mr. John Hale,¹⁴ with whom a contract of colonization was made in 1821, which was not carried into effect. Mr. Hale was the denouncer of the lands that extend along the sides of the Barba mountains to which was given the name of "Montañas del Inglés." Through him were opened the first negotiations for a British loan. Mr. Richard Trevithick,¹⁵ an engineer from Great Britain, exercised a very notable influence on the working of the mines. To this group belonged also the chemist Mr. Henry Cooper;¹⁶ Mr. Benjamin Phillips, a merchant; Mr. John Panvir, an agriculturist; Messrs. Richard Painter Rudge, John Jenkins, Joseph Tregoning, merchants; and Mr. Richard Brealey,¹⁷ a physician, brought over in 1835 by the British sailors. In 1848 came to San José Mr. W. D. Christie, the British consul appointed for the Mosquitos; finally, Mr. Frederick Chatfield, consul of Great Britain in Central America.

No less notable was the French immigration. Among the miners came, very early, Monsieur Jacques Millet, and later, Messieurs Paul Longer and Léonce de Vars, exploiters of brazil-wood; and Doctor Victor Herran, Messieurs François Ramo, Alphonse Dumatray, Lucien Dercenay and Charles Thierrat, merchants. In 1884, the Comte de Gueynord came in a French corvette of war to make demand in behalf of Thierrat. In November of the same

¹⁴Consult the work of John Hale: *Six Months Residence and Travels in Central America through the Free States of Nicaragua and particularly Costa Rica. Giving an Interesting Account of that Beautiful Country*, New York, 1826.

¹⁵See the biographical data of Mr. Trevithick in the chapter on the influence of England on our scientific development, page 256, footnote 7.

¹⁶Mr. Cooper made in 1838 the first survey of the road from Cartago to Matina.

¹⁷Mr. Richard Brealey died in Barba on February 18, 1864. He was an important factor in the development of commerce and agriculture in the province of Heredia.

year came Monsieur Gueynord to Punta Arenas to invite the government of Costa Rica to enter into relations with France. Monsieur Thierrat established in San José in March, 1846, a course in bookkeeping. Other French immigrants of this period were Messieurs Jean Bonfils, Félix Baudrit and Doctors Victor Castilla and Jacques Bourdon. Effort was made at that time to establish French colonies. In 1825, a contract was made with Monsieur Pierre Ruahand to plant a colony between Punta Arenas and Esparza. In November, 1848, a contract of colonization was entered into with Monsieur Gabriel Lafond, and two hundred square leagues of land was granted for this purpose.

With the Spanish immigration came the señores Mateo Urranderrage, Manuel Cacheda, Esteban Xatruch, Buenaventura Espinach, Francisco Giralt, Manuel and Jorge Peinado and Ramón Toledo, who reached Costa Rica via Panamá; don Manuel Sagrera and don Pedro Dobles, who settled in Heredia; and don Francisco Berrochea and don Agustín Aguayo, the latter two engaging in commerce.

Among the German immigrants were Georg Stiepel, a very distinguished agriculturist, a member of the Junta Itineraria in 1843; Herr Heinrich Ellerbrock, of Hannover, and Herr Peter Barth. In 1841 the first German consul was appointed to Central America, Carl Rudolph Klee, whose credentials were presented in Costa Rica.

Among the Italian immigrants came Dominic Matthey and Mateo Bertora, miners; Carlos Volio, who settled in Cartago, and Angel Franceschi, a merchant.

Finally, we must mention among the immigrants Michael Bolandi, of Swedish stock.

From South America, and on account of political disturbances, came to Costa Rica a former president of Perú, don José Lamar, a companion of Bolívar's, and his aide, General Pedro Bermúdez. The former died in Cartago.¹⁸

During the administration of Doctor Castro, General don Juan José Flores, former president of Ecuador, who took a

very active part in that administration, reached our shores.¹⁹

In furtherance of commercial relations, came from South America: don Crisanto Medina, an Argentine, who settled at Punta Arenas and later founded a colony of Germans in Miravalles; Francisco Otoy and Rafael Senitagoya, Peruvians; the señores Manuel Dutary and Manuel Palma, Panamans, the latter settling at Heredia; Santiago Ortega, a Chilean, who took part in the revolution of 1835 against don Braulio Carrillo, the president; and, finally, Professor Ildelfonso Paredes, a Colombian, who attempted to establish a college at San José in 1834.

Central American immigration during the first republic was fostered especially by political disturbances among the nations of the isthmus. At the dawn of independence came to Costa Rica don Cayetano de la Cerda of Nicaragua, and later, from the same country, don José Sacaza, don Manuel Barberena and don Mariano Savalos, who held office as magistrates. In the fifth decade of the last century arrived the Nicaraguan lawyers don Buenaventura Selva²⁰ and don Pedro César—the latter was a member of the court of justice in 1842—and don Benito Rosales, who exercised his profession of a lawyer among us. In 1836 the Nicaraguan don Manuel Quijano invaded the country with the revolutionary troops. From El Salvador came Vicente Villaseñor and don Máximo Cordero, who took part in the revolution against Carrillo in 1835; and don José María Cañas and don Pedro Iraeta, who reached the country in the second administration of Carrillo.

In 1840 came to Punta Arenas thirty-five of the most distinguished persons of Central America, accompanied by General Morazán on board the steamer *Italco*. Of these illustrious visitors, entry was denied to Morazán, who went on to South Amer-

¹⁸With General Flores came Monsieur Adolphe Marie, a Frenchman. Flores and Marie, as well as don Manuel Francisco Pavón (a Guatemalan), played an important part in the government of the señor Castro. To General Flores was attributed, among other things, the paternity of the decree of August 30, 1848, which declared in favor of a republic.

²⁰The señor Selva was a professor of Spanish and Latin grammar in the Universidad de Santo Tomás.

¹⁹See "Personajes ilustres en Costa Rica", by don Cleto González Víquez, in *Atenea*, San José, Costa Rica, November 15, 1918.

ica, and the only ones that were permitted to disembark were the señores Presbyter Doctor don Isidro Menéndez, don Doroteo Vasconcelos, don Gerardo Barrios, don Pedro Molina and his sons Felipe and José, General don Enrique Rivas and the señores don Indalecio Cordero, don José Pardo and don Dámaso Sousa. Presbyter don Isidro Menéndez, during his stay here, greatly distinguished himself as the counselor of don Braulio Carrillo. He was the author of the general code of 1841, copied from the code of the Peruviano-Bolivian confederation of General Santa Cruz, who in turn had copied it from the French. The sons of don Pedro Molina²¹—don Felipe and don Luis—rendered very important services to the public administration.

In the year 1836 came to Costa Rica from Guatemala Doctor don Nazario Toledo, of whose services we shall speak later. There also came to the country don José Fermín Meza, who established himself as a pharmacist here in 1846, and the musician don José Martínez, engaged in 1845 by Doctor Castro to direct the military bands, a position that he filled until 1852, when he died.

The invasion led by Morazán in 1842 brought to the country a great number of Central Americans, of whom mention should be made of General Isidoro Sagel, José Miguel Saravia, Carlos Salazar, Francisco Ignacio Rascón, Trinidad Cabañas, Cornelio Nicolás Angulo, B. Brusuall, Ciriaco Bran, M. M. Chorem, M. I. Zepeda, Captains Juan J. Luna, J. M. Espinar and certain soldiers of low rank. Morazán and some of his companions being defeated afterward and shot, the rest of the invaders were obliged to leave the country.

The educational environment constituted by the different streams of immigration was, in the period subsequent to the Hispanic colonial times, one of the most important factors in the education of the people. A single detail will give us an idea of the intellectual condition of the nation at that time.

The culture of the señorita Manuela Escalante, mentioned in the review *Costa Rica en el siglo XIX*, was one of the pro-

ducts of the instruction of that period. The newspapers of the day²² referred to her, impressed by her remarkable mind, which was able to utilize the intellectual opportunities that surrounded her.

Born of an illustrious and respectable family, she wished to win a name for herself by her own efforts, as the best way to merit the esteem of her contemporaries and the glory of immortality. Devoted to study after her education as a child, she devoured books at random and ceaselessly, thus acquiring profound and varied knowledge; but history and literature were the favorite studies of her later days. In forty volumes of the former she read what had been written in Greece, from Herodotus to Plutarch; what had been written in Rome, from Titus Livius to Tacitus; and what was recounted afterward by later historians, from the incursions of the barbarians until the present day.

Cultivated in speech as well as in manners and actions, she studied all the controverted points in the mother-tongue and utilized them in the French language, to which she also applied herself with earnestness. A rigid lover of the truth, she studied the art of elegance in expression. A thorough investigator of the phenomena of thought, she exhausted Tracy's metaphysics and studied his ideology. Thirsting for knowledge, in short, and gifted with a delicate taste, she entered the flowery field of literature and found pleasure in the elementary principles of the sciences in the ingenious pictures of Duval. Geology deeply interested and at times vexed her. "This new science," she said, "destroys all the sciences; but I am of the opinion that it is not granted to man to transcend the limits of his intelligence, for it seems that God has sought to cover his works with an impenetrable veil. All are theories, more or less ingenious, which follow one another like the waves of the sea. So, let us pass on to other studies that will instruct and delight us, and let us abandon what teaches us to doubt and vexes." As a consequence, she devoted five hours a day to reading Tacitus, and two or three at night to other courses of reading. Enthusiastic over Tacitus, she exclaimed: "This is the deepest writer of all the ages, the one most thoroughly acquainted with the human heart. I doubt whether the moderns can surpass the ancients in genius and sublimity, although they exceed them in delicateness and correctness."

Endowed with a retentive memory, she took pleasure in reciting the numerous definitions of

²¹See *Costa Rica en el siglo XIX*, San José, Costa Rica, page 23.

²²*El Costarricense*, San José, Costa Rica, May 26, 1849.

her vast course in literature, in which she was a true prodigy. She also delighted in repeating the so-called figures of rhetoric, from the antithesis to the prolepsis, and from the apostrophe to personification. Finally, she took pleasure in repeating the best verses (and they were song on her lips) of the Spanish anthology, and especially the eclogues of Garcilaso, the odes of León, the songs of Herrera and the moral epistle of Rioja.

Alluding to the paragraphs quoted, the señor Montúfar said, in his *Reseña histórica de Centro América*:²³

It is possible that this article, written by an enthusiastic pen, perhaps, exaggerated her merit, but it may be asserted that the señorita Escalante enjoyed a literary reputation that was not merely Costa Rican but also Central American.

Costa Rica was sometimes, owing to political occurrences in South and Central America, the meeting place of immigrants noted for their intelligence and learning, and the house of the family that bore the name of Escalante was then the center of assemblage and of good society.

Many of the persons that frequented it voiced opinions of the señorita Escalante similar to those expressed in the necrological sketch under discussion.

This proves that in the year 1849 a tendency could be noted to recognize that the fair sex was to be esteemed, not only for its beauty, but also for its intelligence and enlightenment.

During the period to which we refer the first young men to pursue their studies in England left for Europe. Don Mariano Montealegre, in all respects an enterprising and estimable man, committed to Messrs. Trevithick and Gerard, of whom we have already spoken—taking advantage of their voyage to Europe—the task of conveying his two sons to the center of education of the old continent. We have here what was related by don Francisco María Iglesias, in his biographical sketch of Doctor don José María Montealegre.²⁴ "At the end of 1826 a child of eleven years sailed from Costa Rica bound for Europe, commended to the care of the distinguished English travelers Richard Trevithick and John M. Gerard. The Sara-

piquí route, as far as the river appeared to be navigable, tempted the curiosity of these travelers, who, besides, entertained a good opinion of it; and, thinking it easier and nearer to the northern sea than the Matina route, they adopted it for their journey, without misgivings over the fact that they were the first to attempt this unknown route and that they were taking along the boy alluded to and his handsome minor brother intrusted to their care. It would take too long and it would be foreign to my purpose to relate the trials of all kinds, the hardships, the many imminent risks and dangers, hunger, privations and weariness of this long and painful journey that lasted twenty-one days and in which, if it was by a miracle that the two brothers escaped, it was not less so that the boys came off alive from San Juan del Norte. Long and equally distressing, including a shipwreck on the coast of Cartagena, was the voyage across the Atlantic, and it was not until November of that year that the Costa Rican youth and his brother reached England and were entered at the Highgate school in the neighborhood of the London of that day.

Such were the first steps in the active and intelligent life of José María Montealegre, born in the then incipient city of San José on May 19, 1815.

When he had completed his studies in secondary instruction and his school days were ended, he attended the celebrated University of Edinburgh, where he began and finished his brilliant career in medical science. He was the *first Costa Rican educated in Europe* and the first also to honor his patria in this illustrious profession.

At the close of 1839 he returned to Costa Rica, to the bosom of his family, with which he was unacquainted, and to which he was unknown.

What rejoicing! What happiness! What honor was felt by the aged and worthy parents, the whole family, the country, when they saw restored to his home and his native soil—full of vitality and intelligence and honored by the then exalted title of doctor of medicine and surgery, conferred by one of the great centers of learning!²⁵

²³In the codicil of August 2, 1839, to the will of don Mariano Montealegre and doña Jerónima Fernández his wife, the Montealegre-Fernández couple deponed that on February 27, 1839, they made their last will and testament in the presence of First Alcalde don Manuel Zeledón. In this codicil they alluded to José María, Francisco and Mariano, whom they have sent to be educated in Europe,

²⁴Lorenzo Montúfar: *Reseña histórica de Centro América*, volume vi, page 116.

²⁵*Pandemonium*, March 20, 1904.—See also the work already mentioned, *Life of Richard Trevithick with an Account of His Inventions*, London and New York.—Chapter xviii of this work is an account of the voyage of the señores Montealegre.



Library

Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA (<i>Conclusion</i>)	LUIS ELLIPE GONZÁLEZ	267
<i>Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina, November, 1922</i>		
THE OUTCOME OF A WAGER	"RONQUILLO"	279
<i>Cuentos del domingo, Valparaiso, Chile, 1916</i>		
A CODE FOR THE JOURNALIST	J. M. QUIRÓS Y PALMA	289
<i>Estudios, Panamá, Panamá, July and August, 1922</i>		
CHATEAUBRIAND AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE	H. D. BARBAGELATA	291
<i>Cultura Venezolana, Caracas, Venezuela, January, 1922</i>		
PERUVIAN TRADITIONS	RICARDO PALMA	305
<i>Tradiciones peruanas, Barcelona, Spain, 1893</i>		
THE SHORT STORY	HERMAN LIMA	301
<i>Revista de Brasil, São Paulo, Brazil, November, 1922</i>		
IDEALS OF AN INTERNATIONAL POLICY	CECILIA DÍAZ CASERES	313
<i>Revista Jurídica y de Ciencias Sociales, Buenos Aires, Argentina, December, 1922</i>		
THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA: A REPLY TO DON GUILLERMO SILVA HERRERA	GILIO G. GONZÁLEZ	320
<i>El Universal, Caracas, Venezuela, April 3, 1922</i>		
EQUADORIAN SKETCHES	JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS	324
<i>Rayos católicas y fuertes felices, Guayaquil, El Ecuador, 1911</i>		

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

JUNE 1922

NUMBER 5

Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

- THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA (*Conclusion*)
LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ 267
Revista de Filosofía, Buenos Aires, Argentina, November, 1922
- THE OUTCOME OF A WAGER - - - - - "RONQUILLO" 279
Cuentos del domingo, Valparaíso, Chile, 1916
- A CODE FOR THE JOURNALIST - - - - - J. M. QUIRÓS Y PALMA 289
Estudios, Panamá, Panamá, July and August, 1922
- CHÂTEAUBRIAND AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE
H. D. BARBAGELATA 291
Cultura Venezolana, Caracas, Venezuela, January, 1923
- PERUVIAN TRADITIONS - - - - - RICARDO PALMA 295
Tradiciones peruanas, Barcelona, Spain, 1893
- THE SHORT STORY - - - - - HERMAN LIMA 303
Revista do Brasil, São Paulo, Brazil, November, 1922
- IDEALS OF AN INTERNATIONAL POLICY - - CÉSAR DÍAZ CISNEROS 312
Revista Jurídica y de Ciencias Sociales, Buenos Aires, Argentina, December, 1922
- THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA: A REPLY TO DON GILBERTO
SILVA HERRERA) - - - - - ELOY G. GONZÁLEZ 320
El Universal, Caracas, Venezuela, April 3, 1923
- ECUADORIAN SKETCHES - - - - - JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS 324
Rayos catódicos y juegos fatuos, Guayaquil, El Ecuador, 1911

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY

NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

JUNE, 1923

NUMBER 5

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

LUIS FELIPE GONZÁLEZ was born in Heredia, Costa Rica, in 1885; his academic education was received in the Colegio de San Agustín, Heredia, and in the Liceo de Costa Rica, San José; the most of his adult life has been devoted to the teaching of history, psychology and education; he has given particular attention to the history of education in Costa Rica since the achievement of independence; he served as secretary of public instruction during the presidential administration of his older brother don Alfredo González; his most serious work is: *Historia de la influencia extranjera en el desenvolvimiento educacional y científico de Costa Rica*.

"RONQUILLO" (EGIDIO PABLETE) was born in Los Andes, Chile, about 1868; he was manager and editor of *La Unión* of Valparaíso until 1910; although not trained in the legal profession he has been a professor of commercial and international law in the Universidad Católica of Valparaíso; much of his life has been devoted to journalism, and his pseudonym is one of the most popular in Chile; his newspaper sketches and stories were collected in four small volumes (now rare) and published in 1916, with the title *Cuentos del domingo*, and in the same year he brought out a brief novel entitled *Viaje de novios*.

HUGO DAVID BARBAGELATA, a Uruguayan journalist and man of letters, was born in Montevideo, July 2, 1886; his institutional education was received in the public schools and in the university of his native city and in Paris; in 1907 he held an appointment in the Uruguayan legation in Paris; since then he has occupied positions on the staffs of several newspapers and he has devoted himself to writing; he is the author of the following works: *Páginas sudamericanas*; *Bolívar y San Martín*; *Artigas y la revolución americana*; *Frontières*; *La literatura uruguayana*; *L'influence des idées françaises dans la révolution et dans l'évolution de l'Amérique Espagnole*; *Pages choisies de Rodó*; and *Una centuria literaria*.

RICARDO PALMA was born in Lima, Perú, February 7, 1833, and he died at his home in Miraflores, a suburb of Lima, October 6, 1919; in his youth and early manhood he spent much of his time traveling in Europe and the United States; later he played a prominent part in politics, occupying important offices of the government until 1873, when he became the director of the Biblioteca Nacional, thenceforth devoting himself exclusively to the development and care of the library and to literary pursuits. It is not too much to say that during his prime he was one of the chief literary figures of America. Among his numerous works, the following may be mentioned: *Anales de la inquisición de Lima*; *La Bohemia limeña de 1848 a 1863*; *Verbos y gerundios*; *Tradiciones peruanas*; *Apéndice a mis últimas tradiciones*; and *Poesías completas*.

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS is about fifty-five years old; he was born in Guayaquil, El Ecuador, and was educated in the public schools and in the Colegio San Vicente; he took up the profession of journalism and has been editor-in-chief of *La Nación*, *Grito del Pueblo*, *El Telégrafo*, *El Independiente*, *El Nacional*, *El Globo*, *El Patriota*, and he is at present editor-in-chief of *El Guante* and a writer for the leading papers of Quito, such as *El Comercio*, *La Prensa* and *La Nación*. He was minister of public instruction in 1896-1897, and director of public instruction of Guayas (province); he has served as a member of the *ayuntamiento* of Guayaquil; he is also secretary of the Banco del Ecuador and of the Banco Comercial y Agrícola. For other sketches by him in INTER-AMERICA, see "The Enchanted Cock" and "Visits of Condolence," April, 1919, pages 223 and 225; "The Popular Festival of San Pedro and San Pablo in Guayaquil" and "Guaranteed Timepieces," October, 1919, pages 43 and 45; "The King of Swimmers," "Mamerto's Mother-in-law" and "The Cura's Hat," April, 1920, pages 235, 236 and 238; and "The Three Crows," December, 1921, page 94.

Inter = America

JUNE, 1923

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI



NUMBER 5

THE INTELLECTUAL EVOLUTION OF COSTA RICA

BY

LUIS FELIPE GONZALEZ

(Conclusion)

I. The influence of the philosophical ideas of the French revolution on America.—II. The character of the Spanish universities and their influence on America.—III. The culture of the people after independence.—IV. The influence of the neighboring peoples.—V. Immigration and culture.—VI. European influence, beginning with 1830.—VII. The influence of the Central American countries.—VIII. General factors that contributed to the progress of the country.

VI

EUROPEAN INFLUENCE, BEGINNING WITH 1830

THE economic and religious policy developed by Spain in America, with a view to the defense of her interests in the colonies and to the protection of her religious creed, induced her to exclude from them all influence on the part of the other European nations in respect of the economic and intellectual activities, she thus confining the countries of the New World within bounds that retarded the development that ought to have taken place in them.

One of the greatest benefits that liberation from Spanish domination brought with it was the contact that the future nations of America had with the countries of Europe. When relations were opened with those countries, the new republics of the American continent received the stimulus of the intellectual influences that were to transform the old institutions and give

birth and life to new activities. Costa Rica, when she entered upon independent life in 1821, began to experience the advantages of foreign influences on the development of her culture. Nevertheless, that influence, during the thirty years that followed the events of 1821, may not be regarded as exclusively European, since it did not make itself felt with full intensity until the middle of the last century. Two factors contributed to determine this influence: the economic factor and the political factor. The former had its origin in the economic prosperity that resulted from the development of the production of coffee; and the latter, in the adoption of political measures looking to the fostering of immigration and in the inception of international relations with the countries of the Old World.

In spite of the crisis experienced in the sale of coffee because of political events in Europe in 1848, the production of this article was increased by the facilities of transportation that resulted from the

opening of the route to Punta Arenas and the arrival of the first steamers at that port. A contract was made with the Pacific Mail Steamship company, during the administration of don Juan Rafael Mora, that provided that its vessels should touch at the port of Punta Arenas, and these vessels began to arrive there with regularity at the beginning of 1856.²⁶

Beginning with that year, commercial relations became more active and extensive, and consequently the economic life of the nation was greatly stimulated. As a result of ease in communication, the country became much more accessible to foreigners, while at the same time our business men, thanks to the economic prosperity they enjoyed, frequently visited the European countries and the United States. This same circumstance induced our young men, in the interest of their culture, to go abroad to study in the leading educational centers. The flourishing economic condition that resulted from the development of the production of coffee stimulated business throughout the republic. At this time were established the first commercial warehouses and the first banking institutions, and a number of enterprises were undertaken to foster various activities.

²⁶In 1853 a contract had been concluded with Captain Thomas Wright to establish a line of steamers between Panamá and Isthapán that were to touch every month, going and returning, at Punta Arenas. This contract produced no result, as it could not be fulfilled conjointly with the other republics of Central America. On January 17, 1856, a new contract was made with the Pacific Mail Steamship company in which it was agreed that its steamers should call at the port of Punta Arenas. At the end of that month the steamer *Columbus* of that line began to arrive at our port on the Pacific with all regularity. Previous to the arrival of these steamers, the journey to Nicaragua and Panamá was made by means of small brigantines, which required eleven and a half days for the trip. In our official newspaper for February 7, 1857, the following comment was made regarding the importance of the steamers: "Let us understand their importance, let us appreciate it, in order that we may not be distanced by the other countries. Our information regarding the other countries is scantier than ever. Since the line has been established, our fruits, as well as those of El Salvador and Guatemala, have already begun to enjoy the advantages of the security and punctuality of the steamer. Passengers are not wanting, although the line is still embryonic, it may be said. With the support of the government and of the commercial interests, which ought to lend it their aid, it is beyond doubt that this line will soon obtain a sure return on the small capital employed in its establishment by the great railway company of Panamá."

Ease of communication during that period of economic development, which so greatly favored the country, brought us into contact with illustrious personages, who became important factors in our culture by reason of their talent, their scientific contributions or their spirit of enterprise. It was at this time that the following distinguished Germans came to Costa Rica: Doctors Alexander Frantzius, Karl Hoffman, Wilhelm Joos and Johann Braun; the chemists, Eduard Becker and Karl Johanning; the engineers, Wilhelm Witting, Franz Kurtze, Franz Rohrmoser and Ludwig von Chamier; the juriconsult, Ferdinand Streber, and the distinguished business men, Wilhelm Nanne, Alexander and Karl von Bülow. Versed in medicine, chemistry, engineering, agriculture and commerce, their contribution to the culture of the country was very perceptible, especially when we take into account the absence of professional elements, owing to our slight intellectual development of those days. From France we received at that time Doctors Adolphe Carit, François Castaing, Stephen Cazaneuve and Victor Duyardin; the distinguished writer, Adolphe Marie; and a considerable number of business men. From the great American nation came Doctors Marquis de Lafayette Hine, James Hogan and Charles Van Patten. From Switzerland came Doctors Joseph Spori and Charles Mayer and Engineer Louis Saugy. Among the Spanish immigrants appeared the names of Doctors J. Ventura Espinach, Félix Olivella and Emilio Segura; Architect Ramón de Minondo; and the señores Gaspar Ortuño, Jaime Güell, Mateo Fournier and Ezequiel Pi. The English colony was increased by the arrival of Doctor Frank Clarck, John Le Lacheur, Richard Farrer, Frederick Cox, George Cauty, Edward Dee, John Young and James Barry.

The geographical factor of nearness contributed greatly to induce immigration from Colombia. From that republic came to Costa Rica Doctors Miguel Macaya, Antonio Pupo, Pedro León Páez, Epaminondas Uribe, Uladislao Durán and Juan N. Venero, and Professors J. Ricardo Casorla and José D. Obaldía. South

American immigration was increased by Doctor Francisco Canet, a Peruvian, and don Eduardo Beeche, a Chilean.

Besides the influence they exercised on certain branches of several of the activities of the country, these immigrants contributed to the formation of the educational environment. The development of artistic culture received notable stimulus by the arrival at that time of European professors of the fine arts and of the first *zarzuela*²⁷ and opera companies. This new manifestation of culture, which had not been experienced previously, underwent considerable development, thanks to European influence.

Economic activity fostered intellectual expansion, with the establishment of the first book-shops, which introduced important scientific and literary works. The political organization given to the country by the constitutions of 1859 and 1869 was the best expression of an advance in our politics. These constitutions, formulated under the full light of day, without any pressure, established the régime of a representative and legislative government, as well as the main principles of the guaranties and rights of our citizens. The atmosphere of liberty breathed during this period favored development in journalism and the renewal of ideas. A product of that renewal was the introduction of such an institution as freemasonry (1867) and the victory obtained by the constitutional incorporation of the principle of gratuitous and compulsory instruction supported by the state, incorporated in the fundamental charter of 1869, under the provisional government of the illustrious statesman don Jesús Jiménez.

The administrations presided over by the señores José María Castro, Juan Rafael Mora, José María Montealegre and Jesús Jiménez, considered as a political factor, were favorable to the development of culture in the country during their terms of office. Their important undertakings in respect of the development of the economic life of the country, the fostering of immigration, the opening of international

relations and the provisions that looked to the establishment of educational centers, ministered to the progress of the nation. Of those undertakings, the establishment of international relations and the fostering of immigration were the ones that exercised the greatest influence on the development of the nation's culture. Don José María Castro, who began his administration in May, 1847, showed a marked tendency to facilitate European immigration, to make Costa Rica known abroad and to afford ample protection to immigrants. His efforts were expressed in the conclusion of the first treaties of amity and commerce, signed in May, 1848, with the United Kingdom, France and the Hanseatic cities. Similar efforts were continued in the succeeding administration and they resulted in the conclusion of treaties of amity and commerce in 1849 and 1850 with Spain and the United States, respectively. In that same period don Felipe Molina published in New York his *Bosquejo de la república de Costa Rica*, with details and information regarding the history, geographical position, territory and topography of the country; the climate, soil, area, population, economic activities; the import and export trade, political institutions, the public debt and the facilities offered by the country to the immigrant for the development of his energies. This sketch was the first work published on Costa Rica and it was very useful as a means of introducing the country abroad for the first time, with its natural beauties and enchantments.

A result of the treaties concluded with European nations and the United States was the appointment of the first diplomatic and commercial representatives. Spain sent don Diego Ramón de la Cuadra as chargé d'affaires and consul-general; France, Monsieur Leonce Augrand in an equal capacity; Belgium, Monsieur Marcial Cloquet; and the United States, Doctor Marquis de Lafayette Hine. Costa Rica sent as her first minister to Washington, don Felipe Molina, who was afterward succeeded by his brother don Luis.

The establishment of international relations with Europe and the United States greatly stimulated the economic activities of the country. Our import and export

²⁷A sort of comic opera, with alternate declamation, song and instrumental music.—THE EDITOR.

trade developed rapidly, and immigration from Europe increased considerably.

The public men of Costa Rica were wise enough to understand that immigration from Europe would constitute one of the bases of our progress. *El Diario Oficial* of September 4, 1852, recognized the value of such immigration in the following terms:

The foreigner is our first need, because from him we have everything to hope; without him we should vegetate for a century *status quo*.

Popular education, the dawn of the industries, an increase of capital, ideas of order, morality and work; the perfecting of the arts that we already possess, the introduction into the country of that of which we are ignorant; and, above all, an increase of population by the acclimatization of families: such are the blessings that immigrants would bestow, in the first place, on a youthful nation endowed with the potential materials of progress, which is hardly more than born to the life of civilized peoples and which seeks everywhere the path that must lead her to her objective and the example that she must follow to attain the end she has in view.

He said later:

We need immigration, however, and at all costs; and if we really wish to escape a state of semi-barbarism and ruin, in order to enter fully on a life of progress, and if we wish to banish prejudice and ignorance for ever, we must hasten to compete with North America in the guaranties afforded to the foreigner.

Let us guarantee, both to the stranger and to the national, their sacred rights to liberty, safety, property and the fruit of their industry.

During the administrations of Castro, Mora, Montealegre and Jiménez, from 1847 until 1869, the foreign elements were always regarded with sympathy. They received the political and social support needed in the development of their activities in the country.

The administrations presided over by these presidents, considered as a political factor, determined the intellectual progress of the country, which was manifested in the undertakings whose object was the organization of the different departments of public administration, the development of communications, the fostering of agriculture, the guaranty of property rights, the diffusion of public instruction, the con-

clusion of treaties with several countries of Europe and America and the construction of bridges and public buildings.

Among the immigrants of that period was a considerable contingent of professors.²⁸

Besides these immigrants, who were the true agents of European culture, there came to Costa Rica many illustrious Central Americans, who, in addition to establishing private classes, rendered important services to official instruction.

The period of the national life to which we have referred was one of the most important in the culture of the country. During it, European influence was felt by all our intellectual activities. Our scientific, educational, artistic and industrial development was mainly the result of foreign relations and on our contact with European civilization.

VII

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN COUNTRIES

THE Central American influence felt by our country in the development of her culture during the first decades after the achievement of independence diminished notably with the increase in our commercial relations with Europe and the United States, which began about the middle of the last century. The Costaricans, in contact with the influence of Europe and the United States, were soon able to appreciate the superiority of the centers of learning of these regions to the universities of Nicaragua and Guatemala.

Nevertheless, the intellectual influence of Nicaragua and Guatemala made itself felt after the second half of the last century through professors from these neighboring states, who, for political reasons, came to our country and participated enthusiastically in our educational activities. Among the Nicaraguan lawyers of that period we may mention Emiliano Cuadra, Máximo and Cruz Jerez, Anselmo Rivas, Benito Rojas, Salvador Jirón and Salvador Cas-

²⁸The author gives a list of such professors, the names of which would probably not interest the foreign reader; consequently we omit it.—THE EDITOR.

tillo. Among the physicians we may cite Francisco Álvarez, Francisco Bastos and José María Pasos. Of these immigrants, Máximo Jerez, José María Zelaya and Anselmo H. Rivas exerted a very considerable influence on our education.

The señor Jerez had been among us as a diplomat in April, 1858, when the Cañas-Jerez treaty was concluded. He returned to our country as an exile at the end of 1863, banished for political reasons. He was admitted to the bar, in order to practice his profession, and, at the same time, he engaged in teaching. In 1864 he founded a college for primary and secondary instruction in San José, which he called Liceo de Costa Rica.

In 1866 he became the director of the Escuela Central and a member of the directorate-general of studies in the Universidad de Santo Tomás. He was afterward appointed director of the public registry. He returned to his country again in 1868.

Don Máximo Jerez was one of the most prominent intellectual figures of Central America during the last century. This illustrious Central American was born in the city of León, Nicaragua, on June 8, 1818. He was of humble origin, and the poverty of his parents only served to increase his zeal for education. A person of great energy, he succeeded in overcoming all difficulties, and his early efforts as a student soon resulted in brilliant successes. He was graduated as a doctor of laws at the Universidad de León. In his professional career he acquired distinction as a jurist. He was recognized as an authority in all the branches of law and theology. He was an excellent translator of the Latin classics; he spoke English and French perfectly, and he had a good knowledge of mathematics. Although versed in scholastic philosophy, which he ended by despising as a system, he acquired a decided preference for modern ideas. He accepted the experimental method as the procedure of investigation. His stay in Europe as secretary of the legation in London greatly influenced his mind, and when he returned to his country he was imbued with the modern ideas of the democratic theory.

His mind, freed now of outworn pre-occupations, found nourishment in the doctrines of the positivistic school of Comte and Littré and in the new juridical principles of modern international law.

From 1844 he was associated with the political, diplomatic and military events of Nicaragua, and he took part in the more important disturbances of Central America during a period of thirty-four years.

In private Máximo Jerez was an exemplary man with an even and agreeable temperament, free of all suggestion of vulgarity or of martial airs. He was not only a politician and a soldier, but he was a correct writer, a thinker, a learned educator, an eminent jurist, a profound philosopher and an exceedingly clever diplomat. He was an enthusiastic unionist, and he lent tireless support to the ideal of the union of Central America, in the press, on the platform, in the professor's chair and on the field of battle.²⁹

In Costa Rica he exerted a considerable influence on the students of the university and on men in the government during his stay in this country (1863-1868). As to his influence as a philosopher: he was the herald of the introduction of the positivistic school, which later found its best standard-bearer in Doctor Antonio Zambrana.

The name of Jerez is associated with our international relations in the Cañas-Jerez treaty, concluded in April, 1858, by which our boundary disputes with Nicaragua were ended.

In our country he won the esteem of persons with whom he cultivated relations. When he returned to his country in 1868, our official weekly bade him farewell, on April 27 of that year, in the following terms:

GENERAL JEREZ

We regret to have to announce to the public the return to his country of this patriotic and cultured Nicaraguan. During his long residence among us he has won the esteem of the public, which he assuredly deserved in view of his worthy conduct and his kindly disposition.

Jerez, because of his antecedents, his moder-

²⁹El Nuevo Tiempo, Tegucigalpa, Honduras, June 8, 1918.

ation and his political ideas, is destined to exert a wholesome and beneficent influence on the public affairs of his country. We believe that his services will not be fruitless and that events will confirm our prediction.

We wish General Jerez happiness in everything and we take leave of him by assuring him that he leaves in Costa Rica warm regard and many friends.

He returned to Costa Rica for the third time in 1875. In 1881 this illustrious Nicaraguan died in Washington at the age of sixty-three.

A compatriot of the señor Jerez's was don José María Zelaya, who engaged in the education of our youth during the larger part of his residence in this country. He occupied chairs in the Colegio de Humanidades de Jesús, in 1858, and in the Liceo de Costa Rica, which the señor Jerez founded in 1864. He was a member of the directorate-general of studies and the director of the public registry. He was admitted to the bar in 1866. He exerted a wholesome influence on the young in the study of mathematics, in which branch he awakened great interest.

Of the same period as the señores Jerez and Zelaya was Anselmo H. Rivas. The señor Rivas was the director of a private primary and secondary school in Cartago in 1864. The following year he began to direct the Colegio de San Luis Gonzaga, before the arrival of the illustrious professors Fernández and Ferraz. He took part in the preparation of a plan of primary instruction, in association with don Pedro León Páez, for the schools of Cartago. His influence on the culture of the city of Cartago was very considerable.

It may be said that the influence of Nicaraguan culture on Costa Rica ended with Jerez, Zelaya and Rivas, but not that of Guatemala, which continued to be exerted by the young Costa-Ricans that studied law and medicine in her university and by certain professors, natives of that country, who brought their culture to ours.³⁰ Among the first professors that

came to our country from Guatemala was Doctor don Nazario Toledo. Doctor Toledo came to Costa Rica in 1835. Besides the many political positions he filled, the chief of which were those of president of the constituent assembly in 1846 and minister plenipotentiary of our country in his country in 1849, he was a teacher in the old Casa de Enseñanza de Santo Tomás. He was also rector and a professor of the university and minister of public instruction in 1858.

On April 22, 1840, came to Costa Rica, along with the supporters of Morazán, the distinguished Guatemalan Felipe Molina. He was born in Guatemala in 1812. He obtained his early education in his native city and he completed it in the city of Philadelphia in the United States. When he returned to his country, he filled the position of assistant secretary of the treasury. He went later to El Salvador, where he served as assistant secretary of the ministry of foreign relations and as the governor of several *departamentos*.

Felipe Molina passed some time in our country; then he went to South America, where he visited Perú and Chile. In 1843 he returned to Costa Rica and engaged in private enterprises, taking no part in public affairs until 1848, when he went as our diplomatic representative to Nicaragua with an important mission that he discharged satisfactorily. His services were well appreciated, and he was then appointed on a mission to the governments of France, Great Britain, Spain and the Hanseatic cities. While in Madrid, on his way, he wrote an interesting pamphlet on the boundaries between Nicaragua and Costa Rica. After he returned from his journey he remained in the republic but a short time, as he departed very soon for the United States of America, under appointment as minister plenipotentiary of Costa Rica to that great nation, the first diplomatic mission accredited by our government to the great republic of the north. He rendered very valuable services in his new post, among others, publishing his pamphlet on the boundaries between Costa Rica and Colombia, and he would have made even greater contributions, without doubt, if death had not overtaken him in

³⁰Subsequently don Juan Montalvo served as a professor in the Colegio de San Luis Gonzaga, and don Miguel Ramírez Goyena and don Aceo Hazera as professors in the Liceo de Costa Rica.

the city of Washington on February 1, 1855.²¹

His intellectual influence on our country was due to his efforts as a professor of English and as a member of the faculty of mathematical and physical sciences of the Universidad de Santo Tomás and to his *Bosquejo histórico y geográfico de Costa Rica*, the first publication of this kind translated into several languages. It was the first and only didactic text used in our schools and colleges for the teaching of national history until 1886.

Another Guatemalan, no less illustrious than his fellow-countrymen already mentioned, reached Costa Rica in 1845. We refer to Doctor José Fermín Meza y Orellana. The señor Meza was born in Huehuetenango, Guatemala, July 7, 1816. He was educated in his native city and in the capital of the republic, where he received the degree of bachelor of philosophy. After taking a course in pharmacy, he began the study of medicine in Guatemala. He concluded his studies at the Université de Paris in 1841, where he was graduated in medicine and surgery. He then returned to his native country, and he was employed in the army in his professional capacity. He spent some time in El Salvador and Nicaragua, where he left very pleasant memories, thanks to his services as a physician. In the Universidad de León he filled several chairs without honoraria.

In 1845, as we have said, he came to Costa Rica and established his residence at Heredia, the city in which he exercised his profession of pharmacist and physician, and where he distinguished himself, not only by his knowledge, but also by his kindly and charitable character. He contributed not a little to the intellectual development of Heredia by the interest he displayed in the foundation and maintenance of the Colegio de Enseñanza de San Agustín and by his contributions to *La Aurora*, the first weekly published in that city. A physician of the people for many years, a surgeon in the army in the national campaign, a member of the *protomédicos*²²

of the republic, the señor Meza, after a life devoted to the welfare of his fellows, died in Heredia in November, 1879. He was the first pharmacist that came to Costa Rica, and he was admitted to practice on January 3, 1846.²³

Accompanied by Attorney don Julián Volio and by don Juan José Ulloa, who studied law in Guatemala, Doctor don Lorenzo Montúfar reached the country on April 21, 1850. A month after he took up his residence in the capital, the señor Montúfar was elected a member of the court of justice, and he began the publication of *El Observador*, a newspaper devoted to juridical subjects. He was at once appointed drafter, in collaboration with Julián Volio, of the organic law of tribunals. He was made professor of natural law in the university in 1852. Afterward, for family reasons, he went back to his country. When he returned to Costa Rica, he was assigned the portfolio of secretary of foreign relations and public instruction by President Juan Rafael Mora in 1855. Two years later, as the result of events that occurred in the national campaign, he was intrusted with a delicate mission to the government of El Salvador. On the fall of Mora's government, the señor Montúfar left the country for the United States of America.

After a brief stay in the great republic of the north, he returned to Costa Rica in 1861, but the political situation of the country was not favorable to him. He was therefore obliged to set forth on a new journey, and he went to El Salvador. There he secured an appointment to a diplomatic mission to the government of the United States. Later he was sent to Europe by the government of El Salvador, and in February of the same year he came to our country again. In 1865 he formed a part of the Consejo Íntimo appointed by President José María Castro. In the following year he undertook a journalistic enterprise, founding *El Mensual Josefino*,

to, the attainments of those that desired to practise medicine, and with granting the necessary licenses for the exercise of the profession. It also served at times as a consulting body.—THE EDITOR.

²¹Máximo Soto Hall: *Un vistazo sobre Costa Rica en el siglo XIX*, San José, Costa Rica, 1900, page 271.

²²A tribunal composed of the *protomédicos* and examiners, charged with investigating, and certifying

²³Lorenzo Montúfar: *Memorias autobiográficas*, Guatemala, 1898.

which he afterward changed to a fortnightly. At that time Montúfar remained in Costa Rica until 1868, when new political occurrences forced him to abandon the country and repair once more to El Salvador. There he accepted a diplomatic mission to the government of Perú. In 1870 he returned to our country again. During the government established on April 27, 1870, he accepted the secretaryship of foreign relations and public instruction, a position he continued to fill in the administration of General Guardia, with the addition of the portfolio of war and marine in 1872. During his occupancy of this ministry he prevented the entrance of the Jesuits and he published three works against the Society of Jesús. He also served at that time on several diplomatic missions and committees abroad.

He represented our country in the conferences of Amapala in 1871, and a few weeks later he was instructed to go to London to arrange for the negotiation of a loan. After his retirement from the ministry, he was intrusted with a new mission to Europe in 1873. He returned to San José in 1874, and he was offered and he accepted another mission, on this occasion to the government of Guatemala. In April of that year, while he was again in Costa Rica, he devoted himself to the exercise of his profession; he also accepted the rectorship of the university and conducted classes in international law. The señor Montúfar had been rector of the university in 1865 and of the Instituto Nacional in 1875.³⁴

The teaching function of the señor Montúfar was not wholly limited to the classes that he conducted in the university, for in his capacity as minister of public instruction he established the chair of political economy in our university in 1856. In 1871 he sent out an important circular, although without any practical result, on overcoming illiteracy. His work of greatest didactic influence in our country was the *Reseña histórica de Centro América*, of which the last volume, which refers to the national campaign, has been most esteemed. Among his publications are,

besides: *Historia patria; Economía política; Derecho de gentes y leyes de guerra; El general Montúfar; El syllabus; Memorias autobiográficas*; and a great number of pamphlets, discourses and newspaper articles, some of which are of great historical value.

The señor Montúfar had studied in the Universidad de San Carlos. In April, 1841, he received the degree of bachelor of philosophy, and three years later, that of bachelor of laws; and he was admitted to the bar in 1848. Among his publications on law is his *Apunamientos sobre graduación de acreedores*. To his initiative was due the creation of the chairs of political economy and public law in the universidad de Guatemala. He conducted classes in law in El Salvador in 1849, and he also exercised his profession there.

In his country Doctor Montúfar held several political positions of importance, and he was the candidate of the liberal party for the presidency in 1892. He led a life of great intellectual and political activity. This illustrious Central American died at an advanced age in 1898.

Political events in Guatemala during the government of don Justo Rufino Barrios drove to our country one of the most distinguished members of the intellectual circle of that nation: don Rafael Machado Jáuregui. He came to Costa Rica in 1873, he was admitted to the bar in September, 1874, and he exercised his profession here with success. He taught classes in literature in the short-lived Colegio de Santo Tomás in 1873. He was also a professor in the university and in the Instituto Nacional and he crowned his career as an educator by serving as secretary of public instruction in 1876. He collaborated with Doctor José María Céspedes in drafting the statutes of the bar association.

Doctor Machado exercised not a little influence on the literary and juridical culture of our country. Of his career as a journalist there remain not a few survivals in articles published in newspapers, as well as in certain poetical compositions, published in *La Lira Costarricense*. He was on the staff of *El Foro*, the editor of the newspaper *Costa Rica*, a contributor to *Costa Rica Ilustrada* and the joint founder with don

³⁴*El Foro*, San José, Costa Rica, August 15, 1906.

Pío Víquez of *El Heraldo de Costa Rica*. He was also the director of the Imprenta Nacional, president of the bar association and prosecuting attorney.

This illustrious Central American was born in Guatemala on April 20, 1832. He pursued his secondary studies at the Universidad de San Carlos, where he obtained the degree of bachelor of philosophy on August 19, 1846. Engaging in the study of law in the same university, he obtained, three years later, the degree of bachelor of civil law, and in May, 1850, that of canonical law. In June, 1853, he completed his studies in law and he was admitted to practice in the courts of Guatemala. In his native land he was a member of the Sociedad Económica de Amigos del País, one of the most famous centers of culture of the period, while at the same time he occupied other positions until the political events to which we have already alluded compelled him to abandon his country and to adopt ours as his second mother.³⁵

Besides the influence that Guatemala exercised on our culture through the illustrious Guatemalans we have already mentioned, it made itself felt through young Costa-Ricans that studied in the Universidad de San Carlos.³⁶ . . .

The university of Guatemala, in respect of the study of law, was in advance of our university, and hence the training of the lawyers graduated there was necessarily superior to that which could be acquired in our country.

The influence of the Universidad de San Carlos on our juridical culture may be said to have terminated in 1875. In respect of the study of medicine, European and North American institutions were preferred to the university in Guatemala after 1860. In 1863 the first Costa-Rican young men went to the United States for the study of the medical sciences. They were don Vicente Castro, don Juan J. Flores and don Francisco Segrada. In

1868, don Carlos Durán and don Daniel Núñez went to England to pursue similar studies.

In religious culture also, our country was influenced by Guatemala. Certain priests, such as the señor don Anselmo Llorente and others, had already pursued their ecclesiastical studies there. The introduction of the religious orders being permitted, in 1875 came the first Jesuits, among whom were the Guatemalan priests the señores don Luis España, professor of languages, and don Nicolás Cáceres, professor of literature, who enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most distinguished sacred orators that have ever come to this country. From Guatemala came also Professors don Luis Javier Muñoz and don Pablo Catalán. All these priests did not fail to make their influence felt, not only on religious culture, but also on literary and philosophical studies and the dead languages.

From Guatemala came to Alajuela in 1878 the sisters of our Lady of Bethlehem, to direct a college for young ladies in this city. The college was opened in March of that year, but it was closed by the government on July 30, 1885, because the mother-superior did not submit to the legal requirements of the regulations of August 4, 1881. This institution, like all institutions of that kind, although of slight scientific value in their teachings, unquestionably exerted some influence on artistic culture: music, painting, drawing, sewing, et cetera.

With the religious contributions of the members of the Society of Jesus and of the sisters of our Lady of Bethlehem, we close the discussion of the influence of Guatemala on our education.

The influence of the republics of El Salvador and Honduras has been very slight on our educational development. Among the Hondurans we cite merely don Alvaro Contreras and don José Mendieta Aguirre,³⁷ who engaged in teaching, the former as a professor in the university, and

³⁵*El Foro*, San José, Costa Rica, August 15, 1906.

³⁶We omit here a considerable list of physicians and lawyers introduced at this point by the author, inasmuch as most of them have already been mentioned and as they would not interest the foreign reader.—THE EDITOR.

³⁷The señor Alvaro Contreras directed a weekly publication called *El Debate* in August, 1869, and the señor Mendieta Aguirre was a contributor to the important review *Anales de la Sociedad Científica y Literaria de Costa Rica*.

the latter as a professor in the short-lived Colegio de Santo Tomás (1873). In the realm of religious culture ought to be mentioned the Jesuit Professor don Luis Antonio Gamero, born in Danlí (*departamento* of El Paraiso, Honduras), who, during his professorship in the Colegio de Cartago, exercised a very wholesome influence on the musical culture of the young.

Few also have been the professors born in El Salvador that have occupied chairs in our educational establishments. Apart from the señores Doctor don Rafael Zaldívar, don Alberto Masferrer and don Alonso Reyes Guerra, we do not find in the historical culture of the country other names worthy to be mentioned. Doctor Zaldívar was a professor in the ephemeral school of medicine of the university; and the señores Masferrer and Reyes Guerra exercised certain teaching functions in the Liceo de Costa Rica and the Colegio Superior de Señoritas.

The scientific and, above all, the pedagogical literature produced in the neighboring Central American republics has been so slight that it has exerted but little intellectual influence on us. Perhaps the only works of a didactic character that we could cite would be the historical works of the Guatemalan Salazar, Montúfar, Marure, Milla and Batres, and those of the Nicaraguan Gámez and Ayón.

VIII

GENERAL FACTORS THAT CONTRIBUTED TO THE PROGRESS OF THE COUNTRY

IN CONSIDERING the intellectual development that took place after 1870 we ought to remember that in the evolution of our country the determining factors were multiplied in proportion as the activities of the Costa-Ricans attained greater development. It may be affirmed that during the last fifty years all the positive factors of progress, with their reciprocal influences, have constituted truly dynamic causes in the development of the national culture.

A more profound study of these factors, which is not the object of the present work, would enable us to comprehend the forces

that have transformed our environment and determined our educational atmosphere. The evolution of the culture of peoples, like that of all social phenomena, is conditioned by ethnical elements and by the manifold influences of the environment in which it develops.

The individual receives at birth, as his patrimony, a totality of congenital tendencies that determine his physical, moral and intellectual aptitudes, on the perfecting of which depends the greater development of his culture. These tendencies are modified in turn by the influence of innumerable physical and social factors that constantly affect the individual and shape his evolution.

The natural surroundings, called also physical environment and cosmical environment, are determined by climatic conditions, the structure and characteristics of the soil and such particulars as may favor man in meeting his material need of self-preservation and reproduction.

The social environment consists of the customs, beliefs, social habits and institutions that constitute the collective existence of society, which constitutes the environment in which the mental development of the individual is formed. Hence the culture in the individual seems to be conditioned by the collective mentality of the society in which he evolves.

As a correlative of the biological principle that corresponds to the necessity of living and of reproduction—the motive of every activity in the individual—appears the economic phenomenon that constitutes a transcendent factor in the evolution of the culture of peoples, if it be taken into account that this motive is the one which, in the first place, directs their activities: activities that spring from the biological phenomenon which, in passing from organic evolution to social evolution, produces the economic phenomenon, thus establishing biológico-economic correlation. The economic factors are the purely biological needs, in themselves material needs, which respond to the principle of the preservation of life; they constitute the motive of all individual and collective action and determine the evolution of the individual and of human societies.

Hence the economic conditions of peoples dominate the others that coexist with them, thus constituting the substructure of social phenomena. They constitute, in the main, the propulsive and attractive element of social evolution and determine the tendencies of the different political, religious, moral and intellectual institutions in general, all considered as the social superstructure.

A comprehension of the economic life of our country is the key to an understanding of the evolutionary processes of our development in education. In Costa Rica the national production is the internal economic factor, and the external factor is our commercial relations with foreign countries, the acquisition of money by means of loans to the government and to individuals, and the attraction of foreign capital to develop the exportation of the products of agriculture and industries.

An immediate consequence of that economic activity of the country was the development of means of communication which, in turn, facilitated the introduction of foreign culture. The construction of railways and the establishment of postal and telegraphic communications, steamship lines and wireless stations, may be deemed auxiliary factors in the development of our culture.

In 1871 the government made a contract with Mr. Henry Meiggs for the construction of a railway between Puerto Limón, on the Atlantic, and the city of Alajuela. In 1872 the work was begun, a start being made with the sections of the interior of the country in order to connect the cities of the central plateau. Later a contract was made with Mr. Minor C. Keith to continue the line to Carrillo, on the left bank of the Río Sucio, whence it was to be extended to join the central line at Cartago. This section was completed in 1881.

By a new contract, concluded in 1884 with the same Mr. Keith, work was begun on the line between Siquirres and Cartago, and in this manner the road was joined to the central section, begun in March, 1872, until the whole line between Limón and Alajuela was completed in 1891. On December 7 of this year the first locomotive

from the region of the Atlantic reached San José.

Afterward branches were constructed to different places along the Atlantic to facilitate access to the estates of this region.

The railway to Limón ought to be considered one of the most potent aids in the development of the national culture. This important enterprise has facilitated immigration, the access of Costa-Ricans to the outside world and the importation of valuable human elements for the development of our intellectual life.

Although to a slighter extent, influence has been exerted in the same direction as in the case of the earlier one by the Punta Arenas railway: an undertaking begun in pursuance of the contract concluded in 1897 with Mr. John L. Casement, who carried the line as far as Orotina. It was afterward continued to Punta Arenas, its terminus, by means of a new contract made with Mr. Warren Knowlton, a contractor, who completed the construction of it during the administration of don Cleto González Víquez.

In connection with the railway lines, and constituting on its part a means for the transmission of foreign culture, were the steamship lines established for the transportation of our products to Europe and the United States and for the importation of articles of foreign manufacture.

Cable and telegraph lines ought also to be considered as means for the introduction of foreign culture. The postal service, with more or less defects, has acquired greater importance and expeditiousness with the construction of railways to the ports, and the entrance of Costa Rica into the Universal Postal Union.

The establishment of telegraph lines, complemented later by the cable service, has been one of the greatest means of expediting communications in our country and with other countries. It has been a source of pride to Costa Rica that she was the first republic of Central America to establish a telegraph service. In 1857, under the administration of don Juan Rafael Mora, the first steps were taken toward its establishment; in 1866 the task of installing it was taken up again, but it

was not carried into effect until 1869, with the first line, between Punta Arenas and Cartago, as a result of a contract concluded with Lymanor Rey, an enterprise that passed later into the government service. In 1881 telegraphic service was established between Cartago and Limón.

In 1891 the government had concluded a contract with the señor Leopoldo Rojas for the establishment of a telephone system. Nevertheless, this important utility did not become a reality until April, 1894, when public telephone service was established in the capital, and a few months later in Cartago, Heredia and Alajuela, by a contract that the Secretaría de Fomento concluded with don Francisco Mendiola Boza, on April 12, 1893. Official telephone service had already been established in Santa Fe in 1886 between the main offices of the government.

The cable service is under the control of the Central and South American Cable company.³⁸ The cable service, although defective, has contributed greatly, not only to the development of our commercial life, but also to our culture, in daily contact with the principal events of the world. The United Fruit company installed the first wireless station at Limón in 1907, and in 1906 the first station in the interior was installed as an experiment in the Escuela Normal of Costa Rica.

The information received by the United Fruit company, supplied to the press, has favored the public with the most important news of events throughout the world. The wireless station of the Escuela Normal was destroyed in February, 1917, during the so-called administration of the Tinocos.

Side by side with the economic factor

³⁸Properly, the Central and South American Telegraph company: this company has been absorbed by, and is a part of, the All America Cables, Incorporated.—THE EDITOR.

as a determinant of culture stands the political factor. The idea of government—which, from the sociological point of view, is but a socialization of the functions of man for self-preservation—acquires in collective action a means of defense and development, in the interest of which man himself establishes institutions of a social and political character. These institutions—whose chief aims are to assure respect for the life and property of individuals and to provide measures for the protection and development of economic activities—agriculture, industry and commerce—for the regulation of these activities by means of proper laws and regulations, and, finally, for the stimulation of all the intellectual agencies of the country—constitute positive factors in the educational development of peoples.

The external political factor—which concerns our international life, the wise management of our diplomatic relations, the attraction of immigrants and esteem of the foreigner as the bringer of culture—had a share in our intellectual progress.

The factors already mentioned, more or less accentuated at certain times, more or less appreciated by our administrations and our private citizens, have favored the development of our culture by transforming our surroundings and thus determining our educational environment, the fundamental basis of the progress of the country.

We have sought hitherto to sketch the factors that have entered into the national culture during the first two-thirds of the last century for the single purpose of interpreting our educational environment during different periods; but, as our object has not been merely to study *Costa-Rican sociology*, we shall take up later the recent influences exerted by foreign nations on our educational activities and on the scientific development of Costa Rica.



THE OUTCOME OF A WAGER

BY

“RONQUILLO”

A dinner party of young men; random conversation; inevitably, desultory discussion of marriage; an opinion regarding it is advanced, and, naturally, opposed; the upholder of the influence of suggestion and proximity on the potential “contracting parties” offers to support his theory with a wager; he agrees to bring about the marriage of a couple to be selected by his companions; the wager is accepted and the choice of persons is made: the result is interesting, and, strange to say—after centuries of quest for the unusual—surprising.—THE EDITOR.

I

BETWEEN a marriage for pure love, of which people are wont to speak in novels,” said Carlos Olmedo, one of those present during that after-dinner chat, “and a marriage for money, there is an infinite number of degrees and shades, as is revealed by the facts of every-day life.”

“Such as, for example? . . .” inquired another of the diners.

“Such as, for example,” continued Carlos, “the marriage of a man that marries because he thinks it proper to do so and picks out a woman without either much affection or much pecuniary interest; the marriage of the woman that seeks in her husband a stay and support, that she may not be left alone in the world; that of so many that marry out of an ill considered sympathy, which, in reality, is not love; and that of so many others.”

“This is very true,” remarked Alberto; “but it is a long way between what you have just said and what you said a little while ago: that in most cases men and women marry only because of a mere inclination toward matrimony and that they tie up with the first person they happen on within certain general requirements.”

“I stand by what I have said,” replied Carlos; “it is sufficient to say to a man, ‘Such and such a woman likes you,’ and to a woman, ‘This man has had his eyes on you,’ for them to develop an immediate predisposition and get started down the inclined plane that descends toward matrimony.”

“Man, that is to entertain a very poor

idea of human feelings,” said Manuel Rengifo, another of the diners, “and a worse one still of matrimony. If everything were thus, the task of the match-makers would be easy, and they are neither so many nor are they always fortunate.”

“However, it is easy to put any one to the test,” answered Carlos.

“Would you be kind enough to demonstrate to us practically the truth of your assertion?”

“Of course, and I would even accept a bet on this subject—granted a marriageable man and a marriageable woman—to engage to lead them rapidly to the altar, but on two conditions.”

“Ah! you are already beginning to make conditions!”

“Only such as are necessary, and you that are present shall be the judges of them. In the first place, the persons are to be really marriageable; there must exist no incompatibility due to family dislike, a clashing of interests or any other cause whatsoever.”

“That is a very reasonable condition; and the second?”

“That each of you shall give me his word of honor to do absolutely nothing to hamper my action.”

“Very natural, also; and on these conditions you are ready to make the wager?”

“Certainly, and we shall fix the amount immediately.”

“Accepted,” said the other five.

“I propose,” said Manuel, “a dinner for all present. If you win, Carlos, we shall give you a dinner among us all, and a splendid dinner at that, and you will have the right to invite to it six other friends of

yours; and if you lose, you will have to pay, and each of us six will have the right to invite a friend."

"Agreed; and now let us select the victims . . . or the fortunate ones: you yourselves will have to designate them, but you must suggest persons that I know, for if you do not, the task will be a great deal more difficult."

"Very good," said Manuel; "let us begin with the bridegroom."

After thinking for some moments, he added:

"Eduardo Romero: he is twenty-eight years old; he has a good steady job and a very fair income; he is of a good family and he is a fine fellow, with no great virtues and no great defects."

"Yes; he will do well for the bridegroom," said several: "there is nothing against him. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Yes;" replied Carlos; "I know him and I am even somewhat in his confidence. He is a good lad. I accept him. Now to the bride."

Those present began to propose different ladies, but they were rejected one after another, because of this or that objection and because, in all sincerity, no one wished to increase the difficulty of the problem.

"I have her!" said Alberto.

"Who is she?"

"Laurita Olivar."

"Javier Acuña's little widow?"

"The same."

"But man!" exclaimed Carlos, "Laura is my cousin."

"All the better then: her kinship will give you a certain hold on her and thus the undertaking will be all the easier for you."

"But she is a widow!"

"And do you consider that little widow a bad morsel! Twenty-four years old, good looking, of irreproachable conduct and without children or many relatives!"

"But you know that a widow is less sought after than a young girl."

"That depends on the widow; and if her state is a difficulty, on the other hand, your relationship with her will make your task easier."

"Unless," remarked Manuel, "you have

your own eye on your cousin and therefore are making objections."

"By no means; and as a proof of it, I accept her. Now give me a reasonable time."

"For two persons that are free to act, a month is sufficient."

"No;" replied Carlos, "it is too little."

"Let us decide on two months."

"Very well; two months."

"Then," added Manuel, "you wager that within two months Eduardo Romero will have married Laura Olivar, the widow of Acuña?"

"Yes; I accept the conditions and the wager."

"Let us see, however," remarked Alberto; "may there not already be some affair between Laura and Eduardo, and may we not be letting ourselves in for something?"

"I am sure there is not," replied Manuel; "they know each other by sight, as all of us that live in a small city know one another; but nothing more."

"And I also testify," rejoined Carlos, "that there does not even exist a speaking acquaintanceship between my cousin and Eduardo."

"To work then."

"On with the dance!"

II

HOWEVER, before describing how young Carlos Olmedo attacked the enterprise, our readers ought to be made acquainted with the victims, or whatever they were, of that matrimonial conspiracy and that wager, arranged with so little conscience and morality.

Laura Olivar belonged to a good family of that city of twenty thousand inhabitants, and she was a pretty and attractive woman. Her father had died after he had seen her married to Javier Acuña, who had been what is deemed a good match; she had married at the age of nineteen, but after two years of wedded life, she had the misfortune to be left a widow. An attack of influenza, followed by pneumonia, carried off her husband, whom she really loved.

Immediately after her husband's death, Laura had returned to her mother's side to

continue to live with her; and there, in seclusion and silence, she sincerely mourned her husband and led an irreproachable life.

Young Acuña, who equally reciprocated his wife's affection, had made a will a few days before his death and in it he left to his wife all his property, which was not much, it is true: a small house and some securities; with all of which Laura had what was necessary to live in relative comfort, but not to lead a life of luxury, by a great deal. She went out little, accompanied by her mother; and, although she had been a widow for three years, she was not seen in public save when she would go to take a walk in the plaza of the city, which she did infrequently, and never on festive occasions, even private ones.

Laura was Carlos Olmedo's cousin, but a cousin in the second degree only, a relationship that does not amount to much in towns, except when it is a case of persons that live very near one another, for then kinship assumes importance and is strengthened by affection.

Carlos, however, was a man that spent little time in that city, as he preferred to live in Santiago, and only for brief stays had he returned to his native city. Recently he had spent a longer period there than was his wont; and not out of affection for his family and his native town, but because he was drawn by regard for an uncle of his and of Laura's, who was approaching his last hour, and who possessed a fortune that was not to be despised, of two hundred thousand or more *pesos*, according to the well informed. The uncle died, however, and solemnly disappointed his niece and his nephew; for in his will, apart from certain pious bequests and legacies of slight importance to his only niece and nephew, Laura and Carlos, he left all his property to his friend don Antonio Correa, a man of wealth on his own account; and the will added, after making Antonio the heir: "With instruction to carry out the provisions that I have transmitted to him privately and regarding which no one has a right to ask him for an accounting."

Carlos had passed a bad moment over his uncle's will, but he took possession of the two thousand *pesos* of the legacy, and he barely put on mourning for his relative,

This disappointment gave a darker tone to his skepticism, in which he went so far as to deny affection in matrimony and as not to believe in sentiments.

In spite of his youth—he was thirty-four years old—Carlos was a cold man, not bad, but selfish. However, many persons thought that a sincere affection would perhaps cure those defects and would cause a good heart to beat where none appeared to exist.

As to the young Romero selected as material for the matrimonial wager, he was a young man of twenty-eight, as was said on the occasion of the dinner, of good family, of a very fair figure and even attractive, with few relatives, without parents and with two sisters. He held a position that brought him in seven hundred *pesos* a month, which was not a trifle in that small city; and with his salary and a little house that he and his sisters had inherited from their parents, the three lived modestly and constituted one of those families that all respect in a small town, but that do not fill a large place in society. They were invited to festivities, but it was well known that they never attended.

He met his obligations well enough, and everybody treated him with consideration; but he was not sought after anywhere. On the other hand, he was not received coldly anywhere. Socially he was "one of the many."

"He would not make a bad husband, with his good qualities," certain mothers were wont to remark: . . . "but he has nothing but his salary and the little house."

"One of the many," was the general expression; but those that said this were incapable of observing that one needs really great qualities to enable him to lead an irreproachable life in modest retirement; to meet all his obligations squarely; to be kind at home; and to wend his silent way "neither envious nor envied." As his true worth was not evident on the surface, they denied it and said of him: "One of the many, but always correct and always a perfect little gentleman."

Such was the bridegroom selected for the little widow, and such the bride picked out for young Romero,

In reality, the two were perfectly eligible, and in this respect there were no obstacles in the way of the affair. Now, would it be possible to harmonize those two wills and lead them to matrimony?

III

THE night that followed the one of the wager, Carlos Olmedo went to his cousin Laura's, where he was received with the intimacy to which his relationship gave him a right.

"It is a long time since you have let us have a look at you about here, cousin," remarked Laura, who continued to work at her sewing.

"I have remained away out of mere ill humor."

"Ill humor? And why?"

"Do you not think the cause sufficient, Laurita: the disappointment caused us by our uncle and his famous will? It is, in reality, a 'story of a rich uncle.'"

"Well, believe me, that as to myself, there has been no great disillusionment: I have lived a life of such seclusion, I have been so much alone, and we saw so little of each other, that I am not surprised at his neglect."

"But, after all, he was an uncle, a near relative; and if he did not wish to leave me anything because I am a man and can earn my living without asking anything of anybody, he ought to have thought of you, Laurita; but to leave that pittance to you, a widow, with hardly enough to live on!"

"With the life that we lead, we need no more; and if our uncle did not remember us, what are we to do about it?"

"Which does not alter the fact that our uncle's fortune would have come in very well for you. Thus there would have been more probability—observe well, I do not say 'probability,' but 'more probability'—of your contracting a new marriage."

"Marry again!" exclaimed Laura, smiling with pleasure; "but I am not thinking of any such thing, Carlos! The very idea!"

"But it is natural that you should think of it."

"But why is it natural, man alive!"

"Because you are young; you are

twenty-four years old; you are very attractive and winsome; and because, during your married life and in your widowhood, you have proved that you possess qualities and virtues that are somewhat rare."

"Carlos, Carlitos, be careful, or I shall think you are courting me! . . . Are you, by any chance, seeking my hand?"

Carlos, on his part, burst into merry laughter. "In truth, cousin, I might do so with good reason and . . . I should not be lacking in the desire, but, frankly, I have no such thought in mind. I spoke of your good qualities and your attractiveness, because I feel thus and out of regard for your future; some day—may God prevent it—you may lose your mother, and you may be left alone in the world."

"May God will that this shall be as late as possible! and not even as a supposition would I think of such a thing! Therefore I assure you, with all frankness, that the idea of a second marriage has never occurred to me."

"I do not doubt it, my dear cousin; you can never have thought of it, I am sure. but. . . ."

"But what? . . . Come now; you have something up your sleeve; your reticence indicates it, and I have suspected something for a good while. Out with it, out with it, man! What is it?"

"About some one that would like to rescue you from your state of widowhood."

"Ah! a suitor! . . . Let us have done! The subject no longer interests me. And you, when are you going to marry?"

"Do not go to proposing such difficult problems; and don't try to change the subject; however, if you are not interested. . . ."

"Neither much nor little," commented Laura, admirably disguising the curiosity that was pricking her.

"Then, although it may not interest you," added Carlos, piqued in turn by his cousin's indifference, "I shall tell you, now that I have begun. I have seen some one's eyes shine, when you passed by, and then pursue you."

"Curiosity of the men, who will not let a woman pass without staring at her."

"It was something more than curiosity, and I have observed it three or four times.

and then I have heard something like a sigh, following the look."

"What a sensitive gallant he must have been!"

"And he does not seem to have been, in truth; since he is the quietest fellow in town: Eduardo Romero, and no other."

"The 'very correct' Romero? . . . and that lad knows how to stare and sigh? I thought he was as mild and cold as the pipes of drinking water of which he has charge."

"Do not make fun of that young man, cousin."

"I am not making fun in the least. On the contrary, I have a very good opinion of him. In a small town, where the honor of few is respected, nothing bad has ever been said of him."

"Now you are becoming enthusiastic; be careful!"

"But man, you are seeing visions. I say what I have heard, and only to reply to the accusation of making fun of him, which you have attributed to me."

"Well, that 'very correct' and very cold Eduardo Romero is the man of the glances and the sighs; and besides: a few days ago you passed by at a distance, while he and I were in the plaza, and he saw you; and this is what he said: 'There is a girl that would make any man happy,' and he followed you with his eyes until you were lost in the distance."

"How strange, and we have never so much as spoken to each other; not that I do not recognize his merits, without a tremor, however, and I only repeat what I have heard: that he would be 'a good husband for some girl of simple tastes.' Besides, his face gives evidence of a rectitude of character that is none too common among young men. However, Carlos, frankly, my widowhood by no means burdens me."

Laura changed the subject of the conversation, showing no further interest in the topic under discussion; and shortly afterward Carlos took his leave.

IV

A FEW days later Carlos fell in with young Romero.

"How fortunate I am to have happened on you at just this moment," he said to

him; "I wished to ask you whether my uncle had paid all his water bills."

"Everything has been paid, Carlos," answered Romero; "your uncle was a very orderly man. Speaking of him, if it be not an indiscretion to mention the subject, how do you explain your uncle's leaving his fortune to an outsider and not to his niece and nephew?"

"Vagaries of an uncle; he lived as a bachelor and he made his will like a bachelor, without remembering his family."

"It is very strange; he ought at least to have remembered the señora Laura, a widow without fortune and so full of virtues and good qualities."

"Are you acquainted with her, Eduardo?"

"No; not at all; this is but general opinion. Her marriage and widowhood are the best testimony to her merits; another, with her youth and her physical charms, would already be out in search of a new husband."

"*Caramba*, Romerito! How enthusiastically you speak of my cousin!"

"Man, for God's sake, do not take offense. I do no more than echo what others say, for I am not acquainted with her. I have only seen her on rare occasions in the street."

He said this with an air of absolute sincerity.

"The eulogy of a person as serious and respectable as you are is not, and can not be, an offense," answered Carlos; "but—let me say to you with frankness—my attention was called to the good opinion you have just expressed of my cousin without knowing her, because it coincided with the fact that last night—to go no further back—she was praising you in the same way, without being acquainted with you."

"Really?"

"Certainly: 'I have often heard it said,' she told me, 'that this young man would be a good husband for some girl of simple tastes.' And she added: 'His face gives evidence of a rectitude of character that is none too common among young men.'"

"Then, my friend, you are almost making me vain, with all this praise and, above all, when it comes from a lady so worthy

of respect. I appreciate it with all my heart."

"And because of this coincidence of your praising each other, and that at a distance, I imagined for a moment that there must exist some friendship . . . and even a bit of a very discreet affair between you."

"Man, do not jest! How could it occur to you that I should be lacking in respect for a lady! If I cherished such sentiments, and if, besides, it were possible that they might be acceptable to such a person as the señora Laura, and if I were in a position to dare to think of such things, I should not have recourse to messages or gossip transmitted by telegraph, but I should go directly to the person interested and I should speak to her with my heart in my hand."

"And why do you not consider yourself in a position to think of such things?"

"The reason is perfectly evident. Suppose I were to fall in love with your cousin or with some other lady of her worth and social position: do you fancy that I should go to ask her to sacrifice her welfare for me, for a fellow with a salary of seven hundred pesos and therefore incapable of offering her ease and comfort. No, señor; this would be well enough for boys, but not for a man of twenty-eight."

"Observe, however, that Laura (and I speak only to continue the discussion) has something of her own to live on, so that the incomes of two modest persons with simple tastes would be united, and thus the two would be the gainers. And if, besides, there existed affection? And if you felt it for a person like my cousin, and if she cherished, as a foundation, a good opinion that would predispose to sympathy and a return of affection?"

"Come now! We are jesting about too serious a subject. I entertain for your cousin, although I do not know her personally, so much esteem and respect that I should not dare to discuss the question of love between her and me."

Then the conversation shifted, and shortly afterward they separated, but Carlos withdrew, thinking to himself:

"I have now planted a spark in both hearts; nothing more is lacking than that it should catch, and for that purpose it is necessary to blow on it a little."

CARLOS continued to blow to help the spark catch.

One day he would meet his cousin; the next, he would fall in with Eduardo in the plaza; then he would go directly to visit his cousin's house; next, Romero's office under the pretext of consulting him regarding his uncle's affairs; and thus he gave himself opportunities to speak to each, to insist on his theme, to converse with each regarding the other, and always artfully and skilfully, that the interest he took in the subject might not appear and in such a manner that the subject would come up naturally and spontaneously, as if by accident and without being dragged into the conversation.

In each of the interviews and conversations he tried with great tact and prudence to add a splinter here and there to make the spark take hold, and he blew on it a little to make it kindle. Readers that are acquainted with Jules Verne's *L'île mystérieuse* will recall the infinite care with which Harbert lighted the only match he found in his pocket, the only means he and his companions had of starting a fire on the desert island, and the minute precautions he took in piling fuel on the little flame of the match, tending it and increasing it until it became a great fire that would warm the bodies of persons stiff with cold. Equal then was the infinite scrupulosity and attention exercised by Carlos Olmedo in nourishing the sparks he had deposited in the hearts of his cousin and Eduardo Romero, and he manifested a similar zeal and care in causing the spark to assume the direction of the fire of love.

In truth he did not lack fuel for his purpose. As the little widow was a person of many good qualities, it was very easy for Carlos to provoke in Romero a phrase in commendation of his cousin, and he immediately set off with this phrase and applied it like a sliver to the spark lighted by him in Laura's heart; and as, on the other hand, young Romero was not lacking in virtues and as there was much to praise in his irreproachable conduct, Carlos, in his conversation with his cousin, easily dropped a phrase of hers in compliment of

Romero, and this phrase was another straw that Carlos carried off to apply to livening up the tiny flame kindled in the young man's heart. Thus, going back and forth, it happened, as was natural, above all, as the affair was conducted with skill, that Romero thought frequently of Laura and he discovered more and more perfections in her every day, and that, on her part, Laura let her thoughts dwell on Eduardo and listened with pleasure to the good reports other persons gave her of him; and so each of the two interested principals assumed importance in the mind of the other.

The diplomat did even more. With all skill, and dexterously concealing his hand, he caused certain persons among his relations—ladies and gentlemen—to speak every little while, and as if by accident, with Laura regarding the merits of the methodical and correct manager of the water-works; and he induced some of his friends to converse with Romero about the excellent qualities of the young lady; and in this manner, insensibly, he formed around them a delicate atmosphere in which each of them frequently breathed the same air as the other; but he took good care that the word "matrimony" should never be uttered. Blowing softly a spark livens it up, but blowing strongly puts it out at once.

While the situation stood thus, a merely casual incident favored Olmedo's plans.

One Sunday, at half after ten in the morning, the people were leaving the parish church after the high mass, and a veritable torrent of men and women thronged the street they were crossing to go into the plaza or to disperse in different directions.

The shouts of many people were suddenly heard: "Look out! Look out! . . . Get out of the way!"

And down the same street along which the crowd was moving came dashing at the top of his speed a runaway horse, heading madly, blindly, for the immense multitude that was leaving the church. The shouts increased, and the startled people fled in terror, some toward the sidewalk in front of the church, others toward the plaza, thus opening as by instinct a way for the danger-

ous brute; but in the very path of the furious horse stood a little boy of five, very poorly dressed, who doubtless had pulled away from his mother's hand.

"The child! . . . Oh, for the love of God! . . . He is going to kill him!" cried several voices, and, indeed, the blinded animal was within a few feet of the child, who was unaware of his danger.

Suddenly, however, two persons darted from the crowd—a woman and a man—and with startling rapidity they gained the middle of the street, caught up the boy and snatched him out of the way; but, although they made haste, the horse reached the man, grazed him, struck him a glancing blow, knocked him down and continued his wild flight.

This occurrence raised new shouts, but the fallen man soon got up and said:

"It is nothing! . . . I am all right."

The multitude applauded the two rescuers enthusiastically.

Only at that moment did the two realize what had occurred, and they at once recognized each other. They were Laura Olivar and Eduardo Romero: she, very pale from emotion; and he, with his face somewhat flushed, but calm and quiet. They bowed to each other slightly, smiling, and Eduardo asked:

"Have you suffered any injury, señora?"

"No, señor; I managed to escape uninjured, and you, señor?"

"I too, señora; the horse was able to reach me as he passed, but the blow is insignificant."

In the meanwhile they were approached by a woman of the people, the mother of the boy, who was weeping and convulsively caressing him, unable to convince herself that he was uninjured.

"My lady, my gentleman," the woman said, weeping, "you have saved my little son. God reward you and make you happy."

Carlos Olmedo had witnessed the scene and he was commenting smilingly to himself:

"Accident is aiding me; the spark has caught and has become a flame. It would be well to bring them together in order that the flame may become a fire and result in matrimony."

VI

IT WAS unnecessary for Carlos to bring them together. The day following the occurrence that has just been related, Romero appeared at the little widow's home.

"Will you pardon me, señora, if I approach you without an introduction?"

"There has been no occasion, señor," she replied, "nor is there any need; for the incident of yesterday, I think, has already made us acquainted."

"It is true, señora, and I congratulate myself on it; but there is something more for which I must beg your pardon. The step I am taking with regard to you would be an act of the most ridiculous presumption or of the most stupid insolence, were it not that I am moved by a consideration that concerns both your tranquillity and mine."

"Indeed, señor? And to what does it relate?"

"To a subject that it would be very difficult to explain if I did not have recourse to the most absolute frankness and sincerity, although at the risk of seeming to you to be unbearably impertinent."

"Therefore speak, señor; for the reputation you enjoy immediately prevents my forming so bad an opinion."

"I proceed then with the affair, señora, without further preamble and relying on your benevolence and the rectitude of your judgment. Some three weeks ago I fell in with your cousin Carlos Olmedo, and in the conversation he spoke of you and he repeated these phrases that you had uttered to him: 'Romero would be a good husband for some girl with simple tastes.' 'Besides, his face gives evidence of a rectitude of character that is none too common among young men.' This opinion is very flattering to me, but there was nothing in it that could affect the heart. During the succeeding days, on five or six occasions, Carlos has repeated, with an insistence that has attracted my attention and that has seemed systematic to me, other phrases of yours of a different character—I would not wound you, señora, but frankness is better than half words—phrases . . . more expressive and such as have come nearer to my heart. All this assumes an

especial value in my eyes, because it comes, not from an outsider, but from a near relative of yours; but malice has triumphed over my presumption, and therefore I have come to you, because I have had the idea that this is a trick of your cousin's, and that he is playing the same part with you also."

Laura sat gazing at her questioner, blushing at times and at times with flashes of anger in her eyes, and when Eduardo had finished speaking, she remained thoughtful for a moment, and then she asked:

"Do you recall, señor, what was the first day on which Carlos spoke to you of me?"

"I recall it very well, señora; it was the twenty-eighth of May, at six o'clock in the afternoon."

"Well then; two days before, the twenty-sixth, at night, Carlos was here, and he spoke of you, and he repeated to me a phrase of yours, which I have not forgotten, either: 'Laura is a girl that would make any man happy,' and afterward, on five or six occasions, he has again repeated phrases and opinions of yours that went a little more directly to my heart, until I have had to give consideration to his conduct, which seemed to me to have a definite purpose."

"Our suspicions are confirmed then, señora."

"Precisely; what Carlos heard from you, he brought to me, and then he carried to you what he had heard me say."

"And there is, consequently, a purpose in all this?"

"Without any doubt; I see it myself now."

"A purpose, señora, that you yourself will readily understand when you learn that the night before Carlos came to your house, on the twenty-fifth of May, he had dinner with several of his friends; and, as I had compared this fact with other facts, it occurred to me to go to the hotel where the dinner was given. At the first question I asked, the waiter that was serving me let the hare out of the bag: I learned, señora, that it was an affair of a wager made by Carlos that he would marry us."

"*Jesús*, what an outrage," exclaimed Laura, genuinely indignant; but an idea at once crossed her mind; she blushed and

then added in another tone: "Pardon me, señor, I say, 'an outrage,' because of the conduct of Carlos and his friends."

"It is conduct that is really unqualifiable, above all, as the person that made the wager is a near relative of yours."

"To plunge into matrimony two persons that are unacquainted with each other, that have never known each other, and thus to expose them to irreparable unhappiness!"

"It is a veritable crime, señora; nevertheless . . . you will permit me to make a remark: the purpose was censurable—there is no doubt of that—but it is clear that it could not be consummated, as it would come to nothing, owing to your good taste; but suppose, señora, that these wiles had awakened in my heart the feelings for which they were designed; would it not have been a misfortune for me to conceive illusions and cherish plans that would have ended, naturally, in painful disillusionment?"

Laura's attention was attracted by the tone in which Eduardo uttered these last words; and, fixing on him her eyes and disguising with a smile a certain glimmer of anxiety deep within, she remarked: "I suppose, señor, that no such thing has occurred?"

"Señora, I am of an age in which the head ought to keep the affairs of the heart in some sort of order."

"That is very well said, but I see that you are now less frank and sincere than you were at the beginning of this interview."

"It must be because it was then a question of a subject that touched you and me very nearly, while this other one . . . how can it be of any interest to you?"

"And why is it not? Why may I not be interested in what affects the one to whom my cousin destined me as a wife and who was yesterday my companion in the rescue of a poor boy?"

Laura accompanied these words with a look that deeply moved Eduardo, who could not repress, in spite of his sincerity, this exclamation:

"Señora, as a favor, do not cause me to glimpse lights that are not for my eyes! While it was an outrage on the part of

Carlos, it would be a cruelty on your part!"

"And would it not be a greater cruelty to ourselves not to continue to the end, with the frankness and sincerity with which we began, but to conceal what each of us feels at this moment?"

"And how can I dare to think of a return of an affection that I have cherished, very deeply concealed, or of offering to one that I so deeply admire . . . the nothingness of my person and my financial position."

"But to what greater happiness can an honest woman of secluded life aspire than that of taking the unstained name of an honorable man, of leaning on a firm arm and of uniting her heart with another heart filled with noble affection?"

"But is this true, Laura? Is it not, perhaps, the continuation of a dream? By what unexpected road has this former dream of my soul come to realization?"

"Has it been for a long time then, Eduardo," asked Laura, extending her hands, "that you have cared for me?"

"For a long time, Laura, for a long time; but it was an illusion that I myself strove to dispel with the true voice of reason and the cold contact of reality; and this, Laura, is like a sudden dawn in the depth of a very dark night."

"And I, my friend, only since yesterday. When we rescued that child, the look that you gave me penetrated to the innermost depths of my soul and awakened in it feelings that I thought would never be again renewed."

They looked at each other for an instant, their hands clasped, their eyes glowing with love and tranquil tenderness.

"Shall we let Carlos win his wager then, Laura?"

"Let him win it, Eduardo, and if it has coincided with our love, let his victory coincide with our happiness."

VII

FOUR weeks later was celebrated, in private and with no attempt at parade, the marriage of Eduardo Romero and Laura Olivar: "A well mated pair," all said, "and that of persons that deserve to be happy."

A week later Carlos Olmedo's friends paid the wager won by him. They gave him a splendid dinner.

There is an epilogue, however.

At the end of the dinner a servant handed to Carlos a letter that had just been brought for him, and the participants demanded that he read it.

"It is, doubtless, the acceptance of some friend, or another felicitation on your victory."

"Let Manuel Rengifo read it."

"Let me read it! Let me read it!"

Carlos gave the letter to Manuel, and Manuel read aloud what follows:

SEÑOR DON CARLOS ALMEDO

PRESENT

MY ESTEEMED SEÑOR:

I have the honor to send you with this a copy of a letter which, under the same date, I have despatched to your cousin, the señora doña Laura Olivar de Romero, by reference to which you can inform yourself as to the last will of your uncle Andrés Olivar.

I have the honor to salute you and to sign my name as your friend and obedient servant,

ANTONIO CORREA.

The copy ran thus:

SEÑORA DOÑA LAURA OLIVAR DE ROMERO

PRESENT

MY RESPECTED SEÑORA:

At the same time that I send you my courteous and cordial felicitation on your new marriage, I am pleased to communicate to you the last instructions given me by your uncle, don Andrés Olivar, before his death.

As you will see by the certified copy of the will that I send you with this, your uncle made me the residuary legatee of all his property, but he added, in this testamentary clause, the following sentence: "With instruction to carry out the provisions that I have transmitted to him privately and regarding which no one has a right to ask him for an accounting."

Well then; don Andrés explained to me these provisions several times by word of mouth, and, besides, he reiterated them to me in a letter he delivered to me a short time before his death, the original of which I send you, and in it you can read the following paragraphs:

"You know already that I have no other near relatives save my nephew and niece, Carlos Olmedo and Laura Olivar, the widow of Acuña; and to them I desire to leave my fortune, but with certain restrictions, which I leave intrusted to the uprightness of the good friend that you have always been to me.

"If Carlos and Laura come to love each other and to marry, deliver to them all my property—after the bequests and legacies that I indicate in my will—and you will deliver it to them immediately after the celebration of the wedding and as my wedding gift.

"If they do not marry each other, you will proceed in the following manner: if Carlos marries before Laura, according to Laura's wishes and yours, you will give him three-fourths of my estate, and you will give the other fourth to my niece; but if Laura marries before her cousin and with his full consent, and if she marries a person that you deem worthy, deliver to Laura all my property; for, after all, Carlos is a man and he is able to take care of himself."

The rest of your uncle's letter, as you can see, does no more than fully confirm this will.

For my part, I see that the hour has come to carry it into effect, as it has been made public in the city, and as Carlos himself has testified, that your cousin has brought about the marriage by means of a wager, I am convinced that you have married in full conformity with the will of your cousin; and, as, besides, I have observed that you have chosen as your husband a very meritorious young man and one that I know and have esteemed for many years for his great virtues, it is my pleasure to deliver to you the entire fortune of your uncle and my friend don Andrés Olivar, which consists of the good house in which he lived during his lifetime and some hundred and fifty thousand *pesos* in bonds and other securities. In the recorder's office of this city is ready the act of transmission of the property, which you and your husband will have the goodness to sign.

Be so kind, señora, as to accept, along with my congratulations, the very respectful greetings and warm regard of your sincere friend and servant,

ANTONIO CORREA.

When Manuel had concluded the reading of this letter, Carlos fell back in his chair, and two hours later he was rolling with a horrible attack of indigestion.

A CODE FOR THE JOURNALIST

BY

J. M. QUIRÓS Y PALMA

The simple ethical principles of Journalism, as conceived by a teacher of youth. If they seem old-fashioned, so much the worse for modern journalism.—THE EDITOR.

I

THOROUGH preparation is required for every kind of profession, and that of journalism—the most universal, complex and responsible of all professions—ought to demand unswerving honor and solid training in literature and science.

II

PRUDENCE counsels beginners—young and old—to subject themselves to a private apprenticeship, under the direction of experienced teachers, before giving their efforts to the public; and, in general, every writer would prefer the criticism of discreet and impartial friends to the contemptuous smile or the noisy reprobation of society.

III

BREEDING demands of the journalist much social tact, which should be expressed in Christian charity, disinterested love for his country, respectful and delicate opportuneness, especially when he must advocate views opposed to established opinions or customs.

IV

I BELIEVE that among a writer's moral qualities, veracity and gentlemanliness are not the least. It is extremely mortifying to be obliged to take back what one has said or to have it proven that one acted with bad faith or employed forbidden weapons, such as misrepresentation, sarcasm or falsehood.

V

THE pen of a Christian ought never to trace an irreligious, defamatory or obscene

line, under any circumstances or with any pretext. Immoral and excessive language is to be condemned anywhere; and in a public writer, it ought to be punished severely, because of the scandals it occasions all society.

VI

AS FAR as possible, let us give to our doctrinaire writings that impersonality in their essence that will cause them to appeal to all kinds of readers, without offense to any of them. Let us remember that in the vicious, vice is reprehensible, but that their persons are respectable. Let us imitate the physicians, who fight the disease, but save the patient.

VII

IN OUR modern democracies the press can pass an opinion on political persons and subjects with a freedom that is worthy and chivalrous. Let it censure as much as it will unworthy acts, ideas and functionaries; but let it respect the authority of the ruler or the superior.

VIII

WE SHOULD never be guilty of the vulgarity of throwing into the face of a public man—in combating him—his past irregularities, his merely private faults, his physical deformity or his humble origin.

IX

THE end does not justify the means; therefore let us not try to use forbidden weapons—deceit, calumny, et cetera—to uphold the verdicts of truth or religion. Instead of reflecting credit on them, we thus stupidly compromise the best causes.

X

IN EVERY polemic we ought to treat our opponents in a courteous manner, avoiding what may reasonably wound or offend them. Journalists have a right to bring out the truth, but not to give utterance to base passions or to exhibit or foster personal hatreds.

XI

SOME journalists forget that when their manners are uncouth and their style is passionate or insulting, polemics strengthen their adversaries and render them impregnable. A sacred writer has said with truth: "To catch flies a drop of honey is better than many jars of gall."

XII

EPISTOLARY correspondence and private documents may not be published without the consent of their owners or signers. Journalists to whom are directed letters or communications of a private character may not reproduce them without violating both the law and good manners.

XIII

IT is therefore very wise, in our correspondence with professional writers, to make our reservation very clear to them or to give them full authority to publish our communications and letters.

XIV

LET us not shirk any responsibility that devolves upon us as journalists; and if the staff of a newspaper does not make itself responsible for our articles, let us put our signatures to them, or a pseudonym known to a few persons. No author ought to be ashamed of what he writes; therefore let no one be such a coward as to hide the hand that throws the stone.

XV

LET us be very careful and scrupulous to mention the author and source of any article we may reproduce; otherwise we should sin against literary justice by exhibiting as ours what is another's, and we should expose ourselves to the distressing humiliation endured by every plagiarist that is found out.

XVI

AS FOR the rest, the finished writer will remember all that is required by politeness in conversation, in letters and in social usage.

His style ought to be correct, his language courteous and his entire article characterized by dignity, elevation and modesty.



CHÂTEAUBRIAND AND AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE¹

BY

H. D. BARBAGELATA

An illustration of the persistence of an outworn idea, prejudice, habit of thought. The often discussed French statesman, steeped in the monarchical ideas that characterized the prerevolutionary Europe of the closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening years of the nineteenth century, would have dictated a policy and a form of government for the recently liberated Hispanic-American peoples . . . had the times, events and military and political leaders been other than they were. Châteaubriand and Bolívar—antipodal figures—symbolize, respectively, the waning of one era and the dawning of another; yet the former was not wholly wedded to the ancient order, and the latter did not thoroughly apprehend and esteem the new order.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN the day of Hispanic-American emancipation was just breaking, a man of literary talent, who enchanted the hours of my childhood with his writings, sought to suppress, by disregarding it, that new era, for ever invariable.

The Vicomte François-René de Châteaubriand, who is to-day the fashion in Paris, where he is discussed and admired, made himself heard in 1822 at the court of Louis XVIII, whom he dragged into war with Spain to render his reign illustrious with the ephemeral victories of a strategico-political maneuver that may be sketched in brief phrases.

His measureless pride as a noble of the old regimen caused him to deem himself the victor in the congress of Verona in the international policy of those whom he himself called the greatest two ministers of the period: Metternich and Canning. He dreamed of impossible combinations; and, as the last refuge of his theories as to the divine right of kings, cast aside by the French revolution, first, and by Hispanic America, later, he conceived the idea of placing at the head of the affairs of the latter scions of the dynastic family that he so much respected. He himself, it was, who assured us that he then thought to address himself to the former colonies in order to say to them:

Do you wish Spain to recognize your independence? Spain and Europe will recognize it

when you shall have elected as a head a king of the blood of your former sovereigns through whom you will continue your liberty in the form of a constitutional monarchy. This form of government suits your climate, your customs and your population, scattered, as it is, over an immense extent of land. The passive resistance of the cabinet of Madrid is powerful. . . . If England, without making war on the United States, had limited herself to not recognizing the latter's independence, would the United States be what she is to-day? . . . Do not slumber under the shelter of a deceptive security; beware of being made drunk by dreaming; your passions will wreck you if you persist in your theories. Flatterers of peoples are as dangerous as flatterers of kings. When they have created for themselves a Utopia, they take not into account either the past or history or facts or customs or character or prejudices: carried away by their own dreams, they prepare not for eventualities, and they make havoc of the most promising future.²

Thus thought to speak the dreamer that was following the wrong road in the direction of an ungrateful political fate. A short time afterward, the monarch dismissed him from his ministry (June 6, 1824), leaving him, according to his own confession, "mortally wounded" by the tone of the letter he addressed to him at the time and "by the manner in which he cast him out."

However, the poet continued to believe, down to his last day, that the Europeo-American political world did not change its aspect with his fall, because he was

¹From the book entitled *Para la historia de América*.

²Châteaubriand: *Œuvres complètes*, volume xii, page 375.

conducting wisely "the affairs of Spain," which the jealous Monsieur de Villèle did not permit him to carry to a happy conclusion. No one can doubt the delusion lived in by one that would exclaim vauntingly on the occasion of the easy successes of the Duc d'Angoulême in the Iberian peninsula: "We could assure ourselves that we were as successful in politics as in literature."

While his mind was full of the idea of speaking thus eloquently to the Americans, without remarking that the victorious figure of the great Bolívar was striding the continent—after the interview between the Liberator and the victor in the south, don José de San Martín—Châteaubriand considered it a profitable move to unburden his mind to the Spaniards also, and he addressed them in the following terms:

Your colonies are lost; you will never recover them. Colombia has no more Spaniards, properly so-called, in her territory. She used to call them "Goths;" to-day they have perished or they have been expelled. All the clergy of that republic are American and in favor of independence. In México, measures are being adopted against the natives of the former mother-country. If you are opposed to granting independence to your colonies, they will wrest it in spite of you; the United States has already recognized their independence; the English are on the point of recognizing it in all its plenitude. You, however, have a means of salvation: place *infantes* on the thrones of México and Perú by agreement with the inhabitants of those states; you will win glory by doing so, and you will reap advantage in respect of your debts and in favor of your commerce.

The viscount was not mistaken, doubtless, in counseling the monarchs of Spain to attempt to establish in certain parts of America *infantes* of their crown, those same *infantes* who, perhaps, had been sought for years before with enthusiasm by some of the leaders of the revolution for independence in México and on the Plata, only that by this time things had changed, and the omnipotent Bolívar was ordering, as early as 1821, the ministers that were sent from Bogotá to negotiate peace with the Peninsula to reject rigidly any arrangement that might have as its basis "the proposal of any prince of the

house of Bourbon" as sovereign of Colombia: "for," as he said, "this country must be considered independent of every foreign power and therefore disposed to reject not only the Bourbons, but also any other reigning house of Europe, whether princes, sovereigns or potentates, or any other European house or family."³

The truth is that Châteaubriand was ignorant of our recent history and of the intrinsic worth of many of our fighters, whom he regarded no more than raw soldiers, the creatures of circumstances.⁴ Certain reports by confidential emissaries of the French government—Rattier de Sauvignan and Monsieur de La Motte—were barely successful in enlightening him as to affairs in America, from the Napoleonic period until the restoration. Besides, by studying his diplomatic correspondence and his acts as a minister, the reader will soon observe that the viscount made little of these reports, always preferring to them the notes, whether confidential or not, of his ambassadors in London and Madrid. Hence it was not within his power to apply the remedy to an evil with which he might have been acquainted, while yet in absolute ignorance of the environment in which he sought to develop his ultraconservative activities. He belonged to the number of those that did not learn or forget anything in exile.

When the French minister beheld his beliefs becoming blurred in a slow twilight, the precursor of an inglorious morrow, another practical man, another true diplomat, proceeding in harmony with an eminently utilitarian century, affirmed the tacit recognition that he had given before of the independence of Hispanic America.

³O'Leary: *Memorias*, volume xviii, page 44.—Inasmuch as we are impartial, we must confess that Châteaubriand followed, although inopportunistly, the Americanistic international policy of his compatriot Richelieu and of the Baron de Solle regarding the Plata, as well as that of Pasquier in respect of México.—Consult the archives of the French government: *Ministère des affaires étrangères: Espagne*, 1817, 1818, 1821: documents quoted by the Venezuelan historian don Carlos A. Villanueva in his valuable work entitled *La monarquía en América*.

⁴He restrained, however, his disdain, exclaiming later: "*Morillo venoit d'arriver d'Amérique; il avoit eu la gloire d'être vaincu par Bolívar.*"—Morillo had just been appointed governor of Madrid.—Work quoted, page 24.

George Canning was making ready his battle charger, with which, in his times, shone Vergniaud, the Girondist, by purposely abandoning to his rival beyond the English channel the theories of Fox, Castlereagh and Burke.

This did not prevent him, however, from ordering the consuls he was sending to Hispanic America to "take immediate measures and use all diligence to obtain exact information regarding all the French agents that may be found in the country."

The English statesman was not merely seeking revenge—as some have said—for French intervention in Spain. He recognized that Spain now lacked the strength to oppose the progress of the revolted colonies, and he also knew that his own country needed new markets and new sources from which she would be able to secure the raw material and other products she lacked.

He "called a New World into existence, to redress the balance of the Old."⁵

Châteaubriand, in the meanwhile, went ahead without heeding his colleague, the Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre, who, after the war with Spain, called his attention to, and expressed an opinion regarding, the difficult situation with which the French merchant marine would have to deal in the event of the possible triumph of the revolted colonies. Perhaps to their discredit, British money, British officers and British soldiers contributed in the northern part of South America to raising the spirits of the natives in whose veins flowed Latin blood—although mixed at times with Indian and even Negro blood—the same people that caused the cultured minister to exclaim in an impolitic but generous phrase:

If on the one hand it would have been madness on the part of France to take up arms against the Americans, it would have been a monstrous inconsistency, on the other, suddenly to recognize illegitimacy in Lima and México after having upheld legitimacy in Madrid.

The French chancellor failed to take into consideration the ten years of quasi-

independent life of the Hispanic-Americans; he believed they were the same peoples who, in 1810, had sent deputies to the *cortes* assembled in Cádiz during the Napoleonic invasion, while forgetting—a circumstance of which he had not been ignorant—that, beginning with 1822, loans that totaled several million pounds sterling had been made by England to the colonies. Moreover, his correspondence in the year 1824 with the Prince de Polignac and with Monsieur de la Ferronnays, ministers of France in London and Saint Petersburg, respectively, shows that he continued to believe himself the "don Preciso"⁶ of the court of Louis XVIII, the "man" for the new conference he had in hand for the purpose of bringing about mediation between Spain and America, without concerning himself with England, for ever withdrawn from the Holy Alliance, or with the famous message of the North American president Monroe (December 2, 1823), which, under the threat of war, was, in respect of character of language, a most eloquent admonition to the nations of Europe that still cherished the folly of meddling with the new republics of the south.

To no one, therefore, better than to Châteaubriand himself, could have been applied his phrase that "when men have created for themselves a Utopia, they take not into account either the past or history or facts or customs or character or prejudices."

The victim of his prejudices and habits and the slave of his character, the viscount sought to disunite peoples in order to reunite dynasties, thus severing the intellectual ties—hitherto indissoluble—that existed between France and Hispanic America.

Disregarding history and facts, he failed to take into account that for many years the American had loved the glorious and thoughtful France of the philosophers of the eighteenth century: her errors, her struggles and even her crimes; he did not consider that, while Mariano Moreno, on the Plata, had become a defender of the most advanced economic theories, and

⁵*The Speeches of the Right Honourable George Canning*, London, 1828, volume vi, page 111.—THE EDITOR.

⁶"Mr. Necessary."—THE EDITOR.

Artigas, the upholder of the most advanced political theories, Mariño, in Bogotá, had translated and popularized *The Rights of Man*; and he did not bear in mind, in short—because he was following a Utopia—that the principles of the Holy Alliance were fundamentally wrong in arguing a “Christian tetrarchy,” rather than a “Catholic ethnarchy,” which, from the Middle Ages, was presided over by the pope, “the vicar of God on earth” to those that regarded him with faith.

While Châteaubriand thus employed his serious hours as a minister of state, Bolívar, the tireless warrior, mingled, with his readings from *Le contrat social* and *L'esprit des lois*, beautiful pages from the author of *Atala* and *Les martyrs*.

After Bolívar, a host of modern crusaders of independence devoured in silence, glow-

ingly, the annals of the French revolution, making light of the vigilance of the naval and military authorities. Only in Perú and in México did internal disturbances permit him to believe in possible kingships: kingships that would not be derived from Spain, where a European writer, Emile Ollivier, recognized that “the influence of Bolívar was most violent.”

Finally, like an awkward boy—who kills the delicate butterfly that he has been pursuing when he catches it in his net—the dreamer of the Bourbon creation, chasing a theory that he adored, became separated more and more, at the risk of prejudicing them, from the liberal doctrines that his own people generously sent beyond the seas to all the winds of heaven, toward the ports of the Pacific and the smiling cities of the Atlantic.



PERUVIAN TRADITIONS

BY

RICARDO PALMA

No one in the America of Spanish speech—or in that of Portuguese or English, either, in reality—has written like the great Traditionalist: he possessed a rare capacity for discerning and bringing to light interesting odds and ends of information about people and things, and for presenting facts so aromatic with antiquity and so quaintly and enticingly clad that his readers have always found them easy to absorb and retain; and is not this one of the main objects of writing?—THE EDITOR.

I

A FAMOUS EXCOMMUNICATION

TIMES of religious fanaticism unquestionably were those in which don Andrés Hurtado de Mendoza, Marqués de Cañete and chief of the royal huntsmen, governed these kingdoms of Perú for his majesty don Felipe II. I do not say so, however, because of the abundance of foundations, or because of the sumptuousness of the festivals, or because the wealthy left their fortunes to the converts, thus impoverishing their legitimate heirs, or because, as the conquerors thought, every crime and uncleanness that might rest on the conscience could be washed away by leaving in the hour of death a good legacy for masses; but because the church had taken it on herself to have a hand in everything, and for a mere bagatelle would launch against her neighbor a solemn excommunication that would wind up his affairs in a jiffy.

Although the spectacle of putting the churches in mourning and of blowing out the candles was frequent, our forefathers were more and more impressed by the tremendous ceremonial of the excommunications. In some of my traditional legends I have taken the opportunity to speak more at length regarding excommunications that were pronounced against sacrilegious robbers and the Alcaldes and people of the law, who, in order to lay hold of some lawbreaker, dared to violate the sanctity of the asylum of the church. Yet they are trifles and celestial prattle compared with one of those, that of the first bishop of Lima,

Friar Jerónimo de Loayza, pronounced in 1561. The truth is that his most illustrious lordship was never inclined to an excess of self-restraint in respect of interdicts, censures and other terrifying acts, as is proven by the fact that before the inquisition was established in this part of the moral vineyard, the señor Loayza celebrated three *autos de fe*. Another proof of my assertion is that he threatened with a brickbat from Rome (a name that the Spanish people gave to the excommunication) the very *sursum corda* himself, that is, no less a personage than the viceroy of Perú. Here you have the occurrence.

It is related that when the viceroy, Francisco de Toledo, came from Spain, he brought along as the chaplain of his household and person an ecclesiastic a bit inclined to selfishness, both disputatious and sour, whom the archbishop saw fit to throw into prison, proceed against and sentence to be returned to the mother-country. The viceroy raised a cry to heaven, and he said in a burst of anger, that "if the chaplain was banished, he would not make the journey alone, but accompanied by the friar archbishop." The archbishop heard of it—for there was not lacking a busybody to fly to him with the morsel—and they say that his excellency lowered his sails as soon as he received the news that the archbishop had called a meeting of the theologians, and that, as a result of it, he had knitted his brows and was basting in secret the mourning draperies. The shaveling, abandoned by his backer the viceroy, set off to Spain with his name in the log.

However, the excommunication that has caused me to take up the pen is one of

capital proportions and therefore it merits a separate chapter.

THE decade from 1550 until 1560 was able to give a name to a century in Perú, which we shall call, without hesitation, the century of fowls, bread, wine, oil, and mice. Let us explain.

It is well known, according to tradition, that the Indians christened their chickens with the name of *bualpa*, a syncopation of their last Inca Atahualpa. Father Blas Valera (of Cuzco) said that when the cocks crowed, the Indians believed they were weeping over the death of the Inca; hence they named the cock *bualpa*. The same chronicler relates that for many years they were unable to make the Spanish hens set in Cuzco, although they were successful in this respect in the temperate valleys. As for turkeys, they were brought from México.

Garcilaso, Zárate, Gomara and many historians and chroniclers say that it was at about this time that doña María de Escobar, the wife of the conqueror Diego de Chávez, brought from Spain half an *almud*¹ of wheat, which he distributed at the rate of from twenty to thirty grains to each of his several neighbors. Of the first harvests a few *fanegas*² was sent to Chile and other countries of America.

Almost with the introduction of wheat coincided that of the *pericoles* or mice, in a ship that passed to Callao by way of the strait of Magellan. The Indians gave to this plague of destructive immigrants the name of *bucuchas*, which means "sprung from the deep." Fortunately Montenegro the Spaniard had brought out some cats in 1537, and rumor reports that don Diego de Almagro bought one of them from him for six hundred *pesos*. The natives, unable to pronounce clearly the *mizmiz*³ of the Spaniards, called them *micbitus*.

Here, by way of illustration, let us note that during the first twenty years of the conquest the lowest price for a horse was

¹A dry measure of varied capacity: equivalent in some places to one *celemin* (4.625 milliliters); and in others, to half a *fanega* (see note 2).—THE EDITOR.

²The *fanega* is a dry measure which, according to the standard of Castilla, contains twelve *celemines* and is equivalent to 55.5 liters.—THE EDITOR.

³"Pussy," "tabby."—THE EDITOR.

four thousand *pesos*; three hundred, for a cow; five hundred, for a donkey; two hundred, for a hog; one hundred, for a goat or sheep; and for a dog they paid fantastic sums. On the eve of the battle of Churinga a rich captain offered a soldier ten thousand *pesos* for his horse, a proposal that the owner rejected with indignation, saying: "Although I possess not a *maravédí*, I value my companion above all the treasures of Potosí."

Wine was so scarce that in 1555 it sold at five hundred *pesos* the *arroba*.⁴ Francisco Carabantes brought from the Canaries the first slips of the black grape that were planted in Perú. "In the town of Tacaraca in Ica," wrote Córdoba y Urrutia in 1840, "exists to this day a vineyard of black grapes, said with good authority to be one of those set out by Carabantes, which produces even now a very good yield. Climax of human injustice! Drunkards always bless Father Noah, the planter of vineyards, but they waste not a word of gratitude on Carabantes, who was the Noah of our country.

Bread and wine obtained, oil was lacking. Thus thought don Antonio de Ribera in all probability, and when he embarked at Sevilla in 1559, he took good care to carry aboard a hundred olive cuttings.

Don Antonio de Ribera was a person of much repute in Lima, as he possessed a coat of arms on which were painted two wolves, with two wolf cubs, in a field of gold. Married to the widow of Francisco Martín de Alcántara, maternal brother of the Marqués Pizarro, who died at his side defending him, she brought him a rich dowry. He played a great part in the civil wars of the conquerors, and after the rebellion of Girón he went to Spain in 1557 with the appointment of solicitor of Perú.

Ribera was the owner of the spacious garden that we know in Lima as the *Huerta Perdida* ["Lost Garden"]. He had a fortune of three thousand *duros*, acquired by making his *mitayos*⁵ sell figs, melons, oranges, cucumbers, peaches and other

⁴A weight of 25 Spanish pounds or 11.5 kilograms; as a liquid measure, the capacity varies according to the liquid, province or country.—THE EDITOR.

⁵The *mitayo* (from *mita*, derived from the Quichua *mita*, "turn") was an Indian that served his turn at forced labor, usually selected by lot.—THE EDITOR.

fruit unknown until that time in Perú. The first pomegranate produced in Lima was carried in procession on the litter on which was borne the holy sacrament, and it is said that it was of a phenomenal size.

Unfortunately for Ribera, the voyage, filled with mishaps and dangers, lasted nine months, and, in spite of his precautions, he found, on landing, that only three of the cuttings could be used, the rest being good for nothing but to start a fire.

He set about cultivating them with great care, keeping better guard over them than over his bags of *duros*; and this in spite of the fact that his reputation as a miser was colossal; and, in order that they might not escape his vigilance for an instant, he planted the three cuttings in a little garden, closely walled and protected by two huge negroes and a pack of fierce dogs.

Trust, however, in walls such as those of Pekin, in giants such as Polyphemus and in dogs such as Cerberus, and you will be softer than melted ice-cream. The famous cuttings had more lovers than a pretty girl; and it is only too well known that to men that have a passion for what belongs to another, whether a daughter of Eve or something worth while, there is no obstacle that can withstand attack.

One morning don Antonio rose with the dawn. He had been unable to close his eyes throughout the blessed night. He had a foreboding, a presentiment, of some great misfortune.

After crossing himself, his feet thrust into slippers and his body clad in his *capote*,⁶ he made his way to the little garden; and his heart gave so great a leap that it almost escaped him through his mouth, along with the good round oath he let fly.

"¡Canario! I have been robbed!"

Then he fell to the ground in a fit.

In truth, one of the three cuttings had disappeared.

That day Ribera crippled half a pack of dogs with a cudgel, and his whip ran wild among the poor slaves; for anger had got the upper hand of his honor.

Tired of applying the cudgel and of investigations, and seeing that his efforts availed nothing, he approached the arch-

bishop, who was his very close friend, and informed him of his great misfortune, beside which all the trials of Job were a cancan and a fandango.

What happened is not a yarn, however, my readers, but very authentic, and the first chronicler whose pages you turn will tell you so.

That day the bells clamored as never before; and, finally, after other imposing ceremonies of the ritual, the very illustrious señor bishop pronounced the great excommunication against the thief that had made off with the cutting.

Nothing came of it all, however.

The thief must have been some unbeliever or *esprit fort*, of the kinds that flourish in this age of gas and steam, the reader will think.

Nevertheless, he is very much mistaken.

In those days an excommunication weighed many tons on the conscience.

THREE years passed, and no glimpse of the cutting.

The truth is that it caused Ribera not a shadow of a loss, for he had the good fortune to see multiplied the olive-trees the thief had left him, and he now had slips to sell and to give away. I suppose the famous olive groves of Camaná, the classic land of olives—and for other things regarding which I prudently keep silent, for I would not go the length of hair pulling with the good people of Camaná—had as their progenitor a scion from the *Huerta Perdida*.

One day there appeared before the archbishop, with letters of recommendation, a gentleman recently arrived from a ship which, proceeding from Valparaiso, had cast anchor in Callao; and under secret of confession he revealed to him that he was the thief of the very celebrated cutting, which he had taken with great caution to his *hacienda* in Chile, and that, in spite of the excommunication, the cutting had taken to the climate and had become a famous olive-tree.

As the truth had come out as a secret of confession, I do not deem myself authorized to put into type the name of the sinner, a scion of a very respectable and well-to-do family of the neighboring republic.

⁶Overcoat with a cape and often with a hood.—THE EDITOR.

All I can tell you, reader, is that the itch of the excommunication had kept our man in constant anguish. The archbishop agreed to lift it from him, but he imposed the penance of restoring the cutting with the same mystery with which he had carried it off.

How did the excommunicate arrange the affair? I can not say more than that one morning when don Antonio was visiting his little garden he found himself in the presence of the pilgrim, and at the foot of it a bag of a thousand *duros*, with an unsigned note, in which he was besought Christianly to bestow his forgiveness, which he granted with all the more pleasure, since the glittering coins had fallen to him as from the clouds.

The Hospital de Santa Ana, the building of which was then undertaken by the archbishop of Loayza, also received a gift of two thousand *pesos*, although no one, with the exception of his illustriousness, knew the name of the donor.

What is certain is that the person that got the best of the affair was don Antonio de Ribera.

In Sevilla the cutting had cost him half a *peseta*.

ON THE death of the *comendador*⁷ don Antonio de Ribera, of the order of Santiago, his widow, doña Inés Muñoz, founded in 1573 the Monasterio de la Concepción, on assuming the veil of a nun and donating to it her immense fortune. The portrait of doña Inés Muñoz de Ribera is still to be seen in the presbytery of the church, and over her sepulcher may be read:

*Este cielo animado en breve esfera
 Depósito es de un sol que en él reposa,
 El sol de la gran madre y generosa
 Doña Inés de Muñoz y de Ribera.
 Fué de Ana-Guanca encomendera,
 De don Antonio de Ribera esposa,
 De aquel que tremoló con mano airosa
 Del Alférez Real la real bandera.⁸*

⁷Knight commander of a military order, or a prelate or prefect of a religious house.—THE EDITOR.

⁸This animated heaven in a tiny sphere
 Is the deposit of a sun that in it reposes,
 The sun of the great mother and generous
 Doña Inés de Muñoz y de Ribera.

II

THREE HISTORICAL QUESTIONS
REGARDING PIZARRO

DID HE KNOW HOW TO WRITE? WAS HE
 THE MARQUIS OF ATAVILLA? WHAT WAS
 AND WHERE IS HIS BATTLE-FLAG?

1

HISTORICAL opinion as to whether Pizarro knew how to read is quite varied and contradictory, and learned chroniclers assert that he did not know that *o* is round. Hence wide currency has been given to the anecdote that when Atahualpa was in the prison of Cajamarca, one of the soldiers that were guarding him wrote on one of Atahualpa's nails the word "God." The prisoner showed the writing to all that visited him; and, finding that all save Pizarro could readily decipher the signs, he, from that moment, entertained a very poor opinion of the leader of the forces that effected the conquest, whom he deemed inferior to the lowest of the Spaniards. Hence malicious and impassioned readers have deduced that don Francisco was wounded in his self-love, and that it was because of this insignificant trifle that he took his revenge on the Inca by having his head cut off.

We find it difficult to believe that one that was of the flower of the Spanish nobility—for he engaged in bull-fighting in the presence of doña Juana the queen and her court, thus acquiring by his gallantry and his dexterity as a *picador* a renown as imperishable as that which, years later, he won by his exploits in Perú—it is difficult to believe, I repeat, that he could have been indolent to the point of not learning the alphabet, all the more so, as Pizarro, although a rude soldier, showed appreciation of, and conferred distinctions on, men of letters.

Besides, in the century of the empire of Carlos V education was not so much neglected as in earlier times. It was no longer held that the ability to read and

She was the owner of Ana-Guanca,
 Wife of don Antonio de Ribera,
 Of him that hoisted with gallant hand
 The royal banner of the Royal Ensign.—THE
 EDITOR.

write was a privilege to be enjoyed only by second sons and friars; and already mirth was beginning to be excited by the formula used by the Catholic sovereigns in the parchment with which they favored the nobles they did the honor to appoint aids of the bedchamber: a title as much desired as, or more than, the garbs of the orders of Santiago, Montesa, Alcántara and Calatrava. One of the most curious phrases, and one that—let what will be said to the contrary—contains much that is offensive to the dignity of man, is the following:

And inasmuch as you (Perico de los Palotes)¹ have proved to us that *you do not know how to read or write and that you are expert in the use of the needle*, we have seen fit to appoint you an aid of our royal bedchamber. . . .

Pedro Sancho and Francisco de Jerez, Pizarro's secretaries, before Antonio Picado² filled this position, have left certain accounts of their chief; and from them it is more to be gathered that Pizarro read epistles, than that the suspicion of so supreme an ignorance was correct.

As to Almagro el Viejo,³ it is an historically substantiated fact that he did not know how to read.

What is indeed beyond all doubt, in my opinion, as it was in that of the illustrious Quintana, is that don Francisco Pizarro did not know how to write, however much the opinion of his contemporaries lacked uniformity on this subject. To prove this assertion, it is sufficient to have before us the joint contract made at Panamá, on March 10, 1525, between the priest Luque, Pizarro and Almagro, which terminates literally thus:

And because the said Captain Francisco Pizarro and Diego de Almagro are unable to write their names, Juan del Panés and Alvaro del Quiro signed for them in the register of this charter.

An historian of the last century said:

¹A proverbial and indefinite personage: "So-and-So."—THE EDITOR.

²See "The Knights of the Cloak," by Ricardo Palma, in *INTER-AMERICA* for February, 1920, page 125, for an account of this tricky secretary of Pizarro's and his doleful fate.—THE EDITOR.

³"Almagro the Older," to distinguish him from *Almagro el Mozo* ("Almagro the Younger"): see the article mentioned in note 2.—THE EDITOR.

In the ecclesiastical archives of Lima I have found several grants and instruments signed by the marquis (in a fine handwriting), which I showed to several persons, comparing some of the signatures with others and marveling at the audacity of the calumny with which some of his enemies have tried to besmirch and belittle him, thus revenging themselves on this great captain for their own passions and inheritances.

In opposition to him, Zárate and other historians say that Pizarro knew only how to make two rubrics, and that in the middle of them the secretary placed these words: "Marquis Francisco Pizarro."

The documents of Pizarro's that I have seen in the manuscript section of the library at Lima all have the two rubrics. In some of them is "Franz.^o Piçarro," and in a very few, "El marqués." In the Archivo Nacional and in the *cabildo* exist also several of these autographs.

To close the discussion of the question as to whether Pizarro could sign his name or not, I decide in the negative, and the following is the most conclusive reason that I can offer in support of my opinion:

In the Archivo General de Indias, established in what was the Casa de Contratación in Sevilla, there are several letters in which, as in the documents we possess at Lima, it may be recognized, even by the worst informed in paleography, that the handwriting of the signature is, at times, the same as that of the penman or amanuensis that wrote the body of the document. "But if doubt should exist," adds a distinguished Bonaerensian writer, don Vicente Quesada, who visited the Archivo de Indias in 1874, "I have seen in a report, in which Pizarro depones as a witness, that the notary certified that, after the deposition was taken, he [Pizarro] marked with the signs he was accustomed to make, while he [the notary] certified in other depositions that the witnesses *signed* them in his presence."

2

DON FRANCISCO PIZARRO was neither marquis of Los Atavillos nor marquis of Los Charcas, as he has been variously called by many writers. There is no official document whatsoever to

authenticate this title, nor did Pizarro himself, in the heading of orders and proclamations, use any other title than this: *El marqués*.

In support of our belief, we cite the following words of Gonzalo Pizarro's, when, a prisoner to Gasca, the latter berated him for his rebellion against and ingratitude toward, the king, who had so much distinguished and honored don Francisco:

The favor that his majesty conferred on my brother was merely the title and name of *marquis*, without giving him any estate, else tell me what it was.

The blazon and arms of the marquis of Pizarro were the following: escutcheon mantellé: in the first part, or, a black eagle, columns and water; and, gules, a castle, or, orle with eight wolves, or; in the second part, mantellé, gules, a castle, or, with a coronet; and, argent, a lion, gules, with an *ſ*, and below, argent, a lion, gules; in the lower part, in a field, argent, eleven heads of Indians, the head in the middle coroneted: the entire orle with chains and eight griffins, or; on the crest a marquis's coronet.

In a letter that Carlos V addressed to Pizarro under date of October 10, 1537, is the following reference that strengthens our affirmation:

In the meanwhile I shall call you *marquis*, as I address you, because, since I do not know the name that will be borne by the land that is to be given you in allotment, the latter title is not sent you;

and as, until the arrival of Vaca de Castro, the crown had not determined the lands and vassals that were to constitute the marquisate, it is clear that don Francisco was simply a marquis, or a marquis without a marquisate, as his brother Gonzalo said.

It is known that Pizarro had by doña Angelina, a daughter of Atahualpa's, a child that was baptized with the name of Francisco, who died before he completed fifteen years. By doña Inés Huailas or Yupanqui, a daughter of Manco-Cápac's he had a daughter, doña Francisca, whom he married in Spain, first, to his uncle Hernando and, later, to don Pedro Arias.

By a royal decree, and without his having

married either doña Angelina or doña Inés, Pizarro's children were declared legitimate. If Pizarro had possessed the title of marquis of Los Atavillos, his descendants would have inherited it. It was almost a century afterward, in 1628, that don Juan Fernando Pizarro, a grandson of doña Francisca's, obtained from the king the title of marquis of La Conquista.

Piferrer, in his *Nobiliario español*, says that, according to the genealogists, the lineage of the Pizarros was very ancient and illustrious; that some of this name had distinguished themselves with Pelayo at Covadonga; and that their descendants then took up their residence in Aragón, Navarra and Extremadura; and he concludes by asserting that the arms of the Pizarros were: "escutcheon, or, and a pine with cones, or, accompanied by two wolves, salient, against it, and two slates⁴ at the foot of the trunk." These genealogists are the devil and all to invent ancestries and family trees, for the simpletons that believe in the great humbugs!

3



AS TO Pizarro's banner, there is also an error that I propose to refute.

After the declaration of Peruvian independence was made in 1821, the *cabildo* of Lima transmitted to Generalissimo don José de San Martín a despatch in which the city made him a present of Pizarro's banner. Shortly before his death at Boulogne, this leader of the American revolution made a will in which he returned to the city of Lima the flag bestowed. In truth, the executors formally delivered the precious relic to our representative in Paris, and the latter charged himself with delivering it in a very handsome box to the government in Perú. This was in the days of the brief administration of General Pezet, and we then had occasion to see the classic banner, deposited in one of the halls of the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores. On the fall of that government, on November 6, 1865, the mob sacked several of the offices of the palace, and the flag disappeared, probably tom

⁴A pun on *piçarra*, the Spanish word for "slate."—THE EDITOR.

to pieces by some rabid demagogue who fancied, perhaps, that he saw in it a proof of the calumnies that were invented at the time by party spirit to overthrow President Pezet, a victor on the fields of Junín and Ayacucho, who was accused by his political enemies of "criminal connivance" with Spain to bring the country again under subjection to the yoke of the mother-country.

Multitudes do not reason or discuss, and the more absurd the pretext, the more readily is it accepted.

The flag that we saw did not bear the arms of Spain, but those that Carlos V bestowed on the city by the royal decree of December 7, 1537. The arms of Lima were: escutcheon in a field, gules, with three royal crowns in a triangle, and above them a star, or, whose lower points touched the crowns. As an orle, in a field, gules, was this motto in letters, or: "*Hoc signum vere regum est;*" and, as a crest and device, two black eagles with crowns, or, and a  and a  (the first letters of Juana and Karolus, the monarchs), and above these letters a star, or. The banner was the one that the royal ensign, by oath of heredity, bore in the processions of Corpus Christi and Santa Rosa, the proclamation of sovereignty and other acts of equal solemnity.

The people of Lima were mistaken in calling this banner "Pizarro's banner," and they accepted, without examination, the claim that it was the battle-flag that the Spaniards brought for the conquest; and, passing from generation to generation without being refuted, the error became traditional and historical.

We shall now occupy ourselves with the true banner of Pizarro.

After the execution of Atahualpa, don Francisco Pizarro set out for Cuzco, and we think it was on November 16, 1533, that he made his triumphal entry into the august capital of the Incas.

The flag borne on this occasion by his ensign, Jerónimo Aliaga, was in the form of what the church people call a "gonfalon." On one of its sides, of scarlet colored damask, were embroidered the arms of Carlos V; on the other, which was white, according to some, or yellow, according to others, was painted the apostle

Santiago [James], in the attitude of combat, seated on a white horse, with a shield, a cuirass and a helmet of feathers or plumes, with a red cross displayed on his breast and a sword in his right hand.

When Pizarro left Cuzco (to go to the valley of Jauja and found the city of Lima), he did not march forth to war, and he left his flag or gonfalon deposited in the temple of the sun, now converted into a Christian cathedral. During the civil struggles of the conquerors, neither the followers of Almagro, Gonzalo [Pizarro] and Girón, nor the royalists dared to carry it into battle, and it remained on an altar, like a sacred object. There, in 1825, a month after the battle of Ayacucho, General Sucre found it and bore it away to Bogotá, and the government at once sent it to Bolívar, who transmitted it to the municipality of Caracas, where it is preserved to-day. We are ignorant as to whether three and a half centuries of age will have been sufficient to reduce to tatters the martial emblem of the conquest.

III

THE GROTTO OF WONDERS

A FEW rods from the hamlet of Levibilcas, in the province of Chumivilcas, is a grotto, a true marvel of nature, which is constantly visited by men of science and curious travelers, who leave their names inscribed on the rocks at the entrance. Among them appear those of Castilla, Vinanco, San Ramón and Pezet, former presidents of Perú. Unfortunately it is impossible to pass beyond the first galleries; for any one that might venture a little further would be choked to death by the gases discharged in the interior.

We shall now recount the legend related by the people concerning the Grotto of Wonders.

Maita-Cápac, called the Melancholy, the fourth Inca of Cuzco, after conquering the rebels of Tiahuanaco and extending his empire to the Laguna de Paria, turned toward the coast and effected the conquest of the fertile valleys of Arequipa and Moquegua. To this enterprising monarch there was no obstacle that might not be readily overcome; and in proof of this

the historians say that, in one of his campaigns, when the progress of his army was suddenly arrested by a vast swamp, he employed all his soldiers to build a causeway of stone, three leagues in length and six yards in breadth, of which there are still remains. The Inca deemed it beneath him to take a round-about way to avoid the marsh.

About the year 1180 of the Christian era, Maita-Cápac undertook the conquest of the country of the Chumpihuillcas,¹ who were governed by a young and arrogant prince named Huacari. This prince, at the first news of the invasion, put himself at the head of seven thousand men and started for the banks of the Apurimac, determined to prevent the passage of the enemy.

Maita-Cápac, to whom, as we have said, nothing was impossible, caused to be constructed with all haste a long bridge of willows, after the manner of a suspension bridge, and he passed over with thirty thousand warriors to the opposite bank. The invention of the bridge, the first of its kind seen in America, caused such wonder among the vassals of Huacari and awak-

ened in their spirits such superstitious awe that many of them threw down their arms and beat a shameful retreat.

Huacari assembled a council of his lieutenants; became convinced of the uselessness of offering resistance to so considerable a number of enemies; and, scattering the greatly reduced soldiers that remained to him, marched away, followed by his kinsmen and principal chiefs, to shut himself up in his palace. There, delivered up to grief and desperation, they preferred to die of hunger rather than to render vassalage to the conqueror.

The *auquis* or tutelary gods, moved with pity by the immense misfortune of so handsome and virtuous a prince and to reward his patriotism and the loyalty of his captains, converted them into precious stalactites and stalagmites, which are reproduced, day by day, under varied, fantastic and always beautiful crystallizations. In one of the passages or galleries, which is visited to-day without fear of the deadly exhalations, may be seen the pavilion of the Prince Huacari, with his figure in an attitude that the natives interpret as saying to his friends: "Rather death than the shame of servitude."

Such is the legend of the Grotto of Wonders.

¹The Quichua original from which the Spanish Chumvivilcas, given above as the name of a province, was derived.—THE EDITOR.



THE SHORT STORY

BY
HERMAN LIMA

After some discussion of the short story in general, with illustrations from other literatures, the author devotes himself to the Brazilian short story. His list of modern and contemporary writers and his estimate of their productions are not only interesting, but they supply the English-reading public with data not readily obtainable elsewhere.—THE EDITOR.

The story worthy of this name is but the narrative of a fleeting situation in the life of one personage, in his normal environment, alone or in relation with others. Its object is to give in synthesis the description or the drama of a situation, a *passus* of life or a personage.—SYLVIO ROMERO, in the Preface to Théo Filho's *Dona dolorosa*.

THE true story is, indeed, nothing more than the simple narrative of an episode that serves to define the psychological aspect of a certain "environment" or individual by showing in a clear and incisive manner the vital forces of nature and of the soul. This does not mean, however, that the simple narrative is in itself a story, for if the story is a description of an episode, it is necessary that it shall also be a logical consequence of other episodes. The mere description of a fact in itself does not therefore constitute a story. So, choosing at random, we take, for example, one of de Maupassant's most perfect stories, *Un lache*.

Returning to the house, the man begins to reflect on the probable consequences of the imminent encounter. By a logical connection of ideas, he imagines that he will probably lose his life, and therefore he has a prevision of himself as cold, inert, dead, as the result of a well directed thrust in the heart. The possibility of this near end terrifies him.

He can not flee, however, without dishonor. All the world is aware of his difficult position. Then, becoming desperate, he flinches. He knows that he will never possess the strength to face his enemy without signs of pusillanimity, so he resolves to save himself from this cruel situation. Close at hand, at the bottom of a drawer, lies a loaded pistol. He grasps it with a start, places it against his forehead and, without more ado, pulls the trigger. Another episode.

Of course, either of these occurrences, by itself, would not constitute the subject for a story. Reproduced thus, they would be hardly more than a police description of a veritable crime, the ordinary notice of an occurrence in society. However, a plot, a dénouement or another requisite or preamble being strung together, as they were, they formed a masterly story. The facts were developed in harmony with a determinate plan, from which resulted the psychological revelation of a poltroon, capable of forcing with his own hands the portals of the unknown, when he lacked the strength to face a danger from which he might perhaps have escaped uninjured.

THERE are two kinds of stories, entirely different, that is: universal stories and regional or national stories.

The former, without a setting of their own, which might be laid as readily in China as in France or Australia, are, par excellence, psychological stories, in which are portrayed sentiments, the universal soul alone, as well as certain forces common to nature. The latter are, on the other hand, presentations of certain environments, "in which the national life, rather than the local, and that of man, rather than that of the individual, are studied and estimated."¹

Save in very especial cases, the latter are the better stories because they weave the thread of the narrative through the

¹Almachio Diniz: *Da esthetica na literatura comparada*.

original reproduction of certain typical scenes and landscapes. The original stories of de Maupassant, Daudet, Blasco Ibáñez, Gorky, Fialho d'Almeida, Affonso Arinos, Gustavo Barroso, are pages which, besides being vivid narratives, trace for us from familiar knowledge stretches of country, usages, beliefs, traditions and characteristic personages, unknown to the rest of the world; and it is for this reason that they possess an intense savor of novelty.

In Brazil, a new land, without a civilization of her own, without customs of her own, excepting those of the interior, the only literature that is capable of appealing to the soul must be our regional literature.

Worldly subjects—boudoir and salon intrigues, the vices of great cities, adulteries, crimes of society—we can find at large in any literature; they are therefore trite subjects.

A drama that could take place as properly in a worldly salon as in some spot in the interior, would without doubt gain much by being conveyed to the latter setting, in which the talent of the author would draw the various motives of art from the environment of the landscape, and in which we should be able to see at length reproduced portions of our land and a little of what constitutes our life. We should thus at least have something new, something that would reveal novel aspects to the denizens of cities, wearied with the enervating routine of the metropolis, wherein all is more or less a servile copy of other metropolises. Thus alone shall we be able to produce anything new, capable of affording interest beyond our borders, on the other side of the Atlantic, in the remote countries that we do not weary of imitating.

IN THE story, as in the sonnet, the major charm exists at times only in the dénouement, in the case of the former, or in the key, as in the case of the latter. The longer the reader's imagination is kept waiting for the dénouement of a story, the greater the interest it will arouse and the impression it will make.

Wherein, for example, lies the chief charm of de Maupassant's story *La parure*, unquestionably the most beautiful

piece of this kind of literature? It is not in the perfect study which, in such brief phrases, the author makes of Mathilde, "*une de ces charmantes jeunes-filles, nées, comme par une erreur de destin, dans une famille d'employés,*" nor in the impeccable weaving of the narrative, but in the wholly unforeseen outcome, absolutely different from anything that the most discerning reader might suppose.

By its mere composition, the story is destined to be in prose what the sonnet is in poetry, the fictional literature of the present and of the future.

Tortured by the thousand problems of mercantilism, the man of the twentieth century or of the year 3000 will no longer be able to devote himself to the patriarchal reading of the endless poems and interminable romances that our grandfathers turned off at a dash. To-day, in the period of Hertzian waves, aerial postal service and similar contrivances, we surely can no longer give attention to such works, unless we repair to an inviolable Thebaid.

Machado de Assis said of the story in 1873:

It is a difficult genre, in spite of its apparent facility, and I think that this same appearance of facility injures it, for authors have shunned it, and the public has not given it, I think, all the attention of which it has frequently been worthy.

That the story is a difficult genre there can be no doubt. The same could not be said to-day, however, of the supposed contempt in which it is held by authors or by the public in general, since during the last forty years this kind of literature has undergone a remarkable development. As an evidence we have a legion of noted authors of short stories. In France, for example, the list of celebrated story-writers is long. We have Guy de Maupassant, the most eminent figure in this genre, whose stories—*La parure, L'ivrogne, Un lache, La porte, La confession, Mademoiselle Perle, Une vendetta* and so many more—will always serve as models; Alphonse Daudet, with his *Lettres de mon moulin*, which contains that marvel of style and ingenuous rustic humor: *Les étoiles*; Jean Lorrain, the tormented author of *Crime des riches*,

in which are pages that seem to have been written by Edgar Allan Poe, such as that horrible story of *Vingança de um mascara*,² Maurice Level, another creator of dramas filled with irresistible horror, such as the stories, *La puits*, *L'épouvante*, *O papagaio*,² *Sous la lumière rouge*, *Un maniaque* and so many others; Michel Provins; Jules Lemaitre; L'Isle-Adam; Tristan Bernard; François Coppée; Paul Margueritte; Camille Mauclair; Georges d'Esparbes, the glorifier of French military heroism; Charles Foley, another sufferer from emotions like Jules Claretie; Abel Hermant; and Henri Lavedan. All these, to speak only of them, are names that would be sufficient to give reputation to the literature of any country. Now, with these and other writers—Anatole France, Émile Zola, Balzac and Flaubert, who, in addition to their perfect romances, wrote admirable stories, such as *Le Christ de l'océan*, *Nais Micoulin*, *Une passion dans le desert* and *La légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier*—we can readily appreciate what a vast contribution of superb writings France has made to the patrimony of the story!

In the Spain of to-day the best known writer is Blasco Ibáñez, the barbarous narrator of violences, in whose work the vigorous race of Iberia burns, sobs and raves with love. His stories—*Noche de bodas* [A Wedding Night] and *La caperuza* [The Hood], for example—are veritable jewels of their type. Two other Spanish story-writers of great worth are the Condesa de Pardo Bazán and Alfonso de Maseras.

The supreme figure of American literature was the infatuated idealist of the *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, Edgar Allan Poe—so perverse in torturing the reader—who hitherto has found a worthy translator only in the insane and diabolical Baudelaire.

The fantastic stories of H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle are

among the best known writings of modern England.

Gabriella Preissova and Stefar Zweig, in Austria; Mathilde Serão, Enrico Corradino, Luigi Capuana, Luigi Tirandello and Salvatore di Giacomo, in Italy; Maurice des Ombiaux, in Belgium; Andersen, in Denmark; and Gómez Carillo and Manuel Ugarte are writers universally known through their stories, translated into all the languages of culture.

In Portugal, the short story has also had good, very good, cultivators, beginning with Eça de Queiroz, who wrote marvelous tales. Who could remain indifferent in the presence of those dazzling pages that constitute *O defunto*, *Perfeição* [Perfection], *José Mathias*, *O suave milagre* [The Bland Miracle] and *Adão e Eva no Paraíso?* Their equals have not been written in the Portuguese language hitherto. Fialho d'Almeida, the tremendous iconoclast of *Os gatos* [The Cats], whose irony is comparable to the blows of a battering-ram, contributed the following excellent books: *Contos* [Stories], *A cidade do vicio* [The City of Vice], *O paiz das uvas* [The Land of Grapes] and *Aves migradoras* [Migratory Birds], in which are doubtless to be found his best chapters, such as *O antiquario*, *Tres cadaveres*, *A princesinha das rosas* [The Little Princess of the Roses], whose phrasing has the cadence of a ballad; *O corvo* [The Raven], *O roubo no armazem* [The Robbery in the Warehouse], *A ruivá* [The Madder], *Pequeno drama na aldeia* [A Little Drama in the Village], and that extraordinary *Madona do campo santo*, in which graces of style, pomp, phrase and rare brilliancy of form recall the tinkling of crystals, the sweet trills of shepherds' pipes or the melodies of running water. Trindade Coelho was also an excellent Lusitanian story-writer. His book *Os meus amores* [My Amours], a beautiful collection of easy stories, recalls in a certain way the ingenuous and, at the same time, malicious "manner" that was one of Daudet's greatest charms. To João Grave we are indebted for notable stories, grouped under the titles of *Os que amam e os que soffrem* [Those that Love and Those that Suffer] and *Os sacrificados* [The Sacrificed]; Abel Botelho has also a beautiful collection of stories: *Mul-*

²Almost all the titles mentioned in this article were translated into Portuguese by the author. Following our practice, we have looked them up and have given them properly, as they were in the originals. In these cases, however, we have been unable to do so, although we have used our best endeavors and have consulted several authorities on modern French literature. Consequently we have given the titles in Portuguese.—THE EDITOR.

beres da Beira [Women of the Beira]. We have an admirable production that might be ascribed to Eça: *O solar de Longroiva* [The Manor-House of Longroiva]. Another good Portuguese story-writer is Henrique de Vasconcelos, the eccentric, who, in search of scenes and stories, repairs to London, Naples and Madrid, where he often lingers.

However, the best of all, like Eça and Fialho, is Julio Dantas—the most perfect Lusitanian writer of these times—whose style is a masterpiece of winged grace and extraordinary vigor, a continuous play of corruscating phrases that carry along and enrapture the coldest reader, such as those formidable tales of heroism of the Portuguese patria and those ironical pages of *Mulheres* [Women], *A ouvido de Madame X* [To the Ear of Madame X], *Elles e Ellas* [They (masculine) and They (feminine)], *Como ellas amam* [How They (feminine) Love], *Abelhas doiradas* [Golden Bees] and *Gallos de Apollo* [Cocks of Apollo].

In Brazil the short story has been much and successfully attempted. The number of our good short stories has been remarkable, from the time of Aluizio Azevedo, the first among us to write real stories. Before him appeared Alvares de Azevedo, with *Noite na taverna* [A Night in a Tavern], a strange book in which is greatly to be admired his fantasy, drawn from the same sources as those that served Poe. Alvares de Azevedo belonged, however, to the spirit of a period, and hence he endured but a short time. The same was not true in the case of Aluizio: his books of stories, *Demonios* and *Pegadas* [Footprints], are works of real value, which are read even to-day with equal admiration. The explanation may readily be found in his manly vigor of expression, the vividness of his language and his extraordinary power of evocation, of which there are such admirable proofs in the stories entitled: *Heranças* [Heritages] *Horas mortas* [Dead Hours]; and *Demonios*.

Two great figures among the Brazilian writers of stories are Medeiros e Albuquerque and Julia Lopes de Almeida. They possess the requisites of which de Maupassant furnishes a perfect example: clarity of language, impersonality in the author, who never becomes apparent even in the most

vivid pages, and intensity of romantization. It is sufficient to mention as examples of Medeiros's stories: *Palestra a boras mortas* [Palæstra at Dead Hours], *Noivados tragicos* [Tragic Weddings], *Flor secca* [A Withered Flower], *As calças do raposo* [The Fox's Pantaloon], *Confissão* [Confession], *Um vencido* [A Vanquished One]; and of Julio Lopes: *O filho da cablba* [The Son of the One-Eyed Woman], *As rosas* [The Roses], *Patria*, *As historias do commendador* [The Stories of the Commendator], and that barbarous canvas on which she paints with remarkable vividness of tones the revolt of a betrayed soul, and maternal love supplanting the horror of hatred: *Os porcos* [The Swine]. The authoress of *Ancia eterna* is a superb figure of a story-writer. In reading her, not so much as once do we find anything that proclaims the woman: she seems, rather, an impassive, a very impassive, observer that catches, with the sharpness of the photographic plate, the sole, the true, representation of things, to transmit it to us afterward. According to Sylvio Roméro, we have in Brazilian literature no better cultivators of the story than these two writers of a singularly equal art.

Besides Julia Lopes, another woman, Carmen Dolores, has given us magnificent stories. In her book *Um drama na roça* [A Drama in the Clearing] are to be found excellent stories, such as *Nos bastidores* [Behind the Scenes], of a most intense dramatization and very thrilling, the best of the book; *Só a natureza* [Nature Alone], *A mae* [The Mother], *Em vinte e quatro horas* [The Twenty-Four Hours], *O derivativo* [The Derivative], and others.

João Luso, the Portuguese writer formed in Brazil by what he found here of beauty and sentiment, is also a perfect story-writer. Without speaking of his Lusitanian book, *Contos da minha terra* [Stories of My Land], his *Historias da vida* [Stories from Life] is a beautiful collection of tales with good plots well worked out, such as "O homem do sol" [The Man of the Sun], "O 74" [The Seventy-Four], "A 'reverie' de Schumann," merely to mention these.

Another that also cultivated the story with all zeal was Pedro Rabello, the singular author of *A alma albeia* [The Alien

Soul], greatly imbued with the nebulous—and at the same time, although this assertion may seem paradoxical, very clear—style of Machado de Assis. Pedro Rabello gave us a work that ought to figure in the national literature. His story, *Obra completa* [A Complete Work], for example, is an excellent piece, viewed from any point of view.

Coelho Netto, because of his extraordinary fantasy—which at times is also prejudicial to him—and the incomparable richness of his expression, may be counted among our best story-writers. His regional stories are the most beautiful and brilliant that have been written in Brazil down to the present time.

If it were not for the very excesses of his imagination, which in certain ways go so far as to change the true aspect of things, we could not call to mind a more perfect writer.

With his gifts as a superior artist and his facility for romantization, Coelho Netto has presented us with superb pages, such as—enumerating at random—*O bom Jesus da Matta* [The Good Jesus of Matta], *Cega* [The Blind-Snake], *Fertilidade*, *Casadinha* [The Newly Wed] a jewel of stirring narrative; *Praga* [Affliction], *No rancho* [In the Ranch], *Innocencia*, and many others, only the last two being regional; and among his best ought to be included two other books, both excellent, which are *Jardim das oliveiras* [The Olive Garden] and *Água de juventude* [Water of Youth], besides pages scattered through *Romanceiro Fabulario*, *Apologos* and *Mysterios de Natal*.

As a writer of regional stories we have also, in the front rank, Affonso Arinos, the most serene and true of all that have chosen the interior as their field. It is lamentable that his output has been limited to the book entitled *Pelo sertão* [Through the Interior] alone and to two or three writings collected in the recent volume *Historias e paisagens* [Stories and Landscapes], among which is a masterly story—*Á garupa* [Riding Double]—such as could have been written only by the magnificent narrator of *Assombramento* [Astonishment]. What an incomparable collection of gems could be found in a score of pages such as *Pedro Barqueiro*, *Joaquim Mironga*, *Assombramento* and

Á garupa! Never, among us, has any one penetrated with more profundity the psychology of the Brazilian backwoodsman. What most attracts attention in Arinos is the fidelity of the observations and the measured and assured tone of the phrases, all without labored embroideries of style or vain show of form.

He is the most national of our men of letters.

Among those that have devoted themselves to regional stories we still have several writers of great merit, such as Viriato Correia, José Verissimo, Alberto Rangel, Simões Lopes Netto, Alcides Maya, Roque Callage, João Fontoura, Hugo de Carvalho Ramos, Veiga Miranda, Xavier Marques, Monteiro Lobato and Mario Sette.

Variato Correia may be called the *primus inter pares* of the new story-writers of Brazil, because no one among us at present cultivates the genre with more propriety. The exactitude of his observations, which suggests Arinos in a certain way; the fluency of language; his splendor and boldness of narration; the unexpectedness of the dénouement: everything in his stories seduces us irresistibly. *O Venancio*, *O drama de Donna Alice*, *Cara a cara* [Face to Face], *O ladrão* [The Robber], *A desfeita* [The Affront], *A desforra* [The Revenge], *Terras malditas* [Lands under a Curse], are almost perfect stories of a singular beauty. What a vibrant and stirring pen wrote that epic of fire and death, in the style of d'Annunzio and Zola, *Terras malditas*, in which one comes on savage stretches of nature convulsed by a strange and frightful drama, such as the hydrophobia of a village from which not even a creature escaped, with the domestic animals, bands of ravening wild beasts, herds of steers, tremendous in their Dantesque furor, as well as packs of howling dogs changed to demons from hell! In his historical stories palpitate, with the intense life of the moment, all the picturesque figures of the past.

José Verissimo, although he has left only scenes from the Amazonian life, has bequeathed a work capable of enduring through time. *O boto* [The Dolt], *O crime do Tapuá* [The Crime of the Tapuá], *A morte da Vicentina* [The Death of Vi-

centina], even with all the defects of form and language, in which, unfortunately, the writer was prodigal, are regional stories of high rank.

The same may be said of the Amazonian stories of Alberto Rangel, the powerful evoker of *Inferno verde* [Green Hell] and *Sombras n'agua* [Shadows in the Water]. He may not be accused, however, of negligence in language and in phrasing. On the contrary, his work is very chaste; rarely—influenced by Euclides da Cunha—does he permit himself to torture, to complicate, the phraseology in such a way that at times he becomes detestable. Two beautiful books are those—especially the first of them—in which are stories that are real masterpieces of observation and style, such as *Hospitalidade*, a page of perfect psychology, and *Maiby*, a stupendous symbol.

Simões Lopes Netto, João Fontoura, Alcydes Maya and Roque Callage are the revealers of the literature of the pampas: a literature quite different from that which is produced in the rest of Brazil. Their stories are a repository of strange and extremely original impressions, types and legends: scenes from taverns and from the open country, fanfaronades and heroisms, people warlike and full of oratory, a rude and musical dialogue, in which are mingled the language of the Iberians and that of the natives: such are the motives and the characteristics of these writings. Of the four authors, it would be difficult to say which occupies the first place.

Simões Lopes Netto—who wrote *Lendas do sul* [Legends of the South] and *Contos gauchescos* [Gauchesque Stories], in which occur pieces such as *No manantial* [In the Fountain], *A salamanca do Janau* [The Sorcery of Janau], *O negrinho do pastoreio* [The Piccaninny of the Sheep-Cote]—is the possessor of a style so picturesque and vivacious that it is the *gaucho* people themselves that speak to us. João Fontoura produced beautiful stories, such as *Chiru*, *Caólho* [The One-Eyed Man], *Caboré* [Half-breed]; while Alcydes Maya and Roque Callage have given us the famous pieces entitled *Tápera*,³ *Xarqueada*, *Velbo*

conto [Old Story], *A victima*, *Divertidos* [Amused] and *Fim de raça* [End of a Race].

Virgilio Varzea, the Brazilian Pierre Loti, as he has been called, is passionately fond of the Brazilian "environment." His stories are therefore but simple passages, stretches of land and stretches of sea, focalized with their own life, in an incomparable perfection. In respect of him, Pedro do Couto wrote with much discernment: "His types are always dominated by their environment, whose well wrought texture holds them to secondary planes."⁴

Hugo de Carvalho Ramos, the author of *Tropas e boiadas* [Troops and Drivers], is also a good regionalist. Among his stories appear *Gente de gleba* [People of the Glebe], a beautiful production, well wrought out and vivid.

The stories of Valdomiro Silveira, one of the best story-writers of São Paulo, filled with a sweet communicative ingenuity, are well planned and well developed; it is a pity that the author adopts at times the language of the people in the story, which enormously prejudices, as is natural, the artistic effect of the work; and this defect is all the more noticeable since very few of our story-writers have fallen into this style. Almost all adhere more or less closely to what may be deemed the classic model of Arinos: simple, unadorned language, in the same molds as the popular language, when it is the personage that speaks, as it ought to be of course. However, the syntax is perfect and the orthography is correct; and this is an interesting point, one that indeed is worthy of attention. Arinos's *Joaquim Mironga*, *Pedro Barqueiro* and *A garupa* are works of art which, however, we could hear from the mouth of any drover, in front of the camp-fire, under the shed of a ranch, such is the naturalness of the phraseology, the exactness of the language, the propriety of the terms current among the people. Yet this does not imply that they are a collection of barbarisms committed against the language that would be repulsive to a cultured mind. In truth, there is nothing

³*Or tapera*, as it is in Spanish: from the Guarani *tapere*, "uninhabited," "a village that was:" according to Brazilian and Paraguayan usage, a ruinous

and abandoned habitation, especially when isolated or in the deep forest.—THE EDITOR.

⁴*Páginas de crítica.*

more grotesque or lacking in taste than to describe an occurrence, a case, in the prosody of the people. José Verissimo said therefore, referring to Coelho Netto's *Rei negro*:

Another feature that renders the romances of the Senhor Coelho Netto barbaric is his dialogue, made up in the main of the exact speech of the Negroes with whom he occupies himself. This frightful as well as unnecessary transcription in his prosody prejudices the esthetic effect that the author has in view.

In truth, the emotion suffers much from the use of that language of tatters, which is that of our backwoods people, and hence it is incomprehensible that the imaginative author of beautiful stories, such as *A vinha má* [The Barren Vineyard], *O perdão* [The Pardon], *Desespero de amor* [Love's Despair], *As frutas* [The Fruits], should write in such a way.

Veiga Miranda, who gave us *Mau olhado* [Evil Eye], one of our good regional romances, also published *Passaros que fogem* [Birds that Flee], stories in which stand out *O Romão de Januaría* [Romão, Son of Januaría], the best of the book, *Miquitoca, Melita* and *Zé divino* [Divine Zé].

Xavier Marques, the author of so many famous books, among which figures that masterpiece of sentiment, the tenderest of all the Brazilian novels, *Joanna e Joel*, published recently his first book of short stories. *A cidade encantada* [The Enchanted City], which gives the title to the book, as well as *Mariquita* and *A noiva do golpíhinho* [The Bride of the Elf], are fine pieces.

Strange and reactionary, Monteiro Lobato—whose initial book, *Urupês* [Wild Mushroom], was the best of many that flood the literary market of Brazil during these latter times, as it is also one of the most stirring books of its kind that we possess—occupies to-day an eminent place in the front rank of our story-writers, and his is a rare case in our literature. Appearing unexpectedly, he immediately attracted the attention of the national critics, for what was new, told in a novel style, that he was able to say regarding the people and things of this land of ours. Besides *Urupês*, in which are to be found admirable stories, such as *Boccatorta* [Twisted Mouth], *Choó-pan!* [Piccaninny Choó!], *O estigma* [The Stigma] and

Matapuá, he published *Negrinha* [Piccaninny] and *Cidades mortas* [Dead Cities]—the latter a collection of inland charges and humorous stories, among which excel *Cabellos compridos* [Long Hairs] and *O espião allemão* [The German Spy]: stories of incomparable verve. *Negrinha* contains only six stories. Of them, *O bugio moqueado* [Smoked Sloth], one of the strongest and most impressive of our entire literature, might have been written by de Maupassant, Villiers or Poe.

Mario Sette, the prolific writer of Pernambuco, whose greatest title to fame is without doubt his romance *Senhora de engenho* [Mistress of a Sugar-Mill], has also produced beautiful stories, such as *Clarinha das rendas* [Little Clara of the Embroideries], a sweet story of ingenuous love, *Espinhos* [Thorns], *Rastos de sangue* [Trail of Blood], *A trança* [The Tresses] and others. His dialogue stories, contained in his last book, *Quem ve caras* [Who Sees Faces], are well wrought pages, full of life and naturalness. All breathe a mild and discreet morality.

In the literature of the short story in Brazil we have still the great figure of a marvelous artist, Gonzaga Duque, the bizarre stylist of *Horto de manguas* [Garden of Sorrows], in which there are pages of so tortured a form that we can find none like them in the literature of our country. *A morte do palhaço* [The Death of the Clown], *Olhos verdes* [Green Eyes], *Sapo!* [Toad!] and *Sob a estola da morte* [Beneath the Stole of Death] are admirable stories, marvelously elaborated, such as could have been written only by Fialho d'Almeida, whom Gonzaga Duque greatly resembles, like our Papi Junior, in dazzling floweriness of style.

João do Rio, the author of several books of sketches, is also the author of books of fantastic stories not likely to please, owing to the peculiar and complicated psychologies exhibited in them. *Dentro da noite* [Under the Shadow of Night], for example, is a collection of narratives well done, unquestionably, filled with personages half mad, neurotic and degenerate, more degenerate even than the lowest mental class. It is sufficient to mention, among them, an individual that sobs at midnight because

he is far from his bride, the bride into whose arms, as a refinement of cruelty, he had not wearied of sticking pins . . . and the idea that he could do so no longer, because, his infamy discovered, he had been cast out, now awakened in him a great desire to die.

Another author of stories thus extravagant, a lover of the exquisite, is Théo Filho. Sylvio Roméro said that his stories resemble versions of Gorky's pages. They are episodes that have taken place in Brazil, but they have occurred in the lives of persons in whom resided nothing that is national.

We might also mention as story-writers many others—Lucio de Mendonça, Oscar Lopes, Rodrigo Octavio, Magalhães de Azeredo, Domicio da Gama—some worthy of being considered good artists. However, they are, rather, story-writers by accident. Domicio da Gama—for example, in *Historias curtas*, in which are to be found stories undeniably beautiful, such as *A bacchante* [The Bacchante], *Possessão* [Demoniacal Possession], *Estudo do feio* [A Study of the Ugly (Man)], *Consul!*—is mainly a psychologist, a sagacious observer of sentiments, a story-writer after the manner of Machado de Assis, in short.

Speaking of Machado de Assis, I have not included him among our good cultivators of the story because I consider him in no sense a good story-writer. His stories—if we may call them such—almost in their totality, “are no more than the beginnings of aborted romances, physical and moral aspects torn from books yet to be written, profiles, dispersed pages, that fall far short of attaining to the complete type of this kind of literature.” It is not difficult, certainly, to find in the work of the master magnificent stories, true stories, such as *Frei Simão* [Friar Simão] and *A cartomante* [A Reader of the Cards]. They are, however, mere exceptions in his work of selection. If we are seeking the perfect psychologist, we shall have to find him in the very subtle pages of *Quincas Borba*, *Memoirs posthumous de Braz Cubas* [Posthumous Memoirs of Braz Cubas] and *Contos fluminenses* [Fluminensian Stories (that is, stories of Rio de Janeiro)]. However, “*l'art du conteur*”—according to Mormont

—“*est de reduire l'action à ce qu'elle a d'original et d'interessant;*” and to Machado de Assis, the true furbisher of sentiment, action almost did not exist. The author of so many volumes that he termed stories, he could never compare with Medeiros e Albuquerque, for example, as a story-writer. The latter barely touches on the sentiments of his personages, who act and thus determine their psychology without the author's attempting to set forth in detail the state of their minds or hearts; and in respect of the story, which is a simple narrative, synthetic and vivid par excellence, there will be more merit.

In the realm of the humorous story, true fame had not been achieved, until a short time ago, when it was attained by Arthur Azevedo, who knows how to turn out beautiful productions, filled with *verve* and inimitable grace, as in the case of *Uma espiga* [A Head of Grain], a most original story from all points of view.

In this genre, Monteiro Lobato and Humberto de Campos are able to give us today stories worthy of note, such as *O figado indiscreto* [The Indiscreet Liver], *O comprador de fazendas* [The Buyer of Dry-Goods], and *O espião alemão*, of the former; and *Os morangos* [The Strawberries], *O somnambulo* [The Somnambulist] and *A noiva do Donato* [Donato's Bride], of the latter.

Humor, however, is not characteristic of our spirit, and hence humorism rarely becomes a motive of art.

Brazilian literature, especially that of the story, is, above all, dramatic. With our ethnic propensity to sadness, we always prefer a somber narrative, filled with vivid and sanguinary touches, to a scene of mirth.

A proof of this is that our prose artists are always inclined to seek motives for their writings in cases of tragedy.

It is because only through these pens of the élite speaks our melancholy, lascivious and brutal race, the descendants, in a more or less direct line, of exiled Batavians and Lusitanians, sensualists from Africa and the savage sons of this fierce region of America.

In Ceará, unfortunately, the story has not been cultivated hitherto with the attention it merits.

Passing over Thomaz Lopes, who has become an international story-writer, and Rodolpho Theophilo, with *Cundurú*,⁵ a volume of stories in which there is, in truth, only one story, the one that gives it its title, a vigorous production, full of life and emotion, only João do Norte—our Gustavo Barroso—ventured duly to explore this branch of literature. *Praisa e varzeas* [Beaches and Meadows]—in which certain scenes and types of our littoral and our interior are well portrayed—is a beautiful book wherein are to be found magnificent stories, such as *O pescador* [The Fisherman], *A Luíza do selleiro* [Luíza the Saddler's Daughter] and *Velas brancas* [White Candles], worthy of a place among the best we possess.

Papi Junior produced three very beautiful stories, *A rosa do Curú* [The Rose of the Curú], *Exorcismo* [Exorcism] and *A comunhão dos presos* [The Communion of Prisoners]. This, however, is not his genre. The exuberance of *Gemeos* [Twins] and *O Simas* does not comport with the synthesis required by the story.

Domingos Olympio too wrote some stories, the recollection of which, however, is not preserved, buried as they are in scattered publications. The same occurred with Domingos Bonifacio, José Luiz de Castro, Frota, Possoa and Arthur Theophilo, all authors of good productions in the genre.

It is to be regretted that in a land so full of unsung beauties—a land of legendary

charms and tender idylls of rustics and pungent dramas of love that teem in the chronicles of the interior and live in the mouths of the indigenous survivals—our writers are not disposed to record scrupulously, as they ought, all the multiple aspects of this sacred glebe, in which Hagar suffers in the desert, Veronese lovers lisp things of the sky, personages from *Don Quijote* blaze, the despairs of Othello, disheveled and mad with love, the green fronds of the *carnaubas*⁶ shed the Vergilian sweetness of peace, limpid and gentle rivers flow, singing and fleeing through the attractive lands whereon extend stretches of romantic blue water, whence issues, on clear nuptial nights, lovingly, and tempting the passers-by, the nymph of these shores, the mysterious and fatal water-mother.

Let it not be said then that we have nothing to put into the story. We are almost lacking in those that devote themselves to cultivating, as an art and a sentiment, this fruitful genre, while utilizing, like a conscientious miner, the inexhaustible wealth offered by the opulent bosom of tradition.

To whom is destined this glorious task, hitherto despised by all those that could have furthered it, such as Antonio Salles, Papi Junior, Adolpho Caminha, Franklin Tavora, Rodolpho Theophilo and so many others, who were certainly not lacking in genius, but only in interest in and liking for the subject?

⁵The name of a Brazilian fruit.—THE EDITOR.

⁶Groves of *carnaubas*.—THE EDITOR.



IDEALS OF AN INTERNATIONAL POLICY¹

BY
CÉSAR DÍAZ CISNEROS

Using the dominant thoughts of a leading Argentine writer on social, political and economic subjects as a point of departure, the author discusses the relation between national democracy and international democracy and between national policy and international policy; he emphasizes the importance of immigration as a means of solving economic and political difficulties; he advocates a generous spirit of Americanism in thinking of and dealing with interamerican problems; and he lays stress on the necessity of communications between interiors and littorals and among the American nations.—THE EDITOR.

LET us examine the chief factors, favorable and unfavorable, in the realization of the ideal of a great international policy that will conduce to the union of free peoples.

There could be no better opportunity than the present one to pay homage to the memory of the illustrious and generous thinker with whose name this hall has been christened as an act of tardy justice. In recalling here the thought of Alberdi, I—who have evoked it so often with no sign of grateful recognition on the part of the new generations—feel that I am nearer still to his august shade, which is doubtless moving to-day with the immortals through Elysium beneath the sacred myrtles.

This homage will consist of no vain words of mine. I shall revive his own thought, for the author of *El crimen de la guerra* can, better than any other, enlighten us regarding the great ideal of solidarity toward which have bent, from the remote past, the steps of the historic caravan. He said—and give heed to the magnificent amplitude and brilliancy of these ideas—

That nations may form one people and be governed by common laws, it is neither necessary that they shall themselves constitute a federation nor that they shall have similar rulers in each state. That society already exists by the natural law that has created the society of each nation. (Its ties are made closer every day by the very strength of the necessity felt by the nations of drawing nearer together in order that each of them may be richer, happier, stronger, freer. In proportion as

¹An address delivered in the Alberdi hall of the Facultad de Ciencias Jurídicas y Sociales of La Plata [Argentina].

space disappears before the miraculous power of steam and electricity; as the welfare of peoples shall be rendered solidary through the operation of the international instrumentality that we term commerce, which relates, links and unites one nation with another better than would be done by all the diplomacy of the world, the nations are drawn one to another as if they formed a single patria.) Every international railway is as effective as ten alliances; every foreign loan signifies a frontier suppressed. The three Atlantic cables have abolished and buried the Monroe doctrine without the slightest ceremony.

The press—that is, the light that the nations cast upon one another, above all as to what concerns their daily destinies, and without whose aid every nation loses her way and ceases to know where she is and where she is going; the press, illuminated by liberty, that is, by the participation of the peoples in the determination of their own destinies—renders possible the formation of an international and general public opinion that will supply the government needed by the world people. . . . The great phase of modern democracy is international democracy; the advent of the world into the government of the world; the sovereignty of the world people as the guaranty of national sovereignty. . . . In proportion as man develops and becomes capable of generalizing, he perceives that his own, his definitive country, worthy of him, is the good round earth, and that the sun never sets on the dominion of the definitive man.)

These noble words were written in 1870, some months before the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, which prevented the competition organized by the International and Permanent League of Peace in Paris, in order to attend which Alberdi wrote his work.

It will be observed therefore how Alberdi identified the sovereignty of the world people with the direct participation of the peoples in the determination of their own destinies.

The truth is that the first great problem that must be solved is the perfecting of democracy. It would be vain for us to attempt to unite organisms that are not sufficiently perfect, sufficiently prepared, to be capable of effecting a union, of engaging in that spontaneous coöperation, which is demanded by life in common. Adepts in the law of nations recognize that this law depends on, and sustains an intimate relation to, the internal law of each state. In truth, we are unable to distinguish between external and internal law, save in a superficial manner, because the former is the expression or product of the whole body of the internal law of states, and the respective levels always maintain the same relation. During the period of feudalism, the law of nations did not exist in any strict sense. Indeed, it became defined with the rise of modern states. On the one hand, it is well to recognize that, in a general way, down to the French revolution, international policy was determined almost exclusively by the interests of the reigning families, the clergy and the nobility. On the other, international policy, after the French revolution and the restoration, was determined by the interests of the plutocracy. This plutocracy was the first stage of democracy, which, as a rule, has not yet passed beyond this stage.

The same thing occurred in antiquity among the Arian peoples of Asia and Europe. The social revolutions that overthrew the religious organization of the *gens*, that is, the most ancient patriarchate, replaced the aristocracies with the rich plebeians. The agelong strife between the aristocracy and the plebe followed an earlier struggle between royalty and aristocracy, and it was, in turn, followed by a third form of struggle, that between the rich and the poor, which preceded the definitive transformation of pagan society through the operation of Christianity and the invasion of the barbarians. The three great revolutions that took place in ancient

society gradually prepared the way for the broadening of democracy.

Although other factors have played a part in modern times, the truth is that a series of social changes, sudden or slow, will continue to shape democracy as they shaped it in the past. Those that suppose that each dawn is a definitive day, that each sunset is an everlasting night, are greatly mistaken. Days and nights, actions and reactions, advances and recessions of society, succeed one another like the vibrations of tense chords, like the pulsations of the sea, like the periodic sidereal revolutions.

However, democracy will continue to gain in the ebb and flow, in the fluctuations, of its changes; and this will constitute its evolution. Let us not close our eyes to this progressive movement. In spite of 1914, I believe in evolution, I believe in social betterment.

You will not be surprised then that I affirm, after having indicated, as the first great purpose of international politics, the formation of the social organism of the world, which contains biologically, even if implicitly, the germ of the perpetual peace that was dreamed of by Saint-Pierre, Bentham, Kant, Volney and Alberdi; that I affirm, as I said, as the second great ideal, subordinate to the first, the perfecting, the broadening, of democracy, which is the sovereignty of all for the achievement of the equal welfare of all, the fusion of the social classes in a single free people, worthy to dominate life.

Slave peoples detest and despise one another. Free peoples love one another because they recognize their dignity; they draw together and they coöperate in common undertakings. To free a people from poverty and ignorance is to lift it into international solidarity. To remake the economic structure of nations is to adapt them to a community of existence, is to prepare the way for a superorganic evolution.

To free peoples of internal barriers is to free them of economic frontiers. A nation that makes herself great, that enriches herself, summons all men to work. A nation that isolates and impoverishes herself closes her doors to them.

When I allude to the wealth of nations,

I do so in the broad sense of Adam Smith: it ought not to be confounded with the enrichment of the parasitic social classes side by side with the poverty of the people. The wealth of nations is the welfare of the producers. It will attain to its maximum expression when all the people shall become productive. Then, indeed, it will be impossible to distinguish in any respect between the association of nations and the international association of all the workers of the earth, that is, the world people.

Then, indeed, the vastest culture with which history has been acquainted, a culture replete with goodness and fraternity, will shed its perfume over the whole earth, changed into an immense garden.

THESE then ought to be the great ideals, the mediate ideals of the law of nations; but while they are becoming achievable, we must begin with others, more within the reach of the present means, which, although modest in comparison with the former, are, nevertheless, such as are capable of arousing the passion of men of good will and clear intelligence.

The firmest and deepest international policy is political economy. When interests unite men, they are not easily separated by caprice or passion. When nations bring about an economic interdependence, it is difficult for them to become stirred up and to threaten.

Well then: as if to accentuate economic interdependence, America and Europe are in a position to be reciprocally useful; and I ought here to accept the distinction formulated by Cimbali, between the policy of the expansion of governments and the spontaneous policy of the expansion of peoples. The former is dangerous, violent, barbarous; the latter is beneficent, pacific, civilizing. Cimbali understood in Europe, just as Alberdi understood in America, the great importance to civilization of the economic phenomenon of spontaneous migrations. The views of that valiant publicist corroborate those of Alberdi by demonstrating that the advantage of migrations accrues both to the countries from which they go and the countries to which they set out. The words of the man that suffered persecution for having ex-

posed the falsehoods of the old law of nations should be pointed out to the respectful consideration of the young. He said, in his lecture of 1905, in which he severely attacked the colonial policy of the European powers:

The imperialists constantly assert that the occupation of foreign territories is necessary in order that the citizens that constitute the excess of population of the older countries may settle in them. Peoples, on the contrary, always observe that, if there are states in which the inhabitants, because they are in reality increasing excessively and continuously, must emigrate to other countries in order to live and to better their own condition, there are also other states in which, owing to the scarcity of the inhabitants, the governments themselves see fit to invite and attract the toiling masses of other nations, giving them lands and work and assuring them a relative well-being that it would be folly to expect in their own country.

I am pleased now to point out how Cimbali's conception of international policy coincides implicitly with the one I have set forth, although arrived at in another way, that is, considered as an understanding, an action, exercised by society, even without the intervention of governments. This author says: "While occupying myself with what I call 'the system of colonial policy of the peoples' and while showing that if colonization carries with it advantages, these advantages are only possible in the exercise of a free and spontaneous popular movement toward colonization, I have spoken indirectly of what I call 'the governmental system of colonial policy. . . .'" "Peoples exclaim: 'Why should we go to countries where the inhabitants do not like us, to live there contrary to their will, with a gun always in one's hand'—Morocco again serves as a case in point—'wasting all our strength on the continuous construction of defensive works, with the result that our labors can not be assiduous and their fruits will lack the requisite security? Is it not a thousand times better to make our way to countries where the governments, desiring us and inviting us, appreciate our labor and respect the product of it and thus contribute to the prosperity and security of our industries and our estates? . . .'" "In America,"

he added, "one of these states is Argentina. The Argentine republic, indeed, is one of the vastest and richest countries in the world, and it needs laborers. The soil is prodigiously fertile, and there are thousands of hectares that are unproductive for want of cultivation. The government fosters colonization by every means, offering to immigrants all kinds of facilities in order that in a short time they may become the owners of the lands they cultivate and thus enjoy a state of well-being perhaps unexpected."

Fifty years before, at a time when the echo of the cannon of Caseros² was still heard, Alberdi wrote, in his immortal *Bases*:³

We need a law that shall demand for civilization the soil that we retain in a desert state, owing to our backwardness. This law of the spread of the human species is fulfilled inevitably, either by the peaceful means of civilization, without violence, or by the conquest of the sword; but it never occurs that the more advanced and populous nations permit themselves to be choked by an excess of population throughout any long period, in the presence of a world that lacks inhabitants and abounds in riches. México has already had a taste of the violent conquest with which we shall all be threatened during a more or less remote future and from which we can escape by granting spontaneously to civilization the enjoyment of this soil, from the larger part of which we have kept it excluded by an injustice that can come to no good end. . . . The welfare of both worlds may be conciliated at one and the same time; and by a policy and adequate provisions the states of the other continent ought to tend to send us through peaceable immigrations the population that we ought to attract by a like policy and similar provisions. This is the cardinal and summary law of the development of civilization on this continent.

These are words that ought to be inscribed over the doorways of our schools. Here then we have a broad highway to the international policy of America. This law of the spread of humanity, this political

²A battle, fought between the party of patriotism and reconstruction and the tyrant Rosas in 1852, in which Rosas was definitively overthrown.—THE EDITOR.

³The full title is *Bases y puntos de partida para la organización política de la República Argentina*.—THE EDITOR.

force that resides in the emigration of the peoples of Europe toward America, tends to form the association of nations, the unity of the world people, better than all the conventions of governments. America and Europe have been united in a true sense by this migration throughout more than a century. Can you compare, even remotely, the process of universal life, the indestructible force of peoples, the uniting of these countries with Europe by the bonds of interest, sentiment and intelligence, with the artificial efforts of the governments that sought to organize the society of nations in 1919? The great covenant of the league of nations, adopted by such a number of the states of Europe, America and Asia as has never been witnessed in the history of the law of nations, is, nevertheless, a pale and feeble achievement, compared with the league of peoples constituted by the work of centuries of international effort, labor and maternity: an association of peoples, effected by the sacred transfusion of the blood that generates life; the first stammering of the universal being that is to be constituted some day by the nations of the earth.

It would be a sad mistake to conclude that this natural law has declined in efficacy; that the necessity of which it is the expression has disappeared. Although South America is much more thickly populated than it was half a century ago, a great part of her fertile regions is still desert. Besides—and this is fundamental—even the regions populated and brought under cultivation possess a minimum density of population. Hence there exists a double task for the realization of the third of the ideals on which the international policy ought to be based, that is, the ideal of obeying the law of the expansion and fusion of races, a path that leads to the first ideals, already indicated: the outgrowing of present democracy and the constitution of the society of the world.

THE double task of realizing the third ideal of the international policy, that is, the populating of the American continent, the system of which will be able to serve as an example for the populating of other continents in the future, consists

therefore in increasing the density of the minimum population in the regions now tilled and in populating the great desert regions. We may consider them as the fourth and fifth ideals of the international policy. The first is more a program of internal political economy. The second is more an interamerican economic policy as we shall see. Here, however, I ought to recall the view already set forth, that in a strict sense we can not make a sharp distinction between external and internal policy. We have recognized this in maintaining that a general association of nations, truly constituted, can only be founded on the life in common of free peoples, that is, of peoples in which democracy has been developed in all its plenitude. Well then; it is unnecessary to refer to the great transformations in order to prove the existence of the law of the propagation of facts among nations. Every reform of any significance in one state tends to reproduce itself in other states, because modern civilization is one, and it seeks its level everywhere. It is thus that the internal policy becomes external, and the latter reacts on the former modifying it in turn, so much so that it is impossible scientifically to accept a separation of them.

The immediate program of an internal economic policy, the one that is more within the reach of existing means, especially in America, ought to contribute to populating the territory, the basis of the greatness of our nations, by guaranteeing better living conditions for the working classes, particularly in the country, through recourse to the colonization of the public lands and the great private estates.

For what international policy conducive to the fusion of peoples can be founded on intestine strife among the men of each state? What organism can be robust in external action, if it is undermined by internal disease? Let us restore health to the national organisms, if we wish to prepare them to bring about the health, the equilibrium, of the world.

THE other task that relates to the foreign policy, the fifth ideal that may be indicated, is to obey the law as to the

civilization of America by populating the unsettled territories. We shall see why this enterprise is more of an interamerican economic policy. In South America exist countries that are almost wholly unsettled, such as Bolivia and Paraguay, for example, which can not and ought not to be abandoned in their isolation. What must be done to relate them more closely with the international community? Evidently to multiply their means of communication with the littoral of the continent. Here then we have, indicated by the sure hand of necessity, the direction of true Pan Americanism.

I have heard voices that condemn certain American peoples because of their localistic and petty spirit and their imperviousness to the active European spirit. It is explicable that some sentiments of this kind might be developed among peoples separated from the rest of the world by walls of stone, impenetrable forests, deserts of sand, where even vegetation perishes, or swampy and unwholesome lands inhospitable to man. We can understand how difficult it is to work in torrid and enervating climates.

As for ourselves, however, far from condemning populations that have not had the good fortune to belong to that medium zone which, both in respect of societies and of climates, is the most propitious to human happiness, it is our duty to contribute to rescuing them from a disadvantageous position.

Now, the railway is the arm of steel to aid them. The Argentine republic is in an advantageous position to carry on the great work of international vinculation, which, in bringing the peoples of America nearer together, will at the same time bring them nearer to the center of culture and civilization, which is Europe. The transandine railway is, as it were, a daily embrace between two peoples. In America therefore to populate unsettled territories is equivalent to constituting nations. Some American states do not merit such a name, because of their poverty; it is necessary to reconstruct them. An immense civilization may be developed in the center of America: a civilization which, without prejudice to establishing itself on the principles of the

only civilization toward which all the peoples move, possesses its own genius, its original characteristics, as evidence that the union of all the peoples of the earth in a harmonized organism would not mean, in the slightest degree, monotony in the characteristics of its different portions, but, on the contrary, the infinite variety that nature engenders.

An intercontinental railway, such as the one projected by the First Pan American Conference, which met in Washington in 1889, would be at present an achievement out of proportion to the needs of the American territory. The serious objective would be to construct the railway lines necessary to supply the central regions with easy communication with the littoral, that is, doors of ingress and egress for men and things. Buenos Aires is not interested in communicating with New York by a land route, when the maritime route is more advantageous. In another sense, it is not of importance to Catamarca to be in communication with the Chaco, but it is of importance that the two regions should be in communication with the littoral, in spite of their being so remote from it. In short, an American intercontinental railway ought not to be a cause without effect. It will some time be the spontaneous outcome of vigorous railway systems, when they shall be constructed in all the countries of America.

Mentioning gigantic means of communication, it is interesting to recall that in 1824 Rivadavia conceived the plan of a great canal that would unite the Plata with the foot of the Andes.

I DESIRE to consider a sixth kind of ideals on which the international policy may be based. They are the ideals that are considered properly within the domain of the international policy. They relate to questions that you may probably have believed that I would discuss at the beginning of this address and that perhaps you have been surprised at not hearing, and, even now, that I have relegated them to the last place. I refer to the acts of diplomacy: the conclusion of treaties, understandings, common actions, et cetera. Before explaining the reason for the order

adopted, I ought to recall that, apart from treaties of peace, amity, commerce, navigation, et cetera, which regulate the respective relations between states, treaties of alliance are the result of latent war, which is called "armed peace," and those of arbitration demonstrate a better disposition on the part of the nations to maintain true peace.

The effort of America in behalf of obligatory arbitration has gone further than that of Europe. This is the vigorous ideal that America has substituted for the generous illusion of a confederation of nations, which inspired the congress of Panamá, called by Bolívar in 1826, and that of Lima in 1847. It was the Washington congress of 1889 that proclaimed obligatory arbitration for all such American questions—present and future—as would not affect national independence; recommended the same plan to the European nations; and eliminated the principle of conquest from American public law; and it was due to misunderstandings among the South American states that this great plan suffered an eclipse in the México conference of 1901, which, after heated debates, could do no more than vote in favor of facultative arbitration, thus adhering to the Hague conference of 1899.

It is not my purpose to enumerate the European attempts at, and projects of, arbitration. I shall bring to your attention merely that in the House of Commons, the Swiss diet, the Italian chamber of deputies and the Belgian parliament, resolutions were adopted in favor of general arbitration between the years 1873 and 1875: a movement of opinion provoked by the war of 1870. The same occurred in the Hague conferences of 1899 and 1907; but a majority was not secured in favor of obligatory arbitration. The institution that ought to have adopted it on principle was the league of nations, yet, nevertheless, the mechanism of arbitration, in that covenant of the leading nations of the world, leaves it its facultative character.

However, no one can overlook the fact that arbitration has been productive in America. How could we fail to recall here the peaceful solution of the long and painful dispute between Chile and Argen-

tina? The two nations, when they saved themselves from butchery and ruin, buried their hostile sentiments for ever. I wish to point out a glorious proof of this truth. There exists among us a more sentimental embassy than the official embassies: it is a group of Chilean students, who have come to study with the Argentine youth, who have already been received with open arms, and for whom I request, from this honorable chair, the fraternal coöperation alike of the authorities and of the university people.

From every point of view is offered, especially to the diplomacy of the Plata at the present time, a mission as ample and honorable—in respect of the interests of America and Europe, as well as those of mankind—as any perhaps that has ever existed at any other moment of history. Well conceived and nobly applied, it may aid in leading these countries to very lofty destinies. We are going to enter into political relations—more intimate than any sustained hitherto—with the great countries of the northern hemisphere, on the one hand, and with the small countries of South America, on the other. It will be necessary to respond intelligently to the new requirements imposed by the close economic, political and moral union heralded by the civilized peoples with the conclusion of the first quarter of the century. It is impossible to outline here the great lines of action to be derived from an examination of the facts, but on its success will depend in a large measure the decadence or the greatness of southern America.

Permit me to express again the ardent hope, drawn from my heart, that I voiced two years ago: my hope for the peace of America. I expressed it then with pessimism. A conflict on the Pacific seemed inevitable. To-day I must be an optimist, as that fearful crisis, the threatening cloud on the American horizon, is going to disappear, it seems.

I say to-day, as I said then: We wish for America the smiling future longed for by the former strugglers for her emancipation. They nourished in their hearts the immortal flame of American sentiment, one and indivisible, which caused them to shed their blood and close their eyes, suffering

and heroic, far from the lands in which they were born and the arms within which life offered them its tenderness. All of them were impelled to sacrifice by the ideal of a common felicity, which consisted, in their opinion, even if they were soldiers, in peace and work, in the liberty and equality of all men.

In spite of skeptical ignorance, the dream of those ancient patriots will be a reality. The gods of Hellas will take up their abode in the forests of America, her rivers of silver and her illimitable plains, and they will awaken slumbering echoes in her mysterious heart.

I HAVE pointed out, in the first place, that the general laws of living beings govern social movements; that since societies are organisms they tend to form a sole organism, which would permit an infinite development in coöperation, invaluable for the perfecting of the existence of mankind; that this superorganism is in process of formation, and there are reliable proofs of it; that jurists call this phenomenon, although without explaining it biologically, a union of civilized states, a confederation of nations, a world people, while conceiving of it differently.

Having set forth these sociological bases—for it is impossible to study them fundamentally in this lecture—and having pointed out that we ought not to accept the vulgar or the restricted sense of "policy," but that we ought to understand by it the intelligent direction of the social organism by its own consciousness, with or without the intervention of governments, I proceeded afterward to define and classify the ideals of the international policy.

To that end I began with the remotest, vastest and deepest: the constitution of the universal society. Then, subordinate to this supreme end, we found another that is inherent in it: the outgrowing of present democracy by the change of the economic structure of nations. Gradually shortening the radius of the ideal, we discovered another, nearer and more immediate, and it is coöperation with the natural law of emigrations from Europe to America, which is essential to all the future unification of society.

From the American point of view now, two other ideals at the service of those already mentioned and more within reach of our means of action are: the betterment of the national economy, especially the regimen of lands and correlative economic reforms; and a union and coördination of the American states by economic forces. Finally, another ideal, also immediate, is the one that bears on relations and acts with which the law of nations is commonly concerned; that is: the international policy, properly so-called, applied to the peaceful solution of disputes, and even—within it—general and obligatory arbitration.

You will see that, in the several radii that I have traced, in the effort to define the ideals of the international policy, these ideals may be classified in different categories. On the other hand, I have considered the last of the series precisely the one with which the law of nations has been most deeply preoccupied, because it is the least profound.

The application of the ideals is action itself. It is incumbent on the men that possess the collective powers necessary to

realizing them. Our mission as university men can not go beyond their demarcation; but even this task is productive, because we are unable to take up the march without knowing where we are going.

When the mind begins to conceive of the beauty of later ideals, however remote they may seem; when it comprehends that the circle of limited ideals moves at the impulse of other vaster ones; when it is able to refuse them all in the irresistible tendency of life to broaden and perfect its processes; when it sees how, face to face with these ideals, the violent present reality, which brings us as much shadow as *they* bring us light, is stirred to anger; when the infinite complexity of all the movements that constitute evolution is understood, then and only then does the mind, before the magnificent suggestiveness of the panoramas of the future, begin to penetrate the universal consciousness in order to feel its identity with the great whole.

Only then have we a right to consider ourselves citizens of the world by realizing the oneness of the ideal with life.



THE DISSOLUTION OF GREATER COLOMBIA

A REPLY TO DON GILBERTO SILVA HERRERA

BY

ELOY G. GONZÁLEZ

A reply to the article entitled "The Dissolution of Greater Colombia," published in the April number of *INTER-AMERICA*, which we publish, at the request of the author, in the interest of historical verity, as he conceives, and in order that the reader may judge between two conflicting tendencies and methods, according to our opinion.—THE EDITOR.

TASKS that could not be postponed and continued ill health have prevented my acknowledging to you the receipt of number 2,377 of *Gil Blas* of Bogotá, with a courteous autographed dedication, dated at that capital, on December 2, 1922, but which reached me by the urban post of Caracas with a Venezuelan postage stamp. This circumstance I explain by recognizing that this copy of the newspaper mentioned—as well as several copies of the same number, which have been received by academicians and journalists of this city—came addressed to some person that resides here, for due distribution.

With a difference of a few hours I received your courteous letter, dated also at Bogotá, on December 10, in which you were good enough to inform me that you were sending a paper on Greater Colombia that might perhaps interest me, with the request that I comment on it "in a daily of this capital," inasmuch as "this paper deals with Venezuelan history."

Only now have I the time necessary to enable me to accede to your request, while at the same time discharging my obligation to historical truth in respect of the points to which you refer. You will have the goodness to pardon me, if I conclude, legitimately, I think, from what you affirm, that your deductions are to be ascribed to the realm of candor or childishness, to the inevitable surprise of the general opinion and of the historical sense; for, indeed, not only do there exist discrepancies between you and the historians, but—

what is still more serious and interesting—discrepancies between you and the documents you invoke, and discrepancies between the beginning and the end of certain paragraphs, all due to a curious effort to defend the indefensible, for which purpose it has seemed necessary to you to have recourse to mutilated phrases and parts of documents, whose whole character and intent you render metaphorical in order to give a semblance of truth to what is no more than a striking sophism.

To save time and to clarify the laborious commentary that you desire me to make on a profusion of details and affirmations hitherto unsubstantiated in any document, I shall proceed to divide your general thesis in particular theses:

1. Bolívar proposed to dissolve Greater Colombia from *before the events of 1826*.

2. For this purpose Bolívar began to flatter the petty ambitions of his lieutenants—Santa Cruz, Gamarra, La Fuente, Padilla, Briceño Méndez and Marshal Sucre—all of whom let themselves be seduced, *with the exception of General Santander, who was the only one that withstood the flattery*.

3. The Liberator's *fear* of General Santander, to combat whom in Nueva Granada he needed to arm Bolivia, Perú, El Ecuador and Venezuela, or to dissolve Greater Colombia.

Do you not observe immediately that the mere enunciation of the divisions of your paper are in themselves a refutation? And as you proceed to support your views with documents, there does not remain to you even the Augustinian doctrine of faith: "*Credo quia absurdum.*"

You take up the subject:

Bolívar was already the president of Colombia and Perú, *but he could exercise no decisive influence save over the country in which he resided*. Month after month he awaited the replies of the government at Bogotá to his solicitations which, on several occasions, such as that of the invasion of Brazil, were unheeded. When he should withdraw from Perú, he would have to surrender the exercise of supreme power.

Have you never read, never heard, never thought, what name is given to the none too honorable sentiment that counseled the *government at Bogotá to disregard the solicitations of the Liberator*, the same sentiment, which it is difficult to qualify to-day, because of which the Liberator waited "month after month" for the authorization to hasten to the call of oppressed Perú and to proceed from the territory of Colombia to the soil of that republic, once more brought under subjection; the same sentiment, in no sense worthy, that robbed him, on the eve of the decisive battle of the struggle for the liberation of a continent, of the command of the army that General Sucre led to Ayacucho? Have you not observed that General Santander was not the only *man of the law*—"to be up to some deviltry," as he himself wrote¹—but that the Liberator had the prudence, the patience and the submissiveness to law, "to wait month after month" as president of Colombia, at the same time that he was, not president, but dictator of Perú, and in the latter city he could do—without subjection to the law—whatsoever might seem wise, legal and necessary to him.

You continue:

To rule the Incas, the Caribs and the Chibchas without hindrance: such was his thought at that time. His ears were flattered by the insinuations of the politicians of Lima, that he should found an empire along the Andes, as far as the domains of Doctor Francia. Unrepublican ideas had been proposed by the lips of Bolívar. The monarchical machinations of the Limans coincided with those of Páez, Mariño and other influential Venezuelans, who desired to terminate their dependence on Bogotá and become arbiters in the affairs of their own country. . . . The Liberator hastened to refuse the courtesies

of Páez and his friends, because he demanded for himself a greater glory than that of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon. Yet he had to behold with melancholy the vanishing of an empire over territories whose hundredth part was vaster than the patrimony of the twelve tribes and at last he precipitated himself on the plan of an empire, exclaiming: *Imperator I shall be and a more potent one than Charlemagne, but I shall keep far from me the disdain that characterized the Iturbides of the New World; I shall be a Bonaparte, first consul, more powerful than the tyrant of the hundred crowns of the Tuileries; the empire of the Andes shall be called the confederation of the Andes . . . in respect of the year 1825, in which Bolívar, egged on by the Peruvians and Venezuelans to replace Fernando VII in all his attributes, might have become a king, an emperor or a grand lama; for peoples and armies followed him with blind devotion. . . .* Political considerations moved him to refuse the empire; he was engaged in winning the friendship of the Río de la Plata and of Chile in order to attract them to his policy; México, the countries of the south and even Brazil herself saw in the empire of the Andes a voracious and formidable neighbor that would have to be exterminated for the sake of the tranquillity of the continent.

In what I have copied are eight emphatic affirmations or imputations, more or less grave, to confirm which you make the first "reference" of your paper to a foot-note, thus: "*Archivo Santander.*"² Permit me to remind you that, of what is being published of the archives of Santander, I have on my table *fifteen volumes*, of three hundred and eighty-five pages each, which come to 5,775 pages, and you assign to your readers no small task by having suppressed in your foot-note the reference to the volumes and pages in which are to be found the documents to support these categorical assertions.

There are, besides, the discrepancies—and even the contradictions—to which I have alluded. You say that, while Bolívar was already "president of Colombia and Perú," he could not exercise any "*decisive influence save over the country in which he resided*," and in the course of the same argument you affirm that "*peoples and armies followed him with blind devotion.*"

¹In the translation, which appeared in the April number of INTER-AMERICA, this reference is note 4.—THE EDITOR.

¹Bogotá, December 6, 1823!—O'Leary: *Correspondencia*, volume iii, page 131.

What conclusion are we to draw? You say that the Limans and Páez and Mariño and other influential Venezuelans were scheming for the monarchy, because they "desired" to be the "arbiters in the affairs of their own country," but how could they have been such under a monarch? You say that he "hastened to refuse the courtesies of Páez and his friends, because he demanded for himself a greater glory than that of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon," and you go on to say that he beheld "with melancholy the vanishing of an empire." However, if he *refused it*, how was he to "behold with melancholy" *that it had vanished*? You say that he wished to be *more potent* than Charlemagne, *more powerful* than Napoleon, because he wished to be *first consul*. . . . Do you believe ingenuously, however, that Bolívar could have become foolish enough to utter so enormous an absurdity? . . . Do you not see how you are at odds with yourself when you deny at the end of a paragraph what you affirm at its beginning? Do you not recall, when you reread what you wrote, the trite phrase with which our professors of the classics restrained the flood of our class-room perplexities: *Totum revolutum*? . . . The whole trouble was that you prepared in advance a container of preconceived form and dimensions and then exerted yourself to fill it with contents that could neither be held within those dimensions nor be compressed within that form.

It is with a similar argument—long, prolix, contradictory and *sui generis*—that you seek to convince the world that "Bolívar decided to divide Greater Colombia before the rebellion of Valencia;" that is, from 1825 on, when he was working for the American confederation. . . . Permit me to point out to you that you have a very singular idea of *dividing*.

In order to accomplish this purpose, you say that he began by flattering his lieutenants (division 2), promising "General Santa Cruz the rulership over the state of Northern Perú; to Gamarra, that of Southern Perú; and to La Fuente, that of Bolivia. As to Colombia, Páez was to obtain Venezuela; Nueva Granada was to go to Padilla or Montilla; and Quito, to

Briceño Méndez;" that "Marshal Sucre expressed jealousy that the Colombians, who had ridden the Andes to free Perú, should be willing to become subjects of the Limans;" but that "at length, *after Bolívar had offered him also the hereditary vice-presidency*" (at the same time that he was offering it to Santander, *to flatter him*), "*he worked earnestly to render the federation attractive in Bolivia*;" and that the *only one* that resisted these flatteries was Santander.

Have you thought, deeply and loyally, on the life and deeds and moral loftiness and consistency of Sucre, the Mariscal de Ayacucho, before making an affirmation which, in the trying days of 1828–1830, Santander or Obando or López or Barriga or the executors of Berruecos did not dare to think of making, because of its offensiveness? Therefore Santander, the *man of September*, withstood a flattery that the *man of Ayacucho* could not resist.

You say further on (division 3), however: "The only serious obstacle to Bolívar's plan was the attitude of General Santander;" and "the Liberator needed a powerful base whence to dominate Santander and he could find none better than . . . *the support of Venezuela, Quito and Perú*" to "*bind Nueva Granada*." This is equivalent to saying that, in order to reduce to naught a vice-president, impotent in the presence of the head of a department like Páez, "combated by Urdaneta, Bermúdez, Montilla, Briceño Méndez," et cetera, the Liberator needed to be supported by the strength and public opinion of *three nations*. This means to say, in chaste Spanish, that *Bolívar was afraid of Santander*.

It was my first intention to adhere to Dante's counsel—"to guard myself and think"—but, reflecting, I have concluded that if the fear that the Liberator entertained of Santander was the just and natural fear that every man—honest man, be it understood, loyal man, from the humanized Jesus Christ—feels and ought to feel at the approach of a Judas, you have more than abundant reason in the history of Colombia and in documents to justify yourself.

To comply with your request, expressed

in your letter of December 10 of last year, I have brought this painful commentary thus far; because, at the end of each of the twenty-five columns of the daily that contains your article, I could not fail to recall the case of the good gentleman who, when he was washing his feet, placed alternately in the tub of water the one he had washed, while he was drying the other,

to conclude by asking himself: "but, in short, how many feet have I in reality?"

While I am hoping that you will recover your serenity, I return to you the last sentence of your letter: "In the hope of becoming your friend, I am your sincere admirer,"

ELOY C. GONZÁLEZ.

Caracas, March 27, 1923.



ECUADORIAN SKETCHES

BY

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS

I. The Silver Cannon.—II. House Signs.—III. The Monk and the Rustic.

I

THE SILVER CANNON

I DO not recall in which of the South American republics took place the occurrence that I am about to describe; but, as they are almost all alike, considered politically, let me say, parodying the French, that *l'endroit ne fait rien à la chasse*.

The protagonist of the story is one of those great personages that spring up and rise to the lofty regions of power as the result of the violent political convulsions that are so common in these countries and that do so much to discredit them.

The gentleman of whom I am speaking had the advantage, over many magnates of a similar kind, of possessing a great store of experience and a fair amount of philosophy.

He was wont to see things much farther away than his nose and he weighed them in the balance of a judgment in no wise usual.

It is said that on a certain day he was sent by one of his numerous admirers a beautiful gift as a proof of particular affection and of sincere recognition of his merits.

The gift consisted of a little silver cannon, beautifully wrought and worthy, as a work of art, of the burin of Benvenuto Cellini. It was a desk ornament, and it was intended to serve as a paper-weight.

As to the personage, when he saw the present he gave a start and pretended to be greatly surprised. His familiars were astonished at this strange attitude and they asked him, vying in solicitude, the cause of his perturbation.

"Why shouldn't I be disturbed," he replied, "when I am convinced that this cannon is loaded?"

"Is your excellency jesting?"

"No; I am not jesting; I say and I repeat that the cannon is loaded."

"Doesn't your excellency observe, however, that it is a solid piece of silver, that it has merely the external form of a cannon, and, consequently, that it can not be loaded?"

"Nevertheless, it is loaded!" asserted the magnate.

The favorites looked into one another's faces without knowing to what to attribute this singular aberration of their master and they decided not to contradict him.

In the meantime he took the cannon by the carriage and with great precaution placed it on the top of his desk with the mouth away from him, removing all the fragile articles that were in front of it.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "here we have this piece of artillery emplaced, and it now remains to us only to see how and when it is going off."

From that time he did not cease to warn all those that approached him to be very careful about the cannon.

"How?" the incredulous asked him; "is this toy dangerous?"

"Yes, señor; it is loaded!"

"But it can not be so!"

"But it is!"

And as he did not seem to be jesting, for he kept his face as straight as usual, some began to believe that his lordship was a little addled, and not a few of his flatterers, of the kind that blindly accept all sorts of absurdities—provided they emanate from their superiors—began to asseverate, on their own account, that the cannon was really loaded.

"But the barrel is solid," argued several; "where can the explosive be contained?"

"This solidity is only apparent," explained the courtiers; "inside there is a

chamber that must contain a fair quantity of melinite."

"And what object—if not a criminal one—could this dangerous invention have?"

"Uhm!"

What is true is that so much was said about the little cannon that even the incredulous avoided passing in front of it, but all went around behind the table in order not to stand in the way of the trajectory of the projectile, in case the piece should go off.

One day his lordship received a small and carefully addressed letter, which contained in the upper left hand corner of the envelope, the word: "Private."

At the first lines that the great executive read he rose to his feet, placed the letter on the silver cannon and exclaimed with all the force of his lungs: "Poom!!!"

The parasites, surprised, left their seats and gathered about the functionary to learn what was the meaning of that stupendous oral detonation.

"What!" he said: "did you not hear it? The cannon has just fired!"

"Señor? . . ."

"Yes. It was loaded, as I said it was; and the proof is that I have here a letter from the one that made me the present, in which he requests condonement in an affair of accounts. Could any one wish to hear a better cannon-shot?"

The bystanders were in doubt as to whether they should take the thing seriously or in jest.

"These little silver cannon," continued the executive, "although they are but simple toys, are always loaded when they are given to rulers, and sooner or later they go off. I say the same of any other kinds of gifts, manifestations, panegyrics, homages, et cetera, et cetera; all are loaded and have their ulterior design."

He then turned a gaze filled with malice on his hearers and again placing the letter of the petitioner on the toy cannon, he repeated: "Poom!!!!"

The satellites disappeared as if by enchantment, and there remained not one of them in the reception room.

"Hello!" muttered the powerful man, "and they said that the cannon would not shoot!"

HOW does the story strike other men that vegetate in the same position in the world?

Does it not occur to them that they perhaps are somewhat lacking in the experience and philosophy possessed by the executive of long ago? How many are there not, indeed, that let themselves be hoaxed by their satellites and that receive their obsequiousness, their applause, their discourses, their panegyrics and manifestations of all kinds as eloquent proofs of attachment to their persons and as tributes to their merits, believing, maybe in good faith, in their popularity, when all these are but silver cannon aimed at the public treasury?

II

HOUSE SIGNS

ANY one unacquainted with our local foibles might fancy it is the easiest thing in the world to get the direction of a house here and reach it with facility, as one does anywhere else.

It is not so, however. Here one has to walk off a bit of his adipose, if there is no one to guide him to exactly the place to which he wishes to go.

"Where do you live?"

To this very simple inquiry a precise reply is never given.

"I live out in the direction of the Aspillero, near a wood-yard."

"What number?"

"There is no number."

"Then?"

"Are you acquainted with the house of don Simeón Estilita [Saint Simeon Stylites], which is on the other side of the Avenida Olmedo?"

"No."

"And that of the señora Julieta de Romeo, mother-in-law of Paul and Virginia?"

"Nor it, either."

"Very large and painted blue."

"What? The señora?"

"No; the house."

"Ah!"

"Under it is a shoemaker's shop, and in front, in the arcade, is tied a rooster, which belongs to the shoemaker, red in general, with his breast all bare and his tail inflamed."

"The shoemaker?"

"The cock."

"Well, it is impossible for me to reach there with such directions."

"You start as if you were on the way to San Alejo, until you see Father Chiriboga seated in his arm-chair in front of the door of the convent. Keep on to the corner, turn to the right, go straight ahead two squares, bear to the left and enter an alley they call Callejón de los Diablos. . . ."

"Then I am going to the infernal regions? . . ."

"No; around the corner is a pile of street sweepings, afterward a Chinese restaurant, just beyond a dead dog, and, above, my habitation."

"So you live over the dead dog?"

"Don't jest! The dog is lying in the middle of the street, and I live over the señora, the owner of the house, who dwells beneath with her husband."

"Good; I shall try to come to see you if I can secure the thread of Ariadne to guide me through that labyrinth, or the star of Bethlehem to light my way."

THE devil! Where am I anyhow? This must be the Callejón de los Diablos! I seem to be on the right road. Let us ask this citizeness.

"Señora, will you be so good as to inform me whether the señor Dionisio Areopagita lives in this neighborhood?"

"What?"

"I say: Does don Dionisio Areopagita live about here?"

"Which?"

"A person that bears that name and that must live in this vicinity."

"I do not belong here; I am from Cangrejito."

"Is it not possible that you perhaps have confused Cangrejito with the dead *perrito*² they say is to be found somewhere about here?"

"Then I can not explain."

"But I do not ask you to explain, but to give me the direction of the house."

"Well, I do not know."

"Then let us have done!" These women

when they begin with their "wells" are the death of one!

THANK God! I see yonder a shoemaker's shop with a cock tied in front.

"Good morning, master!"

"What do you wish?"

"Is this your cock?"

"Yes."

"He is not red, however, but white; nor has he a plucked breast. This must be another shoemaker, I mean another cock, is it not, master?"

"What?"

"Do you know don Dionisio Areopagita, who lives around here?"

"Yes, señor!"

"Blessed be thy mouth! Yet he had told me that this cock was red, with a bare breast. . . ."

"That was the other one, which is now deceased, because he died on me, and this is one I bought to-day, all white."

"Ah, and don Dionisio? . . ."

"This morning he stumbled, and they almost put out one of his eyes."

"What are you saying, man?"

"But he only got hurt in the comb."

"In the comb! What has a comb to do with my friend don Dionisio?"

"That of the cock."

"Come now! You will drive me crazy. Tell me, please, where does don Dionisio live?"

"Keep straight ahead until you come to a bakery where they sell bread and afterward you pass by a *chichería*,³ which has a red flag in front, and around the corner is a restaurant."

"There, there, a Chinese restaurant?"

"The same."

"Where they sell meals?"

"Exactly. And in front you will see. . . ."

"A dead dog?"

"A fat lady. And there you climb up. . . ."

"Do you say that lady is a ladder?"

"She is the owner of the house; but do

²Little dog: we have retained the Spanish to show the play on the sound of the words *Cangrejito*, little crab, and *perrito*.—THE EDITOR.

³A place where *chicha* is made or sold: *chicha* is a fermented drink made, in El Ecuador, Perú and some other countries, of sprouted and ground, or merely ground, maize, and, in Chile, as a rule, of grapes.—THE EDITOR.

not ask anything of her, but give her a wide berth, for she has a very bad temper."

"I am going there."

"Keep your eyes open, because there is a dog."

"But if the dog, as they say, is dead in the middle of the street . . ."

"The one I am telling you about is a bitch and very fierce, which, to judge by appearances, is going to have pups."

"So-long, master!"

"As long as you please!"

IF IT had not been that I was about to reach the goal, I should have gone back, never to return to these regions; and all for the want of regular numbers on the houses!⁴

I now begin to get a whiff of fried fish, opium and filth. I could swear that I am near the restaurant. Indeed, there in front is an emaciated Chinaman cooking. I am on the right road. Then I turn off.

Odor of a dead animal! Faugh! It must be the dog.

There is the dead body; but what do I see! It is a cat. What if I have gone wrong!

But suppose I see the fat woman.

There is one, but she is thin. Can the unhappy creature have fallen away so much since yesterday?

Let me ask.

"Tell me, as a favor, my friend: aren't you the lady that was somewhat inclined to plumpness and very respectable, whom I have always seen in this arcade?"

"No, señor; that is my aunt, who lives here and is now pulling molasses candy in the shop across the way."

"Yes; she is the one about whom I am speaking; for she pulled candy."

"But not for sale!"

"All the better. I did not come to buy your aunt, even if she does pull candy."

But there is the rascal.

I fancy I have at least reached a safe port! "Dionisio!"

"Ah!"

"How? Are you there?"

"Come, dear friend; I was awaiting you. With the signs that I gave you. . . ."

"Yes; with them any one could have reached the other world!"

III

THE MONK AND THE RUSTIC

WHO has not heard of the Trappist monks? The Trappists are servants of God that belong to the most austere of the known religious orders.

Let it be sufficient to say that devout women have not been able to found a similar order for themselves,⁵ in spite of the fact that they are inclined to seek the most severe kind when they feel a vocation for the nun's state.

Are you ignorant, perchance, as to why the wives of the Lord find the Trappist rules beyond their strength?

"Of course," some will say to me, "it is because the Trappists dress in frieze."

No; not on your life, I respond.

Is it because the Trappists let their beards grow, and because women, even if they wish, can not imitate them?

Nor this, either.

Is it because the Trappists themselves hollow out their own sepulchers?

Nothing of the sort.

What there is in the rules of the Trappists that is beyond the strength of the sex is that the monks take a vow of silence and pass their lives without opening their lips: an impossibility for the daughters of Eve.

They are capable of taking the most terrible vows and of fulfilling them with an exemplary fortitude of spirit; but the vow to keep the tongue still, not to speak, to remain silent for even as much as an hour: this women can not keep, however holy they may be.

Enough of this digression, however; let us attend to the subject, because time is short and space not very long.

You must know that on the day to which

⁵The author's sketch is based throughout on popular misconceptions of the Trappist monks. An illustration is seen in his assertion that there is no similar order for women, probably because in El Ecuador he was unacquainted with the order, although such an order—the Trappistine—was founded in 1827 and mainly confined to France.—THE EDITOR.

⁴A few days after this article was published, the municipality ordered the names of the streets to be put up and the houses to be numbered, thus satisfying this need in the best possible manner.

I am going to allude one of the most severe monks of the Trappist order was taking a walk in the court of the monastery.

Horrible maceration was depicted on his countenance; his lack-luster eyes had almost disappeared within the deep blue orbits; his beard was thick and matted; his step was slow and hesitating; and his only dress consisted of a threadbare tunic of frieze girdled at the waist with a piece of rope.

At the stroke of the bell he approached the waiting-room of the monastery and, rapping softly on the stone railing with a bronze Christ, he exclaimed with a voice that seemed to come from the other world:

"Brothers, die we must!"

"We already know it!" responded several voices within, in the same sepulchral tone.

These are the only words that the Trappists exchange among themselves every twenty-four hours at the stroke of the Angelus.

This doleful warning had just resounded through the somber vaults of the cloister when there was heard in the neighborhood, as if to form a contrast, a well timbered and magnificent voice that was singing with the popular intonation the *Morrongo*:

*¡Ay, que gusto; yo tengo una chica,
Que, cuando en mis labios sus labios aplica;
Ay, que dulces me saben los besos
Que, llenos de fuego, me quedan impresos!*⁶

When the monk heard this profane song, he crossed himself devoutly, doubtless to put himself beyond the reach of evil temptations.

Then appeared, a few steps from the sacred house, a good looking young fellow in the dress of a rustic, who was returning from his country labors with his shovel on his shoulder and his face the picture of merriment.

As he passed near the monk, he stopped and, removing his hat, he said to him:

"Good afternoon, brother!"

The monk inclined his head.

"It has been a fine day, brother. I have done a good day's work! The ground is

damp with the sweat with which this brow has watered it."

The monk again bowed his head.

"The earth is grateful and generous," continued the laborer; "all the care that one bestows on her she repays with increase. You ought to see what bunches are ripening on the vines and what a fine golden color the heads of wheat are turning!"

The monk made a sign of approval.

"But, ah!" exclaimed the young man, "I was forgetting that you gentlemen do not answer with the mouth. *¡Caramba!* but it must be a restraint, this affair of making one's self dumb, just for pleasure!"

The monk wrinkled his brows.

"And they tell me," continued the countryman, "that you folks eat nothing but garden-truck and rye bread. Is it true?"

With his head the monk made an affirmative sign.

"Then, brother, anybody can see that it does not do much for you. I, although I am poor, have a well filled dish and a rib of pork that is awaiting me, as well as . . . and a full bottle, eh!"

"But, tell me, is it true that you folks sleep on stones?"

A new affirmative.

"I, although poor, have my soft little cot, where I sleep like a prince. And is it true that you pass the blessed night doing penance?"

An affirmative sign.

"Well, I pass it having a good time with a little girl that is as brown as a bun."

The monk wrinkled his brows and fingered the pedestal of the crucifix.

The indiscreet young man continued:

"Is it true that you yourselves dig your own graves?"

An affirmative sign.

"And also that you do not wear any shirts?"

A negative sign.

The laborer stopped asking questions and stood in astonishment, looking at the monk.

The monk seemed to be pleased with the admiration he had awakened in the rustic. His error did not last long, however, for the young man shot him a last glance, mingled with reproach, and burst out with this sincere exclamation:

⁶Ah, what delight; I have a little girl,
Who, to my lips her lips she applies;
Ah, how sweet is the taste of the kisses
Which, full of fire, cling to my lips!—THE EDITOR.

"¡Caramba! What barbarities you folks are guilty of . . . just to keep from working!"

Then he turned on his heels and continued on his way, taking up his song:

*¡Ay qué bella! ¡Ay qué bella!
¡Pues no hay otra tan linda como ella!*⁷

LET us leave the poor Trappists in peace, since, after all, it makes no difference to anybody whether they speak or whether they do not speak, whether they do penance or whether they do not do penance, whether they sleep or whether they do not sleep, whether they eat or whether they do not eat.

There is another order, which I shall term rather, a band, of useless people that produce nothing, and it is the one that gets the best share at the banquet of the budget.

⁷Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!
For there is no other so beautiful as she!—THE EDITOR.

"What do they do," I say to myself; "what good are they, what service do they render?"

All that is known is that they call themselves patriots, restorers, regenerators, redeemers, reformers, et cetera; and they say that they are the guardians of institutions, that they march in the vanguard of progress, that they render valuable services to the country, that they keep watch over the public interests, that if it were not for them we should live in sheer barbarism and that they are the beneficent fairies and the tutelary angels of the republic.

With these sham claims they occupy the best positions, collect the richest incomes, enjoy all the perquisites, have their fingers in every affair, lord it over all the humble, hold the upper hand over all the independents and live in the odor of sanctity.

"¡Caramba!" I exclaim like the rustic of the story; "what do these pouter pigeons not invent to keep from working!"





Inter-América

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

PLOW DEEPLY	EMILIO FRERS	333
<i>La Nación, Buenos Aires, March 12, 1923</i>		
CHILE: ECONOMIC RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT	GUILLERMO VARAS C.	338
<i>From the work entitled Curso de instrucción cívica, II año (economía política), Santiago, Chile, 1922</i>		
REVISING AMERICAN DIPLOMACY	GUSTAVO ALEMÁN BOLAÑOS	355
<i>Excelator, Guatemala, Guatemala, January 27, 1923</i>		
GABRIELA MISTRAL	JULIO MERCADO	357
<i>Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, June, 1923</i>		
ECUADORIAN SKETCHES (Conclusion)	JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS	361
<i>Rayos catódicos y jurens fatuos, Guayaquil, El Ecuador, 1911</i>		
THE INSTITUTO PEDAGÓGICO OF CHILE	FELIPE ANGLITA	374
<i>Revista del Centro de Estudios del Instituto Nacional del Profesorado Secundario, Buenos Aires, Argentina, March-April, 1922</i>		
INTERAMERICAN COÖPERATION	COSME DE LA TORRIENTE	377
<i>A pamphlet published in Habana, Cuba, 1923</i>		
ESTHETIC EDUCATION	ALEJANDRO ANDRADE GOLLIO	393
<i>Estudios, Panamá, Panamá, September and October, 1922</i>		

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

AUGUST, 1923

NUMBER 6

INTER-AMERICA

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles or make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

INTER-AMERICA was established at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, among whose objects are the cultivation of friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and the increase of the knowledge and understanding of each other by the several nations.

INTER-AMERICA is edited at 407 West 117th street, New York. It is manufactured and distributed by Messrs. Doubleday, Page and company, of New York.

INTERNATIONAL ADVISORY EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

James Cook BARDIN, professor of Spanish, university of Virginia
Milton Alexander BUCHANAN, professor of Italian and Spanish, university of Toronto
Aurelio Macedonio ESPINOSA, professor of Spanish, Leland Stanford university
John Driscoll FITZ-GERALD, professor of Spanish, university of Illinois
Hamlin GARLAND, novelist and dramatist, New York
Antonio GÓMEZ Restrepo, secretary in the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, Bogotá
Guillermo HALL, chairman of the department of modern languages, Boston University, Boston
Helio LOBO, Publicist, consul-general of Brazil at New York

Frederick Bliss LUQUIENS, professor of Spanish, Sheffield Scientific school, Yale university
Federico de ONÍS, professor of literature, university of Salamanca, and of Spanish literature, Columbia university
Manuel Segundo SÁNCHEZ, director of the Biblioteca Nacional, Caracas
Froylán TURCIOS, man of letters and journalist, director of *El Nuevo Tiempo* and of *Esfinje*, Tegucigalpa
Carlos de VELASCO, man of letters, director of *Cuba Contemporánea*, Habana
Armando DONOSO, man of letters and journalist, on the staff of *El Mercurio*, of the *Pacifico Magazine* and of *Zig-Zag*, all of Santiago, Chile
Benjamin FERNÁNDEZ y Medina, man of letters and publicist, minister of Uruguay at Madrid

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

English INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)	\$.80 per annum
Spanish INTER-AMERICA (6 numbers)80 per annum
English and Spanish INTER-AMERICA (12 numbers)	1.50 per annum
Single numbers of either issue15 per copy

All communications should be addressed to

DIRECTOR OF INTER-AMERICA

407 WEST 117TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Inter-America

A MONTHLY THAT LINKS THE THOUGHT OF THE NEW WORLD



Contents:

- PLOW DEEPLY - - - - - EMILIO FRERS 333
La Nación, Buenos Aires, March 12, 1923
- CHILE: ECONOMIC RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT - - GUILLERMO VARAS c. 338
From the work entitled *Curso de instrucción cívica, II año*
(*economía política*), Santiago, Chile, 1922
- REVISING AMERICAN DIPLOMACY - - - GUSTAVO ALEMÁN BOLAÑOS 355
Excelsior, Guatemala, Guatemala, January 27, 1923
- GABRIELA MISTRAL - - - - - JULIO MERCADO 357
Cuba Contemporánea, Habana, Cuba, June, 1923
- ECUADORIAN SKETCHES (*Conclusion*) - - - JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS 361
Rayos catódicos y fuegos fatuos, Guayaquil, El Ecuador, 1911
- THE INSTITUTO PEDAGÓGICO OF CHILE - - - FELIPE ANGUIA 374
Revista del Centro de Estudiantes del Instituto Nacional del
Profesorado Secundario, Buenos Aires, Argentina, March-
April, 1922
- INTERAMERICAN COÖPERATION - - - COSME DE LA TORRIENTE 377
A pamphlet published in Habana, Cuba, 1923
- ESTHETIC EDUCATION - - - - - ALEJANDRO ANDRADE COELLO 393
Estudios, Panamá, Panamá, September and October, 1922

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI

AUGUST, 1923

NUMBER 6

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

EMILIO FRERS was born in Buenos Aires on November 9, 1854; he was educated in the schools of that city and in the Universidad de Buenos Aires, from which he received his degree of doctor of laws in 1879. He did not practise his profession, however; he early turned his attention to agriculture and cattle raising, in which, by the introduction of new methods of cultivation and of foreign breeds of cattle, he achieved success. He served his country and her institutions in a number of public capacities: in 1893 he was the president of the Sociedad Rural Argentina; in 1898 he was appointed minister of agriculture; in 1907 he was made chairman of the national commission for the revision of the tariff and the customs regulations; in 1910 he was president of the Exposición Internacional de Agricultura, held in connection with the centenary of independence; in 1912 he was elected president of the Museo Social Argentino, of which he was one of the founders; from 1912 until 1916 he was a member of the Cámara de Diputados. He founded a number of agricultural, banking and educational institutions and he played an important part in the development of the resources of his country. He died about the end of June of this year. His complete works were published in Buenos Aires in 1918-1922, as follows: *Cuestiones agrarias*, volumes I and II; *Cuestiones económicas*, volume III; *Estudios jurídicos*, volume IV; *En la administración pública*, volumes V and VI; *Temas diversos*, volumes VII and VIII.

JULIO MERCADO was born in Colombia in 1884; he was educated there and at the College of the City of New York and Columbia University; during the last ten years he has been a teacher of Spanish in

the Commercial High School of Brooklyn and the editor of the publications of the Instituto de las Españas of New York; he is the author of text-books and of a volume of verse entitled *Del camino*.

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS: see INTER-AMERICA for June, 1923, Biographical Data, page 266, and "The Silver Cannon," "House Signs" and "The Monk and the Rustic," June, 1923, pages 324-329.

COSME DE LA TORRIENTE was born in Matanzas, Cuba, on June 27, 1872; he was educated at the Instituto de Matanzas and the Universidad de la Habana; he studied law in the university until 1895, when he joined the revolution of February 24 of that year; he took part in the war that led to Cuban independence in 1898, after attaining to the rank of colonel. On the conclusion of the peace he obtained the degree of licentiate in law. He was appointed secretary of the civil government and acting governor of the province of Habana by General Ludlow, the first military governor of Habana after the withdrawal of the Spaniards. Since then he has served as secretary, chargé d'affaires and minister at Madrid. During recent years he has devoted himself to the practice of his profession, while at the same time playing a prominent part in civic and political movements. He is a member of many learned societies, and the French republic has conferred on him the decoration of an officer of the Légion d'Honneur.

ALEJANDRO ANDRADE COELLO is a leading Ecuadorian man of letters and journalist; at times he has taken part in public administration.

Inter-America

AUGUST, 1923

ENGLISH: VOLUME VI



NUMBER 6

PLOW DEEPLY

BY

EMILIO FRERS

A former minister of agriculture and civic leader of ripe experience uses an aphorism drawn from knowledge of the soil to drive home a rule of thoroughness. He applies the aphorism to social and economic organization and procedure. Men, institutions, states, must be one thing or another, he holds, and he wisely concludes: "The moment is coming in which it will be necessary for all parties to realize that they must choose between the two great principles: the principle of authority and the principle of liberty; and it seems to me that in this country, where nothing is done outside of the political field, the moment is also coming in which a new party must arise, sprung from the very womb of the people, which will be able to thrust in deeply the plow of Martín Gil, in order to break up the earth and give fruitfulness to law, justice and truth under the shelter of the modern principles of liberty, as opposed to an authoritarian socialism or an absorbent communism."—THE EDITOR.

MMARTÍN GIL, the learned Argentine heliologue, has just given a sage bit of advice to the farmers of the country.

"Deep plowing," he has told them, "is the cure for drought. This seems a simple thing; it is, nevertheless, like the affair of Columbus and the egg."

"Plow deeply," is the great agricultural aphorism; but it is also the great precept that Martín Gil ought to repeat to all those of the country that engage in agriculture and cattle raising, as well as to those that cultivate anything else; for no ground yields rich and abundant harvests if men confine themselves to clearing it and plowing it superficially; to scratching the crust of the earth, so to speak.

In the soil of the economic and political sciences, exactly the same thing takes place as in the agricultural realm. Cerebral moisture is exhausted vainly in ill prepared soils, and the fruits of the intelligence wither and die or they turn out to be deformed or puny. Deep plowing is as

necessary in the sciences, in philosophy or in legislation as in the wheat-field.

Well then: if our legislatures had plowed deeply in the vast soil of the political and social sciences, they would have discovered and supported with greater vigor the economic truths that are the essence of political science. After they had plowed deeply, they would have discovered that, in the economic realm, as in all other realms, people do not do what they wish, but what they can, and that what they are able to do does not always produce the fruits that are desired, simply because man, the plower or legislator, does not master all the economic factors that nature affords.

It is because they have not plowed to sufficient depth that the fathers of the country have not discovered this other egg of Columbus, that is, that one can not be a half socialist or a half liberal and a half reglementarian, for one must always choose between two systems: the system of liberty and that of the principle of authority, the

former characterized by the most ample freedom of individual action, and the latter by the greater, the almost unlimited, participation of the state. The former leaves to the free play of moral or economic interests the exalted task of securing equilibrium and harmony in the relations of men, communities or peoples. The latter involves the interference of the coercive power of political authority in everything and for everything to some extent. The former is characteristic of the individualistic schools, whose doctrinaire exaggerations have provoked more than one revolution; the latter is the one adopted of necessity by state socialism, the type that is winning to-day, with the school of Karl Marx and also with all its exaggerations, until it reaches maximalism or Russian bolshevism.

The two systems exclude each other, however. If one decides in favor of the system of liberty, it is necessary to take it in all its amplitude, with all its logical consequences, without prejudice to its adaptation to times and circumstances, through the progressive evolution that includes all the vindications legitimated by science and experience. If, on the other hand, the system of socialistic regimentarianism be chosen, it must be developed in an identical manner, in all its latitude. In the latter case, the law has to do what ought to be done by the free gravitation of things under the other system; the authority of the state must preside over and govern the conduct of men, even in its smallest details, and force them to do or not to do, with no consideration whatsoever of their own tastes, inclinations or interests, and it can not pause in its course, else it will fail.

The *laissez-faire* of the old liberalism has already been cast aside, and no one defends it as an absolute or invariable principle; but it is necessary to ascertain where and under what conditions the social principle of coercion may be efficient and what may be the results of its application. I called attention to this fact in 1920, when the honorable Signore Tittoni (the former head of the Italian government) proposed a kind of universal communism by which Italy and other nations were to be supplied obligatorily with the raw materials they

might lack by the nations that produced or possessed them. "Events make light," I said at that time, "of all the regimentarian apparatus, always ridiculous, because always ineffective and utopian. The social strength represented by the authorities can only display a 'negative' force. It would be possible to compel men not to produce, not to circulate, not to buy or sell; but until the whole world shall be organized under the régime of communistic production—by force—the 'positive' power of forcing them to produce will never exist." It is here that failure occurs in all the schools that appeal to the principle of authority and fall into state regimentarianism by participating in the circulation and distribution of the articles of consumption or by attempting to regulate prices or prohibit importation or exportation, trusts, monopolies or the other legitimate or illegitimate means of which universal commerce avails itself to increase its earnings.¹ It is not a question of learning whether such means are in harmony or not with the principles of morality and law, but of finding a means of preventing their action, without causing greater damage to the community than that which it is sought to prevent.

The truth is that facts are either inevitable, or that if they can not be remedied in a permanent way by the régime of liberty, they can be remedied all the less by an incomplete regimentarian interference. Our legislators and propagandists would already have seen this long ago, if they had followed the wise counsel of Martín Gil; if, because there was an electoral platform or one used simply for political purposes, they had not confined themselves to making mere superficial scratches in the fertile fields of Argentine social economy, urban or rural. If they had plowed deeply, they would indeed have persuaded themselves that it can not be done by maintaining an equilibrium on the slack rope of doctrinaire principles, and they would have to define themselves, that is, they would have to decide in favor of one or the other system: to be either liberals or socialists, in truth.

¹See J. León Suárez, in *Revista Argentina de Dereciv Internacional*, Buenos Aires, number 2.

The whole world is now being wrought up, more or less apparently, over the interests of the working proletariat or the misnamed working classes, over the modest employees or the small artisans, that is, over all that part of the population that may not call itself rich; and all the world appeals therefore to what is near at hand and better known, that is, the socialistic or reglementarian régime, even at the risk of ending up in bolshevism. All the world has more than sufficient grounds for desiring to soften the fate of the needy, the poor or the modest, of whatsoever social class they may be, but all the world does not know what effects will spring from the measures advocated. It is necessary therefore to warn, if you will, public opinion.

In this article I must confine myself to developing my thesis with a brief commentary on what is occurring in the case of the urban and rural rent laws, which constitute a notable example of its correctness.

Two or three years ago houses were very scarce in Buenos Aires. The reason was very simple: Monsieur de la Palisse has already given it. There were too few houses for all the people that were looking for them and there were too many people for so few houses. The only possible remedy seemed to consist in reducing the number of people or in increasing the number of houses in order to equalize the supply and the demand. As it is impossible to accomplish the former, there remains only the second term of the dilemma as a possible economic solution; that is, to increase the production of houses, to speak in terms of political economy. Under the régime of freedom, the state would foster it by appealing to all the known means. It would lay heavy taxes on idle real estate or grounds with less than capacity construction, while it would, in turn, reduce those that burden construction itself or the materials essential to construction, including excessive customs duties; it would facilitate building credits and would award bonuses, incentives or special advantages for the same purpose in such a manner that it would diminish the cost of the production of houses, or augment the returns that result from it; it would multiply the number of houses and increase the

supply of them, thus lowering cost in proportion, with great satisfaction to the population that needs them.

The socialist system, on the other hand, would follow another course. In harmony with its principles, it would adopt what is sound; the law would assume charge of individual rights; it would cause the state to replace private action, thus getting rid of proprietors; it would order houses built with the resources of the state and rent them at a price that would suit the needy population, charging the community with the cost of production, that is, of construction, and the expense of administration, with no view to the pecuniary advantage of the undertaking; it would form, in short, one of the great trusts of the state that constitute the necessary and definitive ideal of socialism.

With one or the other of these two systems, however greatly opposed they may be to each other in respect of their means, the desideratum of reducing rentals would probably be achieved. I say "probably" because it is well known that both have failed more than once in their efforts; but they are at least based on principles that involve the greatest probability of success.

On the other hand, our reformers adopted a joint system, which ought, in reality, to be called a bastard system, because they preserved the individualistic régime of house production characteristic of the system of freedom; but, to cure its abuses, they applied the socialistic system of legal interference. It is an inconsistency that appears at once in the law of city rentals when it leaves the proprietors of the soil at liberty to construct or not to construct houses, while imposing on the owners of houses the obligation to maintain at an invariable price their "merchandise" for a given term, fixes the minimum size of the location and establishes for them a maximum return.

It is not pertinent to discuss the juridical aspects of these provisions. It is, however, necessary to show that it is a question of more or less serious limitations of the liberty of disposing of private property. Nor is the present the moment to condemn the iniquities, abuses and extortions committed by landlords when circumstances

permit them to carry the frying-pan by the handle, that is, when the demand for houses is greater than the supply. These iniquities and extortions are usually reciprocal; they are in a certain way the very essence of trade—which has no heart—and it is useless to combat them from the sentimental point of view. What remains to be seen is whether the Argentine legislator has hit upon the necessary formula for preventing them and for protecting the public from their pernicious consequences.

What then will be the effects of the reglementarian laws of urban and rural rentals? In my judgment, they will do no more than contribute to render houses dearer rather than to cheapen them; they will prove a boomerang. In the most favorable of cases they will be inefficacious. I have not at hand the respective statistics, but the public voice is beginning to be the most thorough demonstration of their unwisdom. The public voice, indeed, makes it clear that rentals in Buenos Aires are kept at the same level as formerly throughout the whole urban center and that in many quarters they have increased more or less considerably. The scarcity of houses, especially of modest and cheap houses, is more and more perceptible. The landlords of to-day are raising an outcry for the abolishment of the law that prevents their raising rentals, and this is easy to explain; but those that can enjoy this advantage are in the minority. On the other hand, the rest of the population that is interested in the question of rents, that is, the majority, will suffer the counter-effect of the increased shortage.

The explanation of the phenomenon is very simple. The restrictions imposed by the laws already mentioned, which deal with the freedom of proprietors and landlords, necessarily produce a general decrease of the supply of residences. Many persons decline to let them in the usual manner, or they discover a way to defeat the purposes of the law by adopting all kinds of devices to get around the restrictions imposed by it. On the other hand, a considerable falling off in the construction of houses has resulted as a natural consequence of the decrease in returns and the greater risks involved in the business of

letting; and as the number of the population grows by natural increase and by immigration, the demand for houses increases in proportion, and the disequilibrium in comparison with the supply is becoming more and more marked and distressing.

With slight differences, the same is occurring in the case of rural rents. There are many landowners that refuse to rent their lands in fractions less than the three hundred hectares fixed by the respective law. They prefer to cultivate them on their own account or to devote them exclusively to cattle raising. The truth is that, in some of the markedly agricultural zones of the littoral, the supply of land for rent has diminished extraordinarily, and the prices have risen in the proportion of twenty, thirty and fifty per cent., when everything was leading to the belief that prices would decline as a consequence of the excessive production, which would naturally cause the selling off of cattle and the curtailment of pastoral enterprises now going on as the result of the unfortunate crisis through which they are passing.

Here enters the advice of Martín Gil! Our legislators ought to plow more deeply the fields they have taken it on themselves to cultivate. If they did so, they would become convinced that, in order really to improve the condition of the farmers and the tenants, there is no other alternative than that of making the law communistic by transferring to the state the ownership and administration of the arable land, thus constituting it the sole and sovereign landlord, or by permitting owners to come to an understanding with tenants in an absolutely free manner. A choice must be made between the two methods: either the socialist system as a whole, which might, unquestionably, relieve the tenants temporarily; or the system of individual freedom, which also might answer the same purpose. The first would line us up with Russia; the latter, with England, the United States and all the great democracies. At all events, however, we must be able to plow deeply and firmly, if we would choose.

Unfortunately, in our country, there is no party that supports with decision and

energy the policy of economic freedom, which is the pedestal of all liberty.

Doctrinary vacillation and a lack of practical definiteness are characteristic of our policy. A hypocritical and temporizing sycophancy dominates the field of all the parties: conservative, radical or so-called liberal; and all the world, even Catholic clericalism, is engaged in making idolatrous genuflections before the images of Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle or their present testamentary executives, while accepting, under pretext of progressiveness, socialistic or communistic ideas at variance with the ideals of freedom, as if the political régime of liberty could not achieve all the redemptive postulates and adapt itself to all the exigencies of modern times, in defense of the loftiest ideals of justice toward the world of labor and toward workers of every class, without renouncing its principles. Hence it is that

our policy is a Babel. All is confusion of ideas, doctrines and systems. There are no definite orientations; there are no sure and firm wills; there are no clear-cut attitudes, but only a wretched personalistic policy of greed.

The moment is coming in which it will be necessary for all the parties to realize that they must choose between the two great principles: the principle of authority and the principle of liberty; and it seems to me that in this country, where nothing is done outside of the political field, the moment is also coming in which a new party must arise, sprung from the very womb of the people, which will be able to thrust in deeply the plow of Martín Gil, in order to break up the earth and give fruitfulness to law, justice and truth under the shelter of the modern principles of liberty, as opposed to an authoritarian socialism or an absorbent communism.



CHILE¹

ECONOMIC RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT

BY

GUILLERMO VARAS C.

I. Introduction: situation, area, configuration and physical aspects.—II. The three climatic and economic zones: the northern zone; the central zone; the southern zone.—III. Agriculture.—IV. Mining.—V. Metallurgy.—VI. Manufacturing industries.—VII. Transportation and communications.—VIII. Railways: nitrate and mining.—IX. Commerce.

I

INTRODUCTION: SITUATION, AREA, CONFIGURATION AND PHYSICAL ASPECTS

SITUATION. Chile, situated along the western coast of South America, between the Cordillera de los Andes and the Pacific Ocean, consists of a long strip of land that extends from latitude $17^{\circ} 57'$ (Río Sama) to $55^{\circ} 59'$ south (cape Horn.)¹ Her territory has a length of 4,225 kilometers from north to south, a breadth of from 170 to 350 kilometers from east to west and a total area of 757,327 square kilometers.

Nature as a factor. In studying the economic resources and development of Chile, we must begin by glancing at the geographical configuration of her territory, her climate, her fauna and flora, since these details constitute the factor of *nature*, the rôle of which is decisive in the production of wealth.

The two great cordilleras. Chile is traversed, from north to south, by two chains of mountains: the Cordillera de los Andes and the Cordillera de la Costa, which contain incalculable treasures of metallic ores, especially of copper.

Between these two cordilleras stretch numerous ramifications that unite them, and between these ramifications lie small valleys. An illustration of such ramifications is the ridge of Chacabuco, which extends between Aconcagua and Santiago.

From this ramification is developed,

toward the center of the country, between the two cordilleras, what is called "the great central valley," which constitutes, as we shall see further on, the basis of our agricultural wealth, owing to the character of its soil and the numerous rivers that water it.

This central valley has an approximate length of 935 kilometers from north to south, a mean breadth of approximately 50 kilometers and a total area of about 46,500 square kilometers.

The economic importance of the cordilleras. Of the two cordilleras, which form what might be regarded as the skeleton of the country, the Cordillera de los Andes is the more important, politically and economically. This cordillera is the natural boundary that separates Chile from Bolivia and from Argentina; in this cordillera rise the principal rivers that water our fields; and it contains the most important deposits of metallic ores. In spite of its remarkable regularity, it presents here and there gaps that make commercial transit possible. Popular fancy has applied to these gaps the name of "dry ports."

The Cordillera de la Costa, which is of an older geological formation than the Cordillera de los Andes, lacks both the latter's regular continuity and its altitude, and the openings that characterize it afford easy egress to the rivers that descend from the Cordillera de los Andes.

Climate. As the territory of Chile extends from the intertropical regions to cape Horn, it encounters almost all the meteorological phenomena; hence her climate varies greatly, both according to latitude and according to altitude, it de-

¹A chapter taken from the Chilean text-book entitled *Curso de instrucción cívica, II año (economía política)*, según el programa aprobado por el Consejo de Instrucción Pública, by Guillermo Varas C., Santiago, Chile, 1922.—THE EDITOR.

pending in the latter respect on whether it be that of the littoral, that of the center or that of the Andine region. In the *coast* region, the atmosphere is cool and humid; in the *center*, it is somewhat dry and hot [in summer]; and in the *Andine* region, it is dry and cold. The cold Humboldt stream that washes our shores has the effect of making the temperature generally mild.

The natural divisions of the territory. The physical aspects of the country, which account for the variation in products, enable us to divide it into several zones: the mineral zone; the mineral and agricultural zone; the agricultural zone; and the forest and fisheries zone.

It is divided also, according to the supply of water it receives, into four zones: *arid*, *semiarid*, *subhumid* and *humid*. The first is the zone in which the scarcity of rain is such that agricultural production is impossible, as in the north; the utilization of the second zone for agricultural purposes is only partial, owing to the slightness of the rainfall; the subhumid zone receives a greater rainfall and its agricultural production is fair; and, last of all, the humid zone is characterized by an abundance of rainfall in the different seasons of the year.

II

THE THREE CLIMATIC AND ECONOMIC ZONES

FINALLY, a more comprehensive division is the one that distributes the country in three different economic zones. Each of these three zones—northern, central and southern—consists of a region that yields characteristic products.

THE NORTHERN ZONE

Area. This zone has an area of 320,290 square kilometers. It comprises the territory comprehended between latitude 17° 15' and 33° south and it embraces the provinces of Tacna, Arica, Tarapacá, Antofagasta, Atacama, Coquimbo and a part of Aconcagua.

It is characterized, in the main, by its dry climate and its wealth of minerals, especially saltpeter and copper.

Tacna and Arica. In the province of Tacna are found deposits of iron, copper and lead, and in the valleys that surround

the city of Tacna, such as those of Sama and Locumba, are cultivated vegetables, fruits, grapes—from which raisins are prepared, and wine, cognac and *pisco*² manufactured—coca, coffee, cacao, tobacco, et cetera.

The economic future of Tacna, in respect of its natural productions, will depend on the introduction of sugar-cane, an enterprise in which a Chilean company is engaged, with the patronage of the government, and it is thought that it can supply the national demand.

The economic future of Tacna will depend still more, however, on its *transit commerce* with the regions of northern and central Bolivia through the port of Arica, united with Tacna and with the Bolivian capital by railways.

Tarapacá. The productions of the province of Tarapacá are rich and varied. Along the coast are distributed deposits of guano, such as the rich *covaderas*³ of Chiquinatas, Patache, Pabellón de Pica, Punta de Lobos, Guanillos and Chipana. In the sierras of the coast that extend between the shores and the great Pampa de Tamarugal are situated the rich historic silver mines of Huantajaya and Santa Rosa and the copper mines of Chanavaya and Paiquirá and the mining center of Alto del Molle. Limestone, alum rock and common salt also abound.

However, the principal wealth of Tarapacá consists of its *nitrate region*, which extends in this province, east of the Cordillera de la Costa, between latitude 19° 15' and 21° 20' south, along longitude 70° west.

The saltpeter of this region is to be found mingled with nitrate of potash, common salt, gypsum, iodide of potash, iodide of sodium and, at times, magnesium hydrate.

East of this region is the Pampa de Tamarugal—an immense, arid plain—which produces little. There are, however, besides the iodic salts and some deposits of

²A clear, strong alcoholic liquor, not unlike cognac, made from grapes. Although manufactured to some extent in Chile, it is produced more considerably in Perú. It is said to have originated in the latter country, in the port of Pisco, whence it took its name.—THE EDITOR.

³Used in Chile, Perú and Bolivia to designate a place where guano is found deposited.—THE EDITOR.

oxide of iron near Challacollo, some borate mines that are now being worked, which constitute an appreciable source of wealth, and certain peat-bogs, which supplied fuel to the first developers of the nitrate industry.

The agricultural productions are negligible, owing to the quality of the soil, which is, in general, salitrous, and to the lack of water.

Antofagasta. The products of Antofagasta are similar to those of Tarapacá. It owes its development to saltpeter, iodine and borax, and to its rich copper mines, such as Chuquicamata, and its silver mines, such as Caracoles, where silver was discovered in 1870. The valuable saltpeter deposits of Santa Luisa, Taltal, Del Toco, Antofagasta and Aguas Blancas; the mining centers of Tocopilla, Caracoles, Sierra Gorda, Santa María, El Desesperado, Cerro Gordo, Guanaco, Tumbes, Chacinal de la Sierra, Luca, Pulacayo, Playa Blanca, et cetera, together with the borate mines and the gypsum deposits of Antofagasta and Mejillones, constitute the great mineral wealth of this province.

The agricultural productions are insignificant, owing to the nature of the soil and the scarcity of water. Nevertheless, recent explorations demonstrate the possibility of supplying considerable stretches of territory with subterranean water.

Atacama. Mining is the principal industry of the province of Atacama, although we should not overlook its agricultural products, the development of which, during recent years, has been perceptible, above all in Vallenar.

The mining centers—Doña Inés Chica, Tres Puntas, La Florida, Pueblo Hundido, in Chañaral; those of Chañarillo, Cerro Blanco, Puquios, Morado, et cetera, in Copiapó; Pan de Azúcar, Plancija, Peña Blanca, in Freirina; and El Jove, Pastos Largos, in Vallenar; and the borate mines and marble quarries, above all, in the last mentioned *departamento*, give an idea of the mineral production of this province.

Coquimbo. The province of Coquimbo is one of the richest of Chile in mines, in commerce and in agricultural productions. It contains deposits of gold, silver, iron, sulphur and copper, although those of the

last of these metals are of the greatest importance, owing to their abundance and their high grade.

The agricultural productions are varied. Among them, fruits and dried forage hold the first place. The annual yield of raisins is approximately 2,000,000 kilograms, mainly produced in the valley of Elqui.

The mining centers—to mention only the best known—of Tofo, Totoralillo, Higuera, Andacollo, Pelicano, La Compañía, Tambillo, El Peñón, Altazas, Punitaqui, Tamaya, Panulcillo, Los Zapos and Esquível, together with some gypsum mines, especially those of the *departamento* of Illapel, constitute the mineral wealth of this province.

THE CENTRAL ZONE

Area. This zone has an area of 87,272 square kilometers and it comprises the provinces of Aconcagua, Valparaíso, Santiago, O'Higgins, Colchagua, Curicó, Talca, Linares, Maule, Ñuble and Concepción, that is, the territory from latitude 33° to 38° south. Its climate is temperate; its productions are agricultural. The scarcity of rain during the summer [December, January and February] interferes somewhat with agriculture. Artificial irrigation, although not so necessary, as in the northern zone, is, nevertheless, indispensable to compensate for the slight rainfall of the summer.

Aconcagua. In the province of Aconcagua, agriculture and mining, especially the former, are the chief sources of wealth. Among the agricultural products, particular importance is attached to the cultivation of grapes, from which are obtained the best brandies, wines and other similar products. The ground is especially suited to agriculture. As to the mining industry, it is developed in the *departamentos* of Petorca, Putaendo and Los Andes. The chief mining centers are Catemu, Mineral de Bronce, Los Maquis and the deposits of Cabildo and Río Colorado.

Valparaíso. Commerce is the principal source of wealth of this province. Agricultural production is limited mainly to the *departamentos* of Quillota, Limache and Casablanca; the first two are famous for

the benignity of their climate and the abundance of their varied and exquisite fruits. Something is obtained from the mining industry, but in small proportions. The industrial production is considerable, and we shall refer to it when we discuss the industries in detail.

Santiago. Commerce, agriculture, the industries and mining constitute the economic wealth of the province of Santiago, which is also the leading railway center of the country.

The principal mining center is that of Condes, 40 kilometers east of Santiago, which is rich in copper, lead and silver mines. In Tiltill, Lampa, Batuco, Pudahuel, Caleu, San Pedro Nolasco and El Volcán, in the *departamento* of La Victoria, and in the gold regions of Alhué, in the *departamento* of Melipilla, are to be found the most important mining centers of the province.

O'Higgins. The province of O'Higgins is one of the most important agricultural regions of the country; the soil is of incomparable excellence and abundantly watered, and the climate is particularly well adapted to farming.

Its leading products are wheat, beans, corn, potatoes, vegetables, fruits, cattle and wines.

The mineral wealth is considerable, not so much owing to the number of mines as to the extent of the products of those that are being worked: Peralillo, in the *departamento* of Valdivia; and Machalí, Rinconada Grande and Rinconada Chica, Leona, El Teniente, owned and worked by the Braden Copper Company of the United States, and La Gloria, in the *departamento* of Cachapoal.

Colchagua. The province of Colchagua is, like that of O'Higgins, one of the most important of the republic, in respect of abundance of agricultural products and cattle. Its mineral production and its industrial production are inconsiderable.

Curicó. The agricultural regions of the province of Curicó consist of two sections: the eastern belt, which lies between the Cordillera de los Andes and the Cordillera de la Costa; and the western, which extends from the latter to the ocean. In the former, owing to the quality of the soil and the

proper distribution of the waters, the production is abundant, especially of cereals, fruits and cattle. In the western belt, which is crossed by numerous chains of hills, between which are formed narrow and irregular valleys, grain is grown and sheep are raised. With the improvement of the roads and the extension of the railway that runs from Curicó to the coast, this region is destined to become very important.

Talca. The province of Talca may be divided in the same way as that of Curicó. It is distinguished for the production of grains, woods, fruit, cattle and, especially, wines.

In the central region of the province, which consists of the *departamentos* of Lontué and Talca, the land is level and very well watered. In this part, especially in Lontué, are large and productive vineyards. Wine-growing is one of the leading occupations of the province.

The mining centers are few and unimportant.

Linares. It may be said that agriculture is the chief and almost the only industry of the province of Linares. The main feature of it is viticulture. The mineral deposits are few and inconsiderable.

Maule. The same may be said of the province of Maule, the wine industry of which is the most important. It supplies wines and musts of a good quality and in considerable quantities. It contains also some mines and gold washings, such as those of Nivirilo, Curanipe and Pocillas, but they are relatively of slight importance.

Ñuble. As a prolongation of the central valley, the chief source of wealth of the province of Ñuble is agriculture. It yields cereals, cattle, flax, timber and wines. The products of manufacture are becoming more important every day, especially those of the tanneries, breweries and mills, which are well organized. Little mining is done.

Concepción. We study finally, among the provinces of the central zone, the production of the province of Concepción. Agriculture, viticulture, manufacturing and mining constitute the leading industries of this province. Among the chief products of industry may be mentioned wine; woolen fabrics, manufactured in Tomé; sugar and

pottery, in Pinco; bricks, in Coronel; and bottles, pottery and common and vitrified bricks, in Lota. The coal mines of Lirquén, Lota and Coronel are the sources of mineral wealth.

THE SOUTHERN ZONE

Area. This zone, with an area of 349,765 square kilometers, includes all the Chilean territory below latitude 38° south, and it is characterized by a cold climate and rainy weather, abundance of forests and the production of cereals and potatoes. It comprises a part of the province of Concepción and the provinces of Arauco, Bío-Bío, Malleco, Cautín, Valdivia, Llanquihue, Chiloé and the territory of Magallanes.

In certain parts of this zone the rains are excessive, and this excessive precipitation, naturally, prejudices agricultural production. The southern part of the zone is covered with impenetrable forests, which will constitute a source of extraordinary wealth.

Arauco. Until recently, cattle raising, coal mining and agriculture constituted, in the order indicated, the principal industries of the province. It unquestionably occupies the first place as a producer of coal.

The leading mining region is that of Curanilahue, in which are several mines worked by the Compañía de Arauco; other mines are those of Lebu, Millaneco and Esperanza.

We should not fail to mention the excellent hard woods that are taken out, such as *raulí*,⁴ laurel, *pellin* oak⁵ and, especially, *lingue*,⁶ excellent for use in the manufacture of furniture.

Bío-Bío. Agriculture is almost the only industry of this province, and wheat is its principal product.

In Nacimiento are a few coal beds, but

⁴From the Araucanian *ruyllin*: it is a species of oak, *Fagus procera*, a tree that attains the height of fifty meters.—THE EDITOR.

⁵From the Araucanian *pellin* ("heart" of the oak or of other trees).—THE EDITOR.

⁶An Araucanian word: a tall, leafy tree of the family of the *Laurineæ*, with a smooth, ash-colored bark; the wood is white or reddish, flexible, fibrous and very durable, and hence it is much used for masts, yards, beams, yokes and furniture, although it does not take a high polish, owing to its fibrous texture; its scientific name is *Persea lingue*.—THE EDITOR.

they are of less importance than those of the provinces already discussed.

Malleco. Timber, the cereals and cattle are the leading products of this province.

Cautín. This province is characterized by vast and fertile territories covered with immense forests, which will be sources of great wealth. Facilities for transportation and the application of capital will bring it to the front. Among the agricultural products, in addition to the cereals, may be mentioned beans, vetches and potatoes. Beef cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and mules are produced in considerable quantities.

In the *departamento* of Imperial are to be found certain carboniferous deposits of not a little importance.

Industrial production, which we shall discuss later, has assumed great importance in Temuco, the capital of the province, a fact that will assure the position of this city in the future and will make it one of the leading manufacturing centers of southern Chile.

Valdivia. Agriculture, in the first place, and then the elaboration of woods of all kinds and of leather, the preparation of the bark of the *lingue* for tanning, the distillation of rum and the manufacture of the best beer made in Chile, may serve as exponents of the productions of the province of Valdivia.

The timber products—of the *lingue*, *luma*,⁷ larch, oak and laurel, to mention only the best known—are quite varied and highly esteemed.

Northwest of Correal there are deposits of magnesium of a high grade, and a little farther north, along the coast, carboniferous deposits of slight importance. In Panquipulli there are some copper deposits, and in Madre de Dios, in the commune of San José, extensive gold washings, of more than 60 square kilometers, which have been worked since the colonial period.

Llanquihue. The products of the province of Llanquihue are similar to those of Valdivia in respect of agriculture and the elaboration of woods, and it is maintained

⁷A Chilean tree—*Myrtus luma*, Molina—that grows from El Itata southward and usually attains a height of 30 meters. Its fruit is mixed with the drink *chicba* to give it a better flavor. Its wood is hard and heavy and hence very tough; it is used for cart axles and felloes, the tips of plows, et cetera.—THE EDITOR.

that there are even more abundant forests in Llanquihue than in Valdivia.

The definitive settlement of questions relative to landed property and the solution of the problem of national colonization will greatly stimulate the economic progress of this province.

Chiloé. What has been said regarding the provinces of Valdivia and Llanquihue applies in general to the [insular] province of Chiloé, but it is especially noted for the production of potatoes, highly esteemed by the farmers of the interior of the country as seed. This province has a great future in store through the development of its fisheries and oyster-beds.

The economic future of Chiloé will depend on its communications with the rest of the country and with the regions about the strait of Magellan by cutting the isthmus of Ofqui, which will permit channel traffic by small craft between the island and Punta Arenas.

Magallanes [Magellan]. The great cattle wealth of the country centers in Magallanes, which contains lands unsurpassable for cattle raising. The region consists of a succession of rolling hills that descend gently toward the east and toward the shores of the strait, covered with grass and furrowed by numerous brooks: a region well adapted to sheep raising. All the pampas of the mainland and of Tierra del Fuego are taken up as *haciendas* devoted to sheep raising. It is estimated that they contain more than a million head of sheep and that there is grazing for more than ten times this number.

To sheep raising should be added the production of timber, trade in skins, which is not inconsiderable, and some gold washings; and we shall have a general idea of the products of this region, which is destined to have, in spite of its remoteness, a splendid economic future.

III

AGRICULTURE

AGRICULTURAL divisions. In respect of agriculture, the country may be divided not only into the three zones already discussed, from north to south but also diagonally, from west to east.

In this latter direction also it is possible to observe three zones of a different agricultural value: the zone of the Cordillera de la Costa, which consists mainly of lands of *secano*;⁸ that of the center, in the central valley principally between Santiago and Concepción, which is the richest; and that of the Cordillera de los Andes, where are to be found the great forests.

The importance of agriculture in Chile. Agriculture occupies an important place in Chile. It should be remarked at once that half the inhabitants live in the country, in spite of the universal tendency that carries men to the cities, attracted by the urban industries. The census of 1885 indicated that 66 per cent. of the population lived in the country; in 1895, 61 per cent.; in 1907, 57 per cent.; and to-day, 50 per cent.

As to the value of our agricultural products, the official data are as follows:

	<i>Pesos</i> ⁹
In 1910	429,000,000
In 1916	517,000,000
In 1919	719,000,000

If we add to these totals the sums derived from the sale of vegetables, poultry, milk, cheese, butter, et cetera, which are consumed daily and which are not listed in the statistical bulletins, it may be said that the estimates that place the annual agricultural production at not less than 1,000,000,000 *pesos* are not excessive; and there are those that place it at 1,500,000,000 *pesos*, not without reason.

Agricultural products: classified statistics. The following table, which corresponds to 1918, gives us an approximate idea of the variety and quantity of the agricultural products.

<i>Articles</i>	<i>Metric tons</i> ¹⁰
Wheat	629,230
Rye	4,464
Barley	71,931
Oats	46,108
Maize	36,723

⁸According to Chilean usage, unirrigated tilled ground that depends on rain-water for its moisture.—THE EDITOR.

⁹In 1910 the Chilean *peso* was worth about 25 cents; in 1916, about 20 cents; at present it is worth about 13 cents.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁰The metric ton is equivalent to 2204.06 pounds.—THE EDITOR.

Beans	69,314
Vetches	14,582
Chick-peas	1,823
Lentils	2,884
Potatoes	262,358
Forage (dry and baled)	295,590
Leaf tobacco	3,142
Wool	15,358
Wines (hectoliters)	1,555,543

Cattle raising has undergone a great development by the crossing of the common breeds of the country with selected stock from Europe.

The milk, cheese and butter industry has been perfected with the processes of conservation and condensation, which make it possible for these articles to be sold in the mining centers of the north and even for them to be exported.

The number of head of animals produced in 1918 was:

Beef cattle	2,225,323
Sheep	4,434,115
Horses and mules	411,477
Goats	451,941
Hogs	326,337

The agricultural production not only meets the requirements of domestic consumption, but it supplies an excess for exportation that amounted in 1919 to:

	<i>Gold pesos</i> ¹¹
Wheat	7,983,839
Barley	7,281,610
Beans	5,788,324
Wool	21,829,351
Refrigerated meat	8,685,007
Nuts	2,829,069
Total	54,397,200

This total, calculated at the low rate of the *peso* in 1922,¹² would produce more than two hundred millions. If we desire still another datum to enable us to appreciate the importance of agriculture, let us compare the total value of city and country properties, which is as follows:

¹¹The value of the "gold *peso*," the ideal monetary unit of Chile, is 18 pence, or, at the former and normal value of the pound, about 35.5 cents, United States money.—THE EDITOR.

¹²In 1922, the paper *peso* was worth approximately 10 cents.—THE EDITOR.

	<i>Pesos</i>
City property	3,533,023,366
Rural property	3,902,261,900

The future of agricultural production. The area of the national territory is approximately 750,000 square kilometers,¹³ of which 420,000 are deserts, waste lands, glaciers, et cetera. The remaining 320,000 square kilometers may be placed in two categories: 220,000 square kilometers of natural hay lands and mountains capable of utilization during certain periods of the year only, and 100,000 square kilometers that may be cultivated normally at all times, or 10,000,000 hectares with a mild climate.

We shall consider the last figure only. Of these 10,000,000 hectares, there are at present under cultivation 1,318,000 hectares, thus:

	<i>Hectares</i>
Tilled land	790,000
Artificial hay lands	508,000
Land devoted to arboriculture and viticulture	120,000
Total	1,318,000

If this quantity of land now supplies food for 4,000,000 inhabitants and can still export more than a hundred millions' worth of products, it is not too venturesome to affirm, as a distinguished writer on agriculture has said, that when the other available lands are exploited, Chile will be capable of supporting a population eight times greater than that of to-day and of exporting products of a much greater value than that of saltpeter at its peak. Add, besides, a reduction of imports by the increase of the domestic production of raw materials that are to-day brought into the country, such as sugar, oils, et cetera, and we shall have an approximate estimate of what we can hope for from agriculture.

The means of fostering agriculture. In order to achieve these results, it is necessary to provide means for artificial irrigation. Owing to the proximity of the Cordillera de los Andes to the sea, our rivers are short and rapid, but the territory,

¹³In a pamphlet entitled *Chile: an Economic Survey*, Santiago, 1922, distributed by the Ministerio de Relaciones Exteriores, the area of Chile is given as 752,572 square kilometers.—THE EDITOR.

traversed in many places by small valleys and ramifications of the mountains, lends itself admirably to the extension of the natural restraints, the accumulation of great reservoirs and the construction of sluices for the irrigation of many regions.

The artificially irrigated area consists at present of 1,030,000 hectares, and works are being constructed that will increase it by 60,000 hectares. The statistics show that 4,000,000 hectares are capable of irrigation. This being the case, we should more than duplicate the present irrigated area, according to the señor Subercaseaux,¹⁴ which would constitute a colossal improvement. The artificial irrigation of the country is one of the national problems.

Something has been done in this respect: in the north, the waters of the river Huasco have been dammed; in the central region have been constructed canals that have cost millions of pesos, such as those of Maipo, San Carlos, El Carmen and Ochagavía. At present the canals of Maule, Mauco, Melado and Laja, which water approximately 125,000 hectares, are being built.

In addition to irrigation, the fostering of agriculture could be pushed by increasing and perfecting the methods of cultivation, by facilitating the sale of machinery and of agricultural products and by establishing in each zone a complete agricultural service that would enable the farmers to select their seeds rapidly and opportunely, to test soils and fertilizers, to fight the diseases of plants and animals, to choose the most efficient machinery and implements and, in general, to utilize all the methods that may contribute to progress in farming and cattle raising.

A powerful stimulus to agricultural development would be the construction of highways and bridges; the facilitating of credit on farm liens; the establishment of rural coöperative societies and banks, which would improve the conditions of the small property and the small rural credit, a social legislation that would take into

consideration the peculiar conditions in which farm work is developed: very different from city work; the industrial use of the raw materials derived from agriculture, such as the preparation of conserves, ices, et cetera; the adjustment of railway rates to foster the transportation of food products, woods, fertilizers and agricultural machinery; and, finally, the southern zone demands, for its agricultural prosperity, the constitution and guaranteeing of government and private property, to-day mainly abandoned by labor and capital, owing to uncertainty as to its ownership.

We may not forget, either, the action of the state, which has already placed import duties on foreign products, while granting concessions of lands to national and foreign settlers, placing bounties on exports, exempting agricultural products from certain duties, fostering agricultural expositions and improving instruction in agriculture.

Agricultural departments. There exist in the country certain important departments that contribute to the fostering of agriculture: the Inspección General de Bosques, Pesca y Caza [General Inspection of Forests, Fish and Game], established in 1903; the Estación Agronómica, in 1887; the Estación Etnológica; the Estación de Patología Vegetal; the Servicio de Sanidad Animal; the Instituto Central Meteorológico y Geofísico; the Propaganda del Salitre; the regional agricultural offices; the Sociedad Nacional de Agricultura, established in 1867, which publishes a review and holds annual expositions; the Sociedad Agronómica de Chile, founded in 1910; the Sociedad Nacional de Viticultores; the Sociedad Agrícola del Norte, founded in La Serena in 1907; the Cooperativa Agrícola y Ganadera de Osorno [the Osorno Farm and Cattle Coöperative Society]; the Cooperativa del Fomento Agrícola de Temuco [the Temuco Coöperative Society for the Fostering of Agriculture], founded in 1919; and others of less importance.

Inquilinaje.¹⁵ To conclude this part, it remains for us to discuss this system, in

¹⁴We assume that the allusion is to don Guillermo Subercaseaux, the Chilean civil engineer and economist: for an article by him, entitled "The Origin of the Hispanic-American *Peso*," see INTER-AMERICA for April, 1923, pages 206-209.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁵It has been necessary to preserve the Spanish word in this case, since it may not be translated by "peonage," "cropping" or "farming on shares:" the author's comments explain the word satisfactorily.—THE EDITOR.

which the country laborer is obliged to work within the *fundo*¹⁶ where he lives and in which, at one and the same time, he becomes the owner of animals and implements and cultivates the land set apart for him on his own account. This system ought not to be confused with the one that is vulgarly called "cropping" or "tenant" among us: a system by which the land is let out for cultivation and by which the returns are divided equally between the owner of the land and the person that cultivates it.

Inquilinaje is a patriarchal régime that was established by the Spanish colonists. Properly applied, it is not opposed to the freedom of laborers to associate themselves with others in the interest of their moral and economic betterment, according to the peculiar conditions of agricultural enterprises, which depend more on nature than on the contracts and plans of men.

As to the merits of this system in comparison with that of the free operative that works in the factory, we cite the opinion of the distinguished writer whose ideas we have borrowed in this respect. It is as follows:

In the factory, the laborer receives the whole of his wages in money. In the *fundos*, he receives his wages almost wholly in kind.

Go to the factory and ask the laborer whether aught of what he beholds on any hand belongs to him. He will tell you that nothing of it all belongs to him. Those motors, those machines, those tools, those manufactured articles that fill the place, belong to the establishment. He receives every week a sum of money for his labor, and that is the only bond that exists between him and the manufactory. Under such circumstances, his tendency, as is natural, is to remain in the factory the shortest time possible, while trying to secure the best possible pay with the least possible effort.

Go, on the other hand, to the *fundo* and ask the *inquilino*¹⁷ whether aught that is in the *fundo* where he resides belongs to him, and he will show you his cow and point you to his garden, his wheat-field and his *chacra*.¹⁸ I have visited *fundos* where 30 per cent. of the live stock belonged to the *inquilinos*. I have known *inquilinos* in *haciendas* along the coast, where land is worth little, who sow eight *cua-*

*dras*¹⁹ of wheat on their own account and harvest two hundred bags, with a value, at the present price, of more than 8,000 *pesos*: a sum that the governor of a *departamento* does not earn in Chile. The amounts saved by the people, as a consequence of *inquilinaje*, are much greater than the accumulations to be found in the vaults of the savings-banks. Nevertheless, into the labor agreement or contract of the inhabitant of the country, there usually enters a ridiculous sum in money: from fifty *centavos* to a *peso*, as the day's wages of the *inquilino* or *personero*.²⁰ The rest he receives in house, lands and food.

What has been the result of this system?

What has the countryman been able to do with his savings, if they are so considerable?

We can learn with great exactitude by consulting the statistics.

The 97,794 agricultural properties in Chile are listed thus:

Less than 5 hectares	48,568
From 6 to 20 hectares	30,295
From 21 to 50 hectares	11,852
More than 200 hectares	7,079

About 93 per cent. of the owners of the agricultural lands of Chile are small proprietors, considering as such those that possess less than 50 hectares.

This tendency to the subdivision of property has been observed throughout the country, and I consider it a consequence of *inquilinaje*. Should we have obtained otherwise this enormous percentage of small proprietors, if our country regions had been under the régime of "free labor," according to which the laborer would not be rooted in the soil and whose high wages would be paid only in money?

Any one that is acquainted with the habits of our people—nomad and wasteful—must agree that the system of *inquilinaje* is the only one that could have assured the future of the families of the laborers.

¹⁷The adjective and personal substantive from which was derived the abstract noun *inquilinaje*, already described.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁸A Quichua word taken over into Spanish and used widely throughout South America: a country place, with its respective residences of a more or less rustic type. This word has passed beyond the bounds of the American countries settled by the Spaniards and is in common use in Brazil, with the form slightly changed—*chacara*—but with the same meaning.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁹The *cuadra* is a linear or square measure, in common use in Chile: a square *cuadra* is equivalent to 73,788 ares, in the metric system, or to 1.823 acres.—THE EDITOR.

²⁰The substitute provided by the *inquilino*, in case he should be absent or engaged in some personal occupation.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁶Equivalent to the Castilian *hacienda* or the Argentine *estancia*: according to Chilean usage, a country estate.—THE EDITOR.

This régime has enabled the farm laborer to take root in a spot, to acquire habits of thrift, to become experienced in the management of his affairs, to feel the benefits of possession and, finally, to make himself a proprietor, thus becoming the most solid foundation of social tranquillity in the country.

IV MINING

I**MPORTANCE of the mining industry in the past.** Mining was once the country's principal source of income and the leading factor in her development. Her mines of gold, silver, iron and manganese, and, especially, of copper, were famous. In the production of the last mentioned metal, she won for herself the first place in the markets of the world. Add to this product nitrate, coal, guano, borate, gypsum, et cetera, and we shall have a general idea of the part played by mining in the national economy.

The present state of mining in Chile. There has been talk of a decline in mineral production. We ought, rather, to speak of the lack of capital, of credit, of means for the development of the mining industry. The mineral wealth has not become exhausted, by any means; it remains intact, as is natural in the case of a young country like ours.

Regarding this particular, a writer says that:

The present state of things is simply the transition from the old method of mining—wonderful, as it was—which produced fortunes in a day, to a less rich but more abundant output, which is the result of extraction and benefiting with the improved machinery and the economic methods that give to mining a sure and stable foundation by making it industrial.

Mineral production. The following data give us an idea as to the development of mining.

In 1918, there were 48,808 mining properties, with a superficial area of 664,776 hectares.

The region of the mines of copper, silver and other metals extends from Taltal (latitude 25° 30' south) to the slopes of Chacabuco (latitude 33° south), but the most important—the copper mines of Chu-

quicamata and El Teniente, for instance—are not within that region.

About the middle of 1850 the exploitation of this region was intense and it constituted the principal source of national wealth. It attained its greatest development in 1880, when Chile became the first copper-producing country of the world.

After that year, the industry suffered a decline, which reached its lowest point between 1902 and 1905.

Happily, the European war caused an unexpected revival in this industry, so that the production rose from 42,263 tons in 1913 to 76,288 in 1916, and Chile took the third place in the world, after the United States and Japan, as a producer of copper.

The close of the war again affected this industry. Nevertheless, its future is brighter than ever, owing to the great demand for this metal, which will be required for the reconstruction of the merchant marine of the world, the development of the industries, et cetera.

It is the duty of the government to foster this industry, not to burden exportation until its development shall have become solid, and to furnish capital, with the security of the mines, in order that the industrials may supply themselves with the machinery that will cheapen production.

Copper occupies the first place among the Chilean mineral products; afterward come gold, silver and iron. Molybdenum and tungsten are also produced, but not yet in large quantities. The production of the principal mineral products was, in 1918:

<i>Minerals</i>	<i>Weights</i>	<i>Values in gold pesos</i>
Salt-peter (tons)	2,859,303	500,378,025
Copper	106,813	132,765,586
Coal	1,516,524	106,156,680
Sulphur	19,557	3,129,120
Borate	6,603	1,320,600
Lime	105,743	1,586,145
Common salt	54,536	1,908,760
Guano	15,000	600,000
Clay	15,360	230,400
Iodine (kilograms)	1,078,760	17,864,266
Silver	47,231	3,752,883
Gold	1,938	2,178,764
Sundry products		380,523

Total

772,251,752

In the same year, there were thirteen establishments engaged in benefiting copper. In the study of the three zones of production into which we divide the country, we indicated some of the principal mining centers of the different provinces. The limited character of this book, as prescribed by the university program, does not permit us to give a complete enumeration of the different mining centers.

Salt-peter. The great natural wealth of Chile consists of salt-peter, which, as we have said, is found in the provinces of Tarapacá and Antofagasta.

We have already indicated the chemical composition of salt-peter. The analysis of its components gives the following result:

Nitrate of soda	650
Sulphate of soda	030
Chloride of sodium	290
Iodide of sodium	006
Shells and sand	024
Total	1,000

The importance of salt-peter. Salt-peter is a natural fertilizer par excellence, and its applications extend not only to agriculture, but to other uses, such as explosives, disinfectants, et cetera. The demand for salt-peter comes from Europe and especially from Germany. After the scientific investigation of the possibilities of agriculture, the conclusion has been reached that by means of this fertilizer it is possible to pass readily from extensive to intensive cultivation.

The exploitation of salt-peter began in 1860. The first exports, according to the statistics of the times, were meager.

The output of salt-peter. The following data will give an approximate idea of the importance of this industry: in 1918 there were 125 salt-peter establishments, which elaborated 23,540,247 tons of *caliche*,²¹ with an average proportion of 17.89 per cent. of nitrate of sodium.

The nationality and production in metric tons of these establishments were the following in 1918:

Nationality	Number of establishments	Tons	Quotas
Chilean	60	1,435,607	50.21
British	43	1,028,238	36.96
Slav	7	168,204	5.88
Peruvian	7	78,291	2.74
Spanish	3	51,681	1.81
North American	2	77,876	2.72
German	2	17,940	0.63
Others	1	1,466	0.05
Totals	125	2,859,303	100.00
Persons employed		56,981	
Coal consumed (tons)		391,613	
Petroleum (tons)		445,890	

The future of salt-peter. Besides the circumstances that affect this industry today, we ought to point out the menace of the artificial or synthetic nitrate that is manufactured in Germany and the United States. Those countries, and particularly Germany, with a wise prevision of their needs, patronize this new industry, and it is not venturesome to affirm that they will obtain complete success. If at present the quality of this nitrate is not superior or even equal to ours and if the cost of its production is high, no one can deny that, with the passing of the years, the foreign manufacturers may overcome these disadvantages.

The competition therefore of artificial nitrate, the loss of the German market, the acute crisis that affects the whole world, the continuous disturbances at the works by criminally subversive propaganda, the scarcity of fuel, the increase of wages, the heavy export duties, et cetera, all unite to render the position of this industry more and more difficult.

Means of fostering the nitrate industry. The state, which receives a revenue from duties on exports of nitrates, ought to come to the aid of the industry by supplying it with railways that will free it from the monopoly of private enterprises, by furnishing it with port facilities that will lessen the cost of embarkation and disembarkation, by removing the absurd duty that burdens the importation of the bags that serve as containers of salt-peter, by computing the export duty, not on the basis of specific weight, but on the basis of

²¹A word of uncertain origin and varied meanings: as used here, it is the rough mass from which the various salts are extracted, and it sustains the same relation to these salts that "ore" bears to the pure metal or metals extracted from it.—THE EDITOR.

the cost of production, by stimulating the invention of procedures for benefiting the *caliche*, by increasing credit and by lending money to the industrials on the security of the saltpeter elaborated or of their saltpeter beds or machinery themselves.

As will be readily understood, the social problem is of great moment in the development of this industry in a region where more than 50,000 laborers are employed. The state ought to try to solve the difficulty, because, in addition to its discharging its social mission, it is to its own interest. The industrials, on their part, have established a welfare department, a dependency of the Asociación de Productores de Salitre.

Borax and guano. The production of borax follows that of saltpeter in importance: The first person to exploit it was Mr. George Smith. This substance contains water, chloride of sodium, sulphate of soda, borate of soda, borate of lime and earthy materials.

As to the production of guano, the following data may be given:

It has been extracted from the islands that lie along the coast, such as those of Iquique, Lagartos, Aicemas, Pica, Punta de Lobos, Chipana. The *covaderas* of white guano are the best.

Coal: the importance of the Chilean product. The importance of Chilean coal is recognized, both for its quality and for its quantity, which is capable of being exploited, not only to meet the national consumption, but also for exportation in considerable proportions. It is estimated that the annual domestic consumption of coal amounts to 2,500,000 tons.

The deposits of mineral coal occupy an exploited territory of 980 square kilometers and they extend over a mineral strip, 90 kilometers long and 11 wide, that lies in the provinces of Concepción and Arauco.

In 1840 was begun the working of these deposits, which lie along the coast itself, and some of the work is carried on below the level of the sea, as in the case of the mines of Lota and Coronel, which are the oldest and which have been sunk to a depth of from 1200 to 1400 meters.

Serious investigations made in this region disclose the existence of carboniferous

layers that total 1,872,000,000 tons. About 50,000,000 tons has already been extracted.

The mines of Lirquén, in the province of Concepción; those of Lota and Coronel, on the bay of Arauco at the foot of the Cordillera de Nahuelbuta; the Compañía de los Ríos de Curanilahue y Arauco Limitada; the Compañía Schwager, in Coronel; the Buen Retiro, of the Compañía Lota y Coronel; and that of Lebu, at the mouth of the river, are the most important enterprises. In Valdivia, as we have already said elsewhere, there is a coal mine called Millahuillén.

The Chilean coal belongs to the category of the lignites of the Tertiary period, and in quality it is comparable to the best coals of Australia. The mean yield is computed at 360 cubic meters of gas per ton, with 4,500 calories per cubic meter.

The future of the coal industry. In view of her territorial peculiarities, Chile will cease to be an agricultural country and will become, in the course of time, an industrial country; and, in order to reach this goal, she must prepare her motive power both by utilizing her "white coal" (that is, her waterfalls) and her black coal (that is, her carboniferous deposits).

In the first place, it is imperative to provide this region with good communications and outlets; hence it is necessary to construct a railway from Cañete, Los Sauces and Traiguén to Púa, and from this point to Curacautín, whence it could be extended through Lonquimay to Neuquén in Argentina. As may be seen, the region that may be placed in communication with the port of Lebu is immense and it presents great advantages, not only to the coal industry, but also to agriculture.

In order directly to favor this industry, which is national in the sense that it affects the economy of the whole country, the state ought to aid it by fostering the introduction of hydro-electric motor power to cheapen the fuel required by the mines themselves; by facilitating the transportation of coal in order to bring down the price; by placing a small duty on foreign coal and briquets; by promoting new enterprises; by recourse to the *denouncement of coal deposits*, or, in lieu of it, to the law that holds coal to be the property of the state,

which might grant concessions of it to individuals under certain conditions; by developing credit with mortgages on the mines; and by establishing a bank of coal credit.

V

METALLURGY

WE TREAT of this industry, the principal exponent of which is iron-working, because of the close relation it sustains to iron.

Chile possesses rich deposits of iron in the provinces of Atacama, Coquimbo and elsewhere. In addition to the raw material, the iron-working industry has at hand inexhaustible forests, which supply all the fuel necessary.

Iron and steel have occupied a high place among the exports; in normal years they have reached 40,000,000 gold *pesos*.

In 1904 was formed the Sociedad "Altos Hornos de Corral," with the aid of the state, which consisted of a guaranty of the interest, exemption from customs duties, bounties on production, concessions of lands, et cetera.

After a failure and a period of quiescence, this enterprise has again started its fires with the hope of better results. As a solution of the problem of this industry, much is said in favor of the use of the *electric oven* system, which has produced such good results in the United States.

The iron industry ought to count on the hearty support of the state, since, owing to its importance, it is one of the industries that of themselves raise the economic level of a country. As long as we consume foreign iron and steel in the construction of ships, machinery, tools, et cetera, we shall not obtain our economic independence.

VI

MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES

MANUFACTURES. The national industry felt the impulse to production during the war, owing to the lack of European supplies. The 7,895 manufactories, with 3,754 motors and 79,553 employees and operatives, which, according to the statistics, were utilized in 1919, possessed

a capital of 714,309,019 paper *pesos*,²² they consumed 525,048,307 *pesos*' worth of raw materials and 24,181,728 *pesos*' worth of fuel, and the value of the products was 922,738,092 *pesos*.

The country produces food-stuffs, alcohol, spirituous and fermented liquors, cotton, wool and silk textiles, glass, cement, iron products, copper, lead, marble, paper, pasteboard and cardboard, leather, foot wear, chemical and pharmaceutical articles, vehicles, ships, pottery, chinaware, confections of all kinds, et cetera.

The industrial future of Chile. Chile possesses the following factors that favor her industrial development: (1) a mild climate; (2) a vigorous and intelligent stock; (3) abundant deposits of workable minerals and of combustibles; (4) the hydraulic power afforded by our torrential rivers; (5) the great natural waterway supplied by the sea from end to end of the republic, which facilitates communications, in the economic sense.

The minor industries of Chile: alcohol and alcoholic and other drinks. Under this head should be mentioned *mineral waters*: those of Apoquindo, Jahuel, Cauquenes, Panimávida, Chillán, Tolcuaca and El Volcán, and such as are produced in our laboratories.

In respect of *alcohol*: we have 21 distilleries of industrial alcohol and 239 distilleries of agricultural alcohol, with a total production of 4,798,381 liters. *Champagne* has recently become a product of great importance to Chile. The *beer* industry is represented by 42 breweries, the most important of which have been merged in the Compañía de Cervecerías Unidas. The manufacture of *grape juice* is developing rapidly. *Liquors*—cognac, rum, *pisco*, et cetera—and wines, regarding which we have already spoken, are produced in large quantities and they are of excellent quality.

The national beverage industry merely awaits, in order to replace foreign beverages, a customs duty on the latter; the present duties ought to be raised considerably.

Pottery, chinaware and glass. There

²²The value of the paper *peso* in 1919 fluctuated between 24 and 18 cents.—THE EDITOR.

are certain small establishments engaged in the manufacture of pottery—in Santiago and Penco, the *Fábrica Nacional de Vidrios*—and the seven establishments that devote themselves to the manufacture of mirrors and window-glass.

The window-class industry ought to be protected by customs duties on similar foreign products.

Foods and their preparation. For the preparation of foods we have 160 mills, 410 bakeries, 11 sugar refineries, 41 manufactories of macaroni, et cetera, 60 manufactories of conserves, sweetmeats, tinned meats, vegetables, et cetera.

Light, heat and fuel. There are several establishments that produce briquets, charcoal, coke, acetylene, illuminating gas and electricity. Mineral coal has already been discussed.

Shipyards. We have 22 establishments engaged in ship-building, the most important of which are in Valdivia, Constitución, Linao and Talcahuano. The extensive dry-dock for the repair of war vessels is at Talcahuano.

Manufactories of clothing. We have increased the number of establishments engaged in the manufacture of shoes, sandals, shirts, neckties, mattresses, corsets, artificial flowers, caps and hoods, waterproofs, canvas, "notions," umbrellas parasols, hats, et cetera. The only protection needed by this branch is a properly adjusted tariff. Our production ought to meet the requirements of the national consumption.

Woods. We have numerous industries that utilize the wealth and variety of our forests. The sawmills and lumber-yards prepare their elaborated woods in an excellent manner.

Building materials. The country is well supplied with lime-kilns and cement works. At El Melón is produced a cement superior to the imported brands. There are also excellent manufactories of composition bricks, fire-bricks, terra-cotta piping, artificial stone, plaster of Paris, as well as thriving marble works.

Textiles. There are manufactories of twine, as in Aconcagua; of linen, as in Llanquihue; and of woolen, silk and cotton cloths, et cetera.

Chile produces 15,000,000 kilograms of wool, practically all of which is exported. The national consumption of woollen goods could be supplied by the national production, and there would still be a surplus of almost 5,000,000 kilograms of wool.

Sundry metal industries. We have flourishing manufactories of wire, piping, bronzes, drainage tubes, nails and tins, galvanized iron, ornaments, et cetera.

Unclassified industries. Among the unclassified industries may be mentioned tanneries, establishments for dressing leather, shoe manufactories, manufactories of chemicals and tobacco factories.

VII

TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATIONS

NATURAL ways: the sea. Nature has favored the country, along all the extent of her territory, with the best of highways: the sea.

Hence this section is of great importance in the discussion of Chilean resources and their development. Indeed, even as early as 1813, the law of "the privilege of national cabotage" was established. In 1829, the organizing genius of Portales conceived another law designed to foster seafaring among the Chileans. In 1864, the privilege of engaging in coastwise shipping was extended to foreign vessels, with the consequent decline of our merchant marine. Happily, in the month of January of the present year of 1922 was enacted a law that restricts cabotage to Chilean vessels.

Maritime traffic. According to the official statistics of 1920, our merchant marine contained 139 vessels, with a tonnage of 37,810.

The principal national shipping enterprise is the *Compañía Sud Americana de Vapores*; after it come the *Brown y Blanchard*, the *González Sofía*, the *Borques* and other companies of less importance.

The maritime movement in 1920 reached a total of 2,776 vessels, with a tonnage of 7,330,337, that arrived at our ports; and 2,213, with a tonnage of 5,421,626, that departed from our ports.

With the fostering of the merchant marine is related the construction of good ports. As a rule Chilean ports lack natural

shelter, especially those of the central and southern zones—Constitución, Valdivia and others—owing to the slight depth of the water of the rivers that empty at these ports and the bars that are formed at their mouths.

The maritime traffic of the northern zone centers at the ports of Coquimbo, Antofagasta, Iquique and Arica; in the central zone, at Valparaíso and San Antonio; in the southern zone, at Talcahuano and Valdivia.

Competition between land and water ways. Attention ought to be called to the competition that nature has established in the case of our country between land and water ways. Both ways run parallel with the coast and they dispute for the supremacy of the traffic.

The maritime way, owing to the lack of vessels, bad ports, the difficulty of loading and unloading, has been inferior to the land ways, although logically this ought not to be the case, since the water way is cheaper, owing to the greater capacity of vessels as compared with railway trains and to freedom from expenses of construction, the maintenance of roadways, et cetera.

The development of the merchant marine. Our navigation policy ought to include the favoring of the merchant marine and the construction of vessels. The law of December 27, 1911, was designed to form, by means of a tax on tonnage, a special fund to be devoted to the construction of national vessels. The bill of 1911 granted a bounty of fifty *centavos*²³ gold for every thousand miles run during the year: a bounty that was to decrease afterward. The new cabotage law just enacted, the creation of the Caja de Crédito Naval, and exemption from taxes on materials used in vessels constructed in the country, are other means of giving effective aid to our marine.

In short, the construction of vessels and the stimulation of shipping ought to be fostered. Our merchant marine ought to be protected against foreign competition.

The law of 1917 and the recently enacted one, which is an advance on the earlier law,

are the most effective steps taken for the fostering of our marine. Indeed, the earlier law, in addition to limiting cabotage to Chilean vessels, placed an annual tax on tonnage. This tax varies according to the nature of the vessel: steamship, sailing ship or a ship propelled by wind and steam. This tax will increase during the successive years until it reaches the sum fixed by law. The law also provides for the gradual withdrawal of foreign vessels that engage in our maritime commerce, while at the same time avoiding the disturbances of the immediate application of the national privilege of cabotage; it will stimulate Chilean seamanship from the moment in which it shall be required that at least half of the crews on our vessels shall be Chilean.

Natural ways: rivers. Little importance is to be attached to river ways in Chile, as there are few navigable streams, since, owing to the lie of the country, they are short, shallow and rapid. The following rivers are navigable for distances not greater than fifty kilometers by vessels of slight draft: Imperial, Toltén, Valdivia, Calle-Calle, Bueno, Rahue and Maullín, all in the south; and Bío-Bío and Maule, which are the largest, in the center.

The utilization of the water of these rivers for irrigation and motive power is diminishing the supply, and this is one of the causes of the decline and the almost entire abandonment of this kind of traffic.

Lake navigation. Lake navigation is less than that of the rivers, owing to the smallness of the lakes and to their slight economic value.

All the lakes are in the southern zone. Llanquihue, with an extent of 790 square kilometers, is the most important of the Chilean lakes. It has two ports: Puerto Varas and Puerto Octay. The other lakes worthy of mention are Todos los Santos, Rupanco, Puyehue, Rauco, Riñihue and Villarrica.

Artificial ways: roads. The configuration of the country renders the construction of roads absolutely necessary, even in the face of the serious natural difficulties, in a mountainous country like ours. Both for political reasons—for purposes of national defense—and economic reasons—for the transportation of our products—roads are

²³About 18 cents.—THE EDITOR.

of first importance, as they possess advantages over railways, in spite of the slowness of the traffic they serve, owing to their capacity for ramification, the relatively low cost of their maintenance and the large proportion of regional and local traffic.

In 1920, we had 35,274 kilometers of roads. Many of these roads are connected with one another. Thus they form a system that already has its centers in the productive zones or in the important cities.

The law of 1842, which, until a short time ago, constituted our legislation on highways, was superseded by that of March 5, 1920, which obliges the municipalities to pay into the national treasury a third of the revenues of their road tax; establishes departmental and communal boards charged with the location of roads according to a duly conceived plan; and classifies the roads and provides for their upkeep.

Artificial ways: railways. In Chile, the most important railways belong to the government and they are operated under its direction.

To give an idea of our railways, we offer the following data, which correspond to the year 1920:

	Kilometers
State railways	13,391
Privately owned railways	1,060
Total	14,451
Number of passengers transported on the state railways	16,682,980
Number of passengers transported on the privately owned railways	2,332,515
Total	19,015,495
Number of tons of freight moved by the state railways	4,594,558
Number of tons of freight moved by privately owned railways	4,698,348
Total	9,292,906
Capital of the state railways	Gold pesos 400,136,207
Capital of privately owned railways	237,126,880
Total	637,263,087

Number of paid employees and hands on state railways	24,935
Number of paid employees and hands on privately owned railways	9,222
Total	34,157

VIII

RAILWAYS: NITRATE AND MINING

NITRATE railways: the first group. This group consists of 250 kilometers of railways, from Pisagua to Lagunas, with four branches, running to Junín, Caleta Buena, Iquique and Patillos. The concession for this line is owned by the Nitrate Railways Company.²⁴

The second group. This group consists of the Antofagasta railway, which runs in the direction of Pampa Alta and which has branches to Boquete, Mejillones, Chuquicamata and other points with a total kilometrage of 800. To this group belongs also the line from Caleta Coloso to Aguas Blancas.

The third group. The railway from Taltal to the interior: a combination of 300 kilometers.

The fourth group. This group consists of a line that goes from Tocopilla in the direction of Toco, with several branches, and a kilometrage of 152.

Mining railways: the first South American railway. The first railway built in South America was the one from Caldera to Copiapó, with a length of 81 kilometers. Afterward, were constructed the railway to Coquimbo, Serena, Ovalle and Rivadavia, with a total length of 192 kilometers; later, the one from Carri to El Bajo, with several branches and a kilometrage of 182; that of Tongoy, which runs to the mines of Tamaya, 57 kilometers long; that of Chañaral, of more than 100 kilometers; the one from Huasco to Vallenar, 50 kilometers; and that of Los Vilos, 58 kilometers long.

The Ferrocarril Central. In 1852, construction was begun on the railway between Santiago and Valparaíso; three years later, on the one between Santiago and Talca; afterward, in 1868, the latter railway was

²⁴The name of the company is in English in the original.—THE EDITOR.

extended to Curicó, then to Chillán and Talcahuano. Subsequently, this line was carried to Puerto Montt.

The system of the Ferrocarril Central has branches that run to the cordillera and the coast.²⁵

The Ferrocarril Central and its branches join the Ferrocarril Longitudinal and its branches, which in turn are connected with the railway that taps the carboniferous zone.

The state railways are subject to the law of January 26, 1914, which created a council of administration, with full authority to make up the annual budget of the enterprise and to approve the rules and regulations that were to govern the service, tariffs, freights, itinerary, stations, employees, salaries, wages, et cetera.

It established a general management, composed of the heads of the departments of lines and works, transportation, traction and shops, and it divided the system into sections. This law gave to the railways an autonomous administration under the supervision of the Ministerio de Ferrocarriles.

Promotive measures. In conclusion,

²⁵Following this paragraph, several paragraphs, in which different railway lines are enumerated, have been omitted.—THE EDITOR.

we mention the measures that have been adopted for the promotion of the construction of private railways:

1. A law that authorized the construction of railways.
2. A law that covered materials of construction.
3. A railway construction law, with national guaranties.
4. A law for the issuance of railway bonds.

IX

COMMERCE

IMPORTS and exports. According to the statistics, both the import and the export commerce continue to increase. In 1918, our imports amounted to 436,074,059 pesos; our exports, to 763,622,572.²⁶ In 1921 the statistics showed a decrease of exports, owing to the lack of demand for saltpeter.

²⁶The author in this case has failed to indicate the character of the pesos in which these sums are given. If the pesos of the statistics were paper pesos, the ordinary circulating medium, the equivalent in United States money would be \$78,493,330 and \$137,452,062, respectively; if they were gold pesos, the equivalents in United States money would be \$154,806,290 and \$271,086,013.—THE EDITOR.



REVISING AMERICAN DIPLOMACY¹

BY

GUSTAVO ALEMÁN BOLAÑOS

Suggestions as to the simplification and standardizing of diplomatic nomenclature, dress and usage and as to passports throughout America, which seem to us to be so reasonable that we publish them, although the occasion to which they were especially addressed, that of the Fifth Pan American Conference, has passed.—THE EDITOR,

IT SEEMS to us that the subject of a multiuniform organization of diplomacy in America might well fall within the province of a Pan American—or rather, as we have already said, a continental—congress. We have in mind the superficial aspects—what pertains merely to etiquette and nomenclature—for the precepts, the rules, are fixed, as they are fundamental and juridical, and the most moral of them all is the one that prescribes open diplomacy.

Nomenclature. Is not the present nomenclature perhaps undemocratic and inconsistent? It has come down from earlier times, from the outworn ages. The word “ambassador,” for example, suggests the idea of an absolute sovereign. “Chargé d’affaires” has a somewhat commercial ring. “Envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary:” is this not a very long and complicated title? Then too we have “minister resident:” but all diplomats reside, they must reside, although but temporarily, in the places of their posts.

It would be better to call the diplomats simply and solely *ministers*, and the generic offices *legations*. Since nations are equal—fictionally—there would be an equality of category, and the minister of the United States would have the same standing, say, as the minister of Uruguay. In the different countries to which they might be accredited, the different ministers would take precedence according to length of service in the country in question, or simply according to the alphabetical order of the nations represented, or perhaps the geographical order, from north to south.

Of course there could be, for administra-

tive purposes, legations of the first, second and third class, which would correspond to the posts of ambassador, minister and chargé d’affaires. The first would presuppose several secretaries and attachés; the second, one subaltern; the third would be unipersonal. All, however, would be ministers, and we should have democracy, that is, equality, among individuals of an identical politico-social rank, profession, et cetera. It is to be understood that we are writing for and about democratic countries. Of course, if there exist kingdoms in America, then let us continue the old nomenclature!

Dress. It should be said at once that we favor the idea of the United States of North America as to the simplicity of the diplomatic dress. No representative of the United States to any foreign government uses any other dress than the elegant morning or evening coat. The ministers of the United States may not even receive decorations. This is how democratic the Yankees are! Is it not a contradiction, perhaps, that the simple diplomat that wears a morning coat should be called “ambassador?” Antinomy!

Passing now to the countries of the south, their political agents wear, are wont to wear—some by official precept—a feathered uniform—as if they were savages of central Africa or gaudy birds of the tropics—a sword that is in no sense necessary and is only in the way, and other fripperies, not to mention the medals, crosses and orders that make men ridiculous. Could not the use of the morning or evening coat be established as the uniform diplomatic dress by a continental congress? Thus would other nations, other peoples, as well as Central America, be freed from the picturesque spectacle that is not infrequently

¹This article will be published also in *El Mercurio* of Chile, in *La Nación* of Buenos Aires and in *El Diario del Plata* of Montevideo.

presented by certain *zambo*² ministers who dress themselves out like Mazarins, Metternichs, Cavours and Talleyrands.

The oral part. Another thing: we might get rid of formal speeches, which are a bore and accomplish nothing. The modern diplomacy of Europe suppresses these discourses: we have an example in France. In Chile, the minister of Bolivia has just been received without any speechmaking. As a rule, the composition of such pieces, which will come to nothing, occasions difficulty. No one ever says anything of greater importance than the banal, conventional words of mere etiquette. It would be better to utter sincere words of good fellowship in private, rather than those public paragraphades, which, saying little, say nothing, and at times express the contrary.

Other questions. It would be well, for example, to adopt uniform regulations as to passports, the visaing of documents, et cetera. There exist vexatious differences and arbitrariness in the collection of the fees charged by the legations and consulates. Could not the same thing be done in this respect as in that of the rates of the Universal Postal Union or of the postal rates of the United States? Could there not be established a uniform type of passport, or could it not be replaced by a pass-book (*carnet*) of identification, in the principal languages, with a photograph, references, et cetera? In it, on the extra pages, could be extended the passports, or, rather, the visas. Something of this kind has already been planned. To have traveled since the outbreak of the European war is to be acquainted with the thousand and one burdensome details of the situation.

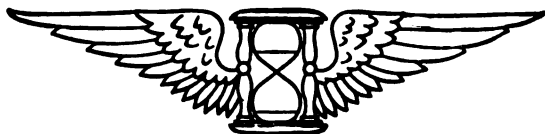
We offer all these ideas to those that

²In this sense, an adjective used to denote the result of a cross between a Negro and an American Indian.
—THE EDITOR.

have it in their power to cause them to prosper and especially to our respected friend and master, Doctor don Alejandro Álvarez, the notable internationalist of South America (and I have been greatly honored with his respected friendship and his lessons); our companion in journalism, Doctor don José Luis Murature, the illustrious former minister of foreign relations of Argentina, a man of influence as a publicist (a companion, for he has called us "colleague" in an autograph letter that we cherish); our eminent acquaintance, Doctor don Juan Antonio Buero, former chancellor of Uruguay and highly interested in international subjects; the courteous and deferential Doctor Leo S. Rowe, director-general of the Pan American Union in Washington, who has always distinguished us with his gracious letters.

May these ideas reach them and also the chancelleries of the American republics. If they are valueless, the waste-paper basket will be near at hand; if they are sound, there is an hour in which to render them practical. Thus America, which is now beginning to have her own international law, will be revolutionary America, an innovating continent that will leave the Old World behind and will send to the dirt-heap the trappings of an antiquated diplomacy: the medals, crosses, et cetera, et cetera, and everything that smacks, in a certain sense, of absolutism, and in another, of a silly aristocracy. Besides, in this way everything would be simplified, "standardized," to employ the English word.

The hour. The hour is that of the Fifth Pan American Conference, to be held in Santiago, Chile. Although these points have not been included in the program, as they are purely formulary, they could come up for discussion, that is, for approval. The delegates that may read this have the floor!



GABRIELA MISTRAL

BY
JULIO MERCADO

The Chilean poet of the hour, judged by an admirer and a student of her works.—THE EDITOR.

TO SAY that Gabriela Mistral is a poet in reality is to say very little. To assert that she is a good poet is to say what is just, but not everything. The fact that many Hispanic reviews have published and have reproduced her verses and that some houses have requested her poems for publication in a book is valid evidence that her fame is spreading throughout the world. Her name is known even in the Anglo-American countries: school-teachers of English speech engaged in teaching Spanish and Spanish literature in the schools and universities of the United States admire her work. The Instituto de las Españas of New York has published the complete works of this poet in a volume of more than two hundred and fifty pages. From all this it may be deduced that Gabriela Mistral has a literary personality that may not be overlooked; she is indeed a dawning glory that will occupy a place beside the purest Hispanic literary glories of the present century.

It is true that she does not possess Darío's cosmopolitanism, his admirable *tecnica* or the multiplicity of his genius; she lacks the solidity and the symbolic power of Antonio Machado; and she does not possess the amiable superficiality or the metrical richness of Manuel Machado; she is wanting in the exuberance and ornamentation of Chocano; and her poetic crown lacks the delicate sparkle of Nervo's mystical jewelry; but, nevertheless, she is of the same aristocratic strain as all of them.

It is not to be hoped, however, that this poet will become really popular. In her works are to be found certain rude sincerities that will doubtless prick the finicalness and prudishness of men and women. The hypocritical and the envious will never pardon her great moral worth or her great

sincerity, qualities that stand out in her work.

Those that have so long awaited the appearance of the true poet of the America of Spanish speech will be again disappointed, without a doubt. No; Gabriela Mistral can never be the poet of America, nor is it to be thought that she has ever aspired to such a title. It is high time that all the world should learn that Hispanic America does not possess one poet, but many poets, some of whom enjoy a merited fame.

It is proper to inquire here: Are poets the true mouthpieces of the people among whom they are born, educated and live? Perhaps the poets of a people bound together by the same desire for political freedom might be; but it will never fall to the lot of the true lyric poet to possess the sad glory of being the mouthpiece of his people. In the same countries of Hispanic America in which politics is most intriguing and base, in which partizan hatred flourishes most, in which *caciquismo*¹ sets its foot of iron on a society wherein social life smacks more of the tribe than of organized society, in which individual efforts are bent to monopolizing power or money: exactly there may be found poets more or less good that rise above the meanness of the environment and sing with serenity or lyric fervor eternal beauty or their own craving for ideality or their own sorrows, which are in no sense the sorrows of the people. It should be borne in mind that sorrow, although universal, does not equalize men. That this might be true, it would be necessary that all should have an identical sensorium. By no means could the lyric

¹The abstract noun corresponding to the personal substantive *cacique*, "partizan leader;" *caciquismo* is therefore the system of partizan leadership, "bossism," self-appointed autocracy.—THE EDITOR.

poet ever be the mouthpiece of his people: at most he might be their advocate, but never their representative.

In this sense, Gabriela Mistral does not represent Chile, her native land. With what a tragic tone she pitilessly attacks the lack of faith of the society in which she lives; with what exactitude does she make a diagnosis of the evil that besets the people and puts them in the pillory of her indignation, which she expresses in harsh words, and, instead of sparing them, she delivers them to the eternal condemnation of a passion that verges on fanaticism.

In her criticism of men as they are, she has been wanting in that gentle spiritual tolerance for the lack of which she has sinned much and has at length been purified by her own sorrows. The sorrows of the Chilean poet are those that always go hand in hand with life without disturbing it. She expresses them in verses—sad, pitying, almost religious at times—but with the religiosity of shallow although clear waters, a characteristic of the good souls of women: a religiosity that remains on a level with the earth and goes not to the very vitals of life. We are not speaking here of faith; religiosity is something different, although faith and religiosity touch at many points and have their foundation equally in the attitude of the sentimental soul toward the mysteries of life. Faith is rather a state of ecstasy, the passive delivering up of itself; the ecstasy of the spirit, of the soul and of the emotions, all at the same time; but religiosity is that inner, ever active force of which Eucken speaks, which works like a stream of subterranean waters that fertilizes everything on the surface and continuously renews life at its roots.

She experiences, however, spells of great religiosity that changes into tenderness shed without measure over the uncomprehended sorrows of the people; but she does not illuminate all things like the light of the sun; rather, like the rays of the sun that pass through a photographic lens, her clarity falls only on objects placed within the focus of her consciousness. Things distant or too near, sorrows not felt by her and joys never experienced, remain aloof in the shadow.

In her heart—"always poured out, but never emptied," according to her own words—there is a favored spot for childhood. The part of her work devoted to children is a little garden of delicate, infantile roses. She loves children as they are: a gracious gift of God's. She pets them, tells them stories to make them laugh, lavishes her pity on those that need it, and she even tries to laugh and weep with them, putting herself on their level. It is natural, however, that there should be in these little poems more of a teacher's preoccupation than of a mother's divination. She does not let children stay by themselves in their world, living their own lives, plucking in their own childish gardens, but she often leads them by the hand, lovingly, it is true, through places unknown to them and along paths trodden by grown up people. With a symbolism of high degree, but not understood by them, fortunately, she tries at times to put into their adorable little heads the doleful wisdom of the mature. There is in this much of the affectionateness of the Spanish mother, who, from a desire to spare her children future sorrows, causes them to miss the joys of the present by disclosing to them the hardships of life. The northern races envelop childhood in the light of dawn and let children live their complete childhood, without the knowledge of the bitter realities of each day, in the hope that when they grow up they will be able to lay their hands on the natural resources of initiative to enable them to face the vicissitudes of existence. It is a truth known of men that the shocks of destiny can by no means be avoided: each must fight his own battles and lose or gain his victories unaided. Children, however, have an indisputable right to the shelter that will assure them of a thorough childhood. Gabriela Mistral, who feels a profound love for children, as may be seen in the verses she dedicates to them, lends her friendly shelter to that happy age, and she even succeeds at times in surrounding it with a true environment of childhood. What has been accomplished by her in this field is indeed worthy of eulogy, and she ought to be proud of it, as well as to know also that no great poet of the Spanish language has given utterance to more ten-

der accents of solicitude. Because of their structure and of the intention with which they are laden, these poems of childhood go to the reader's heart, although they are lacking in that quality of plenitude which is to be noted in the poems in which she squeezes out the hidden sap of her life.

Each, according to the manner of his being, reacts in a determinate manner in contact with the world. The verses of the Chilean poet show that she reacts with the quiver of a hurt child. As appears in her work, they are not mental reactions that occur tardily after experiencing what is agreeable or disagreeable. It should be said here that she has the merit of imparting to her poetry her most intimate sensations, and when we read her verses, we seem to be able to distinguish behind each phrase the movements that accompany the emotion felt. Contact with painful things causes her verses to flow freshly like the juice from the rock; they seem to have come forth spontaneously from her lips during the supreme moment of emotion and to have assumed form on paper as the last word was pronounced. It is thus that ingenuous and impulsive souls work. After all has been said, this is doubtless Gabriela Mistral's supreme glory: her poetry is the spontaneous expression of genuine experience; it therefore possesses warmth of life and it is saturated with human feeling; hence also her sincerity with herself, which is the primitive sincerity, prior to all else.

Men are indebted to her for the serene words she drops in her moments of repose, as likewise for the flowers of good will that grow in her fields watered with tears. It is difficult, however, for one to overlook the feeling of despair that flows through her verses like waters that flood with tranquillity; for there are no violences in her gestures, no rebelliousness in her reactions to the fatalities to which mortals are subject. Her poetry is sad, serenely sad. Her conception of life, however, seems one-sided. It is true that her lips part every now and then to give way to a smile, and she even laughs occasionally, but her laughter is still-born; it does not run through the whole scale of joy. Even in her words of hope there is a touch of sad-

ness. She lacks the impassiveness and the subtle irony under which Anatole France takes refuge in order not to feel, perhaps, the sorrows of life, nor in her human equipment is there to be found the humorism with which Dickens redeemed his bourgeois sentimentalism and made his most common and ordinary personages attractive and interesting. Her humanity is stark naked, with no protective armor whatsoever. It is not a question of faith, because she has much faith; but her preceptive faith, if indeed it unquestionably, consoles her, can not render her invulnerable. She receives squarely all blows and even the lightest fillips, and she therefore lets escape her at every step of her work the spasms of pain and even purely reflex movements. There is no breeze of the sierra that brings on its wings the smell of the fields; no pure mountain air that enters lungs that crave oxygen and refreshes the soul of the weary reader with the abundance of sorrows that revive his own. The only redemptive element that raises her work to the lofty ranges of literature is the moral courage with which this poet discloses the spiritual avenues of her inner city, to show the wounds of the poet's soul, and the sincerity with which all is given to art, without reservations or shiftings. To this it ought to be added that, although her language is almost elementary and her style at times peculiar, and although she retains certain mannerisms of the school, nevertheless, all that constitutes the essence of her work emphasizes this moral courage and this sincerity, and all this suffices to cement the fame of a poet.

Readers imbued with a petulant and superficial optimism that disposes of all the problems of the human life with a simple movement of the hand will perhaps view with an ill grace the pessimism that may be noted in the work of the Chilean poet. It is impossible to deny that there are pessimisms that ought to be rejected, such, for instance, as the pessimism that is sealed hermetically in the well known formula of the extreme pessimists: that the worst of ills is to have been born. No human being can remain a stranger to this truth, as deep and pungent as life itself;

but we must agree that it does not get anybody anywhere, since it solves nothing. Whether we like it or not, voluntarily or involuntarily, we are here on earth, and the main thing is to decide what we ought to do with our lives.

It is superfluous to say that her pessimism is not of this kind. On the other hand, such pessimism as characterizes her is not the chief product of her manufactory, but a by-product. Rightly considered hers ought not to be called pessimism, but, rather, discontent with things as they seem in life; and it is natural for Gabriela Mistral to be both a teacher and a poet. The teacher's calling, to those that are not true artists by profession, is the only refuge that can be sought by meditative and sincere souls that refuse to accept certain values created by civilization. Her discontent goes hand in hand with the hopelessness of which I have already spoken. Both have a reason for being, because her pessimism, if such she harbors, is that of every serious soul that delves into itself and into others, into things and into situations. It is to be seen with pleasure that her pessimism does not cause her to lose the sense of relation entirely. Therefore the objects and men illuminated by her poetry occupy the place that belongs to them in time and space. To express it all in a single phrase: her pessimism ceases with organic life, for the Chilean poet cherishes the hope that this short span of time of our pilgrimage through the world may be but an infinitesimal part of the totality of life.

It would be well to inquire whether the claim of a literary work to immortality could also be won by the inclusion in it of the element of actuality, in the sense that the work shall be concerned in the main with vital questions and with the men and things of the day. The worship of contemporaneity is the principal substance of which the works of modern poets are composed; but we know not to a certainty

whether this element of modernity is sufficient in itself to increase or diminish the merit of a literary work. This point has not been solved, but we know that the works that have achieved immortality give to posterity a complete synthesis of a race: a marvel accomplished by the great poets because they take a people in the plenitude of an historical moment and present its permanent qualities in an almost perfect picture. The poets of to-day also seek the permanent, although along other paths; and if, indeed, they are less comprehensive and less great, they have the quality of being more interesting and more human, because they are nearer to our humanity in feelings and ideas. It matters not whether these sentiments and these ideas take deep root in some, while in others the roots spread merely along the surface: what is important is that modern poets understand the contemporary soul and appeal to it.

For this reason, powerful in itself, Gabriela Mistral is a poet we understand and admire, and her verses will live as long as the present *state of being* of readers continues. It is to be hoped, however, that she will favor us with another book in which she will say everything about which she has kept silent hitherto: a book that will serve as a continuation of her labors of sincerity already begun in the published poems, which will surely bring solace to the world. We that have read her book with interest can not rest content that she should leave her work incomplete, however much it may be necessary to seek new plenitudes in an unfathomed silence. She is well aware that when one has published his intimate thoughts, he does not belong to himself, but to all those that have quaffed with delight the fountain of his poesy. She owes it equally to herself; for she ought not to permit to be lost to herself the vein that she herself has discovered in her soul: a vein whose gold she has begun to bestow on others with a bountiful hand.



ECUADORIAN SKETCHES

BY

JOSÉ ANTONIO CAMPOS

(Conclusion)

IV. Lights and Shadows.—V. Postal Cards.—VI. The Original and the Copy.—VII. The Terrible Breakfast.—VIII. Hawk Lard.—IX. The Greased Pig.—X. How to Ummarry.—XI. The Odyssey of an Alderman.

IV

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

THE door of my room was thrust violently open, as if impelled by a catapult, and my friend Cosme entered like a projectile.

"Hello!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "What bug has bitten you now?"

"An enchanting bug," he replied. "I assure you that I am the happiest of men: the petted child of fortune, the nephew of glory, the uncle of good luck, the father-in-law of happiness, the first cousin of . . ."

"But, what the! . . . Did you draw a prize in the lottery?"

"No; but it amounts to the same thing; I have fallen in love."

"With a woman, perhaps?"

"You have guessed it, yet almost not a woman, comparatively speaking, but an archangel of the feminine sex, and, as you may well imagine, I adore her as a Chinaman loves his idol!"

"As to the idol, I can say nothing, but as to the Chinaman, the truth is I can say that I behold you with a silly face such as I have never seen you with before."

"Do not tease, man! Fancy a maiden of sixteen Aprils, white as ermine, smiling, fair, tall, elegant, gracious, innocent, pure, clean, round, square . . . ¡cáspita! I don't know what I am saying!"

"What is her name?"

"Consuelo."

"Then she must be a daughter of doña Consolatrix Affictorum."

"No, man; she is a daughter of heaven and of love, a sister of the angels and the

seraphim . . . oh, how shall I express it!"

"Where did you happen on her?"

"At a ball; may it be ever blessed and glorious! From the moment I saw her, in her blue dress and white slippers, with heavenly stockings, I felt a prick over my heart. It was probably Cupid's arrow that pierced me. Ever since that instant I haven't known what was happening to me; it has knocked me silly."

"I see it has."

"Only suppose she is engaged, I thought; and the idea filled me with jealousy. I felt worse than Othello, and capable of committing a thousand crimes, but, thinking better of it, I decided to dance."

"Very well thought."

"Advancing with a hesitating step toward the fair girl with blue eyes, I invited her to dance a *chilena*,⁸ the first strains of which were coming from the *bandores*."⁹

"How atrocious!"

"Ah, my friend, my legs trembled when

⁸The *chilena* (*danza chilena*) is the same as *zamacueca* or *cueca*—the shortened form is more used at present—or as the Peruvian *marinera*: the *zamacueca* is defined by the dictionary of the Academy as: "A grotesque dance used in Chile, Perú and other parts of America, commonly among the Indians, *zambos* and *chuchumecos*; music and song to which it is danced." A *zambo* is a cross between an Indian and a Negro, and the word *chuchumeco* is a corruption of *chibimeca*, the name of a tribe of Indians formerly established at Texcoco, México, and by extension both these words are applied in contempt to certain low types of men and women in many parts of America. The definition of the dictionary of the Academy could hardly be more incorrect: the *zamacueca* or *cueca* is not grotesque; it is a lively and elegant dance engaged in by civilized people of all classes, in many of the South American countries, usually by one couple at a time, surrounded and urged on by the spectators.—THE EDITOR.

⁹The word *bandor* is apparently a local form of *bandurria* or *bandola*, stringed instruments of the guitar and mandolin type.—THE EDITOR.

I found myself beside her, breathing the intoxicating perfume of her body! I can not tell you what figures I danced, nor if they were the ones in general use; I can only say that I permitted myself to make the most daring passes, urged on by the spectators, who would say: 'Now, at her!' She, the graceful girl, provocative and shy, slipped through my fingers when I approached her clicking my teeth. It was a delirium!"

"Almost an act of cannibalism."

"Afterward, panting, bathed in perspiration and with a parched throat, I began to think of a flowery speech with which to declare my love. For that is how I am: impulsive."

"And she said, 'Yes?'"

"She has not yet! I led her first to the balcony, under pretext of breathing the pure air, and then . . . ah, my friend!"

"You were more eloquent than Demosthenes."

"On the contrary, I became an ass. All the beautiful phrases I had prepared vanished absolutely. I tried to speak and could not. A lump came in my throat, and I was so flurried that I was ready to let my tongue hang out like a tired dog. She looked at me with surprise, as if to say:

"'And what can be the matter with this dumb fellow?'"

"I heaved a deep sigh and exclaimed: 'What a fine night.'"

"'Yes,' she said, 'the night is beautiful and fresh.'"

"Just at that moment approached us one of those bores that make the rounds of other people's houses genially inviting everybody to have a drink, that they themselves may drink. He asked me if I had read the official addresses delivered at the opening of the railway to Quito. I do not know why I did not quarter the intruder, coming to me with his prattle of addresses at such a moment, which was what the philosophers would call 'psychological!'"

"'What have I to do with those addresses?' I replied. 'And the lady of the house is trying to find you. You had better look her up.'"

"It was a lie, of course; but the animal believed me and started off at a trot. Then, old chap, I opened my mouth, fell on my knees and told her everything with tears in my eyes."

"Is it possible?"

"Her cheeks colored, and she smiled in an ineffable manner.

"Ah, Jack,¹⁰ how happy we are! If you could only see Consuelo! You can not imagine how this woman consoles me."

"She could console me too."

"You would have to pass over my dead body."

"Then I shall spare your life."

"I am going now to look for a *mimosa pudica*."¹¹

"What kind of animal is that?"

"It is a rare flower that she has asked me for. Everything she asks of me I get for her immediately. The other day I paid ten *sucre*¹² for a tame *gallareta*¹³ she wished to have. Also she has charged me to secure for her a melancholy *perico ligero*¹⁴ and a *paloma cuculi*."¹⁵

"You might have a word with Noah to see whether you could not get him to supply you with an ark containing all the animals."

"Ah! but she doesn't deny me anything, either. Everything I ask of her she grants me. I have here a lock of her fair hair, a button from one of her boots and one of her garters, which I treasure as relics."

"And when is the wedding to be?"

"During the first quarter of the crescent moon. My future mother-in-law says it is not wise to marry when the moon is waning, as the moon is then losing all its power."

"I wish you great happiness."

"I shall be happy, I am sure; for this little girl promises so much that I am losing

¹⁰Thus in the original. It will be remembered that the author uses as one of his pseudonyms "Jack the Ripper."—THE EDITOR.

¹¹Sensitive mimosa.—THE EDITOR.

¹²The *sucre* is a silver coin, the monetary unit of El Ecuador, nominally equivalent to one dollar: derived from the name of the great Venezuelan patriot and general, don Antonio José de Sucre.—THE EDITOR.

¹³A kind of crane.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁴A species of sloth of tropical America.—THE EDITOR.

¹⁵A kind of dove.—THE EDITOR.

my head with such affection! I must be going, however, as she is already waiting for me. On the way I shall see whether I can find her the *mimosa pudica* and the melancholy *perico ligero*. Good-by, Jack!"

"I wish you happiness!"

THIS life is a hell, my dear Jack."

"Why, Cosme?"

"My wife has turned out to be a harpy, a hydra . . . the devil and all!"

"How is that?"

"Do you remember the angelic Consuelo about whom I ran on so much when I was her lover?"

"Yes."

"Well, the marriage has turned out to be a domestic epidemic. I was blind. I have never seen a woman fuller of the plagues of Egypt. I am cooked, friend Jack, and I come to ask your advice."

"Man, the only thing I can counsel you to do is to suck your fingers."

"Have you nothing more to say to me? See how I am on the verge of blowing out my brains! . . ."

"No, Cosme; do not blow your brains out; only think how the same thing happens to many persons in politics. Politics is to many, I repeat, what Consuelo was to you during the period of your courtship; when they think they are about to receive the reward of their loyalty and their effort, they see a change of countenance that leaves them with a disillusionment and three-quarters of a nose."

"And is there no remedy for this, my dear friend?"

"There is one; but it can not be put into practice: to pull down the world and make it over again, corrected and augmented."

V

POSTAL CARDS

AMONG the plagues of minor degree from which Guayaquil suffers periodically are to be mentioned mosquitos in the winter¹⁶ and crickets in the summer; but, in proportion as we are becoming civilized, the plagues also are increasing, and we

now have another, which is equal to all the rest of them: that of *postal cards*.

This "minor plague" has spread among the girls of this city, and it is playing havoc with the national literature.

There has never been a more contagious hobby than that of postal cards nor one that has found in the female sex a more favorable means for its propagation and development.

Why is it—may God protect me!—that the girls have not taken up something better, such as the cultivation of flowers, which is so delicate and beautiful a pastime; why did they not make collections of canaries or perfumes or medals, et cetera; and why have they decided in favor of postal cards? How horrible!

I dreamed the other night that I was dead; and, as was natural, in view of the multitude of my sins, I was not received into heaven, and I had to go straight down to hell, where I found the devil quite nettled over the miracle of the Virgin of Winks.

"What do you wish here?" he asked.

"What I should ask for," I replied, "on entering your black mansion, and to beg of you, in the name of your grandmother, to treat me with some consideration."

"There is no consideration here," he remarked, "and all the less so when I have my nose out of joint and I have got indigestion from a hash of melted lead and cartridges of dynamite that I ate this morning."

"Please, don Satanás!"

"Prepare yourself to suffer the most tremendous punishment that human eyes have ever beheld."

"Do not make me suffer, señor Lucifer; are you perhaps going to bathe me in boiling oil!"

"Do you wish this, as a favor?"

"Most illustrious and most reverend devil! I know then what awaits me: you are going to roast me before a slow fire on the infernal grill."

"That would be too much happiness for you. Something else is in store for you!"

"Carved? Plucked to pieces with pin-cers? Ground between two hot cylinders?"

"Poof! Who is thinking about warm cloths!"

¹⁶The rainy season, the only winter experienced at sea-level in the American tropics.—THE EDITOR.

"Boiled in the caldrons of Pedro Bothero?"

"No."

"Flayed, sliced, beaten, hammered, pierced, divided, cut and ripped up like the treacherous bat?"

"No."

"Then, Doctor Evil Enemy, relieve me at once from the horrible uncertainty in which I am placed!"

The devil made a sign, and there appeared several hundred devils bringing small parcels on their backs.

"There is your torture," said his Nibs, lashing his flanks with his tail: "those parcels that my secretaries are bringing are postal cards, and your punishment is going to consist in writing on them. . . . Do you understand?"

"But, señor! . . ."

"Here there are no buts, and one does what one is ordered to do. Get busy, Jack the Ripper!"

"And? . . ."

"In prose and verse."

There was no other remedy than to resign myself; I bent my back and began to write postal cards on a barrel of pitch.

As soon as I finished one, they gave me another and another and another . . . a sea! The torture seemed horrible, and I began to utter frightful cries.

The lesser devils multiplied about me and passed me more postal cards.

When I stopped for a moment, in search of a rime, my torturers shouted all at once, and I looked with envy at the other more fortunate sinners that were being roasted on a spit.

In vain I cried out to them to give me a bath of melted lead. No one seemed inclined to pay any attention to me: what they wished was postals, and when the parcels were exhausted, the cursed devils went off and brought more.

I began to weep like a Magdalen; there was a moment in which I let out so loud a whimper that I awoke.

"Blessed be God!" I exclaimed. "What a relief! It has all been a dream; I do not have to write postal cards. Oh, ecstasy!"

I think others have had the same nightmare as I; for when they see a postal card,

their hair stands on end; and it is because postal cards rain on those that are engaged in spoiling paper as manna rained on the children of Israel.

To write one it is pleasure, I do not deny, and even two! Who does not do it! Three! In an idle moment the least gifted person writes them. Four! On a Sunday, five! ten! twenty! fifty! Ah! . . .

Why ever were postal cards invented!

Boileau said that Apollo invented the sonnet for the despair of poets. That is not so: what was invented for the despair of poets—and for those that are not poets—was the postal card!

Are you out of humor? Are you ill? Are you suffering from some sorrow? Just wait a moment.

The door-bell rings.

Who is it?

A messenger that is bringing you a postal card that you may write something on it, in the name of some beautiful and charming señorita.

What can one do! Although one has the same ability for versifying as a millstone, it is necessary to tune one's lyre and sing, although it be but a bleat.

The day will arrive, if God does not remedy things, when people will behold this scene:

"The señorita says that she has learned that the señor So-and-So is ill, and please, how is he?"

"Tell her that he has been dying since last night, and that perhaps he will not live until dawn."

"And she also asks that he be so kind as to send her this postal card for her album."

"But he is dying."

"Yes, I know; she told me that it must be in verse."

The dying man, who overhears this dialogue, thinks they are bringing him the holy oil, and he prepares to receive it with true evangelical unction: but as soon as they say it is a postal card they are sending him, he breathes a sigh and faints.

The family begins to utter heartrending cries, but amid the lamentations are heard the sharp voice of a minion, who has come to offer greetings in the name of another señorita and to deliver a postal card. . . .

"But he can not be seen," they tell him.

"Why?"

"Because he is dead."

"Ah!"

And the servant exclaims to himself: "I wonder if they wish me to carry the postal card to the cemetery."

For all the plagues, I see there has been discovered some remedy. For smallpox there is vaccine; for the bubonic plague, Yersin's serum and Haffkine's lymph; for rabies, Pasteur's liquid; and so on successively. Can there not be discovered some serum against postal cards?

VI

THE ORIGINAL AND THE COPY

"DO YOU know, little one," said don Simplicio to his beloved consort, "that I have a great surprise prepared for to-morrow, which is the anniversary of our marriage?"

"Truly, dove of my soul?"

"Yes, my love."

"Ah, Simplicio."

"Ah, Barbara."

"It will be twenty-five full years to-morrow since we swore eternal love at the foot of the altar."

"Do you remember?"

"You were dressed in brown, with a top-hat and a silk necktie."

"And you, my life?"

"I was in white, as was natural, with a veil of floating muslin, and I wore on my forehead the symbolic wreath of orange blossoms."

"Very beautiful."

"Do you remember that purest of all kisses we gave each other behind the door, before the arrival of the priest?"

"Those things are never forgotten, little one."

"Twenty-five years have passed, and it seems to me but yesterday."

"You were pale."

"And you were blushing like a carnation."

"How frightened I was then!"

"And why, Barbarita!"

"Because innocence is wont to be ingenuously afraid."

"Well, I was not at all afraid, I assure you."

"Of course not! Men are all alike."

"Barbarita!"

"Simplicio!"

"Do you remember when the priest took our vows?"

"Don't I? I thought I should faint when I pronounced the word 'yes!' How hard it is for a maiden to say 'yes' in the midst of so many people!"

"But, my child, if the church authorizes it!"

"Nevertheless, everything is given a malicious turn, and they confuse one with all kinds of jests."

"Ha, ha, ha!" My friends also worked a joke on me; but I was ready for them and I had turned the tables on them."

"Ah, Simplicio! What times they were!"

"Do you remember when your mother drank a glass of champagne at the last moment and gave me a hug?"

"Poor mamma!"

"The señora was a little drunk, without offense to her memory, be it said, and while she was taking off your veil, she said in my ear:

"I have also passed through these experiences, my dear Simplicio! Ah, if the dear departed—may he rest in glory—were living!"

"Silence, man; do not recall those foibles of mother's!"

"But, child, the señora was within her rights!"

"Nevertheless. . . ."

"Afterward I seated myself on that green sofa that was burned on the sixteenth of July."

"I remember."

"And then we began to sigh. I remember that I wished to say something to you, but I felt a lump in my throat that would not let me speak."

"The same thing was happening to me, Simplicio."

"I wished to please you in some way; but I have never felt so stupid in my life."

"It is because the act was very serious, my love."

"Do you remember when I leaned my head on your alabaster shoulder?"

"Enough, my son, enough, our neighbor can hear us."

"And what does it matter? She also must recall her wedding!"

"But, come now! What is the surprise that you have prepared?"

"Do you wish to see it?"

"At once."

"Here you have it, little life of mine. It is your portrait, painted in oil . . . by your dear little husband."

Don Simplicio presented the picture to his wife.

"Ah, how horrible!"

"Why, my heart?"

"Because it has the face of a sick lamb."

"But, my beauty, that is your face!"

"Is it possible, Simplicio? Do you mean to say that this fright looks like me? Where do I get a nose as flat as that and those long ears and that mouth with four corners?"

"But, creature of my soul, it is all an exact copy of the original."

"What a fool you are, Simplicio! I never thought you would do me such an ill turn! Give me the picture that I may smash it over your head."

"But, Barbara, do not be barbarous!"

"Here, piece of cork; take that for painting such frights of me!" Poom!

AND our reporter, who was witnessing the scene, exclaimed in his hood:

"Such are the wages of the journalist: when he depicts the defects of the authorities, however faithful the portrait, the originals declare themselves offended and wish to break the pictures over his head.

"Nevertheless, they are all alike, as Galileo might say."

VII

THE TERRIBLE BREAKFAST

A TRIFLE of four centuries ago there lived near the garden of Gethsemane a Benedictine monk that was a marvel of patience and a model of sanctity.

The patriarch Job would have been as nothing beside this admirable monk, who was named Hildebrand.

Once he was surprised and taken prisoner by Bedouin robbers while praying at the foot of an olive-tree.

By way of prologue, they stripped him of his flowing garments; then they gave him five hundred blows on the soles of his feet; next they clipped his ears; and finally they left him hanging by his hair to the highest branch of a cedar.

The poor man did not breathe a complaint during his martyrdom. On the contrary, when his torturers were leaving, he said to them humbly: "Thanks, brothers! but *that* would have been worse!" He had kissed the hand of the captain of the band a little before they suspended him.

A caravan of Armenians freed him from his torment, and the account of the occurrence was noised abroad from mouth to mouth all through Palestine and Turkey, and everywhere people wondered at the boundless patience of the holy man.

The patriarch of Constantinople, who was passing the hermitage once, stopped his camel at the entrance and had the monk called.

"Give me some water, sluggard," the patriarch said to him with offensive haughtiness, in order to test his much lauded resignation.

The monk entered his hermitage and returned with a jar of crystalline water.

The visitor quenched his thirst; then he dashed the jar against a boulder and broke it into a thousand pieces.

"Thanks, brother!" exclaimed the monk. "But *that* would have been worse!"

The patriarch, marveling at that immense and exemplary equanimity, was minded to carry the test further, so he cuffed him roundly, calling him a dog of a Jew.

Hildebrand remained unmoved, and as soon as the pain let him speak, he exclaimed, full of tenderness:

"Thanks, brother! but *that* would have been worse!"

When the patriarch made a move to withdraw, the hermit ran at once to kiss his hand.

The patriarch, stirred by that noble manifestation of tried goodness, threw himself into the arms of the monk and begged his pardon.

"Then, as he was departing, he asked him in the most tender and effusive manner:

"In short, tell me, father, what do you do to enable you to have so much patience? Is it a providential gift or is it the effort of an admirable will?"

"Did you not hear me say: 'But *that* would have been worse?'" said the monk.

"In truth! What do you mean by 'that?'"

"'That' is a toad that I eat on an empty stomach every morning."

"A toad?"

"Yes."

"What a barbarity! And why do you eat it?"

"In order to endure with patience the weaknesses of our neighbors and in general all the vicissitudes of life."

"Humph! And is it not repugnant to you, father?"

"That is the point, señor; such is the horror I experience in breakfasting on that animal, so ugly, so watery and purulent, that I seem to be about to throw up my insides when I taste it."

"Humph! But this is frightfully repulsive."

"Exactly; it is monstrous, but when I swallow the abominable mess, there are no further pains or discomforts for me in life. Everything that can occur to me during the day is as nothing compared with the frightful breakfast; and this is the reason why I have so much patience, and I think, always, in my worse sufferings that *that*, the toad, is worse."

The patriarch opened his mouth wide and departed, without knowing which to admire most, the patience or the stomach of the original hermit.

WELL then; here ends the tradition, translated literally from the Hebrew text, and it only remains for me to add that it would not be bad to imitate the monk.

There are so many things to disturb one's patience that the frightful breakfast of the monk Hildebrand is becoming necessary in order to make one's self proof against the ills of this wretched life.

At present we are besieged by the bubonic plague in the south; famine is announced in the interior; poverty prevails throughout the country; the saber flashes; taxes are increasing; creditors are multi-

plying; the railway is eating us alive. . . . What of it!

We are going to run out of patience, and our only recourse is to appeal to the heroic remedy of the monk Hildebrand: to gulp down the batrachian and face all the calamities, especially those of us that can not boast of official favor and are outside of the budget.

VIII

HAWK LARD

EVERYBODY knows that cock-fights are more popular in South America than bull-fights are in Spain.

At least here, in El Ecuador, there is no popular festivity that is not solemnized by a cock-fight.

There are devotees that care more for their game-cocks than they do for their sons. They carry them around constantly in their arms, as mothers do their children, and if they do not nurse them at their breasts, it is because the fowls object; but this is the only respect in which they fall short.

They say that to a mother there is no such thing as an ugly child; to the cock-fighter there is no such thing as an ugly cock, either.

I have seen horrible cocks and even indecent ones, if you will, from having lost their feathers in battle: I have seen them with their heads bare, red, bloody and congested; with their feet swollen, their tails purple, their eyes violet-colored, their crests torn and their bills dripping with viscous humors. . . . I say no more, out of respect for the poor reader that peruses these lines; but let the imagination supply the inadequacy of my words.

"What is this creature good for?" I have asked myself many times in the presence of one of these specimens. However, before I have answered myself, I have seen the cock-fighter come with paternal solicitude, take up the shapeless fowl, press him tenderly against his breast, staying his blood, drinking his tears and rubbing his swollen members with rum.

"Oh, my God!" I have had to exclaim, "it would have been better if they had never been born!"

On a certain occasion there appeared in the pit of Guayaquil—that famous one that used to be in the Calle de la Gallera, before the fire of 1896—a fellow addicted to cock-fighting. He brought in several cocks; bad cocks, however, in the opinion of the initiated, cocks without tumors or scars or mucosities. . . .

All had feathers—something inadmissible in fighting-cocks—and they had combs—which is a barbarism among the classics—and they spread their wings to the pullets, which is a practice absolutely outlawed in the art of fighting. Assuredly that man was some unfortunate that had heard the cocks crow without knowing where.

He turned them loose in the pit, made heavy bets with the best cock-fighters of Ciudad Vieja and of the Astillero and he gave the experts on the subject much to laugh over and much to think about.

“He is crazy!” said some. “He is drunk!” said others. However, the fellow was neither crazy nor drunk. He knew what he was doing.

The upshot of it was that when the best of the cocks of the others entered the fight with the worst of his, the fine cock turned tail and was off like an arrow.

They were brought together again; alcohol was blown on the cock that had fled; a pepper plaster was placed at the root of his tail to stir him up a little; but all to no effect!

The fowl set off as if the very devil were after him when his opponent approached.

The owner of the defeated cock was beside himself. His cock had never run away. How was it that he made off in such a cowardly manner in the presence of so uncouth an adversary! All the cock-fighters were astounded.

The judge of the cocks had to put on his spectacles, because the case was very complicated and threatened to keep him awake for a long time.

Once more they brought the cocks face to face; that is, bill to bill.

The worthless cock remained in his own territory, ready to accept the combat; but the good one, the so-called “dry red pepper,” the “five hundred *sucre* beauty,”

as his owner called him, took to his heels at the first onslaught, clucking like a hen.

Nobody could explain the phenomenon: a fine cock put to flight by an adversary of the “twelve *reales* kind.” What the devil could be the matter?

There was, however, a cock-fighter, who, not being able to be present at the colosseum, because his wife was very ill, passed by in quest of the holy oil for his wife, but on the way he was told of what was taking place, and he did not wish to miss the spectacle. “I have just got to see this,” he said; “first the cock, which is the important thing! . . .”

All the doctors of the chu . . . I mean of the cock-pit . . . were in debate, when up spoke a youngster, the son of the owner of the ordinary cock, which he, for the chastisement of his sins, had with him, and he said:

“I know why the fine cock runs away!”

“Why?” they all asked.

“Because my father’s cock has hawk lard under his wings.”

“Cursed boy!” He is still tingling from the tip of the toe applied to him by the author of his being.

The explanation was clear enough to everybody.

Since the hawk is the terror of barnyard fowls, as all the world knows, it had occurred to that fellow to extract the lard of one of those birds of prey and to anoint the wings of his nondescript cocks with it. When the others approached them, however brave they were, and smelled the hawk lard, they got out of the way, fearing the presence and attack of their terrible enemy. This was why the fine cock fled from the smell of his rival.

Then the judge, blazing with anger, said:

“Henceforth every cock that appears in the pit shall have his wings smelled first of all.”

Thus it was arranged.

WHEN you, dear readers, see those cocks that challenge everybody in the political arena and observe that no one dares to approach them, do not believe that it is because they are cocks of real merit. . . . It is because they have

hawk lard, or political pull, under their wings.

You understand me, do you not?

IX

THE GREASED PIG

I DO not know whether people, in any other civilized country besides ours, know what a greased pig is.

If, by chance, they do not know, as is natural, I offer a brief explanation, in order that all may understand the subject of which I am about to treat.

In the popular festivities of my country, it is our custom to indulge in many cruelties, and the barbarity of the greased pig has a place among them.

An animal of this species is caught, his hair is carefully scraped off, or rather, he is shaved with a razor, until the unhappy creature stands in his bare skin. Of course this is only done in honor of some saint, the patron of the town or village, as an act of worship and for the greater solemnity of the occasion. Hence it is not unusual to see, in the invitations issued to the faithful by the syndics of certain guilds, a note conceived in the following terms:

Note.—There will be fireworks, horse-races, and bag races, cock-fights, the decapitation of fowls, and greased pigs.

This is the same as saying to the devotees that if they do not come out of devotion, they will at least do so for the diversion, and in this way pilgrimages are organized.

I appeal to Saint Peter and Saint Paul, who will see to it that I do not prevaricate.

I return to my pig, however.

When the poor hog is well shaved in such a manner that not a single hair will be left visible, along comes the executioner, or the one that answers the same purpose, and anoints him with melted tallow from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail.

When the operation is concluded, it may now be justly said that the pig is greased.

In this deplorable condition he is taken to a lot, where a wild crowd awaits him.

He is then given three good smacks, to inform the crowd, and to the last blow is added a kick, administered to the pig to give him a start in the arena.

The crowd roars with delight and off it

scrambles after the pig to the cry of: "He that can hold him gets him!"

If it is difficult to catch one of these animals in his natural state, the reader can well imagine how much more so it is when the pig is shaved and greased.

This then is the reason of the outcry of the multitude. All wish to catch him and squeeze him to death, but the pig slips, thanks to the tallow, between the fingers of his pursuers, and no one is able to get a grip on him.

With the smooth slippery skin and the quickened instinct for self-preservation, the poor victim runs round and round the lot and he always gets away when a powerful hand falls on him.

I fancy that in these terrible moments the pig must be saying to himself:

"Blessed be tallow!"

The gazing public is being diverted in the meanwhile, and it delights in the thumps received by the pig . . . and also in the defeats suffered by the enemy.

The pig, frightened almost out of his wits, and the crowd, panting, the spectacle is prolonged for many hours, with an uncertain result, until at length the multitude makes the capture or the victim escapes.

The battle is cowardly, of course—all against one and one against all—but so are many struggles in life.

If the pig wins, the spectators applaud the pig, and if the crowd wins, they applaud the crowd. This is the way with the public.

I AM a humble journalist, as you see. I have heard much talk about the liberty of the press, although I do not have the honor to be acquainted with any such liberty; consequently I do not trust it. If I ever incur the anger of the government, and if official pursuit is set on me, what I shall do is to *grease myself*—without being offended by the comparison—and try to keep them from catching me.

I advise all my colleagues to do the same.

X

HOW TO UNMARRY

YES, sir; it was an exceptional town, called Quiquendona, which had the worst possible reputation, owing to the

perverse character of its inhabitants. No one could live in peace there, for strife was the normal state of its quarrelsome residents. There was not so much as one happily married couple, even during the period of the honeymoon, which is usually serene. As soon as couples were married, they started a devil of a row, and on the following day the bride appeared with a black eye, and the groom with his face turned into a map by the work and grace of the better half's nails.

"What a misfortune!" exclaimed the *cura*,⁸ deeply grieved. "There is not a woman here that is satisfied with her husband, or a husband that can get along with his wife."

"Yes," rejoined the *alcalde*; "it is a perpetual cat and dog fight."

"But who are to blame: the women or the men?"

"The women, señor *cura*; there can be no doubt."

"Easy there," cut in the housekeeper of the *cura*; "the poor women are not to blame; the men are the rascals."

"Hold your tongue, doña Lechuza,⁹ for you are in the presence of the chief authority," said the *alcalde*.

"And why do you call me 'Lechuza,' blockhead?"

"Now you see, señor *cura*! These women are the very devil! She has qualified me as a blockhead, the brazen. . . ."

"Go to . . . blacking shoes!"

"Don't push me to extremes, doña Lechuza!"

"Moderation," exclaimed the *cura*, interposing; "the peace of the Lord be upon you: *pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*."

"Amen," said the housekeeper, withdrawing.

"I know not what to do," added the *cura*, turning to the *alcalde*; "I have more than forty complaints of wives that have no mind to live with their husbands."

"And I," said the *alcalde*, "am unable to check the disorderliness that is occurring in every family."

"This is a hell!"

"Preach to them, señor *cura*, and see

whether they will not calm down a bit; speak to them of Saint Joseph, who was the most complaisant of husbands and did not become jealous of the Holy Spirit; tell them of Saint Monica, who let herself be sacrificed by her own husband; set before them the example of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac and Rebecca, Saint Joachim and Saint Anna."

"No, señor *alcalde*; those are things of the past. I am going to do something quite different."

"What?"

"I am going to unmarry the ill mated couples."

"To unmarry?"

"Exactly. Beginning with to-morrow, I shall unmarry all those that desire to sever the marriage ties."

"But how are you going to do that, if marriage by the church is indissoluble?"

"Of course it is indissoluble."

"Then what are you thinking of doing?"

"Of unmarrying every one that is tired of conjugal life."

"I do not understand."

"Well, you will see!"

The *alcalde* left the house of the *cura* in perplexity, saying to himself: "Either the doctor has gone crazy, or I am a blockhead, as doña Lechuza called me."

At high mass on the following morning, which was that of a feast day, the *cura* made a talk to his parishioners, in which he announced that he had just received a bull from his holiness the pope that authorized him to unmarry husbands and wives that might not be satisfied with their situation and that desired to return to a state of single blessedness.

The congregation was astounded to hear these words.

"This very especial grace," added the *cura*, "was granted by the council of Trent, provided it be accorded to prevent some injury to society—*ad evitanda escandala*, as the fathers of the church would say—but it has been kept secret until the present hour, because of not being absolutely necessary, as it is in this unhappy village, where not a couple lives as God ordains."

Some of the married women breathed deep sighs, and not a few of the husbands twisted their mustaches fiercely to disguise their emotion.

⁸Parish priest.—THE EDITOR.

⁹Madame Owl.—THE EDITOR.

"So therefore," continued the *cura*. "those that wish to unmarry will have the goodness to repair to the church, to-day at two in the afternoon, to proceed with the act according to the ceremonial prescribed by the council of Trent. In the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen."

The congregation left the church before the conclusion of the mass, because the women were dying to discuss the affair; and in the very court of the sanctuary they let their tongues wag until they produced a perfect Babel.

The men, standing on the corners, were shaking with laughter.

"Are you going to get unmarried?" the women asked one another in confidence.

"Yes;" they all replied; "we have got to unmarry; matrimony is a slavery; and then we must prove to our husbands that we are in no way dependent on them."

"It is settled therefore; we are going to unmarry! Thus we shall be free of their impertinences, their jealousies and other things."

"I therefore," exclaimed a confirmed old maid, "have led a great life, by keeping clear of marriage, in spite of the good offers I have had."

"That is a lie," whispered a recently married young woman in the ear of another; "the fright hasn't been able to get a husband because of that mustache of hers and her bundle of bones she carries about. Nobody has cared to run afoul of her acute angles."

At two in the afternoon the church was crowded with people. More than two hundred couples were going to unmarry.

The *cura* advanced, clad in an ample choir cape and carrying in one hand the ritual and in the other the hyssop for the holy water.

The first pair was called. There was a moment of hesitation, followed by symptoms of repentance on the part of each, and a desire for reconciliation; but, in order not to furnish sport for laughter, they gathered courage and knelt at the chancel, as the *cura* had provided.

The priest read a long chapter in Latin, which no one understood; moistened the hyssop in the little basin that the sacristan

presented to him; and, when he had sprinkled the holy water on the husband and wife that were about to cease to be such, he brought down a furious blow on the husband's head with the ponderous hyssop of silver.

The unfortunate rubbed his smarting head and disguised his displeasure as well as he could, believing the blow to have been an accident. Then the *cura* again wet the hyssop, and this time he brought it down on the woman's head, causing her to utter a startling scream.

The spectators were choking with laughter.

The *cura*, undisturbed, wet the hyssop again, and applied it forthwith to the heads of the two that were about to be separated.

"But what is this?" exclaimed the husband. "You are going to break our heads. Is this a part of the ceremony, señor *cura*?"

"Precisely."

"Does it last long?"

"It will last until the head of one of you shall be broken; and the one that still lives will at the same time be unmarried—a widow or a widower—which is the same thing."

"Is that the way it is done?"

"My children, it could not be otherwise. Only by virtue of hyssop blows can a marriage be dissolved."

The couples that heard this explanation trooped out of the church; and from that time on they never spoke again of unmarrying, and they calmed down so much in the future that the *cura*, in his conversation with the *alcalde*, did not cease to praise the efficacy of the hyssop.

Apply this remedy to quarrels between the church and the state, which are similar to those of the couples that ply the cudgel. It would be well for them to be separated, I doubt not; but also a blow with a hyssop, delivered in season, is wont to alter a situation radically, as the *cura* of Quiquendona demonstrated.

XI

THE ODYSSEY OF AN ALDERMAN

I AM a close friend of a member of the municipal council, and, as a man, I love him like a brother; but I look at him

askance as an alderman. I can do nothing with him.

I belong, unfortunately, to the very numerous class that is entirely disregarded by the *ayuntamiento*, and I am justly resentful, both in behalf of the community and of myself.

In order that justice may prevail, as it ought to, I have decided to punish my good friend for all the crimes of the very illustrious corporation. Somebody must pay the fiddler, and I have fixed on him because he is of a peaceful disposition, and I can thus exercise justice with impunity. When I meet him on the street, I hasten toward him with a smiling countenance and I give him two or three good slaps in his lumbar regions. The poor fellow loses his breath, but he really thinks that I do it out of affection.

It is not the case, however. The truth is that I also suffer when I pound him thus, because of my great affection for him; but it is necessary, however much it grieve me, to punish the municipality, even if only in the person of a specimen of the species. Of the wolf, a hair.¹⁰

At times he tries to rebel, as I hurt him not a little; but I put on so amiable a face that I at once disarm him, and he ends by inquiring about my health, as if a member of the municipal council of this *cantón* has the right to ask as to the health of residents, when there is no one here that enjoys any such thing, owing to the municipality's negligence.

I—not to aggravate him directly—tell him that I am well; but I try at the same time to step on one of his corns, thus to wreak as far as possible the vengeance of the public.

The other day I found him in the Parque Bolívar; and, after punishing him according to custom, I invited him to honor my home with his presence.

He declined very courteously, saying that he had to attend a session of the council.

"What does it matter?" I replied; "suppose the required quorum should be lacking on account of your absence, this

happens every day; and, besides, it would be no great loss."

He again excused himself, doubtless suspecting what I was preparing for him; but I resorted to a method, more infallible than the pope; and, showing the whites of my eyes and drawing down the corners of my mouth, I said:

"You are right; the rich ought not to go to the homes of the poor. It would be too great a favor. . . ."

The effect was instantaneous. He thought I was wounded by my humble position and he decided to go in order not to awaken my resentment.

"Is your house very far?" he asked me cunningly.

"No;" I said to him "a short distance, just a little jaunt."

The innocent fellow swallowed it. . . . It was just a little jaunt of two kilometers.

"Let us be going then."

I gave him a cigarette to infuse confidence, and we set out: he, very merry; and I, with the severity of the cat that has the mouse between its claws.

From the Avenida Olmedo onward, his countenance became overcast. The streets were almost impassable; there abounded vast, navigable lagoons: mud puddles that would have been the happy resort of pigs; and every kind of miasma.

He took it all in with bulging eyes; and I, walking at his side, made insinuations in good taste.

"These streets are horrible," he said.

"Oh, but it is because of the rain, my son. In summer they are better."¹¹

"And why do you live so far away?"

"Because my house is remote."

"But you told me it was around the corner!"

"Because there are so many corners."

By this time we had reached a marsh. There was a plank on which to cross, but it was a treacherous plank. I was already only too well acquainted with it, and it knew me. How many times I had passed over it! The first and the second time I did not know where its center of gravity was, and it treated me to a mud bath, be-

¹⁰A Spanish proverb, the meaning of which is that we take from the mighty or the mean just what we can get.—THE EDITOR.

¹¹In Guayaquil, the "winter" is simply the season of rains, and the "summer" is merely the dry season.—THE EDITOR.

cause I had innocently caused it to lose its equilibrium. Afterward I studied its weak side, and then it could do nothing to me. Then it continued to behave well toward me, like a fierce dog that will not bite acquaintances.

My poor councilman went in front, ignorant of the risks of the plank; and I followed, mute as a statue, that he might fall into the trap.

When the psychological moment arrived, I began to be sorry and I was about to warn him, but the devil pulled my ear in a friendly way and said to me:

"Leave him alone!" And I did.

¡Cataplum! He stepped on nothing . . . and what I had foreseen happened.

With his face dripping with perspiration and his hair glued to his forehead, this good friend turned toward me an anguished face and said to me:

"I can go no further!"

"Forward," I exclaimed in an imperative voice, and he advanced, or, rather, I took the lead, under pretext of showing him the way, and we began to make our way across the lagoon on a row of sparse and slippery stones.

It was enough to make one die of laughter to see him jump from stone to stone, with his face paler than death. He leaned on

his umbrella as heavily as the article would stand. Thus was formed a tripod that looked like the support of a round table.

At the most dangerous spot of the journey I detained him on a flat stone, to demonstrate that I was a consummate Stylite, and I began to preach him a sermon on the duties of the municipality.

"O councilman," I said to him, "you ought to save this neighborhood, whose unhappy history I am going to relate to you, from the creation of the world down to our days. Hear me, renowned councilman, and you will understand that. . . ."

"I am going to fall into this pestilential hole; my legs are already trembling."

"No, my friend; learn the law of statics, and you will not fall."

"But my legs are giving way."

"Remember the Vicomte de Folle Aveine, when he passed over the pilasters of the bridge of Cocarnau."

He would listen to nothing more; he made off the best he could in retreat and disappeared, with his hair on end and his fists clenched, to return to the center of the city. The representative of the council was deserting me, leaving the thread of my discourse suspended in the air.

Then I addressed the frogs of the neighboring pond, and I preached them a long and eloquent sermon on public health.



THE INSTITUTO PEDAGÓGICO OF CHILE

BY
FELIPE ANGUIA

A description of one of the most comprehensive and thorough schools of education of America, an institution that has played an important part, not only in training Chilean professors and teachers, but also those of many of the other American countries.—THE EDITOR.

WE WENT to pass our last vacation in the charming country beyond the cordillera, and at the same time that we carried to our comrades of Chile the greetings of the students of our institute we sought to inform ourselves regarding the organization and progress of the Instituto Pedagógico, in general similar to ours.

As the time was inauspicious—the educational establishments were closed for the vacation—we could not observe the functioning of the Instituto Pedagógico. We were able, however, to obtain certain data from our companions and the professors, who accompanied and attended us with the greatest deference during our visit. What we are about to publish is the result of questions we asked of our transcordilleran friends and of information we obtained from the *Memorias* of the ministry of public instruction.¹

THE Instituto Pedagógico of the Universidad de Chile, founded in 1889, occupies a spacious building, half a square deep and half a square wide, on the corner of the Alameda de las Delicias and San Miguel. Facing the Alameda, it is three stories high, and it is one story high in the rear.

The front of the building is occupied by the laboratories of biology, physics and

chemistry, where practical work is carried on; in the center are the ample halls of the classes in Latin, French, English, German, Spanish, mathematics, a good library, the salon of the professors and the offices.

In the building at the rear, which adjoins the Liceo de Aplicación [school of practice or "model school"], are the sections of history and geography, the manual training hall, the library of books in English, et cetera.

Although the Instituto Pedagógico occupies ample quarters, they are too small for the increasing number of students in attendance. The enrollment during recent years was as follows:

YEAR	MEN	WOMEN	TOTAL
1913	155	161	316
1915	271	251	522
1917	267	316	583
1919	379	482	861

In spite of the great number enrolled, the graduates have been few, as the following figures show:

	1917	1918	1919
In Spanish	13	16	27
In French	4	5	10
In English	4	4	10
In German	1	1	4
In mathematics and physics	8	6	5
In biological sciences and chemistry	6	13	6
In history and geography	3	18	9
TOTALS	39	63	71

It may be remarked that more than half of these graduates were women.

Down to 1919 the Instituto Pedagógico had trained six hundred and fifteen profes-

¹As the author seems not to have had an opportunity to inform himself thoroughly regarding the Instituto Pedagógico and, consequently, has omitted important details and fallen into not a few errors, we have taken the liberty of amending his article in several respects.—THE EDITOR.

sors of secondary instruction, called there "professors of the state," which is an average of more than twenty graduates a year.

The mean annual cost for each student is about three hundred Chilean *pesos*.²

To enter the Instituto Pedagógico it is necessary to be a "bachelor in humanities," although normal-school teachers are admitted without any restrictions, but, instead of receiving the title of "professor of the state," they are given certificates of competency; or, if they wish the university to grant them diplomas as "professors of the state," they must pass examinations in "humanities" in order to obtain the degree of bachelor.

The management of the establishment is intrusted to a director, appointed by the minister of public instruction from a group of three professors proposed by the Consejo de Instrucción Pública.

Professorships are filled thus: the Consejo de Instrucción Pública presents three candidates, and the minister appoints one of them.

The institute consists of the following sections: sciences (biological sciences and chemistry); mathematics (mathematics and physics); history (history and geography); Spanish, French, English and German. The studies of specialization cover three years in the different sections, except in those of mathematics and sciences. The total duration of the studies is four years.

In general, the subjects and plans of studies are similar to those of our institute. In the course in mathematics, which is taken conjointly with physics, the plan lacks the important subjects of projective and descriptive geometry, although in the fourth year they study differential equations, which we do not study, for lack of time.

The class hours are from eight until twelve and from fourteen until sixteen.³

²The Chilean *peso* is worth to-day about ten cents; in 1916 it was worth about twenty cents, and between that year and 1889, the year of the founding of the Instituto Pedagógico, its value varied from twenty cents upward to "eighteen pence."—THE EDITOR.

³The author, of course, writes from the Argentine point of view, fourteen and sixteen being two and four in the afternoon. The people are still somewhat mystified by the method, introduced some years ago

The subjects that we group under the name of "general courses," in Argentina, are somewhat different in the Instituto Pedagógico of Chile, as they are not only augmented by the inclusion of "civic instruction," but they are also much more intensive than they are as pursued by us. In the second year are studied psychology and logic (three hours a week); in the third year, the history of pedagogy (two hours), psychology and philosophy (three hours); and in the fourth year, history and philosophy (three hours), pedagogy (two hours) and civic instruction (two hours).

To the study of pedagogy and the auxiliary sciences, especially psychology, is imparted an experimental character. For the purpose, there is a laboratory of experimental psychology, founded in 1908. The studies carried on in this laboratory are of three kinds:

1. The physical development of children, sensibility in its different manifestations, memory, attention, interest, weariness induced by school work, et cetera. The data noted are to serve as a basis for the making up of programs and methods of education rigidly adapted to the normal progress of students.

2. A second group of investigations has as its object the determination of the individual differences that exist between students of the same age, in order that the teacher may thus be in a position to adapt his methods to the individuality of each student.

3. In the third place, experimental investigations are made as to the efficacy of the different methods of learning, especially as to the influence exerted by the activities of the students themselves on the retention of subjects in the mind.

The students of the third and fourth years must engage in two experimental studies a year and must present the respective outlines, in writing, regarding them.

In the different courses and subjects, monographs are compulsory.

The students of the third year must

by the government, of making a day consist of one period of twenty-four hours, instead of two periods of twelve hours each, with the cumbersome ante-meridian and postmeridian of tradition.—THE EDITOR.

attend, as observers, at least forty-two sessions of classes in the Liceo de Aplicación and they must make a résumé of the points covered in each class and note the criticisms suggested to them by it, in order to deliver them to the professor of pedagogy at the end of the year.

In the general courses there are two examinations: one conducted at the end of the first half, and the other at the close, of the school year.

When they have passed their examinations in all the subjects, the fourth year students must prepare an original thesis regarding some point of their studies in which they are specializing: a requirement which, being fulfilled, enables the student to obtain from the university the title of "professor of the state."

In the classification of the examinations, which are held by a committee of three professors, one of whom shall be the professor of the branch in which the examination is held, a curious procedure is followed, one that is also employed in the primary schools, in the *liceos* and in the faculty of law.

The result of each examination is announced by three balls—red, white or black—placed in a box, one by each professor. Preparatory to the examination each

professor is supplied with a red ball, a white ball and a black ball. Each professor's estimate of the result is indicated by the color of the ball he places in the box. If the student finds three black balls in the box presented to him after the professors have expressed their opinion by the use of the balls, he knows that he has failed to pass; if he finds two black balls and a white ball, he learns that his examination has not been wholly bad, but also that he has failed to pass; if he finds two white balls and one black ball, he may consider his examination "fair," and he knows that he has passed; three white balls tell him that his examination has been good; two white balls and a red ball, that it has been good with one vote of distinction; one white ball and two red balls inform him that he is entitled to distinction; and three red balls, that he has excelled in his examination.

This method of announcing the result of examinations was formerly used in the Instituto Pedagógico, but it has been replaced by one in which the three red balls are represented by *D's* (*distinguido*, "distinguished"); the three white balls, by *A's* (*aprobado*, "approved"); and the black balls by *R's* (*reprobado*, "rejected").



INTERAMERICAN COÖPERATION

BY
COSME DE LA TORRIENTE

A plea for coöperation between the United States and Cuba based on a complete understanding and on just and fair dealings: presented in a temperate, respectful and intelligent manner that will be more effective than volumes of hostile hyperbole, exaggeration and diatribe.—THE EDITOR.

INTERNATIONAL coöperation is the subject of the admirable address of our eminent secretary of state, Colonel Carlos Manuel de Céspedes y Quesada, to which we have just listened. Doctor Céspedes has told us how Cuba is contributing to it and he has said "that international coöperation is the expression of the good will that exists between two or more nations for the solution of problems of common interest." He then added:

International coöperation, as I understand it, can be effective, in all its beneficent amplitude, only between equal entities. The principle of the equality of nations is its essential foundation, and their equality is based, in turn, on mutual respect, however different may be the military strength or the territorial or economic importance of the nations that join in undertakings of international coöperation.

These words have led me to believe that, in the study of coöperation between nations, no more interesting theme can be discovered than that of relations between the republic of Cuba and the United States of America; and this is a subject to which, now and always, our association—not called the Sociedad Cubana de Derecho Internacional in vain—ought to devote its efforts!

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES

THERE will never be any effective coöperation between Cuba and other nations, if coöperation between our nation and the one that ought to be, in response to the impulses of our hearts and our convictions, our best friend, is interrupted or rendered difficult.

The relations between Cuba and the United States of America—for which provision was made by the permanent treaty, signed May 22, 1903, and among the articles of which were copied literally the first

seven articles of the appendix that the constituent convention added to the constitution, and in which was reproduced in turn the text of the so-called Platt amendment, the acceptance of which was imposed by the military governor of Cuba in the name of the United States, as a prerequisite to the evacuation of our territory and the recognition of our independence—caused many persons to think, during the first days of the establishment of the Cuban republic, that our international life would be very distressing and that these particular relations accepted by the constituent congress would occasion many difficulties in the international existence of the new nation.

Happily the good will and the nobility of the most of the American statesmen and the great sympathy of the American people for the Cuban people, as well as the ability and intelligence of the majority of our rulers and diplomats and the sincere regard for and gratitude toward the nation which, in very difficult days, gave of the blood of her sons and poured out her treasures to aid in freeing us from our former mother-country, have been able, throughout the years, to prevent or to settle difficulties between the two nations and have aided, year after year, the republic of Cuba to impart solidity to her freedom, her independence and her sovereignty. Thus she has been able to take part, with more and more efficiency, in the life of international relations by coöperating with other sovereign states in everything that has been asked of us or to which we have deemed it expedient to lend our assistance

CUBA AND THE INTERNATIONAL LIFE

THE second Hague conference, in which we were represented by Bustamente, Sanguily and Quesada; the Pan American conferences, in which González Lanuza,

Montoro, Quesada, Gonzalo Pérez, García Velez and Carbonell took part; the peace conference in Paris that produced the treaty of Versailles, in which Bustamante participated; the later conferences, in which we were represented by Arístedes de Agüero, Armenteros and Carrera Jústiz; the three assemblies of the league of nations, in the last two of which I participated as the chairman of the Cuban delegation, and in the second of which we obtained the highest honor achieved by Cuba in international life—the election of Doctor Bustamante as a member of the Permanent International Court of Justice, the only Hispanic-American thus honored—and the consideration and applause, of which, because of their labors in the third assembly, the Cuban delegates have been the object; and the Present Pan American conference in Santiago, Chile, where our representatives are placing the name of Cuba in a very high position, demonstrate quite clearly that the Cuban people are perfectly capable of international coöperation, as benefits them, in view of the historical prestige which, during fifty years of constant strife to obtain their independence, they achieved in the face of the largest armies that ever crossed the Atlantic to impose or to maintain in the free lands of America the sovereignty of a great European power. In behalf of that freedom died hundreds of thousands of the best sons of the two races that populate our land: races fused in the hero of heroes, the brave among the brave, Lieutenant-General Antonio Maceo, pierced by bullets at the gates of Habana, on the battle-field of Punta Brava, when the sun of independence was already appearing on the horizon.

It has been possible for Cuba to coöperate internationally on the occasions to which I have referred and on many others that hardly need to be mentioned. For instance, she has been recognized on the board of governors of the Pan American Union, of which our present secretary of state was a member during his years as our envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Washington. Not for even a single moment has our nation ceased to esteem herself or to be esteemed an entity equal internationally to the other powers

with which she has had to do. Without this feeling, there would not have existed that mutual respect which takes no account of largeness or smallness, wealth or poverty, or any other condition save that of juridical equality: that equality without which there could never be any coöperation between stronger and weaker nations.

THE CONSTITUENT CONVENTION

WHEN the delegates of the people of Cuba, assembled in a constituent convention to draft and adopt the fundamental law of their organization as an independent and sovereign state and to establish a government capable of fulfilling international obligations, maintaining order, assuring liberty and justice and providing for the general welfare, agreed on and adopted, February 21, 1901—while invoking the favor of God—the constitution that now governs us, in a hundred and fifteen clauses and seven temporary provisions, and determined the measures necessary to enable Cuba to take her place among the nations of the earth in view of the recognition they had given her; and when the constituent members considered the method of making provision for, and of coming to an agreement with the government of the United States of America in those days in regard to, the relations that should exist between it and that of Cuba—for which the convention had also been called—the congress of the United States adopted on March 2, 1901, as an amendment to the budget law of her army, a resolution that seriously affected us.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PLATT AMENDMENT

THIS amendment was proposed by the senator from Connecticut, Orville H. Platt, the chairman of the committee on Cuban relations; and it conferred international celebrity on him by uniting his name for ever with our history.

After more than twenty years from the time in which it was written, many persons are still striving, both in the United States and in Cuba, to interpret the Platt amendment in a sense contrary to that of its author and to that of the American secretary of war at the time, the great internationalist Elihu Root.

The amendment has been attributed to Mr. Root; and it is evident that Mr. Platt consulted him, as may be deduced from a private letter of the latter's of January 1, 1904, in which he said, referring to the amendment:

The original draft was my own. It was changed from time to time somewhat in language, but not in spirit, in consultations both with the republicans of the committee, President McKinley and Secretary Root. A final consultation between myself and Senator Spooner put the document in its complete form.¹

Order number 301 of the general staff of the division of Cuba, dated June 25, 1900 arranged for the convocation of a constituent assembly. It began thus:

Whereas the congress of the United States by its joint resolution of April 20, 1898, declared:

"That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent;

"That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."²

As may be seen, the constituent convention was called precisely to ratify the famous joint resolution, which determined, in its first and fourth paragraphs, what was mentioned in order number 301; in the second paragraph, demanded that Spain withdraw from Cuba; and, in the third, instructed the president of the United States to utilize all the military and naval forces under his command to carry out these resolutions.

TEXT OF THE AMENDMENT

ON MARCH 7, 1901, in a communication of the military governor's, dated the second of that month, information was given to the constituent convention regarding the Platt amendment. This amendment ran:

¹A letter to Charles Hopkins Clark, January 1, 1904, in *An Old-Fashioned Senator: Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut*, New York and London, 1910, page 344.—THE EDITOR.

²*Senate Documents*, fifty-eighth congress, second session, document 312: "The Establishment of Free Government in Cuba," pages 7 and 8.—THE EDITOR.

That in fulfilment of the declaration contained in the joint resolution approved April twentieth, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, entitled "For the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the president of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect," the president is hereby authorized to "leave the government and control of the island of Cuba to its people" so soon as a government shall have been established in said island under a constitution which, either as a part thereof or in an ordinance appended thereto, shall define the future relations of the United States with Cuba, substantially as follows:

I. That the government of Cuba shall never enter into any treaty or other compact with any foreign power or powers which will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, nor in any manner authorize or permit any foreign power or powers to obtain by colonization or for military or naval purposes or otherwise, lodgment in or control over any portion of said island.

II. That said government shall not assume or contract any public debt, to pay the interest upon which, and to make reasonable sinking fund provision for the ultimate discharge of which, the ordinary revenues of the island, after defraying the current expenses of government, shall be inadequate.

III. That the government of Cuba consents that the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States, now to be assumed and undertaken by the government of Cuba.

V. That the government of Cuba will execute, and, as far as necessary, extend, the plans already devised, or other plans to be mutually agreed upon, for the sanitation of the cities of the island, to the end that a recurrence of epidemic and infectious diseases may be prevented, thereby assuring protection to the people and commerce of Cuba, as well as the commerce of the southern ports of the United States and the people residing therein.

VI. That the Isle of Pines shall be omitted from the proposed constitutional boundaries of Cuba, the title thereto being left to future adjustment by treaty.

VII. That to enable the United States to maintain the independence of Cuba, and to protect the people thereof, as well as for its own defense, the government of Cuba will sell or lease to the United States lands necessary for coaling or naval stations at certain specified points, to be agreed upon with the president of the United States.

VIII. That by way of further assurance the government of Cuba will embody the foregoing provision in a permanent treaty with the United States.³

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S DEFINITION

TO A majority of the delegates to the constituent convention it seemed wholly impossible to accept the precepts of the amendment of the senator from Connecticut, and especially the third, sixth and seventh clauses. Doubtless to tranquillize the patriotism of those Cubans, the military governor, Leonard Wood, addressed a new communication to the president of the convention, Doctor Domingo Méndez Capote, on April 3, in which he said to him,

Inasmuch as many doubts have arisen among the members of the convention regarding the intervention referred to in the third paragraph of the Platt amendment,⁴

and in order that the delegates might be informed as to the opinion of the president of the United States, he transmitted to them the cable message he had received from Secretary of War Root, the text of which was:

You are authorized to state officially that in view of the president the intervention described in the third clause of the Platt amendment is not synonymous with intermeddling or interference with the affairs of the Cuban government, but the formal action of the government of the United States, based upon just and substantial grounds, for the preservation of Cuban independence and the maintenance of a government adequate for the protection of life, property and individual liberty, and adequate for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba

³*Senate Documents*, fifty-eighth congress, second session, document 312: "The Establishment of Free Government in Cuba," pages 11 and 12.—THE EDITOR.

⁴Unable to locate the English original of the communication referred to, we have had to translate this passage from the Spanish.—THE EDITOR.

imposed by the treaty of Paris on the United States.⁵

THE COMMITTEE THAT WENT TO WASHINGTON

ON THE thirteenth of the same month, the convention, not satisfied with the explanations that had been given it and greatly disturbed by the situation that was being created, voted to send to Washington a committee of its members, composed of Doctors Méndez Capote, as chairman, Diego Tamayo and González Llorente and Generals Pedro E. Betancourt and Rafael Portuondo. The object of the committee was:

to acquaint itself with the views and purposes of the government of the United States as to all the particulars that refer to the establishment of relations of a definitive character in the political and economic realm between Cuba and the United States and to discuss with the government itself the bases of an agreement as to the measures to be proposed to the convention for its final resolution.

The committee conferred several times in Washington, on the subject that had occasioned the trip, with Secretary of War Root and also with the president of the republic, with different members of congress, and, among others, with Senator Platt himself; and when it returned to Habana, it presented, on May 6, a report to the constituent convention. In this report were included the notes which, with the permission of Secretary Root, were taken as to the result of the interviews held with him as the representative of the president of the republic; and this report, which, since then, has been examined and commented on several times, must be deemed a document of extraordinary value, for in its pages appear, faithfully reproduced, the opinions that led the convention to agree that the celebrated clauses should be incorporated in an appendix to our fundamental charter. These opinions were the ones that induced the acceptance of those clauses, among which figure some that disturbed the patriotic spirit of the delegates to the constituent convention

⁵*Senate Documents*, fifty-eighth congress, second session, document 312: "The Establishment of Free Government in Cuba," page 12.—THE EDITOR.

and which are now once again perturbing the feelings of all the Cubans that live in the land washed by the blood of the legions stirred, under the spell of Carlos Manuel de Céspedes and José Martí, to render our island independent and sovereign: clauses which—if they continue to be interpreted as it has been attempted to interpret them in our day—please God, in his great mercy, they may be prevented from disturbing also the souls of those that in battles, in dungeons, in bonds, in exile, in cities and in the country, died for the cause of the country throughout the course of the last century.

WHY THE OBLIGATIONS OF THE AMENDMENT WERE ACCEPTED

WHY did the convention decide definitely, on June 12, 1901, to add to the constitution it had voted the eight clauses that had been adopted previously by the congress of the United States and sanctioned by President McKinley?

After a careful reading of all the documents and the acts of the constituent convention that bear on relations between the United States of America and Cuba, and after deep meditation on different particulars relative to them, one arrives at the conclusion that the delegates, when they heard the report presented to them by their committee already mentioned, as well as Secretary Root's letter of May 31, addressed to Military Governor Wood and transmitted by him on June 8 to the president of the convention, Méndez Capote, became convinced that there was no other solution than to accept, plainly and simply, the request of the government of the United States that Senator Platt's amendment be incorporated in the appendix to the constitution. When—on May 28, 1901—approval was given, by a vote of fifteen to fourteen, to the report of May 24 of another committee, appointed to express an opinion as to the amendment now being discussed, and in which it was practically accepted, and when, later, after learning of the contents of Secretary Root's letter to the military governor, on June 12, 1901, a new report in which the clauses of the amendment were accepted literally as they were added to the constitution, it may be

asserted, without any doubt, that what decided the vote of the majority was the general information brought from Washington by the committee that had been sent there and which was presented on May 6 to the convention, which began to examine it in its secret session of the following day.

After the passing of twenty-one years, when we reflect on the different opinions that agitated the patriotism of the members of the constituent convention; when we meditate on the reasons that then existed for voting in favor of or against the adoption of the amendment; when we remember the magnificent attitude, which would be sufficient to make him immortal in our history, of Delegate Salvador Cisneros Betancourt, marquis of Santa Lucía, president of the republic in arms during the revolution of Yara and again president during the new revolution of Baire and Ibarra, the bitterest enemy of the adoption of the amendment, who, in the session of June 11, proposed that the document of the military governor that contained it, to which we have already referred, should be returned to that authority—a motion that was rejected, with the sole vote of its author in its favor—then one's mind is appalled by the immensity of the historical responsibilities that confronted all those great sons of Cuba, who were called on to decide as to the immediate establishment of the Cuban republic or as to the indefinite postponement of her constitution.

THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE

THE report of the committee that went to Washington and what was essential in the contents of that document, as to the conferences held with Secretary Root in the name and as the representative of the president of the United States of America, McKinley, in the judgment of this modest soldier of the army of freedom that is speaking to you, exonerates from all responsibility those that sealed the approval of the amendment with their votes, since to the text of the latter were added clear and conclusive interpretations, which banished all distrust that in the future its letter and its spirit might be distorted.

SECRETARY ROOT DEFINED THE FIRST AND
SECOND CLAUSES

TO THE remarks of the chairman of the committee as to the first and second clauses of the amendment, Secretary Root had replied that:

It is a question of purely internal constitutional limitations, which were asked of the Cubans by the American congress, following the methods employed by the constitution of the United States in limiting the power possessed by the congress and putting beyond it certain faculties that might jeopardize independence; that the limitations requested were of the same constitutional character as those established by the American constitution; that they referred to Cuba alone, and that they would be applied exclusively by Cuba and the Cubans.⁶

After so simple and conclusive an explanation, it is inconceivable that any one should be able to undertake, in an especial manner by appeal to the second clause, as we shall see further on in this paper, to demand in the name of the United States the right to make a microscopic search of even the most sequestered nooks of the public departments of the republic; and there could have existed no fear on the part of the members of the convention, when they accepted these clauses, as the second implies what had already been established by articles 59, 93 and 105 of the constitution.

FORMER SECRETARY OF WAR ROOT DEFINED
THE THIRD CLAUSE

THE secretary of war, confining himself to the third clause of the amendment, said:

The United States has in no wise benefited, and this fact ought to be understood by all the Cuban people. The United States does not desire or intend to interfere with the government of Cuba. There is no benefit to be gained and no glory to be won there, and the United States is beginning to withdraw her troops. Let the Cubans be thoroughly convinced that the object of this clause is solely and exclusively the welfare of Cuba. This clause is an extension of the Monroe doctrine: a doctrine that does not possess an international force recognized by all the nations. The Cubans accept the Monroe

doctrine, and the third clause is the Monroe doctrine, but with international force. By virtue of it, the European nations will not dispute the intervention of the United States in defense of the independence of Cuba. The first and third bases prevent the United States from seeming to be aggressive when she shall appear before the other nations as a defender of Cuban independence.⁶

He continued later:

The letter to General Wood and the telegram that refer to this clause clearly indicate that the clause mentioned is not synonymous with intermeddling or interference in any way with the affairs of the Cuban government. In respect of the sixth clause [it should be the seventh], in spite of the coaling stations, the United States will be as remote from the government of Cuba as she would be without them. She will intervene in the affairs of Cuba only in case of great disturbances, similar to those that occurred in 1898, and with the sole and exclusive object of preserving the independence of Cuba. Recourse will be had to intervention to prevent foreign attacks on the independence of the Cuban republic, or when there shall exist a genuine state of anarchy within the republic.⁶

Regarding the same third clause, Mr. Root said in another conference: "The United States declared in the treaty of Paris, and always, that her intervention in the affairs of Cuba will be merely and solely to preserve her independence; that any other explanation would limit the fundamental conception to the prejudice of Cuban sovereignty;" that "intervention would be always and in every case in behalf of such independence, even when provoked by a substantial failure in the purpose of the Cubans in establishing their government;" that "the third clause limits and also obliges the United States herself to respect and guard the independence of Cuba;" that "The United States could not threaten the sovereignty and independence of Cuba without disregarding a law that she herself had enacted and doing outrage to the treaties that she herself had sanctioned;" that "intervention would always have as its object the preservation of independence, that it would be exercised whenever such independence might be threatened, and that by a formal action

and never by the caprice of any authority. Before proceeding to intervention, the American executive would exhaust all the means afforded by diplomacy or else he would obey the mandate of the congress."⁶

When the chairman of the committee explained that, if the United States believed she had the right to intervene and possessed the power to effect intervention, it would be useless to ask for our consent, the secretary replied that "the expression of this consent renders it easier for the United States to carry out her announced purpose with respect to the other nations."⁷ When Doctor Méndez Capote urged that this consent would avail nothing if the United States did not possess sufficient strength to carry its object into effect, since in international questions force is the *ultima ratio*, the secretary replied that this was "only a partial truth and that if force is the *ultima ratio*, it is also true that it does not always inform and inspire international law; for if the legitimacy of certain rights were not respected, nations such as Switzerland, Belgium and Holland would have ceased to exist;" and "hence it is necessary to respect certain rights, which are the sole strength of the small, in order not to seem to be the enemies of mankind. A small state entrenched behind rights recognized by all is a small state that possesses a strength that all the great states respect. And besides the strength on which the United States can rely, she seeks the strength of the plenitude of law to interpose, with force and with law, against any attack on the independence of Cuba. The United States proposes to arrange with Cuba a treaty that will in itself tend to prevent the need of intervention in behalf of the independence of Cuba, but she desires that, in case intervention should become necessary, this intervention shall be disputed by no one."⁶

⁶Apparently no record of these informal conferences exist in English. We have made diligent search, in publications and in the departments in Washington, and we have consulted Mr. Root, without being able to learn of any records kept by representatives of the United States. The quotations from the report made in this article seem to have been drawn from informal Cuban sources. As we have been unable to discover any English originals, we have had to translate the passages from the Spanish, to our regret and contrary to our custom.—THE EDITOR.

PLATT FIXES THE SCOPE OF THE AMENDMENT

AS TO all the other clauses of the amendment, the explanations given by Senator Root ought not, logically, to have awakened doubt or distrust of any kind in the minds of the majority of the members of the committee that went to Washington; and for their greater tranquillity, the secretary of war addressed a letter to Senator Platt, as the person of greatest authority in the case, to explain to him the committee's main objections to the third clause, and he supplied the Cuban delegates with a copy of the reply given by the author of the amendment on April 26. Senator Platt expressed himself thus in that document:

I have received your communication of to-day in which you say that the members of the Cuban constitutional convention fear the provisions relative to intervention. The amendment was carefully drafted with a view to avoid any possible claim that its acceptance by the Cuban constitutional convention would result in the establishment of a protectorate or suzerainty, or in any way interfere with the independence of Cuba, and speaking for myself, it seems impossible that any such construction can be placed upon that clause. I think that the amendment must be considered as a whole and it must be evident upon its reading that its well defined purpose is to secure and safeguard Cuban independence and to establish at the outset a definite understanding of the friendly disposition of the United States toward the Cuban people, and its expressed intention to assist them, if necessary, in the maintenance of such independence.⁷

CONFIDENCE IN AMERICAN LOYALTY

IT IS necessary to think that, when the committee returned to Cuba and all its members, with the exception of General Portuondo, voted, together with many other delegates, for the adoption of the Platt amendment, it must have been because they were in the same state of mind as they were when, in celebrating the first interview with Secretary Root, the chairman, Méndez Capote, concluded by affirming

that the journey of the committee indicated the

⁷L. A. Coolidge: *An Old-Fashioned Senator: Orville H. Platt of Connecticut*, page 344.

confidence it had in the upright purpose of the American government and the hope that it cherished, of reaching an understanding that would render it at once clear that there would never exist even the slightest pretext to cause the people of Cuba to entertain at any time toward the United States any other sentiment than that of the closest friendship and most cordial fraternity; that we were convinced that our country needed, as a condition essential to life, that the close political and economic relations that existed between her and the United States should be vivified by our regard and intensified by our gratitude: a condition in the achievement of which we have confidence, since the United States had shed the blood of her sons and had spent the treasure of her vaults merely to constitute in Cuba a free and happy people, thus making her own the cause of Cuban independence, which had constituted the aspiration of three generations of Cubans and had cost us fifty years of struggle, martyrdom and sacrifice.

THE CUBAN REPUBLIC AND THE PERMANENT TREATY

WHEN the constitution, with its appendix, was promulgated on May 20, 1902, the president of the republic, don Tomás Estrada Palma, assumed office, and on that day the international personality of the Cuban republic came into being as a sovereign and independent state. What had been throughout long years the dream and longing of the Cubans, what had cost us so many tears and so much blood and ruin and misery, had been won at last by the tenacity with which, through half a century and several revolutions the people of Cuba had struggled until they won their independence, with the powerful aid of the great neighboring nation.

A short time later was signed the permanent treaty, on May 23, 1903, between the republic of Cuba and the United States of America. Ratifications were exchanged in the city of Washington on July 1, 1904. Thus this international convention—which will remain in force until the two nations shall agree to alter it—replaced the law of the United States of America denominated "the Platt amendment," which the constitutional convention added to our constitution. Thus was fulfilled the eighth clause of the amendment and of the appendix to our constitution.

CUBA HAS CARRIED OUT THE PERMANENT TREATY: ARTICLE VII

ON FEBRUARY 16 and 17, 1903, the president of Cuba and the president of the United States, Estrada Palma and Roosevelt, concluded a convention as to coaling and naval stations; and another, on July 2 following, to amplify the earlier one. On December 10 of the same year possession was given to the United States of America of the portions of land and water rented to that nation for the establishment of the naval station of Guantánamo. By these conventions, the seventh clause of the amendment and appendix was carried into effect. Later on negotiations were begun to the effect that the United States should not establish another naval station at Bahía Honda and that she might extend somewhat the territories of the station of Guantánamo; but the negotiation has not yet been concluded definitively.

THE AMERICAN SENATE AND ARTICLE VI

AS MAY be seen, Cuba fulfilled the obligations she assumed when the constitutional convention voted in favor of the appendix already cited so many times; and therefore she had a right to expect that the American senate would approve the treaty of February 23, 1903, in recognition of our sovereignty over the Isla de Pinos: an island which, from its discovery, had never ceased to be a part of Cuba, an integral part of the province of Habana, before we had even dreamed of becoming independent, and which the Cubans will never cease to recognize as a portion of their territory. What we had hoped for did not take place. The treaty failed because it was not ratified within the seven months in which the ratifications were to have been exchanged. Negotiations were then begun, on March 2, 1904, between our never to be forgotten minister, Gonzalo de Quesada, and Secretary John Hay, for a new treaty that would entirely reproduce the earlier one, but without fixing a period for the ratification, in order to avoid a new failure. On June 4 following it was approved by our senate, but the senate of the United States of America, in spite of the favorable report of its commit-

tee on foreign relations, has not yet given its approval, even nineteen years after it was signed, and although it set forth in its stipulations that the United States would renounce her claim to the Isla de Pinos in consideration of concessions of naval and coaling stations to be granted by Cuba.

CUBA WILL NEVER FAIL TO FULFIL ARTICLE I

IN THE course of the years during which the Cuban republic has existed, she has always faithfully fulfilled the obligation that she assumed in the first article of the permanent treaty, and it may be roundly affirmed that she will never fail to fulfil it. Inasmuch as the Cubans are ardent in the maintenance of their independence, achieved after countless sacrifices, they will never conclude any treaty that would diminish it; nor will they permit—unless their extermination should occur previously—any foreign power to take possession of, or acquire jurisdiction over, any portion of the national territory.

CUBA IS CARRYING OUT ARTICLE II

NEVER, in pursuance of the prohibition contained in the second article, has the government of Cuba assumed or contracted any debt for the payment of interest or for the final amortization of which, after meeting the current expenses of the government, the ordinary revenues of the nation would be inadequate; and if, during the economic disaster that enveloped the world after the great European war, Cuba fell behind for a few months in the payment of certain sums for the amortization of and interest on the public debt, she was able quickly to meet these obligations, and the holders—in good faith—of her bonds have never ceased to be disposed to confide in the unfailing reliability that our republic has exhibited in respect of her creditors.

CUBA IS FULFILLING ARTICLE IV

THE stipulations of article IV have been carried out faithfully at every moment; and all the acts accomplished by the United States in Cuba during the military occupation have been regarded as valid, and the rights legally acquired in

virtue of them have been upheld and protected.

CUBA IS CARRYING OUT ARTICLE V

THE obligations that might be looked upon as of a sanitary character, covered by the fifth article, have been and are being observed in so rigid a manner that the average annual mortality in Cuba is far lower than that of any state of the American Union; and we have frequently had occasion here to take measures to protect ourselves against epidemic or infectious diseases that have appeared in the United States.

CUBA AND ARTICLE III OF THE PERMANENT TREATY

LET it be observed then that the permanent treaty has always been fulfilled by Cuba, in all of its articles, in respect of the duties imposed by it without giving to the United States any right whatsoever to intervene. As to the third article, which concedes this right of intervention, Cuba has complied with it tactfully and prudently; and when the revolution of August, 1906, which caused the resignation of President Estrada Palma and all the members of his administration, left the republic without an executive, and the legislature—by an oversight never sufficiently regretted—failed to provide a presidential substitute, the Cuban people were willing, in conformity with their international obligation, that the United States of America should intervene and assume charge of the administration until a new executive should be elected. In the same way, that part of the Cuban people who, in February, 1917, had risen in arms against the constituted government because they conceived that their constitutional rights had been violated, returned to their homes when the government of the United States gave its moral support to President Menocal. They understood, doubtless, that it was a question of the second of the three cases which, according to this third article of the permanent treaty, permitted the United States to exercise the right of intervention. It is proper to recall here that Mr. Bacon, who was sent with Mr. Taft to Cuba during the revolution against

Estrada Palma, presented, years later, to the American senate a bill in respect of the right granted by this article. He declared, on May 7, 1913, that he was one of those who thought that this right had been exercised in a most unfortunate manner and with most unfortunate results.

THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA AND HER INTERNATIONAL OBLIGATIONS

THAT Cuba has fulfilled every one of her international obligations is demonstrated by the excellent relations she maintains with all the powers and the good treatment that foreign persons and interests have received in our country; and it is also proven by the attentions and honors and considerations that have been bestowed on representatives of the republic in diplomatic missions, congresses and conferences. An example of this is the election, which I have already mentioned, of Doctor Bustamante as a member of the Permanent Court of International Justice, and in the appreciation that has been shown the republic in the league of nations—that vigorous organization in which fifty-two powers participate—and in the present Pan American Conference.⁸

THE RIGHT TO INTERVENE, ACCORDING TO JAMES BROWN SCOTT

YOU will recall that so renowned an authority as our illustrious friend, the president of the American Institute of International Law, James Brown Scott, in the inaugural address he delivered at the meeting of the institute held in Habana on January 22, 1917, said:

May I dwell for a moment on the Platt amendment and upon the official interpretation of it given by its author, Mr. Root, when secretary of war and representing the United States. The Platt amendment gives the United States a right to intervene in Cuba for the protection of the independence, not for the destruction of the independence, of Cuba, thus creating a legal right as distinguished from a political pretension. The amendment enumerates the conditions in which and because of which this right of intervention may be exercised. But in order that there might be no doubt as to the meaning

to be attached to the right of intervention and its exercise, Mr. Root, as secretary of war and as representing the United States, interpreted the third article of the Platt amendment, and this interpretation was by his direction laid before the Cuban constitutional convention, so that, in adopting the Platt amendment, it should be adopted in the same sense by both countries; that is to say, the sense which Mr. Root attached to it in his telegram to General Wood, then military governor, and by him laid before the constitutional convention, which adopted the amendment and annexed it to the constitution. The Platt amendment creates the right; Mr. Root's interpretation defines the right and limits its scope, and as both countries must have understood the right and its exercise as defined and limited by Secretary Root, speaking for the United States, it necessarily follows that, without violating its good faith, neither country can be forced to accept another and a different interpretation of this right. As I conceive it, the Platt amendment not only guarantees the independence of Cuba, but it also renders its guarantee effective. The United States deemed it wise, indeed necessary, to remove from foreign countries all pretexts for intervention in the domestic concerns of Cuba. In obtaining the right from and in behalf of Cuba, the United States expressly defined the right, limited its scope, and stated the conditions of its exercise.⁹

CROWDER AND ELECTORAL LEGISLATION

AFTER the pacification of the republic subsequent to the revolution of February, 1917, was accomplished, Enoch H. Crowder—whether mistakenly, in order to remove from the measures that were being taken in Washington against the government of President Menocal all pretext or whether because it was believed necessary in good faith to alter the electoral legislation that had prevailed thitherto, which was prepared during the second American intervention by the consulting committee, composed of a minority of American and a majority of Cuban lawyers and presided over by General Crowder, at the time colonel and judge advocate—came to Cuba on an invitation extended, it is true, through our minister, Céspedes, and given by the president of the republic, in the early months of 1919, to devote him-

⁸The Fifth Pan American Conference, held in Santiago, Chile, in the spring of 1923.—THE EDITOR.

⁹James Brown Scott: *The Recommendations of Habana Concerning International Organization*, New York, 1917, page 13.—THE EDITOR.

self to the study of reforms that ought to be recommended in respect of electoral legislation. As no evidence whatsoever existed at the time that his mission would possess any other character than a purely scientific one, that is, that of an expert in the subject regarding which knowledge was being sought, there was no objection to the formation of the committee of senators and representatives which, with the collaboration of the illustrious personage, prepared a bill that embodied the electoral code. This bill was submitted to the congress, it was approved by an overwhelming majority and it received the praise of the country in general.

General Crowder withdrew after the examination and adoption of the regulations for the taking of the census and some other measures that the congress deemed necessary as a means of making it possible to hold the next presidential election without difficulty. I myself, who had the honor to be a member of the committee of senators and representatives, induced the congress to vote in favor of a resolution to express to him our gratitude for his good services.

THE RATHBONE MISSION: ITS GLOOMY REPORTS

THE terrible economic crisis that forced the government of the republic to declare a moratorium on October 10, 1920, and the menace of general ruin caused by the unexpected decline in the price of sugar, the failure of almost all the banks organized in the country and the paralyzation of trade with the outside world, again gave rise to a request for the aid of an American expert. This time Mr. Arthur Rathbone was the expert, recommended as such by the department of state at Washington, I have been informed. I was returning from Europe at the time, and as I passed through the United States, I heard that this gentleman was on his way to Habana. I deemed his being summoned a mistake. Perhaps his government also soon came to the same conclusion, for, twelve or fifteen days later, Mr. Rathbone had departed, after making a report of no importance whatsoever to the president on December 17, but the truth is that, when this expert returned to

the American federal capital, he painted the situation of Cuba in very gloomy colors, and he probably suggested also, as the only panacea, the placing of a very large loan.

THE PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE ARRIVES ON THE BATTLESHIP "MINNESOTA"

THERE was discussion in Cuba and also in the United States of the elections held on November 1, 1920, for the renewal of the constitutional powers of our republic. Months in advance had begun the long process of the reorganization of parties, the designation of candidates, the formation of the electoral lists, and therefore the practical application of the brand-new electoral code; and one good day, when the new year was dawning, it was made public in Habana that President Wilson was sending General Crowder to Cuba to aid in seeking a solution of the economic crisis under which the country was groaning. President Menocal then demanded that he should be informed why General Crowder was being sent and in what capacity he was coming. The reply was that he was being sent for the purpose just indicated and in the capacity of a personal representative of the president; and so, shortly afterward, Major-General Enoch H. Crowder reached Habana on board the battleship *Minnesota* of the navy of the United States of America.

THE ECONOMIC CRISIS AND THE CUBAN CONGRESS

IN THE meanwhile, neither sparing nor remiss, the congress of the republic was studying and seeking solutions of the economic crisis, and when General Crowder, after visiting the presidential palace, became worn out by American bankers and merchants, who sought nothing more than the immediate termination of the moratorium that had been decreed by the executive power—although this would have brought about the general failure of the banks, merchants, planters, tenants and industrials of the country—it was discovered that there already existed in the executive branch of the government plans, regarding which the president of the re-

public was being consulted, to lift the moratorium without violence, to provide for the resumption of payments and the reorganization and liquidation of the banks that had failed, and to study and prepare, with the assistance of the leading business corporations, through a committee of which both they and the executive power and the branches of congress should be represented, a plan for a definitive banking legislation.

It ought to be recognized—and I must declare it, because of the active part I then took in all these affairs—that General Crowder strove as far as possible, in view of his instructions and his peculiar rôle, to aid and to facilitate the arduous work of the executive and legislative branches of the republic, principally by replying, through his reports to Washington, to other reports very prejudicial to Cuba.

When the three laws relative to economic problems that had been formulated by congress were at length promulgated in the *Gaceta Oficial*, it seemed logical that Crowder's mission would terminate, since every plan to place a loan had been abandoned; but political strife, the practical application of the electoral code in the elections that were held in November and the complementary ones of March, 1921, caused General Crowder to be retained in Habana or to be sent there again, for one reason or another. Then occurred something as curious as, while he was getting ready to depart—at the beginning of the term of President Zayas and at the request of the retiring Cuban secretary of state—his being ordered by the new administration of President Harding to remain in Cuba and to give to President Zayas the benefit of his knowledge. It is unnecessary to recall at the present time, in this session, all that painful incident, which was without precedent.

AN EFFORT TO DISTORT THE MEANING OF THE TREATY

FROM then until the present time, an effort has been made arbitrarily to distort the meaning of some of the clauses of the permanent treaty; and this is what we are going to show at once, free of all fear, solely with a view to trying to prevent

a disturbance of relations between Cuba and the United States and to cause them to be for ever what they were in the past, that is, those of close cordiality and coöperation, as is proper between two peoples that have so many reasons for preserving a good and loyal friendship while they exist on the earth and are the lords and masters of their respective territories.

THE LOAN AS A SOURCE OF INTERVENTION

IN THE days in which the administration of President Zayas began, it was maintained by many people—citizens and foreigners—that the only way to solve successfully the problems of the crisis that still continued in the sugar industry, of the scarcity of money in the banks and of the condition of the national treasury, caused by the great falling off in the revenues of the state, owing to the bad situation of the country in general, consisted in the national government's arranging for a heavy loan. There was even talk of two loans—one of them internal and the other foreign—of more than a hundred million dollars. Behold, the source of the greatest difficulties that have arisen since that time!

There were not wanting those that sought to pry into even the most secret corner of the national offices in the effort to investigate everything that might affect public and private wealth, nearly or remotely, in order to ascertain whether it would be possible to place the loan; and of this same error the special mission was guilty, in manifest opposition to the spirit and letter of article II of the permanent treaty and to the interpretation, always conclusive, that Secretary Root had given to that stipulation when it was claimed that the Cuban constituent convention accepted it along with the other clauses of the famous Platt amendment.

Whenever our republic, from her birth until the present moment, has attempted to place a loan, she has confined herself to offering to those that were interested in it the data necessary to show that she was fulfilling the conditions of article II and the constitutional precepts, still stricter even than it, while at the same time the government at Washington was supplied

with the necessary antecedents, that it might be thoroughly informed as to whether the conditions of the often mentioned articles of the permanent treaty were being fulfilled. It did not happen thus on the last occasion, however. It is public knowledge that the personal representative of the president of the United States of America made such strange requests and demanded such curious information, always related to the projected loan, that the patriotic spirit of the many Cubans that are interested in these questions—and it may even be said of that of all our people, who love, and are devoted to, their sovereignty and independence—became seriously alarmed.

AN INACCEPTABLE INTERPRETATION

IT WAS then that [such sensational rumors were published in the newspapers of this capital to the effect that the senate of the republic conceived it to be its duty to send a committee to visit the president, in order to inform itself of what was occurring; and it was then also that the members of this committee, with surprise and grief, were able to examine, in the presence of the president, that correspondence of which there has been so much talk: the correspondence that was addressed to him by the personal representative of President Harding.

Yet, however great were our surprise and displeasure, nothing was equal to the gravity assumed by the fact that all that documentation was closely related to a note in which the personal representative transmitted to the señor president another note from the department of state of the United States in which, in the course of many arguments, an effort was made to demonstrate the close union that existed between the second and third articles of the permanent treaty, in order thus to try, by joining the one to the other, to cause to be recognized the right of his government to have, through this special mission of his to our president, free and unrestricted access to all the sources of information that he might need, including even the power to make the investigations he might deem necessary in the realm of the operations of the government.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SENATE

IN SPITE of the information that the senate obtained through its committee on this occasion, that the president of the republic rejected the new interpretations that it was being sought to give to the articles mentioned of the permanent treaty, the upper chamber, on the initiative of our very illustrious compatriot the señor Wifredo Fernández, and after examining, and thinking over, the plan in secret sessions, adopted, in the open session of June 20 of last year, four resolutions, the last two of which are as follows:

Third. When the Platt amendment was considered by the constituent convention, it was accepted in view of the interpretation given it by the military governor of the island, in the name of the president of the United States, in his letter of April 2, 1901, that "it was not synonymous with intermeddling or interference with the affairs of the Cuban government."¹⁰ The senate declared that it is the desire of the people of Cuba that the action of the government of the United States in our internal affairs shall be in harmony with the spirit and the letter of the Platt amendment as it appears in the interpretation to which allusion has been made.

Fourth. The senate declares that the people of Cuba cherish the supreme aspiration that the relations between the two governments shall always be maintained in a manner compatible with the sentiments of regard that the Cubans feel toward the United States, to which we desire to continue bound by the historic ties of gratitude.

CUBA AGAINST FISCAL INTERFERENCE

AFTER long vicissitudes, the congress voted definitively for a law that authorized the placing of a loan for only fifty million dollars; and doubtless because of the tenacity with which the executive power, many of the distinguished members of both chambers, the business firms and some of our great newspapers combated the idea that Cuba should accept any sort of American supervision over the income of the Cuban exchequer—a supervision that a functionary of the United States recommended or attempted to recommend,

¹⁰James Brown Scott: *The Recommendations of Habana Concerning International Organization*, New York, 1917, page 12.—THE EDITOR.

according to what was published opportunely—doubtless because of this tenacity, it was that this absurd effort, in reality, equivalent to fiscal intermeddling, was abandoned. It must be concluded that President Harding did not accept these suggestions, which clearly violated the permanent treaty.

The very advantageous terms to the republic on which the loan was placed a short time ago—terms such as had never been obtained by any other nation since before the great European war—have demonstrated, first, the credit of Cuba in the United States and throughout the world; and, second, that this credit did not need to be strengthened by a violation on the part of the United States of the permanent treaty and by a dishonorable submission to that violation on the part of the people of Cuba, represented by their executive and legislative powers, which would have destroyed our international personality.

CONCLUSION OF THE SPECIAL MISSION

SHORTLY after the loan was negotiated and effected, the special mission with which, during the last years of the administration of President Wilson and the first years of that of President Harding, General Crowder was intrusted in Cuba, was concluded. When the American legation in our country was elevated to the rank of embassy, General Crowder was appointed ambassador. The ambassador of the United States of America, an experienced jurist, will be the first to recognize that the permanent treaty may only be used in conformity with its letter and its spirit and with the authentic interpretation of it that was given it on an appropriate occasion by the government of the United States through the medium of Secretary Root.

THE PROPER COURSE

EVERYTHING that signifies departure from this course of conduct will produce countless disturbances in the relations between the people that have always been the best of friends and that are anxious to be able to continue to be so among the members of the international community. Every departure from the

proper course will force Cuba to have to do what was said a short time ago by the president of the American Institute of International Law, James Brown Scott, among other eminent internationalists, in a paper on "The Isle of Pines," as may be seen in the following words:

It was apparently the intention of Cuba and of the United States that the provisions of the Platt amendment should state and define the relations between the two republics in such a way that neither of them could, without the consent of the other, modify the obligations created by the amendment; that Cuba could not lessen them without the consent of the United States, and that the United States could not enlarge them without the consent of Cuba; that each of the contracting parties to the treaty could interpret it for itself, but that neither could impose its interpretation upon the other; that differences of interpretation should be reconciled through diplomatic channels, and that in case of a failure to reach an agreement by this method, resort should be had to arbitration, as is the custom between independent and self-respecting nations. Great is the strength of the United States; great should be its generosity toward the lesser nation. *No-blesse oblige*.¹¹

It is proper to mention that Doctor James Scott is a person closely identified with Mr. Elihu Root and intimately associated with the department of state.

CUBAN OPINION

WHAT is thought about these subjects that relate to the permanent treaty by men of the greatest authority in our country may be learned by those that preserve and are willing to finger again the pages of the *Día*, a newspaper of this capital, which, in April and May of last year, published their opinions. They may differ as to words, estimates and proceedings, but the truth is that the illustrious Cubans that bear the names of Antonio Sánchez de Bustamante, Manuel Sanguily, Fernando Freyre de Andrade, Enrique José Varona, Domingo Méndez Capote, Fernando Sánchez de Fuentes, Juan J. Maza y Artola, Diego Tamayo, Antonio Gonzalo Pérez, Eusebio Hernández, Ge-

¹¹James Brown Scott: "The Isle of Pines," in *The American Journal of International Law* for January, 1923, page 102.—THE EDITOR.

rardo Machado, Manuel Mázquez Sterling, Ricardo Dolz, and others regarding whom my memory may have failed me, all, in unison, have voiced an opinion in favor of the sacredness of relations between Cuba and the United States, as they were established by virtue of the antecedents I have presented to you in this meager paper, perhaps at too great length.

It is just to recall other illustrious Cubans also, who, on other occasions, said in a loud voice, in a very loud voice, what they thought regarding these serious and delicate problems; and among those that have discussed them with devotion and brilliancy should be mentioned Evelio Rodríguez Lendián, Aurelio Hevia, Gonzalo de Quesada, José Antonio González Lanuza, Juan Gualberto Gómez, José Varela Zequirá, Leopoldo Cancio, Rafael Martínez Ortiz, Rafael Montoro, Mariano Aremburo, Eliseo Giberga, Carlos de Velasco, José M. Cabarrocas. Among the younger members of our Sociedad Cubana de Derecho Internacional, an untiring group that has made our relations with the United States and the permanent treaty that defines them the object of meditation and notable publications, based on sound juridical standards, I ought to mention here Emilio Roig de Leuchsering, Luis Machado, Luis Marino Pérez and Gustavo Gutiérrez.

The learned Cuban bibliographer, Carlos M. Trelles, has recently published a work, entitled *Estudio de la bibliografía cubana sobre la doctrina de Monroe*, which might be consulted with profit by those that wish for documentation on these subjects.

CUBA IS FREE AND SHE AFFIRMS HER SOVEREIGN RIGHTS

AT THE close of his address, our secretary of state repeated to us some words pronounced by the great internationalist, Pascuale Fiore, when, one day in the month of September, 1912, he was making an excursion through the charming region of the Swiss Jura:

Pradier-Fodéré and others say that I exalt myself to the regions of the ideal when I affirm that, in order to establish the equilibrium of the powers of states upon a solid basis, it would be

necessary to found it on this juridical basis: *that every autonomous people, whatever its size or strength, ought to live in all security and in all liberty side by side with the most powerful and formidable nations.* This will happen when the principle of nationality and sovereignty shall be recognized universally. Then there will be no domain of force, because right will reign.

It is to this that the Cuban people aspire. They recognize the great nobility of the country of Washington and Roosevelt, of Lincoln and Harding, because their own independence was due as much to the powerful aid of the United States as to the generations of Cubans that swept the island with fire and blood to liberate it. They are well aware that the American people have always been disposed to maintain the principle—so strongly proclaimed by the great senator of France, Léon Bourgeois, justly called “the grandfather of the league of nations”—that when it is a question of rights and ideas, disparity ceases and the rights of the smaller and weaker powers are of as much importance and weigh as much in the balance as those of the strongest powers.

It was the right of the Cuban people’s to have the permanent treaty carried out, as it was concluded, and not according to interpretations that are not those of such great men as McKinley, Platt and Root, who, by their explanations, succeeded in inducing the constituent convention from which the Cuban republic sprang to accept their clauses.

There is no mistake or evil action or crookedness or stupidity or immorality of the public men of Cuba that may not be amended, corrected or punished according to our constitution and our laws. In the last extreme, when neither the congress nor the courts of justice perform their duty—a case that will never occur—there remains to the people the inalienable right of rising against such as tyrannize over, humiliate, degrade or dishonor them. Every bad man, every bad citizen, every bad functionary, will pass; but the republic is permanent, it will subsist for ever; and in order that it may subsist and merit the respect of the other nations, in order that it may endure with immutable life and may always coöperate internationally with the other

free peoples for the achievement of victory in peace, right and justice, it is imperatively necessary that all of us in Cuba, united, shall defend what is the foundation of her very life: the inviolability of our sovereign rights and the permanent treaty that recognizes them, until, as I said in my

address of March 5, 1922, better times shall come in which the governments of the two peoples can, with greater frankness and harmony, negotiate a treaty of alliance that will take the place of the one that to-day governs the relations between the two republics.



ESTHETIC EDUCATION

BY

ALEJANDRO ANDRADE COELLO

An Ecuadorian man of letters, after emphasizing the importance of art—in whatsoever form—particularly in this age, which he conceives to be materialistic and commercial, illustrates his theme by outlining the efforts of a Uruguayan woman of letters and teacher in behalf of the proper training of children in the sense of the beautiful.—THE EDITOR.

THE illustrious Uruguayan poet, Luisa Luisi, with a temperament trained to the diffusion of beauty, draws from her lyre sweet notes that intone the romance of her deep feeling, revealing states of consciousness thirsting for the infinite. The scale of her lyricism runs parallel with the description of the landscape, through tones of convalescence, nervous equilibrium, the softening quietude of the emotions, sweet psychic joy in the presence of the permeation of life, whose waves develop so many limitless perspectives. She does not seem to be indifferent at eventide to the enchantments of melancholy.

However, we are not going to analyze the poet in the splendor of her varied inspiration. Under another aspect—experimental educational—we shall consider her, in the fervor of her scholarly prose, designed to establish on enduring foundations the fate of childhood in America, where art has not yet become deeply rooted.

As an official theme, profusely illustrated by appeal to the modern esthetes, she contributed to the Second Pan American Child Congress a fine thesis in defense of the cultivation of the spirit. She advocated the establishment of artistic culture in the schools, neglected in so many institutions of the New World, in this period of consuming industrial fever, thirst for gold, absorbing, pitiless vigils, kept exclusively for material comfort. Of course beauty must rest on physical well-being, wealth, progress, which constitute the sure basis of future triumphs, as occurs in the United States. What is censurable is that those of this period should attempt to overlook the other phase of civilization, should quench the sacred fire of souls, to cramp the

esthetic flight, casting Mercury into the air and burying Apollo rather than Minerva.

It is not the fault of the equalitarian tendency of democracy, impugned by the aristocracies of talent; it is the fault of wrong administrative direction, which has not exhausted its resources to convert the school into spiritual refinement and an apostolate of esthetic distinction.

To those that have dulled their aspirations, dreaming is the entertainment of the idle and the weak. Those that have been made dizzy by brutal daily turmoil disdain other refined intoxications. It might be said that pure art is dying, poisoned by the mercantilistic virus.

In the analytic thinking of Luisa Luisi, this century seems to reproach the inheritance that was left it by the preceding one, which cared for the scientific lights, until they smacked of *The Arabian Nights*, without heeding the languor of the unsatisfied soul. If man does not live by bread alone, why the scramble for bread, to the neglect of other things? Hence comforts are a decoration of magic, thanks to science and industry. Electricity works miracles. By the pressing of a button we change the earth into an Aladdinesque enchantment.

Distances are being overcome, space has been reduced, the activities of the machine have been multiplied, life is being prodigiously imitated in the motion picture, nature has been conquered by subjecting her to retouching, and even physical pain is tamed by science.

What does humanity lack? In spite of the surprising thaumaturgies, we should venture to affirm that spiritual work—mocked by human cruelty—is in swaddling bands, and that a titanic effort is required to impart to it a new existence.

Hence the poet remarks hopelessly that:

Amid the satisfaction of its most fantastic desire, gratified by wisdom and genius, the soul feels itself a prisoner to its very pleasures and its very comforts, absent from all that marvel that surrounds it like an enchanted palace, bereft of beauty and thirsting for the ideal.

To think of this vexes, tortures. The social need of art, the foundation of the vivifying humane impulse, grows in proportion as the new generations develop in indifference to the great problems of the spirit, disinterested thought, elevation of views, the lure of altruism; all that requires love, tolerance and sacrifice, on the altar of the embellishment of hearts, arid and hard, misshapen and unfruitful.

Humanity is lacking in the artistic glow that tames the wild beast, files the claws of the tiger and closes the jaws of the wolf. Millions of Russians display an ancestral cruelty that racks the nerves. Art has never pierced their souls. They are unesthetic; therefore they are barbarous. A granite of poesy might humanize their customs.

The classic Francisco A. de Icaza has related that only on one occasion did he see discomposed and angered the mild and skeptical philosopher Campoamor, who jotted down such tender, and to appearances, petty motives in his inexhaustible note-book for his poems. When he was invited to contribute to a review of anemic life, he read the prospectus. In it the ephemeral publication announced that its columns were open to all expressions of the intellect, "without disdaining poetry."

"Imbeciles!" exclaimed Campoamor paradoxically: "Disdain poetry when the worst of verse is worth more than the best of prose!"

What would he have shouted now when poetry has reached so low an ebb, profaned by those that falsify and adulterate it, by putting it forward as a bait for golden gains? "Verse is very unproductive," they repeat in a tone of contempt; it is tolerated as a means of advertising industries and merchandise.

Here lies the evil that will dry up the fountains of human piety and betterment.

Luisa Luisi does not doubt for a moment

the civilizing mission of poetry. Transplanted wisely in the schools, it will change the children into flowers doubly beautiful: in their souls and in their bodies.

As an educator, as a contributor to morality, as a master of language, as an instrument of lofty and disinterested artistic pleasure, poetry demands a privileged place in our scheme of teaching.

In her brief defense, bravely set forth, of artistic education, she draws on Renan, Guyot, Fouillée, Gsell, Gaultier, Boutroux and other philosophers of the beautiful, without neglecting the ancient platonic doctrines on the subject.

In agreement with Hegel, she affirms that art raises us to a higher sphere. "There is something more, however," she adds. "Art is, above everything, generosity. No one better than de Musset, in his admirable verses on the *Nuit d'octobre*, has given such relief to the pain of the artist who, like the pelican, plucks his own flesh and draws his own blood, to deliver them, in the finished work, to the spiritual aptitude of its admirers."

Having proved the social power of art to the point of satiety, she discourses lightly on what might be called "inferior art," which does not contain in itself the property of firing us enthusiastically and nobly "in a sovereign communion with ideality."

With mature judgment, she devotes a few words to the so much disputed theory of morality and art. Above all dialectics rises the supreme intention of the artist to achieve beauty; and, at all events, when we intuit it, when it enters us through the windows of the senses to throb in the heart, we feel regenerated. The sectarian formula of "art for art's sake," the Uruguayan educator thinks may bring about its definitive sterilization. It would be to rob it of human finality and to wrest from it, at length, reality, virtue, goodness and the sincere aroma, which is the subtle perfume that renders human work attractive and durable. If the artist reflects his inspiration and his soul, how can he stand aloof from life? How, while isolating himself from the world and from his environment, will he breathe, as in an exhausted air chamber, the rarefied atmosphere of an

art that is selfish and lacking in consequences?

To those that have a passion for the beautiful there is nothing indifferent: their struggles, their adventures, their vices and virtues, their downfalls and uprisings, render more comprehensive and attractive the art they express. Why do the *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius shine more and more? Because we are not unacquainted with his life. Why are the dramas of Shakespeare more sublime? Because we are not indifferent to the training of the actor and author. The distressing biographies of Dante and Cervantes—worthy and serene amid persecutions, misfortunes and poverty—are rays of light that lend more clarity to their works. The moral combat of Montalvo, his iron character, his life of protest against all iniquity, make of his beautiful pages orbs of greater refulgence. The others—the weak and delinquent—subtract particles of admiration from the body of their work, although, isolated, it shines, even if we do not fail on this account—by pardoning, overlooking and forgetting their unworthy deeds—to admire the works of art, which, anointed by the numen, rise from the mire; for their authors become like angels in the moment of esthetic conception. The sublime dynamic is the harmony of production and life.

The talented Luisa Luisi advocates the wise introduction of artistic teaching into the schools of America. The education of the senses in beauty, song, music, drawing, the contemplation of masterpieces and gymnastics are the building stones of the foundation of child culture; and, over it all, as a regal crown: poetry.

Here are some of the important conclusions at which she arrives. Each of them is worthy of long and detailed comment; but, against our will—for we are tempted to devote a volume to them—we synthesize:

Culture ought to be the chief aim of artistic education in South America

Begin with buildings of sober decoration.

Maps, charts, plans, et cetera, are aids to instruction; not adornments for the walls.

Banish from schools everything that may develop bad taste in children, all falsifications of art.

Natural plants and flowers are means within the reach of all to adorn and gladden the *house of the child*.

Light, sunshine, outings, contact with nature, are sources of artistic suggestions.

American school art ought, above all things, to find inspiration in American nature.

Visits to museums, monuments; the cinematograph; detachable lithographs and prints; reproductions of noted paintings; song, declamation, rhythmical gymnastics: all are factors in artistic culture.

Teachers ought to specialize in the diffusion of art, in order that their tasks may not become difficult or burdensome.

The reading-book is an important factor in education in art. In the making of reading-books expressive of an art that shall be lofty and sane and consonant with the childish nature, the collaboration of men of letters and teachers is necessary.

From all that has been said it may be concluded that artistic education in the school can only be imparted by our artists. It ought to begin therefore in the normal school, and thence extend to the secondary school, and finally to the primary school, which will be, at length, the center and beginning of all artistic culture.





Anaxagoras invented the Hunger Strike

ANAXAGORAS is, of course, the name of another B. C. Greek who did something worth while. Look him up. You will find, among other things, he didn't make his philosophy pay and decided to starve himself to death. He kept at it for about a week, then changed his mind. What bothered his old gray head was that the self-torture affected his brain and he couldn't think properly. It was all right for his flesh to waste away, or for his blood to dry up, and his bones to get brittle, but when it came to his mentality being disturbed, Anaxagoras decided that was carrying a joke too far.

Turning to a friend he said: "Those who have occasion for a lamp, supply it with oil." And he began to take a little nourishment. Later on when he had a spare moment to meditate about his escapade, he remarked: "My offense was

not my own alone; it seemed I had made it an offense to all my loved ones and friends."

Plutarch, unfortunately, does not finish the incident. The inference is fairly plain, however, that Anaxagoras reasoned that he ought to leave his family and friends a greater heritage than starvation. Many men live in opulence today and die tomorrow in penury. Don't be an Anaxagoras! Life insurance will provide against an offense to the loved ones.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD
President



HOME OFFICE: NEWARK
New Jersey

If Every Wife Knew What Every Widow Knows—Every Husband Would be Insured



EVERY Hupmobile owner profits directly, in better results and lower costs, by our policy of building only one chassis type.

Obviously, such a plan is a manufacturing economy; and the savings it produces are devoted to making all important Hupmobile parts and processes precisely as fine as those used in cars of much higher price.

Out of this policy springs the extraordinary loyalty of our owners.

For they find its advantages expressed in the way the Hupmobile lasts, and in the way it keeps going without anything like the usual frequency and cost of bothersome adjustment.



*One million
new users
will say this year
"Royal Cords!"*

The New Discoveries in Rubber Manufacture Now applied to U.S. Royal Cords

BY this time you have probably read the newspaper announcements of the three greatest discoveries in tire manufacture in the history of tires.

For your convenience we repeat them—

1. **Sprayed Rubber**—the first truly pure rubber.
2. **Web Cord**—a rubber-webbed sheet of cords with every filament of each cord impregnated and surrounded by pure natural rubber. It does away with all cross tie-threads. It is the most substantial step in friction elimination since the old type square woven fabric gave way to cord construction.

3. The new **Flat Band Process** of building a cord tire—ensuring for the first time a uniform tire equalized through and through in resiliency and resistance to puncture and wear.

These three new major contributions to the art of rubber manufacture have been utilized to give the Royal Cord a better, longer lived—more resilient carcass and a better, stronger, longer wearing tread.

Again you see U. S. Royal Cords living up to their leadership obligations.

Again you see U. S. Royal Cords practicing what they preach.

Competition for greater public confidence and larger public service.



Trade Mark

United States Tires are Good Tires

37
—

40
280
14
280
—
112
28
—
8

11CH.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

11 10 19

BOUND



3 9015 07476 8709

