

National Monuments:
Almeida Garrett's *Travels in My Homeland*

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The number and diversity of items in Garrett's digressions in *Travels in My Homeland* are so maddening that one is hard pressed to find method in the madness. In set-theory terms the answer is quite simple, as Garrett himself makes plain in one of the early chapters in the novel: "But what can all this have to do with the journey from Azambuja to Cartaxo? The closest and most genuine relation possible. Thinking or dreaming these things did I ride the whole way until I found myself in the middle of the Azambuja pine forest" (Garrett 37; trans. slightly altered). The several items in the digressions are Garrett's thoughts or dreams, and their coherence lies in his having thought them. The unity of this open class disclosed, we need a higher-order description of the type in order to find out what, if anything, unifies its several tokens. The task is daunting when we realize that the first chapters of the novel are but a series of false starts.

Consider the following examples of a discarded setting, character, and poetic mode. In Chapter V, Azambuja's pine forest is said to be disappointing, "a handful of skimpy, stunted pine-trees," not the druidic wood in which the narrator expected to place "all ready, *cut out*," Schiller's robbers. The "pine forest of Azambuja has moved," carried off by a wily Orpheus, preempting Garrett's impulse to use it in his "master-works" (40, 39, 41). Deprived of a setting, the narrator has other losses to tally. In the previous chapter, he had lost a prospective heroine to an unbecoming boldness of manner, choosing not to

rely on the blazons of neoclassical poetics for a description of her “black” or “saphirine” eyes (37). Bereft of heroine and setting, he attempts in Chapter VI a particular poetic mode.

Although Camões’s “heterogeneous and heterodox mixture of theology and mythology, of the allegorical myths of paganism and the austere symbols of Christianity” in the *Lusiads* is “inexcusable,” he will nevertheless use its machinery in order to parley with the dead. In the “world of shades” to which he thus gains access, he will question on a point of political economy the Marquis of Pombal, the eighteenth-century enlightened despot whom he finds playing whist surrounded by many other “shades.” The marquis defends the soundness of his restrictions on wine growing, pointing out that, because they were lifted in Garrett’s time, production has exceeded all demand. The narrator’s descent into this neoclassical underworld has been utilitarian and short on visionary insight. Without a viable setting or defined characters, and with the small return of a mock-visionary mode, his position would be bleak, were it not for an uncanny confidence in his own powers. He thus buoyantly resurfaces “into this world” prosaically mounted on a donkey in order to continue his travels (43, 37, 48). And so must we.

Garrett chooses a setting for the sentimental story within the novel in Chapters VIII–X, a segment so heavily coded that we must stay with it for a while. In Chapter VIII, places are typically keyed to literary forms and genres: alone in the heath between Cartaxo and Santarém, the narrator is enticed by a lyrical impulse that he is unable to follow. The heath is propitious to the lyric, in contrast to the “sublimity of the mountain, or the majesty of the wood, or yet the delight of the valley,” places in which we are to recognize emblematic settings for the epic, the romance, and the novel. But the presence of those around him aborts the incipient lyric, as one of the party of travelers interrupts the narrator’s distracted train of thought to point out that they now stand where the emperor held his last review of the liberal army “after the Battle of Almoester, one of the bitterest and bloodiest of the dreadful [civil] war.” The chatter of the others and the evoked sadness of civil war dissipate the enabling beauty of the heath and a likely inception of the lyric.

Since the sublimity of the epic and the enchantment of romance are equally at odds with the times, Garrett is forced to adopt the valley as the setting for his sentimental-novel-within-the-novel. In the following chapter, a series of what he calls “literary and dramatic prolegomena” leads, in a peculiar inversion of temporal markers recurrent in the novel, to “a review and

reconsideration of the previous chapter." An appraisal of the theatrical works of "a very odd character," the failed playwright Ennius-Manuel de Figueiredo, is the gist of the chapter's backward-looking prolegomena. The narrator's intent here is to adopt the title of one of his failed plays, "A Poet in Times of Prose," as elective self-description.

The narrator has now a stance, that of a poet forced to adopt the ebbing strength of prose, and a setting, the valley where his sentimental-novel-within-the-novel is to take place. (The amenity of the valley will later accommodate war and a tragic ending.) As to the work of mourning, it awaits the "archaeological studies," the inspections of ruined monuments that make up the narrator's "actual" travels. Chapter IX ends therefore in a triumphant tone, with a telling instance of Garrett's major trope in the novel, a syllepsis bridging the "valley [*vale*] of Santarém" and how its beauty "makes up [*vale*] for the many things [the Portuguese] do not have" (56, 58, 59, 63). As the narrator muses on how prose is a male province, foreign to poets and women, the valley's picturesque beauty is suddenly enhanced by a window seen through a clearing. When he tentatively calls out loud the color of the eyes of the woman whom he fancifully surmises in the empty window before him, he stands corrected by one of his companions who overhears him say "black." They were "green," an eccentric third term to the narrator's personal allegiance to "black" or even, on occasion, "to the perverse heresy" of "blue" (76). (These colors are bandied here in a daydream, while echoing the neoclassical diction discarded earlier. Later in the novel, black, blue, and green are embodied in "reality," being allotted to Carlos's serial loves, Laura, Júlia, Georgina, and Joaninha. The progression is here from an outworn poetic diction, through the mistake of the narrator's daydream, into Carlos's distributive erotic reality.)

A failing poet will make prophetic mistakes, even if he disposes of a liminal frame before him, the window that functions here as a virtual narrative device. This passage is crucial to the narratological problems raised in much of the critical literature on Garrett's masterpiece, as the telling of the novel-within-the-novel begins here (Reis). The narrator's companion who has just corrected him is, we are told, the teller of Joaninha's story. But his claim that the story about to be told is a "novel complete in itself, *all done*, as the French say," is undone by the narrator himself, who emphatically calls the story his own: "It is the first episode of my *Odyssey*. I am afraid to start it, because the ladies and men of fashion in my country say that Portuguese is not suitable for it, that French has a certain *je ne sais quoi*"; besides, what is about to be

told is not even “a novel [. . .]. It is a simple, naïve little story.” The story proper then follows, impersonally, “as it was told” (Mendes 67–70).

The passage in Chapter XXVI in which the narrator claims to be the scribe of a story being dictated to him by a traveling companion is, however, overdetermined by one of the book’s most difficult topics. We deal here with the infamous practices of what the narrator rightly dubs “iconoclasts.” A pedantic grammarian, Duarte Nunes de Leão, is first indicted as the “iconoclastic reformer of our ancient chronicles.” Under the shape of history, he “disfigured” the *Niebelunglied* that could have been extracted from those archaic materials. (Garrett’s implicit claim is that his poem *D. Branca*, which he adopted from Duarte Nunes’s text, was an attempt to retrieve the archaism of Nunes’s repressed source, a virtuous instance of Romantic anti-iconoclasm.)

The second indictment of iconoclasm is at the same time an extended praise of iconography. The narrator exhorts the reader to take a chronicle, that of D. Fernando, say, and read it in Santarém, among the stone relics still littering the setting of the chronicled events. Linking art objects to prior texts, iconographic descriptions have a claim to strong referential ties. The reading experiment enabled by carrying a text to its setting, a form of Cratyllician field-work, is illustrated further: Garrett tells us how he never fully understood Shakespeare until he read him, as an émigré, in Warwick on the banks of the Avon River. Other examples intimate, however, disturbances in the model.

The first such disturbance is brought about by excessive reference claims: a “legitimate, raw” Englishman was so affected by Héloïse and Abélard’s letters as he read them before their tomb that he felt the urge to castrate himself in dire emulation of his text. A second type of disturbance works by default: tired of Bentham’s dry prose, unfit for a brilliant winter morning in Lisbon, the narrator takes up the *Lusiads*, as he looks at the Tagus from his window, only to have his aesthetic trance broken by the sight of a shabbily modern navy minister climbing aboard a vessel which Garrett had just fancied emerging out of Camões’s text (145–47). Thus deceived, he falls into a sustained hatred of any printed matter. The relation of settings and texts may then, by excess or default, be exposed as irreparable. These mismatches foreground a third term at the receiving end, the reader who traces and follows its effects. (Reception and genesis are here indistinguishable.)

The “archaeological studies” in the book are an inventory of such mismatches. The monuments described in their contemporary decay are allegorical of a nation’s history. But, whereas an allegory of time may be grounded on

the bass-note of a natural rhythm, as in Wordsworth's old Cumberland beggar, whose decay is continuous with the ground from which he juts as a natural object, in Garrett's homeland it is accelerated by the second nature of a local history. A contemporary insanity haunts municipalities and enlightened ideologists, the executive branch and even the people, in their reforming rage against history. Seven case studies of spoiled monuments in Santarém, here synecdoches for the whole country (67–70), detail this artificially induced, precipitous allegory. Its exemplary nature is first denoted by hyperbole: "Santarém is a book of stone in which is inscribed the most interesting and poetic part of our chronicles." Unfortunately, the book has been torn, mutilated, its pages pulled out.

Santarém is a scene of destruction like Nineveh and Pompeii, the only difference being that, while the latter were undone by natural catastrophes, the former has been destroyed by its inhabitants who are therefore liable and ought to be proverbially lashed (Garrett 157). Consider, for example, how the convent of St. Dominic is now a "barn," its straw still stuck to the damp flagstones, the tombs of the illustrious D'Ocem brothers inaccessibly kept from view in the upper part of the temple (Chap. XXXIX). Or how the Gothic church of St. Francis has been turned into a military depot, the glaze of its "ancient burial monuments" scratched by the bayonets of soldiers who only recently billeted there. After establishing the location of King Fernando's tomb, the narrator climbs up to the choir loft only to find it profaned (Chaps. XLI–XLII).

These descriptions of Santarém's architectural decay, framing a sentimental novel set in a civil war, have a clear allegorical intent. The various apostrophes to Camões, and the verbatim or reworked quotations from his epic, are further evidence of that generic intent. In both *The Lusians* and *Travels in My Homeland* the critical literature recognizes topical complaints of a vanished national splendor. Victor Mendes, who has written the definitive analysis of this topic in Garrett's book, claims that allegory should be seen instead as allegoresis, "that is, Santarém's book [of stone] suspends the surface of the text; the book coincides with its substantial reference. The metaphor of Santarém as book implies, therefore, a version of interpretation in which reference plays a crucial role." This coincidence of book and reference is exhibited in a remark at the end of Garrett's book in which Mendes reads a "desire for a substantial referentiality" (Mendes 70): "So ended our journey to Santarém and so ends this book" (Garrett 246). (That such a programmatic desire be voiced at the book's close leaves open the possibility that any decision over its merits may well be undecidable.) The unstable generic nature of Garrett's

book (is it a novel? a memoir? an autobiography? history?) and its vandalized reference, Santarém's "book of stone," indicate a crisis in representation.

Although I find this description only too persuasive, I fear that we may have to settle for its weak version. A passage from Garrett's book, also quoted by Mendes in his survey of the "book" metaphor in the novel, reads, in fact, as a disclaimer of any strong referential claims, evading any allegoretic level of description:

I am very sorry, dear reader, if you expected something else of my *Travels*, if I unintentionally fail to keep promises you thought to see in the title, but which I certainly did not make. Perhaps you wished me to count the leagues of the highway milestone by milestone? The height and breadth of the buildings palm by palm? Their foundation dates number by number? To summarize the history of every stone, of every ruin? (157)

The computational madness involved in this collapse of writing and reference makes it unworkable. In contrast to the dense quantitative data that would support it, Garrett settles instead for his symptomatic, comparatively sparse, "archaeological studies."

Mendes traces the description of Santarém as a "book of stone" through the chapter on the "book as symbol" in Curtius's immensely learned work. We may, however, accede to its meaning through a reading of its local displacements. The passage's model lies in Alexandre Herculano's "Monumentos pátrios" (1838–39). This series of four essays is a prophetic indictment of contemporary iconoclasm and of its eighteenth-century precursory form. Its tone is fierce, its scope historical: whereas in the previous century-and-a-half architectural neoclassicism added Greek and Roman elements to old Gothic chapels and built an enlightened, if dreary, civic architecture, present-day iconoclasm is more thorough. Engaged in a "liberal" assault against what it calls feudalism, it razes, breaks, scratches, demolishes, overthrows.¹

More precisely: it obliterates ("gnaws," in Herculano's choice term of action) the material script of History. Topics such as the displacement of corpses or the secular appropriation of sacred spaces are presently raised and documented. In a final paragraph of the third essay in the series, Herculano claims that "the hand that tears up the book of stone is as impious as the tongue that recants the word in which it is written," since "the temple and the book of the law are both sensuous types," liable to be destroyed (Herculano,

Opúsculos I 192, 196, 208). At the outset of his last essay, Herculano addresses two instances of architectural decay, which Garrett will later turn, as we have seen, into his “archaeological studies.” First, the convent of St. Dominic, which is now a “barn”—the illustrious D’Ocem brothers here buried, says Herculano, seemed blessed in their advice to the king by “an inspiration from above,” a remark that Garrett deflects into a sylleptic notation of how the brothers’ tombs are hidden above, in the upper story of the temple—and, second, the fine Gothic church of St. Francis, which has been turned into a military depot, where the soldiers have profaned the tombs of King Fernando and Infanta D. Constança.

The principle at work in Herculano’s anti-iconoclastic plea is not museological. Museums are mere “graveyards of the arts,” and though scattered books or paintings ought to be collected in libraries and galleries—an epistemological concession to which the disbanding of the monastic orders and the abandonment of their libraries lend urgency—fragments are “dead” if removed from the original site. They require local “rest,” even if their importance is national. This position is far from simple. In “A escola politécnica e o monumento” (1842), Herculano claims that it is upon the felt “harmony” between “the monuments of a country and each one of its ages” that “the application of allegory to monumental buildings” has been founded; allegory is the material translation of such harmony.

This principle may be put to startling usages. Here, Herculano uses it to allegorize allegories away, as he takes up the debate whether the late King D. Pedro V ought to be commemorated by a “monument-school” or a “monument-column.” Herculano defends that the funds raised by public subscription for a monument to the king be used instead to rebuild the Lisbon Polytechnical Institute, which a recent fire has destroyed. Those who claim that a tangible “monument-column” is worthier than an intangible “monument-school” are tone-deaf to such harmony. They misconstrue allegory and its decay, as the inscriptions in the column will become illegible soon enough. In their material zeal his opponents might as well be required with the “stone receipt” of their paltry column (*Opúsculos III* 131, 129).

My claim that Herculano’s essays on modern patrimonial losses are the model of Garrett’s archaeological studies may be strengthened. Consider Garrett’s ambivalent stance on the disbanded friars. The results of the monastic orders’ dissolution are ugly: their land holdings were seized and turned over to robber-barons, leaving the friars adrift, begging for alms. In Chapter XII,

Garrett deplores the historical misunderstanding between the liberals' secularism and the friars' allegiance to the *ancien régime*: "the monk did not understand us, and so he died, and we did not understand the monk, so we made the barons, and we shall die from them. [. . .] I miss the monks—not as they were, but as they could have been" (80–81). (In *Portugal contemporâneo*, Oliveira Martins finds this a willful abstraction from fact, historical wishful thinking.) Garrett is at his most hortatory in his appeals for a reconciliation between the two. At the end of Chapter XXXVI, for example: "The religion of Christ is the mother of Liberty, the religion of Patriotism, her companion. Anyone who fails to respect the temples, the monuments, of each of them is a poor friend of Liberty"; or, at the close of Chapter XL: "the liberals now realize that they must be tolerant and that they need to be religious" (191, 210).

Like the displaced corpses of the archaeological studies, the friars were removed from their tombs. Formerly secluded, these living dead have been turned public (Mendes 127–31, 136–38). The passage in which the narrator meets Frei Dinis and Francisca in the valley, an important narratological crux because of its collapse of diegetic levels, is the subtlest description of this movement. The subtlety lies in a peculiar metaleptic reversal of adjectives and nouns.² Frei Dinis is described here as "shrivelled as a skeleton, livid as a corpse and motionless like a statue." The actual denotations are the nouns in the second leg of the simile, not the qualifiers ("shrivelled," "livid" or "motionless") which, reversed into the initial position, create an animistic illusion. (Notice that the expression "shrivelled as a skeleton" may apply to a skeleton; the same applies to "motionless" or "livid.") Later in the passage Frei Dinis is called the "friar's shade, for he seemed nothing more." The import is clear: the friar is what he seems to be; he does not seem to be what he isn't.

As to Francisca, she winds her skein of yarn "unceasingly [. . .] like an automaton" (Garrett 220–21; trans. slightly altered). Her actual state is denoted in the second leg of the simile: her interminable labor, so different from her earlier broken spells, is that of an automaton. When the friar says of Francisca that she is a "dead woman," he is hiding a literal statement under a pseudo-metaphor. The subtlest of these metaleptic markers, however, lies in a passage in which the narrator tries to console the friar: "Our religion made hope a virtue," he says, and is answered: "It did." The friar's brief rejoinder is not one of acquiescence, be it historical or doctrinal. He agrees that Christianity made hope a prospective or projective virtue, that hope was indeed such a virtue when there was time before it in which it could be projected. But time

has ceased to be, and so must hope. The reader is required to add italics to the friar's brief rejoinder, the italics of an emphatic past tense. The novel has lapsed at its close into a Hoffmann-like phantasmagoria.

This second encounter with the dead is unlike the earlier one with Pombal at his whist table. (From a narratological point of view, this late parley with the dead, untouched by mockery, is generically trivial, a Vergilian descent into Hades.) It is also allegorical of the whole novel, fusing the topicality of the archaeological studies and the sentimental-novel-within-the-novel. The latter is now unfolding in an open tomb. It will end with an optical, or, rather, written metalepsis, as the narrator transcribes Carlos's letter to Joaninha. Being stained with tears, tears being in the novel an agent of blindness, the paper's surface is, of necessity, a blank. The letter is an authorial echo in the crypt into which the novel has fallen. The narrator's transcription of the letter from a blank original is the actual writing that allows its being read. It is a detached epitaph, lacking any material support (Mendes 36–38).

Garrett's phantasmagoria is a revision of Herculano's "Os egressos" (1842). In this "most humble petition in favor of a distraught class," Herculano describes himself alone in his room at night reading on the feud between pope and king in the early years of the country's history. He is interrupted by a storm, the "clamor of nature" thrusting him from the "beautiful universe of ideas into the world of realities." A "familiar daimon" is at the door, suggesting that he leave history and face the present. He follows this beckoning presence: "I obeyed: my spirit fell into the present world, present in its most rigorous time, an awful night in the month of November in the year of the Lord 1842." The spirit's tumbling into the present is weird, as it finds itself on the wings of the unfolding storm riding through a "long country road in the provinces of the north." Here he crosses paths with a former Benedictine friar shuddering in the cold, a Lear of sorts. He tries to break the spell of this visionary insight, calling it "a lie" out loud. This aggressive turn manages to awake him from his daydream. He had been "circling a vicious circle": he had "started from the ideal in order to attain the ideal through reality," he now realizes, as he finds himself back at his desk, which he has, in fact, never left, a series of papal bulls on his left and Frei António Brandão's *Monarchia lusitana* on his right.

As the vision of the friar returns, he must face reality once more. Reality outdoes every gothic tale, makes Byron's *Manfred* tame bedtime reading: the friars were expelled from their convents and these were then preyed upon by iconoclasts, "artistic progress" following hard on the heels of "moral progress."

Those responsible created something “absurd and impossible,” a paradox at once logical and theological: “they left living corpses above ground, they murdered souls.” A forgotten book may well claim that “man does not live by bread alone”; circumstances are so dire now that a cry for bread is the only cry left to utter (Herculano, *Opúsculos* 193–99).³

The historical dilemma posed by the friars is condensed in Garrett’s novel in the portrait of Frei Dinis, which takes up Chapter XV. Who is the friar? He is one of those “rare, strong characters” who always appear “at the demise of great institutions, so that they do not perish without a protest.” He honored monasticism’s final hour “with a noble, glorious devotion worthy of the human spirit at its best.” His argumentative mode appealed to a “most severe and oppressive synthesis,” crushing every rational proof. The eighteenth-century Condillac had dismissed synthesis as the “method of the benighted,” alien to enlightened analytical debate (Herculano, “O Pároco” 141); the friar chooses instead power over reason. He abhors despotism “as no liberal contrives to hate it,” while despising the philosophical theories of the liberals, “which he considered absurd.” Laws and constitutions may be read off the Gospels: nothing else is needed. All sovereignty usurps God’s power, as it flows through circles of paternalistic rule. The state ought to be ruled according to the Gospel and with all the “republican austereness of the early Christian principles.”

These principles are a clear indictment of the “tyranny of kings, the greed and pride of the great, the corruption and ignorance of priests”; they also make liberal constitutionalism unintelligible. Monastic institutions are “an essential condition of existence for civil society” as the embodiment of evangelical perfection, even if they became a parade of abuses (90–91). In a passage unfortunately missing in the otherwise remarkable English translation of the novel, these principles are said to have a certain “free and independent” flavor, if not an odor of “the heretic confidence of the evangelical reformers.” A heterodox *via media* is proposed here.⁴ Subject and object have collapsed in this extended portrait: the arch-exponent of the disbanded friars in the novel is also their most fearful accuser. The friar is indistinguishable from the utterances that he mimicks and actively embodies.

The model of the portrait is, nevertheless, close at hand: Herculano himself, whose pathos of utterance would seem to clash with the sentimentality of Garrett’s novel. The whole chapter is, in fact, but an epitome of Herculano’s ambivalent political position, modeled, as António José Saraiva has shown,

on Lammenais's conservative Catholic liberalism. A brief passage in Oliveira Martins's analysis of Romanticism in Portugal (which is probably the best brief description of *Viagens na minha terra*)⁵ makes this movement clear: "Passos [Manuel, Garrett's host in Santarém] asked for mercy for the absolutist, Herculano asked for bread for the friar: neither was heard. One resigned from office; the other replaced politics with literature; and, from the ruins of archaic poetry, [Herculano], Garrett and their disciples set out to create the tradition that would fit the new régime" (130).

Let me conclude with a few brief remarks. The analysis of Garrett's masterpiece has long worried the puzzling coexistence of the novel-within-the-novel with the digressive account of the author's travels and opinions. Recent analyses have shifted their focus with great critical ingenuity to the book's "archaeological studies." Considerations of reference have thereby become irrepensible. As we consider the textual dependence of such "studies" on Herculano's own prior studies, we realize that Garrett's travels never went beyond his room (Monteiro 8).⁶ He had before him Herculano's archaeological studies and Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey*.⁷ His project was to reconcile them. The most remarkable aspect of Garrett's book is neither the allegorical nature of the archaeological studies, nor the sentimental education told in the novel-within-the-novel. It is the startling coexistence of the two. This we should call, for the sake of brevity, the literature of cultural studies.

Notes

¹ "[O vandalismo e]rgueu-se, e falou em feudos, em dízimos, em corrupções fradescas, em maninhádegos, em servos de gleba, em direitos de osas, em superstições, e semeando estes vocábulos por meio de sentenças filosóficas, de lugares-comuns do catecismo de Ramon Salas, chamou os homens do alvião e da picareta, começou a derrubar, vitoriado pelo povo" (Herculano, *Opúsculos I* 192).

² I have in mind instances of figural metalepsis, not of diegetic metalepsis as defined by Gérard Genette in *Figures III* (243f). For an analysis of the latter in Garrett's book see Carlos Reis (37).

³ Written in November 1842, this article by Herculano was first published in *Revista Universal Lisbonense* on 16 March 1843. Garrett's *Viagens* were published in the same review from 17 August 1843 to 7 December 1843, and from 26 June 1845 to 2 November 1846 (França 124).

⁴ On Herculano's *via media*, see António José Saraiva's remarkable *Herculano e o liberalismo em Portugal*, especially Chapter 2, "Liberalism and Christianity" (Carvalho).

⁵ The only other description that might vie for the title is found in Bulhão Pato's *Sob os ciprestes*. An involuntary description, in fact, by a not particularly acute author who is unaware that he is dealing with yet another instance of a "retrospective prolegomenon," as the book being planned by Garrett with his friends had already been written: "Foi num desses passeios

que Almeida Garrett delineou uma viagem monumental. O plano era o seguinte: Comprar-se um macho possante, para transportar bagagem e barraca de campanha. O autor do *Monge de Cister* daria três ou quatro meses de férias à *História de Portugal*. Rebelo da Silva acompanhava. Correríamos a Beira, o Minho e Trás-os-Montes a pé, e a pequenas jornadas. Os três escreveriam um livro: na própria frase de Garrett: 'Far-se-á crónica do que vimos e ouvimos.' A viagem não se realizou, principalmente, pelo aspecto que foram tomando as coisas políticas. Que bela crónica, que sumptuoso livro perdeu Portugal!" (35). See also: "Viajar com Alexandre Herculano era, às vezes, ouvir lições de história, na mais elevada, elegante, e ao mesmo tempo despretenciosa linguagem. Ao visitarmos as ruínas de Santarém, de uma pedra de mármore, onde o punção abria algumas letras, de um troço de coluna gótica, de uma volta pontiaguda de abóbada, reconstruía aquele espírito de artista, com a sua grande penetração histórica, como que a primitiva fábrica. Assim nos aconteceu na Alcáçova, quando ele, comovido e entusiasmado, enfurecido às vezes, condenava os iconoclastas que tinham destruído o primor de arte de Pedro Arnaldo!" (Pato, *Memórias* 87).

⁶ See also the entry "Garrett" in the *Dicionário do romantismo literário português*, edited by Helena Carvalhão Buescu.

⁷ And behind him the epitaphs of Adelaide Pastor and their two children, written immediately after the trip to Santarém, narrated in *Viagens* (Amorim 65).

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