



JOSÉ DE ALENCAR

IRACEMA

A legend of Ceará

S. Paulo

J. W. B.





José de Alencar

IRACEMA

(A Legend of Ceará)

Translated from the Portuguese

by

N. Biddell, F. R. G. S.



IMPRESA INGLEZA

Rio de Janeiro

NOTE ON THE AUTHOR

José Martiniano de Alencar was born in Ceará in 1829. At the age of ten he went to Rio de Janeiro and afterwards to S. Paulo, where he devoted himself to the study of romantic literature, especially the traditions and legends connected with the first explorers of Brazil.

In 1850 he took his degree in law, and practised as a lawyer in Rio de Janeiro for four years. In 1859 he was a chief of department in the Ministry of Justice in Rio de Janeiro, and soon afterwards was appointed legal adviser to that Ministry. The following year he was elected a deputy for the State of Ceará, and became Federal Minister of Justice in 1868. In 1876 he travelled in Portugal, France and England, but his health had been undermined by the strain of politics, and he returned to die in Rio de Janeiro in 1876.

As a journalist, José de Alencar was editor of the *Forum* and wrote for the *Correio Mercantil*, the *Jornal do Commercio* and the *Diario do Rio*. His principal novels are: *O Guarany*, *As Minas de Prata*, *Iracema*, *O Gaucho*, *O Tronco do Ipé*, *Pata da Gazella* and *Ubirajara*. As a dramatist he wrote *O Demonio Familiar*, *Verso e Reverso* and *Mãe*.

José de Alencar's works are especially remarkable for the local colour with which he paints primitive life in the tropical wilds of his native land and for the beauty of expression which characterizes his style. It has been well said of him that he had no need to sign anything he wrote. He was a master of the Portuguese language but, attacked by Castilho and other purists, he upheld the divergence of the South American idiom, and thus founded a school of writers whose works contributed to the formation of the Brazilian dialect.

INTRODUCTION

In 1603 Pero Coelho, a fidalgo of Parahyba, set out as a captain of discovery, taking with him a force of 80 colonists and 800 Indians. He reached the estuary of the Jaguaribe, and founded there a settlement to which he gave the name of New Lisbon. This was the first colony in what is to-day the State of Ceará in Brazil.

Pero Coelho was gradually deserted by his companions, and at length João Soromenho was sent to him with reinforcements. This officer, who was authorised to capture slaves to defray the expense of the expedition, did not even spare the Indians of the Jaguaribe, his own allies. The Indians rose and attacked the colonists, who were driven from the coast. The newly founded settlement was broken up, and Pero Coelho succeeded in reaching Parahyba by land with his wife and young children.

With the first expedition there went from Rio Grande do Norte a young man named Martim Soares Moreno, who formed a friendship with Jacaúna, chief of the coast tribe of Indians, and his brother Poty. In 1608, by order of Dom Diogo de Menezes, he returned to begin the regular colonisation of that captaincy, a task which he completed in 1611, when he founded the garrison town of Nossa Senhora do Amparo.

Jacaúna, who dwelt on the banks of the Acarahú, came with his tribe and settled near the new town to protect it against the Indians of the interior and the French who infested those coasts.

Poty was baptised a Christian, and took the name of Antonio Philippe Camarão, which he rendered illustrious in the war against the Dutch. His services were rewarded with the rank of nobleman, the Order of Christ and the title of chief captain of the Indians.

Martim Soares Moreno was given a high command, and was one of the renowned Portuguese captains who freed Brazil from the Dutch invasion. Ceará honours in his memory a renowned hero and its real founder, for the first settlement at the mouth of the Jaguaribe River came to a disastrous end.

The Pitiguaras dwelt on the coast between the Parahyba and the Jaguaribe Rivers. The Tabajaras inhabited the Ibiapaba Mountains in the interior of the province. Amongst their chiefs are mentioned Mel Redondo in Ceará and Grão Diabo in Piauhý. These chiefs were always irreconcilable enemies of the Portuguese and allies of the French, who settled in Maranhão and penetrated inland as far as the Ibiapaba Mountains. Jacaúna and Camarão are known for their firm alliance with the Portuguese.

Ceará is a Tupy name composed of *como* to sing loud, cry, and *ara-pequena* — paroquet. The author of the legend gives this as the true etymology, not only by tradition, but also according to the rules of the Tupy dialect. The capital of the State of Ceará is generally known as Fortaleza.

CHAPTER I

Wild green seas of my native land, where the *jandaia* calls in the fronds of the *carnaúba* palm! Green seas that glitter like liquid emerald in the rays of the rising sun, breaking on the white beaches shaded by cocoa-palms! Be gentle, green seas, and calm the impetuous wave, whilst the adventurous bark floats safely on the surface of the waters!

Where goes the daring *jangada*, which swiftly leaves the coast of Ceará, its broad sail spread to the fresh land breeze? Whither is it bound, seeking, like the white gull, its native rock in the solitudes of the ocean?

The frail planks which sail swiftly out to sea bear three lives — a young warrior whose fair skin shows his foreign birth, with him a child and a mastiff who both first saw the light in the cradle of the South American forest and played together as brothers, sons of the same wild land.

The intermittent breeze brings from the shore a vibrant echo which resounds through the turmoil of the waves — «Iracema!» The young warrior, leaning against the mast, raises his eyes which have been fixed upon the receding coastline. From time to time his glance, dim with tears, falls on the deck where his two innocent companions in misfortune play. Then a mournful smile rises to his lips, though his heart is aching. What has he left behind in the land of his exile?

A story which was told me in the beautiful *varzeas* where I was born, in the silence of the night, while the

moon sailed in the sky, silvering the fields below, and the breeze rustled in the palm groves.

The wind freshens, the billows roll, the bark dances on the waves and disappears on the horizon. The boundless ocean swallows it up, and the storm spreads, like the condor, its dusky wings o'er the deep.

May God keep you, intrepid bark, through the tumultuous waves and bear you to some friendly haven! May soft winds blow for you and fair weather turn the smooth seas to jasper! Whilst you thus journey, gallant bark, at the will of the winds, may the memories you bear return to the white sands to rest!

CHAPTER II

Far beyond that range of mountains which still shows blue on the horizon, Iracema was born. Iracema, the girl of the honey lips, whose hair was blacker than the raven's wing and longer than her slender form! The honeycomb was not sweeter than her smile, nor heliotrope than her perfumed breath.

Swifter than the wild emu, the brown girl used to run through the wild forests of Ipú where dwelt the warlike tribe of the great Tabajara nation. Her graceful bare foot lightly brushing the ground left no imprint on the green sward which carpeted the earth after the first rains.

One day, at noon, she was resting in a forest glade; the shade of the *oiticica*, fresher than the evening dew, bathed her form. The boughs of the wild acacia scattered

flowers on her wet hair. Hidden in the foliage, the birds hushed their song. Iracema had come out of the pool. The pearly drops of water still glistened on her body, rosy like the sweet *mangaba* after a morning shower.

As she rested, she prepared with cranes' feathers, arrows for her bow, and joined the thrush perched on a neighbouring bough in its woodland song. The pretty parrot, her companion and friend, was with her. At times it would fly up into the branches and from there call the girl by her name; at times it would stir with its beak the tinted straw basket in which she carried her perfumes, the fibres of the bromelia, the needles of the prickly palm with which she made her lace and the dyes to colour her cottons.

A suspicious noise broke the sweet calm of her rest. She raised her eyes undazzled by the sun; her look expressed alarm.

Before her stood enraptured a strange warrior, if warrior he were and not some evil spirit of the forest. His face was white like the sands on the sea shore; in his eyes was the sad blue of the deep sea; strange weapons and garments covered his body.

Iracema's action was swift as a glance. The arrow left her bow and drops of blood burst forth on the stranger's face. Instinctively his left hand sought the hilt of his sword, then he smiled. The young warrior had learnt the traditions of his race in which a woman is the symbol of tenderness and love. He suffered more in heart than from the wound. Some such thought must have been reflected in his eyes, for the girl flung aside her bow and quiver

and ran towards the warrior, grieved at the pain she had caused. The hand which had swiftly dealt the wound, deftly and tenderly stanching the blood which oozed from it. Then Iracema broke the deadly arrow and gave the shaft to the stranger, keeping in her hand the barbed point.

The warrior spoke :

«Do you break with me the arrow of peace?»

«Who taught you, white warrior, the language of my people? From what land do you come to these forests which have never before beheld a warrior like you?»

«I come from a far country, daughter of the forests, from lands which your people once possessed and mine now hold.»

«Welcome, stranger, to the plains of the Tabajaras, lords of the villages, and to the home of Araken, father of Iracema.»

CHAPTER III

The stranger followed the girl through the forest. When the sun was setting behind the crest of the mountains and the dove began to coo in the depths of the forest, they reached a large village in the valley and, farther on, perched upon a rock in the shade of some tall palms, the home of the priest.

The old man was smoking in the doorway, seated on a palm mat, pondering the sacred rites of Tupan. The soft breath of the evening breeze played with his

long but scanty white hair. As he sat motionless, life seemed extinct in the sunken eyes and deep wrinkles.

The priest descried the two advancing figures which seemed to him but the shadow of a solitary tree projected from the valley below. When they entered the dense shadow of the grove, his eye, accustomed to the darkness, recognised Iracema, and saw that she was followed by a young warrior of a strange race from a far country.

The Tabajara tribes from beyond the mountains had told of a strange race of warriors, white as the foam of the sea, coming from a far country on the banks of the Mearim. The old man thought that the warrior now before him must be one of these. He awaited their approach unmoved. Iracema pointed to the stranger, saying;

«He has come, my father.»

«He is welcome. Tupan has brought his guest to the house of Araken.»

Thus saying, the priest handed to the stranger the pipe of peace and they entered the hut together. The youth was invited to rest in the hammock which hung in the centre of the dwelling.

Iracema kindled the fire of hospitality and set before him food and drink. She brought game, the flour of the *mandioca*, wild fruits and honey-comb, with wines of the *cajú* and pineapple. Afterwards she returned with a bowl filled with fresh water from the neighbouring stream, that the guest might wash his hands. When the warrior had finished his repast, the old priest put out his pipe and spoke:

«You have come?»

«I have come;» replied the unknown.

«You are welcome. The stranger is lord in the dwelling of Araken. The Tabajaras have a thousand warriors to defend him and women without number to do him service. Speak and all shall obey you.»

«Priest, I thank you for the welcome you have given me. When the sun rises I shall leave your house and your lands into which I have wandered, but I shall not go without telling you the name of the warrior whom you have made your friend.»

«I have served Tupan. He brought you and he will guide your return. Araken has done nothing for his guest; he does not ask whence he comes nor whither he goes. If you would sleep, may your dreams be pleasant; if you would speak, your host listens.»

The stranger said, «I am one of those white warriors who raised their village on the banks of the Jaguaribe, near the sea, where the Pitiguaras, enemies of your nation, dwell. My name is Martim, which, in your language means 'son of a warrior'; my blood is that of the great people who first set eyes upon your country. My scattered companions have already returned by sea to the banks of the Parahyba, whence they came, and their chief, forsaken by his men, is now crossing the vast wilderness of Apody. I alone remain, because I chanced to be among the Pitiguaras of the Acarábú, in the hut of the brave Poty, brother of Jacaúna, who planted with me the tree of friendship. Three suns ago we set forth on the chase.

and, losing my comrades, I wandered into the country of the Tabajaras.»

«It was some evil spirit who misled the white warrior in the darkness of the forest», replied the old man.

Beyond, in the distant valley, a hawk screamed. Night was falling.

CHAPTER IV

The priest waved the *maracá* and went out of the hut, but the stranger was not left alone. Iracema had returned with the women chosen to serve the guest of Araken, and the warriors sent to attend him.

«White warrior,» said the girl, «may pleasant thoughts rock your hammock this night and the morning sun bring light to your eyes and joy to your heart.»

While she spoke Iracema's lip trembled and her eyelashes were moist.

«You are leaving me?» asked Martim.

«The fairest women of the village remain with you.»

«The guest of Araken has no eyes for them. He sees only Iracema, who brought him to her father's house.»

«Stranger, Iracema may not be your servant. She keeps the secret of the *jurema* and the dream mysteries. Her hand prepares for the priest the drink of Tupan.»

The Christian warrior crossed the hut and disappeared into the darkness without.

The village stood out in the bottom of the valley, lighted by festive torches. The *maracá* sounded to the slow time of the wild chant. The sacred dance proceeded in rude cadence. The inspired priest conducted it and imparted the secrets of Tupan to his faithful people. The greatest chief of the Tabajaras, Irapuam, had descended from the heights of Ibiapaba to lead the upland tribes against the Pitiguara foe. The warriors of the valley were celebrating the chief's arrival and the approaching combat.

The Christian youth saw from afar the festive glow. He passed on to gaze at the clear blue sky. The polestar, which shone above the top of the forest, guided his firm step to the cool banks of the River of Herons. When he had passed the valley and was about to plunge into the forest, the figure of Iracema rose up beside him. She had followed him like the stealthy breeze which, without sound, passes lightly through the branches.

«Why», said she, «do you abandon the hospitable roof without taking with you the parting gift? Who has offended the white warrior in the land of the Tabajaras?»

The Christian felt the justice of her words and realised his ingratitude.

«No one has offended your guest, daughter of Araken. The desire to see his friends was taking him from the country of the Tabajaras. He asks no parting gift, but he will bear forever in his heart the memory of Iracema.»

«If the image of Iracema were in the stranger's heart, he would not wish to go away. The wind does not carry away the sand from the plain which has drunk the rain water.»

The girl sighed.

«White warrior, wait until Cauby returns from the chase. Iracema's brother has the keen ear which detects the rattlesnake amongst the noises of the forest. His eye is like the owl's, which sees better in the darkness. He will guide you to the River of Herons.»

«How long will it be before Iracema's brother returns to the dwelling of Araken?»

«The sun which is about to rise will return with the warrior Cauby to the plains of Ipú.»

«Your guest will wait, daughter of Araken; but if the returning sun does not bring Iracema's brother, it will light the white warrior's return to the camp of the Pitiguaras.»

Martim returned to the priest's hut.

The white hammock, which Iracema had perfumed with resin of the *benjoin*, gave him calm and refreshing sleep. As he slumbered, the Christian heard the tender song of the Indian girl through the murmurs of the forest.

CHAPTER V

The mountain cock raised his scarlet comb from the nest. His clear note heralded the break of day. Twilight still covered the earth, but in the village the wild people were already folding the hammocks and going to bathe in the stream. The old priest, who had

been watching all night and talking with the stars to conjure the evil spirits of darkness, noiselessly entered the hut. At that moment the bamboo pipe sounded shrilly in the valley. The swift warriors seized their arms and ran to the plain. When they were all assembled in the *ocára*, Irapuam, the chief, shouted the war cry:

«Tupan gave this land to the mighty Tabajara nation. We hold the mountains whence spring the rivulets, and the fresh plains where the mandioca and cotton grow; we leave to the barbarous *Potiguara*, the shrimp eater, the sterile sands of the sea with the dry plains without water or forest. Now these fishermen, again defeated, have been unable to prevent the landing of a white race of fire warriors, enemies of Tupan. Already the white men have reached the Jaguaribe; soon they will be in our country, and with them the Potiguaras. Shall we, lords of the villages, be as the pigeon which hides in her nest when the serpent creeps in the boughs?»

The angry chief brandished his club and flung it into the middle of the circle. His eye flashed beneath his lowering brow.

«Irapuam has spoken», he said.

The youngest of the warriors now came forward:

«The hawk hovers in the air. When the quail rises, he drops from the sky and tears out the entrails of his prey. The Tabajara warrior, son of the mountains, is like the hawk».

The thundering war cry resounded through the valley. The young warrior had raised the club and now brandished it in his turn. Twirling in the air in swift

and threatening flight, the chief's weapon passed from hand to hand. Andira, the priest's aged brother, let it fall and trampled it under his foot, still firm and agile in spite of his years.

The Tabajara people stood aghast at such an unwonted act. A vote of peace from so proved and daring a warrior! Can this warrior, who has cast down the club which announces the approaching fray, be the fiery Andira, the old hero who has grown in warlike fury as he has grown in years? The assembled warriors listened in silent dismay.

«Andira has drunk in war more blood than all the *cauim* drunk at the feasts of Tupan. He has seen in his life more combats than he has counted moons. How many heads of the *Potiguara* had his relentless hand already cleaved ere time had shorn him of a single hair! Old Andira was never one to fear lest the enemy should tread the land of his fathers, but rejoiced at his coming, and felt youth restored to his enfeebled body at the scent of war, as the dead tree revives at the breath of winter. The Tabajara nation is prudent. It should lay aside the war club and take up the bamboo which decks the feast. Celebrate therefore, Irapuam, the coming of the white men, and wait until they arrive in our country in force. Then Andira promises you the banquet of victory.»

Irapuam's restrained anger at length broke forth:

«Stay then, old bat, hidden among the wine pots, since you fear the light of day, and only dare to drink the blood of your victim whilst he sleeps. Irapuam bears

war in the handle of his club. The terror which he inspires flies like the hoarse sound of the war horn. The Potiguara already trembles, hearing him roar in the mountains louder than the breaking of the sea.»

CHAPTER VI.

Martim paced leisurely to and fro beneath the tall trees which surrounded the priest's hut. It was the hour when the sweet evening breeze comes from the sea and spreads a delicious coolness over the arid wilderness. The plants breathed again; a gentle shiver stirred the verdure of the forest.

The Christian was watching the sunset. The shadow which descended from the mountains and covered the valley penetrated his soul. He thought of the place where he was born and of the dear ones he had left there. He wondered if he should ever see them again. Around him nature was mourning the dying day. The weeping stream sobbed as it rippled by, the breeze sighed in the branches, and the very silence seemed oppressive.

Iracema stopped in front of the young warrior:

«Does Iracema's presence disturb the stranger's meditation?»

Martim looked kindly at the girl.

«No, daughter of Araken, your presence brings joy like the morning light. It was the thought of my country which brought memories to my heavy heart.»

«Does a lover wait for you there?»

The stranger turned his eyes away. Iracema hung her head like the tender carnaúba leaf when the rain drives across the marshes.

«She is not sweeter than Iracema, the girl of the honey lips, nor lovelier!» he murmured.

«The forest flower is beautiful when it has a trunk to cling to and a bough to shelter it. Iracema lives in no warrior's heart, and has never felt the freshness of a warrior's smile.»

They were silent, listening to the beating of their hearts oppressed by sadness. At length the girl spoke:

«Joy will soon return to the heart of the white warrior, because before nightfall Iracema will show him the bride who waits for him.»

Martim smiled at the ingenuous words of the priest's daughter.

«Come!» said the girl.

They passed through the grove and went down into the valley. The trees grew thickly at the foot of the hill; a dense arch of dark green foliage covered the rustic entrance to the spot consecrated to the mysteries of the barbarous rite.

The sacred grove was of *jurema*. All around rose the gnarled trunks of Tupan's chosen trees; from their branches, concealed by the luxuriant foliage, hung the sacrificial urns. The ashes of the fire which had served for the feast of the last moon strewed the ground. Before entering the holy place, the girl, who was leading the warrior by the hand, hesitated, turning her subtle ear to the sighing breeze. For her, daughter of the wilderness, the faintest sound had a voice. Finding

nothing suspicious amidst the intense breathing of the forest, she signed to the stranger to be silent and wait for her, then she disappeared into the darkest part of the grove. The sun was still hanging on the crest of the mountains, but night reigned in that solitary spot.

When the girl returned, she was carrying in a leaf some drops of a strange green liquid, poured from the sacred bowl which she had taken from its hiding-place in the ground. She handed the rustic cup to the warrior — «Drink!»

Martim felt the sleep of death pass before his eyes, but soon a great light seemed to flood his soul; his heart beat fast with exuberant strength. He relived past days as he had never lived them at the time. In that moment he realized his brightest hopes. He was once more in his native land, embracing his aged mother and meeting again, fairer and tenderer, the love of his childhood's days; but the next moment the young warrior, though just restored to the bosom of his family, seems to leave again his father's roof and seek the wilderness. He crosses the forest and reaches the plains of Ipú, seeking in the woods the priest's daughter. He follows the light footprint of the elusive maiden, sighing as he goes, and flings to the breeze the sweet name:

«Iracema!»

Already he has overtaken her and encircles with his arm her slender waist. Yielding to his gentle strength, the girl reclined on the warrior's breast and remained there, trembling and shaking like the timid partridge when her tender mate ruffles her soft plumage with his

beak. The warrior's lips murmured again and again the sweet name and sighed, seeking the lips destined to meet his own. Iracema felt her soul drawn out in the ardent kiss. Her head drooped and her radiant smile was like the lily kissed by the sun.

Suddenly the girl trembled, and breaking swiftly from the arm which held her, she seized her bow.

CHAPTER VII

Iracema passed, silent as a shadow, through the trees. Her keen eyes pierced the leaves like the cold glitter of the stars. She felt the deep silence of the night and breathed the gentle breeze which was blowing. She stopped. A shadow glided between the trunks and a light step was heard, like the rustle of some insect. Little by little the faint noise grew and the shadow took shape.

It was a warrior. With one bound the girl was face to face with him, trembling with fear, and still more with anger.

«Iracema!» exclaimed the warrior, drawing back.

«Anhangá, the evil spirit, must have disturbed Irapuam's sleep and brought him to the *jurema* grove into which no warrior enters against the will of Araken.»

«It was not Anhangá, but the thought of Iracema which disturbed the rest of the bravest Tabajara warrior. Irapuam has descended from his eagle's nest to follow the heron on the plain. He came, and Iracema fled from his sight. Voices in the village have whispered in the

ears of the chief that a stranger has come to the house of Araken.»

The girl trembled. The warrior fixed his burning gaze upon her.

«Irapuam's heart became a tiger in his breast, he sprang up in his rage, and has come scenting his prey. The stranger is in the grove, and Iracema was with him. Irapuam wants to drain his life's blood. When the white warrior's blood runs in the veins of the Tabajara chief, perhaps the daughter of Araken will love him.»

The girl's eyes flashed in the darkness, and a contemptuous smile, bitter as the milk of the euphorbia, came to her lips.

«Iracema would never give her heart, in which dwells only the spirit of Tupan, to the basest of the Tabajara warriors! Vile is the bat which flies from the light and drinks the blood of his slumbering victim!»

«Daughter of Araken, do not infuriate the jaguar! The name of Irapuam flies farther than the water-fowl when it feels the rain coming from beyond the mountains. Let the white warrior come forth and let Iracema's love be the reward of the victor.»

«The white warrior is the guest of Araken. He came in peace to the plains of Ipú and in peace he stays. He who injures the stranger injures the priest, my father.»

The chief's voice was raised in anger.

«The wrath of Irapuam only hears the cry of vengeance. The stranger must die.»

«The daughter of Araken is stronger than the chief», said Iracema seizing the horn, «she has here the voice of Tupan to call his people.»

«But she will not call them», replied the chief mockingly.

«No, because Irapuam will be punished by the hand of Iracema — One step will be fatal to him.»

The girl leapt back and bent her bow. The chief's grasp tightened on his formidable club, but for the first time he felt his strong arm waver. The blow which would wound Iracema would first bruise his own heart. He realized how easily the strong man, from his very strength, succumbs to a great passion.

«Iracema's protection will not always save the stranger from the vengeance of Irapuam. Base is the warrior who accepts a woman's protection.» Saying these words the chief disappeared amongst the trees.

The girl returned to the sleeping Christian and watched the rest of the night at his side, always on the alert. The recent emotions which had stirred her heart had opened it still more to the sweet affection which the eyes of the stranger were awakening in it. She wished to protect him from every danger and shelter him as in an inviolable refuge. With this thought her arms encircled the warrior's head and drew it to her breast. But when the joy of seeing him safe from the perils of the night had passed, her anxiety returned at the thought of the new dangers ahead.

«The love of Iracema is like the wind from the desert which kills the buds of the trees», sighed the girl, and she went slowly away.

CHAPTER VIII

The white warrior awoke with the dawn. The morning light dissolved his dreams and extinguished all remembrance of them. A vague feeling alone remained, as the scent of flowers scattered in the morning by the wind from the mountains still lingers in the thicket. He found himself in a strange place. Leaving the sacred grove he came upon Iracema. She was resting on a rough log, her eyes fixed on the ground. The blood had left her face, but her heart was betrayed by her lips, which trembled like dew-drops on the leaf of the bamboo.

The Indian girl's face was pale and pensive. The acacia, which the sun has ravished, has neither buds nor flowers. The night, which the winds darken, is neither blue nor starry.

«The forest flowers have already opened to the rays of the sun; the birds too are singing; why is Iracema alone drooping and silent?»

The priest's daughter trembled like the swaying stem of the green palm when the raindrops glisten on its sheath, and its fan-like leaves rustle gently.

«The warrior Cauby will soon return to the village of his people. The stranger will be able to depart before nightfall.»

«Iracema wishes to see the stranger leave the plains of the Tabajaras; joy will then return to her heart.»

«The dove, when the tree withers, flies from the nest where she was born. Nevermore will joy return to the heart of Iracema; she will be as the dead trunk without branches or foliage.»

Martim supported the girl's shaking form. She rested languidly on the warrior's breast like the tender shoot of the heliotrope which twines about the sturdy acacia.

The youth whispered: «Your guest remains, girl of the black eyes. He stays to see the flower of joy blossom in your face and to drink, like the humming bird, the honey from your lips.»

Iracema freed herself from Martim's arms and looked sorrowfully at him:

«White warrior, Iracema is a priest's daughter and holds the secret of the *jurema*. The warrior who won Tupan's virgin would die.»

«And Iracema?»

«If you die.....»

The last word was like the wail of the wind. The youth's head drooped and hung on his breast, but soon he recovered himself:

«The warriors of my race carry death with them, daughter of the Tabajaras. They do not fear it for themselves, nor spare it to their enemies, but never would they injure a girl in the house which has given them hospitality. The stranger must leave the plains of the Tabajaras.»

«He must leave!» echoed the girl.

Then she whispered: «the honey in the lips of Iracema is like the comb which the bee makes in the trunk of the *andiroba*. Poison lurks in its sweetness. The girl of the blue eyes and golden hair in the village of

the white men keeps for her warrior the pure honey of the lily.»

Martim drew swiftly away but slowly returned to her side. The words trembled on his lips:

«The stranger will depart so that peace may return to your heart.»

«You take with you the light of Iracema's eyes and the flower of her heart.»

Far away in the woods a strange sound echoed. The youth's eyes questioned her.

«It is Cauby's cry of joy. Iracema's brother announces his return to the plains of the Tabajaras.»

«Daughter of Araken, lead back your guest, it is time to start.»

They walked side by side like two young deer returning at sunset through the forest to the corral, breathing the familiar scent borne on the breeze. When they approached the grove they saw before them the warrior Cauby, his strong shoulders bent beneath the spoils of the chase. Iracema ran to him. The stranger entered the hut alone.

CHAPTER IX

The morning sleep rested on the priest's eyes like the fair weather mist which hangs at daybreak o'er deep mountain caverns.

Martim paused undecided, but the sound of his step reached the old man's ears and his worn frame stirred.

«Araken sleeps» murmured the warrior retracing his steps.

The old man remained motionless.

«The priest sleeps, for Tupan has already turned his face towards the earth and the light has put to flight the evil spirits of darkness; but sleep lies as lightly on the eyes of Araken as the smoke of the *sapó* on the crest of the mountains. If the stranger seeks the priest, let him speak, his ear listens.»

«The stranger came to announce his departure.»

«The guest is lord in the house of Araken. All ways are open to him. May Tupan bring him to the village of his people.»

As he spoke, Cauby and Iracema entered.

«Cauby has returned» said the Tabajara warrior. «He brings to Araken the best of the game he has killed.»

«The warrior Cauby is a great hunter in mountain and forest. His father's eyes rejoice to see him.»

The old man opened his eyes, but closed them almost immediately.

«Daughter of Araken, choose for your guest the parting gift, and prepare the dried meat for the journey. If the stranger needs a guide, the warrior Cauby, who knows all the paths, will accompany him.»

With these words the priest fell asleep again.

Whilst Cauby hung the game above the hearth, Iracema folded her white cotton hammock, fringed with feathers, and placed it in a basket of woven straw.

Martim waited at the door of the hut. The girl approached him.

«Warrior, you are taking the sleep from my eyes, take also my hammock. When you sleep in it, may dreams of Iracema whisper in your heart.»

«Your hammock, Tabajara virgin, will be my companion in the desert. When the cold night wind blows, it will hold for the stranger the warmth and sweetness of Iracema.»

Cauby went away to his hut, which he had not visited since his return.

Iracema went to prepare the dried meat for the journey. There remained in the hut only the sleeping priest and the youth with his sad thoughts.

The sun, passing the zenith, was already sinking in the west, when Iracema's brother returned from the village.

«The day is drawing to its close», said Cauby; «the shadows grow longer. It is time to depart.»

The girl rested her hand lightly on the hammock of Araken.

«He goes!» she murmured with tremulous lips.

The priest rose to his feet in the middle of the hut and lighted the farewell pipe, which he and his guest smoked together.

«May the guest depart from the hut of Araken as peacefully as he came.»

The old man went to the door to blow out a dense cloud of smoke. When it had cleared away he muttered:

«*Jurupari*, the evil spirit, hides whilst the priest's guest passes.»

Araken returned to the hammock and slept again. The youth took down the arms which he had hung on the pole of the hut, and prepared to leave.

Cauby went in front, the stranger followed at some distance with Iracema close behind. They descended the hill and entered the dark forest. The woodland thrush, sweet songster of the evening, hidden in the *ubaia* thickets, had already begun the prelude to her beautiful song.

The girl sighed:

«The evening is the sun's sadness. Iracema's days will be long evenings without a dawn till the eternal night comes to her.»

The youth turned. His lips were silent, but his eyes spoke. A tear ran down his rough cheek, as moisture in the heat of summer exudes from the face of the rock.

Cauby, still ahead, had disappeared in the thick brush.

Iracema's breast heaved like the swelling wave which sobs as it breaks. but, though her heart was heavy with grief, passion still lent a faint glow to her pale cheeks. Thus, on a dark night, the will-o-the-wisp appears glimmering o'er the sandy marshes.

«Stranger, take Iracema's last smile and depart!»

The warrior's mouth rested on the girl's exquisite lips. Thus united they were like twin fruits of the *araçá*, which have sprung from the heart of the same flower.

The voice of Cauby called to the stranger. Iracema clung to the trunk of a palm tree lest she should fall.

CHAPTER X

The old priest was meditating in the silent hut. Iracema was leaning against the rough pole which served to support it. Her large black eyes, fixed on the forest clearing, were brimming with tears, and their expression was distant and tremulous in the effort to keep back the pearly drops which glistened on her cheeks.

The paroquet, perched on the floor before her, turned her sad green eyes towards her beautiful mistress. Since the white warrior had set foot in the land of the Tabajaras, Iracema had forgotten her pet.

The girl's rosy lips no longer opened for her to take from them fruit or tender maize, nor once had her gentle hand caressed her, smoothing the golden plumage of her head. When she repeated the sweet name of her mistress, Iracema no longer turned with a smile, but seemed deaf to the voice of her companion and friend, once so dear to her heart.

Poor creature! The Tupy people named her *jandaia*, because, always gay, she made the fields ring with her shrill note; but now, silent and sad, neglected by her mistress, she seemed no longer the beautiful *jandaia*, but the ugly *urutão* which can only screech.

The sun descended the western slopes of the mountains, its rays just gilding the crest of the heights. The melancholy murmur of the evening, preceding the silence of the night, began to still the incessant noises of the plain. A night bird, perhaps deceived by the deeper shadow of the grove, uttered a shrill cry.

The old man raised his bald head.

«Was it the cry of the night bird which roused Araken?» he asked, astonished.

The trembling girl, already outside the hut, turned to reply to the priest's question:—

«It is the war cry of the warrior Cauby!»

When the second call of the night bird sounded, Iracema, swift as the antelope pursued by the hunter, ran into the forest, pausing to take breath when she arrived at the green sward which, like a large lake, divided the grove.

Whom did her eyes see first? Martim was seated quietly on the root of a tree watching what was going on around him. Before him a hundred Tabajara warriors, led by Irapuam, formed a semicircle. The brave Cauby faced them all, his glance flashing anger and his formidable weapon clutched in his strong hand. The chief had demanded the surrender of the stranger, and the guide had replied simply:

«You must first kill Cauby».

The priest's daughter passed by like an arrow. She was already in front of Martim, offering her fair body also to the blows of the warriors. Irapuam uttered the roar of a tiger attacked in its lair.

«Priest's daughter», said Cauby in a low voice, «lead the stranger to the hut; only Araken can save him.»

«Iracema turned to the white warrior:

«Come!»

He remained motionless.

«If you do not come», said the girl, «Iracema will die with you.»

Martim rose to his feet, but instead of following her, he rushed straight at Irapuam. His sword flashed in the air.

«The warriors of my blood, chief, have never refused combat. If the one before you was not the challenger, it is because his parents taught him not to shed blood on ground where he has received hospitality.»

The Tabajara chief yelled with joy and his powerful hand brandished his club; the two champions, however, had only time to measure one another with their eyes, for at the first blow Cauby and Iracema were between them.

The daughter of Araken in vain entreated the Christian, in vain clasped him in her arms, seeking to tear him from the fight, whilst for his part Cauby tried to provoke Irapuam and draw upon himself the chief's fury.

At a sign from Irapuam the warriors held back the brother and sister. The fight continued.

Suddenly the hoarse sound of a horn resounded through the forest. The children of the mountains started, recognising the war-horn of the Pitiguaras, lords of the beaches shaded by cocoa-palms. The echo came from the village, which the enemy seemed to be already attacking.

The warriors dashed away, carrying the chief with them. The daughter of Araken remained alone with the stranger.

CHAPTER XI

The Tabajara warriors, gathered in the village, awaited the enemy before the palisade, but seeing no signs of them, they sallied forth to seek them, beating the forest and scouring the plains. They discovered no trace of the Pitiguaras, but the mountain warriors were still convinced that they had heard the familiar blast of the horn of the beach dwellers.

Irapuam suspected that it was a ruse of the daughter of Araken to save the stranger and went straight to the priest's hut. As the wolf trots along the edge of the forest, following the track of his escaping prey, so the fierce warrior hastened his step in pursuit.

Araken saw the great chief of the Tabajaras enter his hut, but did not move. Seated in his hammock with crossed feet, he was listening to Iracema, who was relating the events of the evening. Perceiving the sinister figure of Irapuam, she sprang to her bow and stood at the side of the young white warrior.

Martim put her gently aside and stepped forward. The protection which the Tabajara girl offered was distasteful to him.

«Araken, the vengeance of the Tabajaras awaits the white warrior. Irapuam has come to seek him.»

«The guest is the friend of Tupan; he who offends the warrior shall hear the thunder roar.»

«It was the stranger who insulted Tupan, stealing away the virgin who keeps the dreams of the *jurema*!»

Martim spoke: «Irapuam is base and unworthy to be the chief of valiant warriors.»

The priest spoke, slowly and gravely: «If the virgin yields to the white warrior the flower of her body, she shall die, but the guest of Tupan is sacred. No one shall injure him. Araken gives him protection.»

Irapuam shouted. The hoarse sound came from his lungs like the hiss of the *sucuri* from the depths of the river. «The anger of Irapuam no longer hears you, oh priest! It will fall upon you if you dare save the stranger from the vengeance of the Tabajaras.»

At this moment the aged Andira, the priest's brother, entered the hut, grasping his formidable club, in his eyes a wrath still more terrible.

«The bat comes to suck your blood, Irapuam, if indeed you have blood and not honey in your veins, you who threaten the venerable priest in his hut.»

Araken put his brother from him: «Peace, Andira!»

The priest drew up his tall thin form as the angry serpent coils on its tail to attack its victim. The wrinkles on his face deepened, and, drawing in his withered lips, he showed his sharp white teeth.

«Dare to advance a step farther, and the wrath of Tupan will crush you by my hand, dried and feeble as it is.»

«At this moment Tupan is not with you», replied the chief.

The priest laughed. The sinister sound echoed like the snarl of the beaver.

«Hear his thunder and tremble in your heart, warrior, as the earth trembles in its bowels.»

Uttering these terrible words Araken stepped into the middle of the hut; then he raised the great stone and stamped on the floor with his foot. Suddenly the ground opened, and from the deep cavern came forth a dreadful groan, as if torn from the entrails of the rock.

Irapuam did not tremble or change colour, but his eyes grew dim and his lips quivered. «The lord of the thunder is on your side, the god of war will be for Irapuam,» said the chief.

The grim warrior left the hut and in an instant his tall form was lost in the twilight shadows. The priest conversed with his brother in the doorway of the hut.

Still overcome with surprise at what he had seen, Martim had not taken his eyes from the deep cavern which the old priest's foot had opened in the floor of the hut. A dull roar like the echo of the waves breaking on the beach sounded there. The Christian warrior grew afraid; he could not believe that the god of the Tabajaras had given his priest such power.

Perceiving what was passing in the stranger's mind, Araken lighted the pipe and seized the sacred *maracá*.

«It is time to appease the anger of Tupan and silence the voice of the thunder» he said, and left the hut.

Iracema approached the youth. Her lips smiled and joy was in her eyes.

«Iracema's heart is as the rice stalk in time of flood. No one shall harm the white warrior in the hut of Araken.»

«Away from your enemy, Tabajara girl,» replied the stranger with bitterness in his voice.

Turning brusquely he averted his face from the girl's tender and plaintive eyes.

«What has Iracema done to make the white warrior turn away his eyes, as if she were some noxious insect?»

The words sounded sweet to Martim's heart. Thus whispers the gentle breeze amongst the palm leaves.

The youth was ashamed of himself and full of pity for her.

«Listen, beautiful maiden!» he exclaimed, pointing to the echoing cavern.

«It is the voice of Tupan!»

«Your god has spoken by the voice of the priest. If Tupan's virgin yields to the stranger the flower of her body she shall die!»

Iracema hung her head in sadness.

«It is not the voice of Tupan which your heart hears, warrior from a distant land, but the song of a fair-haired girl which calls you.»

The strange sound which came out of the bowels of the earth ceased suddenly; in the intense silence which filled the hut could be heard the blood pulsing in the warrior's veins and the sigh which trembled on the girl's lips.

CHAPTER XII

The day had drawn to its close. It was already night.

The priest had returned to the hut; lifting once more the heavy flagstone, he closed with it the **mouth** of the cave. Cauby had also come in from the village, whither he had repaired with the warriors, his companions, after beating the forest in search of the Pitiguara enemy.

In the middle of the hut, between the hammocks which hung in the form of a square, Iracema spread the palm mat, and on it served pieces of game and wines of the last moon. The Tabajara warrior alone was able to enjoy the repast, because his mind was not disturbed by anxious thoughts.

The priest filled the pipe with the herb of Tupan. The stranger went out to breathe the pure night air and refresh his fevered blood, whilst the girl poured forth her soul, like honey from the comb, in the frequent sobs which broke from her quivering lips. Cauby had already gone to the village. The priest inhaled the smoke which prepared him for the mysteries of the sacred rite.

Suddenly there rose in the clear night air a shrill scream which mounted to the sky.

Martim raised his head and listened. The warrior whispered so that only the girl heard him:

«Did you hear, Iracema, the sea-gull's cry?»

«Iracema heard the cry of a bird which she does not know.»

«It is the *atiati*, the sea heron, and you are the mountain maid who has never gone down to the white beaches where the waves break.»

«The beaches belong to the Pitiguaras, lords of the palm trees.»

The warriors of the great nation which dwelt on the sea-shore called themselves Pitiguaras, lords of the valleys; but the Tabajaras, their enemies, named them in scorn «*Potiguaras*», shrimp eaters.

Iracema feared to offend the white warrior. Thus, speaking of the Pitiguaras, she had used the name which they had taken.

The stranger paused an instant in reflexion:

«The call of the sea-gull is the war-cry of the brave Poty, your guest's friend.»

The girl feared for her people. The fame of the brave Poty, brother of Jacaúna, had been borne from the sea coast to the heights of the Ibiapaba mountains. Few were the huts in which the cry of vengeance was not heard against him, because each blow of his valiant club laid low a Tabajara warrior.

Iracema thought that Poty had come at the head of his warriors to free his friend. It was he without doubt who had sounded the horn of the shore dwellers at the moment of the combat. It was in a voice of mingled tenderness and sadness that she replied:

«The stranger is saved. Iracema's people must die because she will keep silence.»

«Banish that sadness from your heart. The stranger, when he leaves your land, Tabajara girl, will not, like the famished tiger, leave behind a track of blood.»

Iracema took the hand of the white warrior and kissed it.

«Your smile, priest's daughter, will blot out the memory of all evil intentions toward me.»

Martim rose and moved towards the door.

«Whither goes the white warrior?»

«To meet Poty.»

«The guest of Araken must not leave this hut lest the warriors of Irapuam kill him.»

«A warrior only asks protection from God and his own weapons. He has no need of old men and women to defend him.»

«What can one warrior do against a thousand? The ant-bear is valiant and strong, but the wild cats in their numbers worry and overcome him. Your weapons only reach as far as the shadow of your body; theirs fly far and straight as the hawk.»

«Every warrior has his day.»

«You do not wish Iracema to die, and yet you want her to let you perish?»

Martim was perplexed.

«Iracema shall go to meet the Pitiguara chief and bring back to her guest the words of the warrior his friend.»

At length the priest awoke from his meditation. The *maracá* rattled in his right hand. Its little bells tinkled as he walked slowly and stiffly. He called his daughter aside.

«If the warriors of Irapuam advance against the hut, raise the stone and hide the stranger in the bowels of the earth.»

«The guest must not remain alone; wait until Iracema returns. The night bird has not yet called.»

The old man sat down again in the hammock. The girl went out, closing the door of the hut.

CHAPTER XIII

Araken's daughter advanced in the darkness, paused and listened.

The cry of the seagull sounded for the third time in her ear. She went straight towards the place whence it came. She reached the edge of a pool and her eyes searched the darkness, perceiving nothing.

Her sweet voice, gentle as the murmur of the humming bird, whispered:

«Warrior Poty, your white brother calls you by the mouth of Iracema.»

Only the echo answered her.

«The daughter of your enemies comes to you, because the stranger loves her and she loves him.»

The smooth surface of the lake was cleft and a face appeared. Poty swam to the bank and came forth.

«Martim has sent you, for you know the name of Poty, his brother in arms.»

«Speak, Pitiguara chief; the white warrior waits.»

«Return to him and say that Poty has come to save him.»

«He knows and has sent me to you.»

«Poty's words must be spoken by his own mouth into his brother's ear.»

«Wait then until Araken comes out and the hut is deserted. I will guide you to the stranger's presence.»

«Never, daughter of the Tabajaras, has a Pitiguara warrior crossed the threshold of an enemy's dwelling except as victor. Lead hither the sea warrior.»

«The vengeance of Irapuam breathes round the hut of Araken. Has the stranger's brother brought a sufficient number of Pitiguara warriors to defend and save him?»

Poty reflected :

«Tell me, mountain maid, what has happened in your land since the sea warrior arrived here.»

Iracema related how the wrath of Irapuam had raged against the stranger, until the voice of Tupan, invoked by the priest, had calmed his fury.

«The anger of Irapuam is like the bat, it shuns the light and flies in the darkness.»

Poty's hand closed suddenly over the girl's lips; her voice dwindled to a sigh.

«Hush your voice and even your breath, virgin of the forests; the enemy's ear listens in the shadows.»

The leaves rustled softly as when the gentle quail passes through them. A scound, starting from the edge of the forest, came rising from the valley.

The brave Poty, gliding over the earth like the agile prawn whose name and activity he had acquired, disappeared in the deep lake. The water gave back no murmur and closed its clear waves above him.

Iracema returned to the hut. On her way she perceived the shadows of many warriors crawling on the ground.

Seeing her enter, Araken went out.

The Tabajara girl related to Martim what she had heard from Poty. The Christian warrior rose with a bound to hasten to the defence of his Pitiguara brother. Iracema put her beautiful arms round his neck.

«The chief does not need you; he is a child of the waters and they protect him. Soon the stranger shall hear the words of his friend.»

«Iracema, it is time for your guest to leave the priest's hut and the country of the Tabajaras. He does not fear the warriors of Irapuam, but he is afraid of the eyes of Tupan's virgin.»

«Her eyes will keep aloof from you.»

«The stranger will flee from them like the owl from the morning star.»

Martim took a step forward.

«Go, ungrateful warrior, go and kill your friend first and then yourself. Iracema will follow you to the happy fields where go the shades of those who die.»

«Kill my brother, do you say, cruel girl?»

«Your footmarks will guide the enemy to the place where the warrior of the plains is concealed.»

The Christian stopped in the middle of the hut and remained there, silent and still. Iracema, afraid to look at him, fixed her eyes upon the warrior's shadow which the fire threw on the rough wall of the hut.

The shaggy dog, lying on the hearth, announced the approach of friends. The door, plaited with the stalks of the carnaúba palm was opened from the outside. Cauby entered.

«Strong drink has inflamed the warriors' minds, they are coming to attack the stranger.»

The girl leapt to her feet:

«Raise the stone which closes the mouth of Tupan that it may hide the stranger.»

The Tabajara warrior lifted the huge slab and turned it over on the ground:

«Son of Araken, stretch yourself across the door of the hut and do not rise again if you let a warrior pass over your body.»

Cauby obeyed, and the girl closed the door. After a short time the clamour of the warriors was heard close by. The angry voices of Irapuam and Cauby were raised in altercation.

«They come, but Tupan will save his guest.»

At that moment, as if the god of thunder had heard the words of his virgin, the cave gave forth a dull roar.

«Listen, it is the voice of Tupan.»

Iracema clasped the warrior's hand and led him to the entrance of the cave. They disappeared together into the bowels of the earth.

CHAPTER XIV

The Tabajara warriors, excited by copious draughts of foaming *cauim*, were inflamed by the voice of Irapuam, who had so often led them to victory.

Wine satisfies the thirst of the body, but kindles a greater thirst in the savage breast. They shouted

vengeance against the daring stranger, who, scorning their weapons, had insulted the god of their fathers and their chief, the hero of the Tabajara nation.

They danced in frenzy and rushed headlong into the darkness; the red light of the ironwood, glowing in the distance, guided them to the hut of Araken. Fiere and there rose from the ground those who had stayed to watch the enemy.»

«The priest is in the forest», they whispered.

«And the stranger?» asked Irapuam.

«In the hut with Iracema.»

The great chief gave a mighty bound and reached the door of the hut, followed by his valiant warriors. The figure of Cauby filled the doorway. His weapons cleared in front of him the space of a wild cat's spring:

«Cowardly are the warriors who attack in numbers like wild pigs! The jaguar, lord of the forest, and the hawk, lord of the clouds, attack their enemies singly.»

«Bite the dust, vile mouth, which speaks against the bravest Tabajara warrior!»

With these words Irapuam raised his heavy club, but his arm stopped in the air, for the bowels of the earth groaned again, as when Araken woke the dreadful voice of Tupan.

The warriors gave a fear-stricken cry, and, surrounding their chief, dragged him from the dread place and from the anger of Tupan invoked against them.

Cauby stretched himself again across the threshold; he slumbered, but his keen ear listened whilst he slept.

The voice of Tupan ceased.

Iracema and the Christian, hidden in the ground, descended into a deep cavern. Suddenly a voice, which echoed through the vault, filled their ears.

«The sea warrior hears the words of his brother?»

«It is Poty, friend of your guest», said the Christian to the girl.

Iracema started:

«He speaks by the mouth of Tupan».

Martim said in answer to the Pitiguara:

«The words of Poty enter the heart of his brother.»

«No other ear hears us?»

«Only that of the virgin who, twice in one day, has saved the life of your brother.»

«Women are weak, the Tabajara treacherous, and the brother of Jacaúna is prudent.»

Iracema sighed, and laid her head on the young man's breast:

«Lord of Iracema close her ears that she may not hear.»

Martim gently put from him her beautiful face:

«The Pitiguara chief can speak; none but friendly ears hear him.»

«If you command, Poty will speak. Before the sun has risen on the mountains the sea warrior must start for the banks of the River of Herons; the polestar will be his guide, and the horn of the Pitiguaras sounds at the foot of the mountains.»

«How many Pitiguara warriors accompany their brave chief?»

«None, Poty came alone; when the evil spirits of the forest separated the sea warrior from his brother,

Poty followed in his tracks. His heart would not wait whilst he went back to call the warriors from their village, but he sent his faithful dog to the great Jucaúna.»

«The Pitiguara chief is alone; he should not have sounded the horn to call against him all the Tabajara warriors.»

«It was necessary in order to save his white brother. Poty will mock at Irapuam as you mocked when a hundred fought against you.»

The priest's daughter, who had listened in silence, leant over and whispered in the Christian's ear:

«Iracema would save you and your brother. She shares your thoughts. The Pitiguara chief is valiant and daring. Irapuam is fickle and treacherous as the *acaúan*. Before you can reach the forest you will perish and your brother of the other tribe will die with you.»

«What can the Tabajara girl do to save the stranger and his brother?» asked Martim.

«The moon of flowers is approaching. It is the time of the feast in which the Tabajara warriors pass the night in the sacred grove and receive from the priest happy dreams. When all are asleep the white warrior will leave the plains of Ipú, and the eyes of Iracema, but not her heart.»

Martim strained the girl to his breast, but quickly put her from him. The touch of her body, sweet as the woodland lily and soft as the nest of the humming bird, wounded his heart, for it recalled the priest's terrible words.

The Christian repeated Iracema's plan to Poty.

The Pitiguara chief, wise as the ant-bear, reflected and replied :

«Wisdom has spoken by the mouth of the Tabajara girl. Poty awaits the birth of the new moon.»

CHAPTER XV

The day dawned and drew to its close.

Already in the hut of Araken burned the fire, companion of the night. The silent stars, daughters of the moon, awaiting the return of their absent mother, moved slowly across the blue heavens.

Martim rocked softly, and, like the white hammock swinging to and fro, his mind wavered between two thoughts. Across the sea awaited him the fair-haired maiden of chaste affections, here smiled on him the brown girl with ardent love.

Iracema reclined languidly at the foot of the hammock. Her bright black eyes, soft eyes of the woodland thrush, sought out the stranger and pierced his heart. The Christian smiled; the girl trembled like a bird fascinated by the snake. Her alluring form bent until it reclined upon the warrior's breast. Already the stranger pressed her to his heart, and his hungry lips sought hers to consummate in this approach of hearts, the union of love.

In the dark corner, the old priest, sunk in deep meditation and detached from the affairs of the world, uttered a mournful groan. Had his heart felt what his eyes had not seen, or was it some gloomy presentiment of the doom of his race which thus echoed in the heart of Araken? Who can tell?

The Christian put the Indian girl from him. He would not leave misfortune behind him in the house of hospitality. He closed his eyes so as not to see, and steeled his heart with the name and thought of his God.

«Oh Christ! oh Christ!»

Tranquillity returned to the heart of the white warrior; but each time his eyes rested on the Tabajara girl he felt a burning flame course through his veins. So, when the imprudent child stirs the glowing coals, the fiery sparks fly out and burn his face. The Christian shut his eyes, but in the depths of his mind the girl's image rose, more beautiful than ever. In vain he summoned sleep to his weary eyelids; they reopened in spite of himself. Then an inspiration sent from heaven came to his suffering mind.

«Beautiful maiden of the wilds, this is the last night that your guest will sleep in the hut of Araken, whither he should never have come, for your sake and for his own. Make his sleep happy and restful.»

«Command. Iracema obeys you. What can she do to make you happy?»

The Christian spoke in a low voice so that the old priest should not hear:

«Tupan's virgin keeps the dreams of the *jurema* which are sweet and fragrant.»

A sad smile wrung the lips of Iracema:

«The stranger will always live wedded in heart to the white maiden. Nevermore will his eyes see the daughter of Araken, and yet he wishes to close his eyes in sleep and return in his dreams to the land of his people.»

«Sleep rests the warrior's limbs», said Martim, «and dreams soothe his heart. The stranger would not bear away sorrow from the land of hospitality, nor leave it behind in the heart of Iracema.»

The girl remained motionless.

«Go, and return with the wine of Tupan.»

When Iracema came back the priest was no longer in the hut. She drew from her bosom the vessel which she carried hidden beneath her cotton tunic embroidered with feathers. Martim took it from her hands and drank the drops of bitter green liquid. Now he could live with Iracema and take from her lips the kiss which nestled in her smile like the fruit in the corolla of a flower. He could love her and draw the honey and fragrance from that love without leaving poison in her heart.

Now he felt life stronger and more intense; the evil was a mere dream and illusion which only seemed to touch the image of the girl.

Iracema had torn herself away, panting and distressed.

The arms and the lips of the sleeping warrior opened; the girl's name was spoken softly.

The dove, which, wandering in the forest, hears the tender note of its mate, beats its wings and flies home to its warm nest. Thus the wild girl nestled in the arms of the warrior. When the morning dawned, it found Iracema still lying there, like a butterfly sleeping on the breast of the cactus. Grief illumined her lovely face with vivid blushes, and, as through the rosy hues of morning flashes the first ray of sunlight, so on her flushed face shone the first smile of wifehood.

The paroquet had flown away at daybreak, never to return.

(Martim, seeing the girl lying on his breast, thought that his dream continued. He closed his eyes and opened them again. The war song of the warriors, sounding in the valley, woke him. He knew that he no longer dreamed but lived. His cruel hand stifled the kiss which hovered on the girl's lips.

«Iracema's kisses are sweet in dreams; the white warrior has filled his soul with them. In the daytime the lips of Tupan's virgin are bitter and hurt like the thorn of the *jurema*.»

The daughter of Araken concealed her happiness in her heart. She became timid and uneasy, like the bird which feels the coming storm. She rose quickly and went away.

The young wife bathed in the waters of the river. Tupan no longer had his virgin in the land of the Tabajaras.

CHAPTER XVI

The white disc of the moon rose above the horizon. The Virgin of the Skies paled before the brilliant sunlight like the timid maiden at her warrior's approach.

«*Jacy*,... Mother!» cried the Tabajara warriors, and, bending their bows, they flung to heaven, with a shower of arrows, the song of the new moon.

«I see in the heavens the Mother of Warriors. Her face is turned towards her children. She brings the

rains, which swell the rivers and the pulp of the cajú.

«She has come, the bride of the sun; she smiles on the virgins of the earth, her daughters. Her soft light kindles love in the hearts of warriors and makes fruitful the bosom of the young mother.»

The evening set in.

The women and children made merry in the great enclosure; the youths who had not yet made their name in war by some brilliant deed, conversed in the valley, while the warriors followed Irapuam to the sacred grove, where the priest and his daughter waited to perform the mysteries of the *jurema*. Iracema had already lighted the festive torches, and Araken stood motionless and ecstatic in the midst of a cloud of smoke.

Each warrior, as he arrived, laid at his feet an offering to Tupan. One brought succulent game, another flour of the mandioca, a third savoury fish. The old priest, to whom these gifts were offered, received them with disdain.

When all were seated round the great fire, the minister of Tupan commanded silence with a gesture, and, calling three times the terrible name, became inspired with the spirit of the god which descended upon him.

«Tupan! Tupan! Tupan!»

From cave to cave the echo resounded in the distance.

Then Iracema appeared with the bowl filled with the green liquid. Araken assigned dreams to each warrior and distributed the wine of the *jurema*, which transports the brave Tabajara to heaven.

One, a great hunter, dreams that the deer and the otter run to meet his arrows and are pierced by them; tired at length of slaying, he digs in the earth his oven, and roasts such a quantity of game that a thousand warriors could not finish it in a year.

Another, ardent in love, dreams that the most beautiful Tabajara girls leave their father's hut and follow him, captives of his will. Never were such voluptuous caresses as those which he enjoys in this ecstasy.

The hero dreams of terrific struggles and dreadful combats, from which he emerges victor, crowned with glory and fame. The old man is born again in his numerous offspring, and, like the withered trunk from which shoots a new and vigorous bough, is again covered with buds.

All feel such a full and lasting happiness, that in the space of the night they seem to live many moons. Their mouths murmur, their movements speak; and the priest, who sees and hears everything, stores their secrets in his heart.

Iracema, after offering Tupan's liquor to the chiefs, left the grove. The rite did not permit her to be present at the warriors' sleep and learn the secrets of their dreams. She went straight to the hut where Martim awaited her.

«Take your arms, white warrior, it is time to go.»

«Lead me to Poty, my brother.»

The girl started towards the valley. The Christian followed her.

They reached a slope of rock which ended at the edge of the lake in a mass of verdure.

«Call your brother.»

Martim uttered the cry of the seagull. The stone which closed the entrance to the cave fell back, and the form of the warrior Poty appeared in the darkness.

They greeted one another, forehead to forehead and breast to breast, to show that they had but one head and one heart.

«Poty rejoices to see his brother whom the evil spirit of the forest took from his sight.»

«Happy is the warrior who has at his side a friend like the brave Poty. All warriors will envy him.»

Iracema sighed, thinking that the affection of the Pitiguara sufficed to make the stranger happy.

«The Tabajara warriors sleep. The daughter of Araken will guide the strangers.»

She led the way; the two warriors followed. When they had covered the space of a heron's flight, the Pitiguara chief became uneasy and whispered in the Christian's ear:

«Bid the priest's daughter return to her father's hut. She delays the warrior's march.»

Martim wavered, but the voice of prudence and friendship decided him. He went up to Iracema and spoke in his tenderest tone to soothe her mind:

«The deeper the root of a plant sinks into the earth, the harder is it to uproot. Each step which Iracema takes on the parting journey is a root which is planted in the heart of her guest.»

«Iracema would accompany you to the end of the Tabajaras' country that she may return with peace in her heart.»

Martim made no reply. They continued their journey, and with them went the night. The stars paled and the freshness of dawn brightened the forest. The fleecy white garments of the morning appeared in the sky.

Poty regarded the forest and stopped. Martim understood and said to Iracema:

«Your guest no longer treads the plains of the Tabajaras, the time of parting has come.»

CHAPTER XVII

Iracema placed her hand on the white warrior's breast.

«Now that the daughter of the Tabajaras has left the land of her fathers she may speak.»

«What is the secret you carry in your breast, beautiful daughter of the wilderness?»

«Iracema can never leave the stranger.»

«Nevertheless you must do so, daughter of Araken. Return to the hut of your aged father, who awaits you.»

«Araken no longer has a daughter.»

Martim turned brusquely and sternly:

«A warrior of my race never yet left the hospitable roof widowed of its joy. Araken will receive his daughter, and will have no cause to curse the stranger's ingratitude.»

The girl hung her head, and, veiling herself with the long black tresses which hung on her shoulders and

crossing her beautiful arms on her bosom, became suddenly ashamed. Thus the rosy cactus which has already blossomed into a beautiful flower, closes its perfumed bosom.

«Iracema will accompany you, white warrior, because she is already your wife.»

Martim started.

«The evil spirits of the night have troubled Iracema's mind.»

«The white warrior was sleeping when Tupan abandoned his virgin. The priest's daughter has betrayed the secret of the *jurema*.»

The Christian turned his face from the light.

«Deus!» he exclaimed with trembling lips.

Both stood motionless and silent.

At length Poty spoke:

«The Tabajara warriors are waking.»

The girl's heart, like the stranger's, was deaf to the voice of prudence.

The sun rose on the horizon and its brilliant rays descended from the mountains to the forest.

Poty, standing erect, mute and still like a lonely tree, was waiting until his brother was ready to start.

Iracema spoke first.

«Come! Until you tread the beaches of the Pitiguaras your life is in danger.»

Martim silently followed the girl, who ran between the trees like the wild *cotia*. Sadness oppressed his heart; but the faint perfume which the passage of the beautiful Tabajara left on the breeze, stirred the love in the warrior's heart. His step slackened, his breast heaved.

Poty was thinking deeply. In his young head was the brain of a wise chief. The Pitiguara was thinking that love is like wine which, drunk in moderation, fortifies the warrior, but, taken in excess, saps the hero's courage. He knew how swift was the foot of the Tabajara, and was prepared to die in the defence of his friend.

When the shadows of evening had closed the day, the Christian stopped in the middle of the forest. Poty lit the hospitable fire. The girl unfolded the white cotton hammock fringed with toucan's feathers, and suspended it from the boughs of a tree.

«Husband of Iracema, your hammock awaits you.»

Araken's daughter went and sat at a distance on the root of a tree, like the solitary hind which her ungrateful companion has chased from the corral.

The Pitiguara warrior disappeared amongst the thick foliage. Martim remained silent and sad, like the trunk of a tree from which the wind has torn the beautiful vine which clung to it. The breeze, passing through, carried with it a murmur «Iracema!» It was the cry of the mate. The hind stirred, and gained her sweet resting-place.

The forest distilled its sweet fragrance and gave out harmonious melodies. The whispers of their hearts mingled with the murmurs of the wilderness. It was the wedding feast and the hymeneal song.

The morning light already pierced the thick foliage.

The grave and sonorous voice of Poty sounded through the murmur of the forest.

At intervals the prudent chief listened with his ear to the ground. His head moved slowly from side to

side, like the cloud which sways on the summit of a peak to the changing breath of the coming storm.

«What does the ear of the warrior Poty hear?»

«The swift step of the Tabajara people which comes like the tapir bursting through the forest.»

«The Pitiguara warrior is the emu which speeds across the ground; we will follow him like his wings» said Iracema.

The chief shook his head again.

«Whilst the sea warrior slept the enemy journeyed. Those who started first are already upon us with bows and arrows.»

Shame seized Martim's heart:

«Let Poty fly and save Iracema. Alone should die the base warrior who did not listen to the voice of his brother and the entreaties of his wife.»

Martim started and stopped dead.

«The sea warrior's heart did not speak there. Poty and his brother have one life.»

Iracema's lips said nothing but she smiled.

CHAPTER XVIII

The woods rang with the shout of the Tabajara people as they came on. The great Irapuam was the first to appear amongst the trees, his fiery glance seeking the white warrior through a mist of blood, and the fierce growl of the tiger bursting from his deep chest. The Tabajara chief and his people were about to fall upon the fugitives as the crested wave bursts on Mocaripe. At

that moment the wild dog barked. Martim's friend uttered a cry of joy.

«Poty's dog brings the warriors of his village to your help!»

The hoarse horn of the Pitiguaras blared through the forest. The great Jacaúna, lord of the sea beaches, was coming with his warriors from the River of Herons.

The Pitiguaras received the first onslaught of their enemy on the bristling points of the arrows which they let fly from their bows in clouds like the quills of the porcupine. Then the war-cry sounded, they came to close quarters, and the combat raged hand to hand.

Jacaúna attacked Irapuam. A terrific struggle ensued, which did not exhaust either great chief, though fighting with the strength of ten. When the two clubs clashed, the whole battle trembled like one man.

Iracema's brother made straight for the stranger, who had torn the daughter of Araken from the hospitable roof; the lust of vengeance guided him, and the sight of his sister inflamed the wrath in his breast.

The warrior Cauby attacked his enemy with fury.

Iracema, at the side of her warrior husband saw Cauby approaching and said:

«Lord of Iracema, hear the prayer of your slave. Do not shed the blood of Araken's son. If the warrior Cauby must die, let him die by my hand not by yours.»

Martim gazed at the girl with horror-struck eyes.

«Iracema would slay her brother?»

«Iracema would rather see her hands stained with the blood of Cauby than yours, because her eyes see you only and are blind to him».

The warriors continued the struggle. Cauby fought furiously. The Christian remained on the defensive only, but the arrow fixed in his wife's bow guarded his life against the blows of his enemy.

Poty had already felled the aged Andira and as many others as faced his valiant club. Martim left Araken's son to him and rushed at Irapuam.

«Jacaúna is a great chief, his war necklace already reaches three times round his breast. The Tabajara belongs to the white warrior.»

«Vengeance is the warrior's honour, and Jacaúna values Poty's friend.»

The great Pitiguara chief carried his deadly club elsewhere.

The fight raged between Irapuam and Martim. The Christian's sword, striking against the club of the savage, was shattered. The Tabajara chief rushed on his defenceless foe.

Iracema hissed like the rattlesnake, and flung herself against the fury of the Tabajara warrior. The tough weapon trembled in the chief's powerful right hand, and his arm fell nerveless to his side.

The shout of victory rose.

The Pitiguara warriors, led by Jacaúna and Poty, swept the forest.

The Tabajaras, in their flight, bore away their chief from the hatred of Araken's daughter, who had felled him as the paroquet destroys the stately palm, sapping its core.

Iracema's eyes, gazing o'er the forest, saw the ground strewn with the bodies of her brothers, and in the distance the band of Tabajara warriors fleeing in a thick cloud of dust. The blood which reddened the earth was the same which burned proudly in her shamed cheeks. Tears bedewed her fair face.

Martim drew apart that he might not intrude on Iracema's grief.

CHAPTER XIX

Poty returned from pursuing the enemy. His eyes filled with joy at seeing the white warrior safe.

The faithful dog followed him closely, still licking from his hairy muzzle the Tabajara blood on which he had feasted. His master caressed him, pleased with his courage and fidelity. It was he who had saved Martim by bringing the warriors of Jacaúna with such sagacity.

«The evil spirits of the forest may again separate the white warrior from his Pitiguara brother. Henceforth the dog shall follow you; so that even from afar Poty will come at your call.»

«But the dog is your companion and faithful friend.»

«He will be a greater companion and friend to Poty in serving his brother. Call him *Japi*, and he shall be the swift foot with which we shall run to one another from afar.»

Jacaúna gave the signal to start.

The Pitiguara warriors journeyed towards the pleasant banks of the river where the herons drink; there the lords of the plains pitched their tent.

The sun set, and rose again in the heavens.

The warriors had arrived at the spot where the mountains ended in wooded plains. They had now left behind that part of the mountains, which, destitute of vegetation and shorn like the river hog, was named by Tupan's people «Ibiapina.»

Poty led the Christian to a spot where grew a leafy *jatobá*, which stood out on the highest point of the serra, and, when shaken by the gale, seemed to sweep the sky with its immense top.

«On this spot your brother was born», said the Pitiguara.

Martim pressed the friendly trunk to his heart.

«Jatobá, who saw my brother Poty born, the stranger embraces you.»

«May the lightning blast you, tree of the warrior Poty, when I abandon my brother.»

Then the chief spoke thus:

«Before Jacaúna had become a warrior, Jatobá, the greatest chief of all, led the Pitiguaras to victory. When the great waters flowed, he journeyed to the mountains, and, arriving at this spot, he ordered a village to be built, so as to be near the enemy and conquer him more often. The same moon which saw them come, shone on the hammock where Sahy, his wife, gave him another warrior of his blood. The moonlight shone through the leaves of the *jatobá* like the smile on the lips of the mighty hero who had taken its name and strength.»

Iracema drew near.

When the dove, which has been fishing on the sands, returns to find herself separated from her mate, she hovers anxiously from bough to bough, cooing and listening for his answering note. Thus the daughter of the forest had wandered along the ridge, crooning her sweet and simple song.

Martim received her, his soul in his eyes, and, with his wife on the side of his heart and his friend on the side of his strength, he returned to the camp of the Pitiguaras

CHAPTER XX

The moon grew full.

Martim and Iracema had been three days in the land of the Pitiguaras, lords of the banks of the Camocim and the Acarahú. The strangers had their hammock in Jacaúna's large hut. The valiant chief reserved to himself the pleasure of offering hospitality to the white warrior.

Poty left his hut to be with his brother in arms in the house of his blood relation, and to enjoy the moments of friendship so dear to the heart of the sea warrior.

The shadow had already left the face of the earth, but Martim still saw on the face of his wife the gloom which had not left it since the day of the combat.

«Sorrow still dwells in Iracema's heart!»

«Joy only comes to your wife from you; when your eyes forsake her she weeps.»

«Why does the daughter of the Tabajaras weep?»

«This is the home of the Pitiguaras, enemies of her people. The eyes of Iracema have seen the heads of her brothers impaled on the palisade; her ears have heard the death song of the Tabajara prisoners; her hand has touched the weapons stained with the blood of her fathers.»

The wife placed her hands on the warrior's shoulders and reclined on his breast:

«Iracema will endure all things for her warrior and lord. The *ata* is sweet and luscious, but when it is crushed it turns bitter. Your wife wants her love to fill your heart with the sweetness of honey.»

«Let peace return to the heart of the daughter of the Tabajaras. She will soon leave the home of the enemies of her people.»

The Christian went to Jacaúna's hut. The great chief rejoiced to see his guest, but joy soon left his face, for Martim said:

«The white warrior is about to leave your hut, great chief.»

Has anything been lacking in the home of Jacaúna?»

Your guest has lacked nothing. He has been happy here; but the voice of his heart calls him to other parts.»

«Depart then, and take what you need for the journey. May Tupan preserve you and bring you again to the hut of Jacaúna, who will welcome your return.»

Poty appeared. Hearing that the sea warrior was about to depart, he said.

«Your brother goes with you.»

«Poty's warriors have need of their chief.»

«If you do not wish them to follow Poty, Jacaúna will lead them to victory.»

«Poty's dwelling will be desolate and sad.»

«Desolate and sad will be the heart of your brother far from you.»

The sea warrior left the banks of the River of Herons and journeyed towards the lands where the sun sets. His wife and his friend followed him.

They passed beyond the fertile mountain where flies swarmed amongst the abundant fruit, from which it came to be called *Meruóca*.

They crossed the plains which are bathed by the River of Herons and descried a lofty range of mountains far on the horizon. The day was drawing to its close when a black cloud appeared from the sea coast. It was the vultures which feed on the carrion of the shore and at nightfall return to their nests.

The travellers slept there in the Uruburetama mountains. On the second day they reached the banks of the river which rises in a break of the serra and descends to the plain, winding like a snake. Its frequent turns deceive at every step the wanderer who follows its tortuous course — for this reason it was called Mundahú.

Next day, following its fresh banks, Martim saw the green seas and white beaches where the murmuring waves at times sob, at times roar, as they burst into foam.

The white warrior's eyes gazed enraptured on the immensity of the ocean. His breast heaved. The same

sea kissed the white sands of Potengi, his birthplace, where he had first seen the light.

He plunged into the waves, thinking to bathe his body in the seas of his native land, as his soul was steeped in its memories.

Iracema felt her heart torn with sorrow, but soon her warrior's smile cheered her.

In the meantime Poty was spearing from a high rock the savoury *camoropim* which sported in the little bay of Mundahú, and preparing the dried meat for their repast.

CHAPTER XXI

The sun was descending the western heights.

The travellers had reached the estuary of the river where the delicious *trahira* breeds in great abundance. Its beaches are inhabited by a tribe of fishermen of the great Pitiguara nation. They received the strangers with the generous hospitality which was a law of their religion, and Poty with the respect due to so great a warrior, the brother of Jacaúna, the gratest chief of the valiant Pitiguaras.

To rest the travellers and accompany them on their way, the chief of the tribe took Poty, Martim and Iracema on his raft, and, spreading the sail to the breeze, carried them some way along the coast.

The fishermen on their rafts followed the chief and made the air ring with their farewell song, and strains of the *runçá* which imitates the sighing of the wind.

Beyond the bar of the Piraquara a tribe of hunters lived some way inland. They dwelt on

the banks of the Soipé covered with forest, where deer were feeding and fat otters and tender wildfowl abounded. Thus the inhabitants of those parts gave them the name of the «Land of Game.» The chief of the hunters, Jaguarassú, had his hut on the bank of the lake which the river forms near the sea. There the travellers met with the same welcome which they had received from the fishermen.

After leaving the Soipé, the travellers crossed the river Tahiba, on the banks of which roamed herds of wild pigs; farther on runs the Cauipe where the delicious *cajú* wine is made.

The next day they saw a beautiful river which falls into the sea, cutting its way through the live rock. Beyond stood out on the horizon a large sandhill, white as the sea foam. The lofty promontory resembled the bald head of the condor, awaiting there the squall which comes across the ocean.

«Poty recognises the great sandhill?» asked the Christian.

«Poty knows all the land of the Pitiguaras from the banks of the great river which forms an arm of the sea, to the bank of the river where the jaguar dwells. He has already been up Mocaripe, and from there saw on the sea the great canoes of the white warriors, your enemies, who are on the Mearim.»

«Why do you call the great sandhill Mocaripe?»

«The fisherman of the beach, sailing on his raft out yonder, grows sad, far from the land and the home in which his children sleep. When he turns and his eyes

first see the sandhill, joy returns to his heart. Therefore he says that the sight of the sandhill brings delight.»

«The fisherman speaks with reason, for your brother felt the same delight when he saw the hill.»

Martim climbed with Poty to the top of Mocaripe.

Iracema, her eyes fixed on her husband, wandered like the *jaçanan* round the beautiful bay which the sea makes there. In passing she plucked the sweet *cajús* which assuage the warriors' thirst, and picked up exquisite shells to adorn her neck.

The travellers passed three days in Mocaripe, then Martim went on farther.

His wife and friend returned to the river whose banks were flooded and covered with mangrove bushes. The sea, entering there, formed a basin full of crystalline water cut out of the rock like a vault.

The Christian warrior, crossing that region began to think deeply. Till then he had journeyed without a definite end, directing his steps at hazard; his one object was to get away from the dwellings of the Pitiguaras, that he might remove sorrow from Iracema's heart.

The Christian knew by experience that travel fosters memory, because the heart sleeps whilst the body journeys. Now, seated on the beach, he was thinking. Poty approached:

«The white warrior is thinking. The heart of his brother is open to receive his thoughts.»

«Your brother thinks that this place is better than the banks of the Jaguaribe for building a village for the

warriors of his race. In these waters the great canoes which come from distant lands would be sheltered from the wind and the sea; from here they would go to the Mearim to destroy the white enemies, allies of the Tabajaras, the foes of your nation.»

The Pitiguara chief considered and replied:

«Go and fetch your warriors. Poty will plant his dwelling near the city of his brother.»

Iracema was approaching. The Christian signed to the Pitiguara chief to be silent.

«My husband's voice is silent, and his eyes fall at Iracema's coming. Do you wish her to leave you?»

«Your husband wants you to come nearer that his voice and his eyes may enter more deeply into your heart.»

The beautiful savage smiled like the opening flower, and leant on the warrior's shoulder.

«Iracema hears you.»

«These plains are pleasant and will be fairer still when Iracema dwells here. What does your heart say?»

«The wife's heart is always joyful when she is near her lord and warrior.»

Following the bank of the stream, the Christian chose a spot to build the hut. Poty cut poles from the trunks of the carnaúba palm. The daughter of Araken wove together palm leaves to cover the roof and the walls; Martim dug holes for the posts and made the door of split bamboo. When night came the man and wife hung their hammock in their new dwelling, and their friend hung his in the porch which looked towards the rising sun.

— 69 —

CHAPTER XXII

Poty greeted his friend and said :

«Before the valiant warrior Jatobá, the father of Jacaúna and Poty, ruled over all the Pitiguara warriors, the war club of the nation was in the right hand of Baturité, the great chief, father of Jatobá. It was he who came by the sea beaches to the River of the Jaguar, and drove the Tabajaras inland, allotting to each tribe its place. Then he entered the wilderness and reached the mountains which took his name.

«When his stars were so many that his urn could no longer hold the *cajú* nuts which marked their number, his body grew bent, but his arm stiffened like the branch of the ironwood which does not bend. His eyesight grew dim. Then he called the warrior Jatobá and said. «Son, take the war club of the Pitiguaras. Tupan no longer wishes Baturité to carry it to war, since he has taken the strength from his body, the suppleness from his arm and the light from his eyes; but Tupan was good to him in giving him a son like the warrior Jatobá.»

«Then Jatobá grasped the war club of the Pitiguara, and Baturité took the staff of old age and journeyed. He crossed the vast wilderness until he reached the fertile plains where flow the waters which come from the borders of the night. As the aged warrior dragged his steps along the banks of the river, his eyes no longer perceiving the fruit in the trees or the birds in the air, he would say in his sorrow : «Ah! my years that are gone!»

«Those who heard him lamented the declining years of the great chief, and, ever since, passing by those pla-

ces, they repeated his words, whence the river and plain came to be called *Quixeramobim*.

«Baturité reached by the herons' path those mountains which you see in the distance, where he first lived. On the highest peak the old warrior built his home, high up like the hawk, there to pass the rest of his days communing with Tupan. His son already sleeps beneath the earth, but he, a moon or two ago, still meditated at the door of his hut, awaiting the night which brings the great sleep. All the Pitiguara chiefs, when they awake to the voice of war, seek out the old man to ask him how to conquer, for no warrior was ever his equal in the art of war. Thus, the tribes no longer call him by his name, but know him as Maranguab, the chief wise in war.

«Poty, the chief, is going to the mountains to see his renowned grandfather, but before nightfall he will return to his brother's hut. Do you wish him to stay?»

«The white warrior will accompany you to embrace the great chief of the Pitiguaras, your grandfather, and to tell the aged hero that he has been born again in his son's son.»

Martim called Iracema and, guided by the Pitiguara, they set out for the Serra of Maranguab, which stood out on the horizon. They followed the course of the river to the point where it is joined by the stream of Pirapora.

The old warrior's hut was near the beautiful waterfall where the fish leap amidst the boiling foam. The waters there are fresh and soft, like the sea breeze which breathes in the cocoa palms in the cool of the day.

Baturité was seated on a projecting stone of the waterfall. The burning sun shone down on his bald head which was as full of wrinkles as the *genipapo*. Thus sleeps the *jibirú* on the shore of the lake.

«Poty has come to the hut of the great Maranguab, father of Jatobá, and has brought his white brother to see the greatest warrior of the nations.»

The old man half opened his heavy eyelids, and peered from his grandson to the stranger. Then his chest heaved and his lips murmured :

«Tupan has willed that these eyes, before their light is extinguished, should see the white hawk and the snipe together.»

The hero sank his head on his breast and did not speak or move again.

Poty and Martim, thinking that he slept, drew respectfully apart, in order not to disturb the repose of one who had toiled much in a long life. Iracema, who had been bathing in a neighbouring cascade, came to meet them, carrying pure honeycomb on a big leaf.

The two friends wandered over the flowery slopes until the shadows of the mountains fell on the valley. Then they returned to where they had left Maranguab. The old man was still there in the same attitude, his head sunk on his breast, and his knees drawn up to his chin. The ants were running over his body, and the parquets hovered round him and settled on his bald head.

Poty placed his hand on the old man's forehead and knew that he was dead. The warrior had died of old age. The Pitiguara chief chanted the death song, and went to

the hut to fetch the urn which overflowed with *caju* nuts. Martim counted five times five hands.

In the meantime Iracema gathered in the forest the *andiroba* fruit to anoint the old man's body, which the pious hand of his grandson had placed in the urn. The funeral urn was suspended from the roof of the hut.

After planting nettles at the door to protect the lonely spot against wild beasts, Poty sadly took leave of the place, and returned with his companions to the seashore.

The mountains where the hut once stood took the name of Maranguape, so called because there rests the warrior wisest in war.

CHAPTER XXIII

Four moons had passed since Iracema had left the plains of Ipú, and for three months she had now dwelt on the sea beach in her husband's hut. Joy was in her heart. The child of the wilderness was happy as the swallow which leaves the nest where it was born, and wanders to build a new nest in the land of summer. So, Iracema had found on the sea shore, a nest of love, a new home for her heart. Like the humming bird fluttering amongst the acacia flowers, she wandered through the pleasant fields. The morning light found her resting on her husband's shoulder and smiling like the creeper which, winding about the sturdy trunk, crowns it each morning with a fresh chaplet of flowers.

Martim used to hunt daily with Poty, and the girl would then leave him to look forward with joy to his

return. Not far away was a lovely pool, in the middle of a green plain. The wild maiden turned her light step towards it. It was the hour of the morning bathe; she plunged into the water and swam among the white herons and the red *jaçanans*. The Pitiguara warriors who came to those regions called the lake Porangaba, or Lake of Beauty, because in it had bathed Iracema, the most beautiful daughter of the race of Tupan. From that time mothers used to come from afar to dip their daughters in the waters of Porangaba, which had the virtue of giving beauty to girls and making them beloved of warriors.

After the bathe Iracema used to wander to the slopes of the Maranguab mountains, where the river of wild ducks, the Jererahú, has its source.

There in the cool shade grew the most delicious fruits in the whole country, and of them Iracema made copious provision, and waited, swaying in the boughs of the passion flower, until Martim returned from the chase. At other times it was not the Jererahú which took her fancy but the lake of Sapiranga, in the opposite direction, whose waters, according to the priests, inflamed the eyes.

Close by there was a shady grove of *muritis*, which formed, in the middle of the plain, a large island of beautiful palm trees, which the inhabitants of those regions called Muritiapuá.

Iracema loved this grove in which the wind sighed softly; there she extracted the pulp of the brown cocconut to make a cooling drink sweetened with the honey of the bee, and with it filled the bowl, ready to quench the thirst of the warriors during the noonday heat.

One morning Poty led Martim to the chase. They made for some mountains which rise, a sister range, beside the Serra of Maranguab. The tall peak curves like the hooked beak of a parrot, from which the warriors call it *Aratanha*.

They ascended the slope of the Guaiúba, down which the waters descend into the valley, and reached the ford frequented by river hogs.

The sun just touched the peak when the hunters descended from Pacatuba to the plain.

From afar they saw Iracema, who had come to meet them on the banks of her lake of Porangaba. She approached them with the graceful step of the heron walking on the water's edge. Over her cotton garment she wore a belt of *maniva* flowers, the symbol of fruitfulness. A necklace of the same encircled her neck and adorned her heaving bosom.

She took her husband's hand and laid it on her lap:

«Your blood already dwells in the bosom of Iracema; she will be the mother of your child.»

«A child, do you say?» exclaimed the Christian joyfully.

He knelt down, and clasping her in his arms, kissed his wife's fruitful bosom.

When he rose to his feet Poty said:

«The happiness of a young man lies in his wife and his friend; the first gives him joy, and the second strength. The warrior without a friend is like the solitary tree which the wind lashes in the middle of the plain — its fruit never ripens. The happiness of the

hero is in his offspring, which is born of him and forms his pride; each warrior from his veins is one more branch to carry his name to the sky, like the top of the cedar tree. Beloved of Tupan is the warrior who has a wife, a friend and many children. He can desire nothing more but a glorious death.»

Martim embraced Poty.

«The heart of the husband and friend has spoken by your mouth. The white warrior is happy, oh chief of the Pitiguaras, lords of the sea-shores; happiness came to him in the land of palms, where the vanilla spreads its perfume; it was begotten in the blood of your race which bears in its face the colour of the sun. The white warrior wants no other country or fatherland but the country of his child and his heart.»

At daybreak Poty set forth to gather the seeds of the *crajurú*, which give the beautiful red dye, and the bark of the acacia from which is extracted the most lustrous black.

On his way his unerring arrow brought down a wild duck which sailed in the air. The warrior plucked the long feathers from its wings and, ascending Moceripe, blew a blast on his horn.

The breeze, coming from the sea, carried afar the hoarse sound.

The horn of the fishermen on the Trahiry and the trumpet of the hunters on the Soipé replied.

Martim bathed in the waters of the river, and walked on the beach to dry his body in the sun and

wind. At his side went Iracema, gathering the yellow amber which the sea cast up. Every night the wife perfumed the white hammock, that the warrior might have sweet repose.

Poty returned.

CHAPTER XXIV

It was the custom of the race of Tupan that a warrior should bear on his body the colours of his nation. First they painted on the body black stripes like the skin of the ragoon, which gave its name to the art of painting the body. Afterwards they varied the colours, and many warriors used to paint devices showing their deeds in war.

The stranger, having adopted the country of his wife and friend, had to undergo this ceremony, in order to become a red warrior, son of Tupan. To that end Poty had gone to procure the necessary pigments.

Iracema prepared the colours.

The chief, dipping the feathers, drew on his body red and black stripes, the colours of the great Pitiguara nation. Afterwards he painted an arrow on his forehead, and said:

«As the arrow pierces the hard trunk, so the warrior's eye reads the mind of men.»

On his arm he painted a hawk:

«As the falcon swoops from the clouds, so falls the warrior's arm upon his enemy.»

On his left foot he painted the root of a palm ;

«As the small root secures in the ground the tall cocoa-palm, so the firm foot of the warrior supports his strong body.»

On his right foot he painted a wing :

«As the light wing of the mosquito speeds through the air, so the swift foot of the warrior has no equal in the race.»

Iracema took the brush and painted a bee on a leaf. She spoke between smiles ;

«As the bee makes honey in the deep heart of the *jacarandá*, so is sweetness in the heart of the valiant warrior.»

Martim embraced his wife, and kissed her lips.

«My brother is a great warrior of the Pitiguara nation ; he needs a name in the language of his adoption.»

«The name of your brother is on his body where your hand has written it.»

«*Coatiabo !*» exclaimed Iracema.

«You have said it ; I am the painted warrior, the warrior who has a wife and a friend.»

Poty gave his brother the bow and the club which are the arms used by warriors of high rank. Iracema had woven for him the feather head-dress and the plume, ornaments of an illustrious chief.

The daughter of Araken went to the hut to fetch the dainties for the feast and wines of the *genipapo* and *mandioca*. The warriors drank copiously and danced joyful dances. Whilst they circled round the festive fires, their songs resounded in the air.

Poty sang :

«As the snake which has two heads in one body, so is the friendship of Coatiabo and Poty.»

Iracema added :

«As the oyster which still clings to the rock, even when dead, so is Iracema united to her husband.»

The warriors said in unison :

«As the *jatobá* in the forest, so is the warrior Coatiabo between his brother and his wife. His boughs are interlaced with the boughs of the ironwood, and his shadow protects the green sward beneath.»

The festive torches burned until daybreak, and with them lasted the warriors' feast.

CHAPTER XXV

Joy dwelt in the hut until the time of the ripening harvest.

One morning early, the Christian went down to the sea-shore. His heart was weary. The humming bird, after it has grown satiated with honey and perfume, sleeps in its white nest of down until the moon of flowers returns the following year. Like the humming bird, the warrior's soul also grows weary of happiness and needs sleep and repose.

The chase and the journeys in the mountains in company of his friend, the caresses of his tender wife which awaited him on his return, the pleasant converse in the porch of the hut, no longer awoke in him the emotions of former days. His heart slumbered. When Iracema played on the beach, the warrior's eyes turned

from her to scan the immensity of the sea. They saw some white wings hovering on the blue expanse. The Christian knew that it was a great ship of many sails like those his people built, and the longing for his native country gripped his heart.

The sun was high in the heavens, and the warrior on the beach followed with his eyes the white sails which receded in the distance. In vain his wife called him to the hut, in vain displayed before his eyes her own charms and the choicest fruits of the plain. The warrior only turned away when the sail had disappeared on the horizon.

Poty returned from the mountains, where for the first time he had gone alone. He had left his brother's face cheerful, and now found sadness there.

Martim went out to meet him.

«The great canoe of the white enemies has passed on the sea. Your brother's eyes saw it sailing towards the banks of the Mearim. They are the allies of the Tupinambás, enemies of your race and mine.»

«Poty is the lord of a thousand bows; if you wish it, he will accompany you with his warriors to the banks of the Mearim to conquer the Tapuitinga and his friend, the treacherous Tupinamba.»

«When the time comes your brother will tell you.»

The warriors entered the hut where Iracema was.

That day the sweet song was silent on the wife's lips. She sighed as she wove the fringe of the maternal hammock, wider and stronger than the hymeneal bed.

Poty, seeing her thus occupied, said :

«When the *sabiá* sings it is the time for love; when she is silent, she is building the nest for her young; it is the time for work.»

Iracema's voice choked. Her glance sought her husband.

Martim was thinking. Iracema's words passed by him, like the breeze on the smooth face of the rock, without sound or echo. The sun still shone brilliantly on the sea beach, and the air reflected its burning rays, but neither the light which came from the sky nor that reflected from the earth could drive away the shadow from the Christian's soul. Day by day the gloom deepened on his brow.

A Pitiguara warrior, sent by Jacaúna to his brother Poty, arrived from the banks of the River of Herons. Following the track of the travellers, he had reached the Trahiry, where the fishermen guided him to the hut.

Poty was alone in the porch of the hut; he rose, and bent his head to listen with respect and gravity to the words which his brother sent him by the mouth of the messenger.

«The Tapuitinga, who was on the Mearim, has come through the forest to the edge of the Ibiapaba mountains, where he has made an alliance with Irapuam against the Pitiguara nation. They are about to descend from the mountains to the banks of the river where the herons drink, and where you raised the village of your warriors. Jacaúna summons you to defend the country of our fathers. Your people need the aid of their greatest warrior.»

«Return to the banks of the Acarahú, and let not your foot rest until it treads the floor of Jacaúna's hut. When you are there, say to the great chief, «Your brother has arrived at the village of his warriors», and you will not lie.»

The messenger set forth. Poty girded on his weapons, and went towards the plain, guided by the footprints of Coatiabo. He came upon him at some distance wandering through the sugar cane which covers the banks of the Aquiraz.

«The white enemy is in the Ibiapaba mountains aiding the Tabajaras against Jacaúna. Your brother hastens to defend the land of his race and the hut where his father's ashes rest. He will gain a speedy victory and return to you.»

«Your brother goes with you. When the war horn sounds, nothing separates two warriors who are friends.»

«You are great as the sea, and steadfast as the heavens.»

They embraced one another, and set forth with their faces towards the east.

CHAPTER XXVI

Pressing forward, the warriors reached the bank of a lake in a hollow of the plain. The Christian stopped suddenly, and turned seawards. The sadness in his heart was reflected in his face.

«My brother», said the chief, «your foot has taken root in the land of love. Stay! Poty will return soon.»

«Your brother goes with you; he promised, and his word is like the arrow from your bow; once it sounds, it reaches the mark.»

«Do you wish Iracema to go with you to the banks of the Acarahú?»

«We are going to fight her people. The home of the Pitiguaras holds nothing for her but sorrow and pain. The daughter of the Tabajaras must stay behind.»

«For what, then, do you wait?»

«Your brother is grieved because the daughter of the Tabajaras may grow sad and abandon the hut without waiting for his return. Before going away, he would ease his wife's mind.»

Poty reflected.

«A wife's tears soften the warrior's heart, as the morning dew softens the earth.»

«My brother is very wise. Iracema's husband must leave without seeing her.»

The Christian took a step forward, but Poty bade him wait. He drew an arrow from the quiver which Iracema had decked with red and black feathers, and had hung on her husband's shoulder. The Pitiguara warrior bent his bow. The arrow transfixes to the feather a crab which was moving along the bank of the lake. The warrior fixed the point of the arrow with its victim still upon it in the ground, and turned to Coatiabo:

«You may depart. Iracema will follow your footprints; when she reaches this spot, she will see your arrow and obey your will.»

Martim smiled, and, breaking off a bough of the passion flower, the flower of remembrance, he twined it about the shaft of the arrow, and set forth, followed by Poty. Soon the two warriors disappeared among the trees. The heat of the sun had already dried up their footprints on the shore of the lake.

Iracema, her heart filled with anxiety, came to the marsh, following the track of her husband on the plain. The soft shadows covered the ground when she reached the shore of the lake. She caught sight of her husband's arrow stuck in the ground, the crab pierced by it, and the broken bough.

Her eyes filled with grief.

«He bids Iracema go back like the *goiamum*, and keep his memory as the passion flower keeps its blossoms until it dies.»

The daughter of the Tabajaras slowly retraced her steps without turning or lifting her eyes from her husband's arrow. She returned to the hut. There, seated on the threshold, with her head bent forward on her knees, she waited until sleep soothed the pain in her breast.

At the first signs of dawn she ran swiftly to the shores of the lake. The arrow was still there, as on the evening before. Her husband had not returned. From that time, at the hour of the morning bathe, instead of seeking the Lake of Beauty, in which she formely found delight, she used to make her way to the lake, where her husband had taken leave of her. She would sit down beside the arrow until night fell, and then return to the hut.

Each morning she set out hopefully, but returned wearily towards evening. The same warriors who had seen her bathe joyously in the waters of Porangaba, now met her, sad and lonely, like the solitary heron on the river bank, and called that place «Mecejana» — «Abandoned».

One day when the beautiful daughter of Araken was weeping on the shore of Lake Mecejana, a shrill voice called her name from the top of a carnaúba palm.

«Iracema!..... Iracema!»

She raised her eyes and saw amongst the palm leaves her beautiful *jandaia*, beating its wings and ruffling its feathers with pleasure at seeing her. The remembrance of her native land, which had been forgotten in her love, awoke in her thoughts. She saw the beautiful plains of Ipú, the slopes of the mountains where she was born and the hut of Araken, and was filled with longing. But, even in that moment, she did not repent of having left them. Her lips trilled a song. The paroquet, spreading its wings, hovered round her, and alighted on her shoulder. Caressing her neck with its black beak, it smoothed her hair, and touched her mouth, exquisitely red like the flower of the myrtle.

Iracema remembered that she had been neglectful of her pet, which she had forgotten in her happiness, but the paroquet had now come to console her in her misfortune.

That evening she did not return alone to the hut. During the day her deft fingers wove a beautiful straw basket, which she lined with the down of the *monguba* to shelter her companion and friend.

At daybreak next day it was the voice of the parroquet which woke her.

The beautiful bird did not leave Iracema again, either because after a long absence it was never tired of being with her, or because it understood that she needed a friend to cheer her in her loneliness.

CHAPTER XXVII

One evening, Iracema saw in the distance two warriors approaching on the sea-shore. Her heart beat more quickly. In a few moments she was forgetting in the arms of her husband the many days of yearning and loneliness which she had passed in the solitary hut.

Martim and his brother had reached the village of Jacaúna in time to hear the war horn sound. They led to the fray the thousand bows of Poty. Once again the Tabajaras, in spite of their alliance with the white enemy from the Mearim, were overcome by the valiant Pitiguaras.

Never was a keener fight, or a more contested victory seen on the plains watered by the Acarahú and the Camuzim. On each side equal valour was shown, and neither side would have been defeated, if the god of war, the grim Aresky, had not decided to give those regions to the race of the white warrior, the ally of the Pitiguaras.

Immediately after the victory, the Christian returned to the sea shore where he had built his hut, and where his tender wife awaited him. He felt anew in his heart

the thirst of love and trembled to think that Iracema might have gone away leaving desolate that spot, once so full of happiness.

As the dry plain, with the coming of winter, grows green again, and is carpeted with flowers, so the beautiful daughter of the wilderness took new life from her husband and her beauty was enhanced with soft and tender smiles. Again her charms filled the Christian's eyes, and joy returned to dwell in his heart.

The Christian loved the daughter of the wilderness, as in the first days when it seemed that time could never alter his affection, but a few days sufficed to wither those blossoms of a heart exiled from its native land.

The wild mountain fruit, grown in the plain from a chance seed borne by the wind or the birds, thrives if it finds good earth and cool shade; it may one day open out into green foliage and flowers, but one breath of sea air is enough to wither it. The leaves strew the ground; the flowers are carried on the breeze. Like the mountain fruit was the warrior's heart in that wild country. Friendship and love had accompanied and sustained him for some time, but now, far from his home and his own people, he felt desolate. His friend and his wife no longer sufficed a soul full of high desires and noble ambitions.

He passed the days, once so short but now so long, on the beach, listening to the sighing of the wind and the sobbing of the waves. With his eyes fixed on the immensity of the horizon, he sought in vain to descry on the blue expanse the white shape of a sail wandering on the seas.

At some distance from the hut rose on the shore of the ocean a lofty sandhill; from its resemblance to the head of an alligator the fishermen called it *Jacaré-canga*. From the bosom of the white sands, warmed by the hot sun, flowed a spring of cool and pure water; thus does the soul distill from the grief-stricken heart sweet tears of relief and consolation.

The Christian climbed the hill, and remained there pondering his destiny. At times there came to his mind the thought of returning to his own country and people, but he knew that Iracema would go with him, and the thought afflicted his heart. Now that the daughter of the Tabajaras had no longer a home in his heart, every step that he led her farther from her native land was a part of her life he was taking from her.

Poty knew that Martim wished to be alone, and kept discreetly aloof. He knew what was troubling his brother's heart, and left all to time, because only time can steel the warrior's heart, as it hardens the core of the ironwood.

Iracema also avoided her husband's eyes, because she perceived that those beloved eyes grew troubled when they rested on her, and, instead of dwelling as formerly on her beauty, turned away from her. But her eyes never wearied of following furtively and at a distance her warrior lord who had made them captive.

Alas for the wife!... Already she felt the blow in her heart, and, like the *copahiba* slashed to the pith, shed bitter tears.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Once the Christian heard in his heart the sobs of Iracema. He looked around, but did not see her. The daughter of Araken was outside, seated on the grass amidst the green *ubaia* thickets.

Tears streamed down her beautiful face, and the drops fell one by one on her bosom, which held the child of her love. Thus fall the leaves of the fruitful tree ere the fruit ripens.

«What do those tears mean in Iracema's heart?»

«The *cajú* tree weeps when its trunk becomes dry and barren. Iracema has lost her happiness since you have held aloof from her.»

«Am I not always near you?»

«Your body is here, but your spirit flies to the land of your fathers and seeks the white girl who awaits you.»

Martim was distressed. The large black eyes which the Indian girl fixed upon him had wounded him to the heart.

«The white warrior is your husband, he belongs to you.»

The beautiful Tabajara smiled through her tears:

«For how long have you been separated in spirit from Iracema? Formerly your step led you towards the cool mountains and fertile plains. You loved to tread the path of happiness, and follow your wife's footsteps. Now you only seek the hot beaches, because the sea which

murmurs there comes from the plains where you were born; and the sandhill, because, from its summit, you can see the passing sail.»

«It is the desire to fight the Tupinambá which turns the warrior's steps to the sea-shore,» replied the Christian.

Iracema continued :

«Your lips are cold to your wife; thus the sugar cane, in the great heats, loses its sweetness, and its withered leaves no longer make music to the passing breeze. Now you only speak to the sea winds, that they may carry your voice to the home of your fathers.»

«The voice of the white warrior calls his brothers to defend the home of Iracema and the land of her child against the approaching enemy.»

The wife bowed her head.

«When you walk on the plain, your eyes avoid the fruit of the *genipapo*, and seek the flower of the wild rose; the fruit is delicious, but is of the colour of the Tabajaras, whilst the flower has the colour of the white girl's face. When the birds sing, your ear no longer cares to listen to the sweet song of the *gráúna*, but you love to hear the cry of the *japim*, because his golden plumage is like the hair of her whom you love.»

«Sadness blinds Iracema's sight, and lends bitterness to her tongue, but joy will come back to the wife's heart, as the green foliage returns to the tree.»

«When your child leaves Iracema's bosom she will die, as the rice dies after giving its grain. Then the white warrior will have no one to keep him in this foreign land.»

«Your tongue burns, daughter of Araken, like the breath which comes from the deserts of Icó in the hot season. Do you wish to abandon your husband?»

«Do you not see yonder the beautiful *jacarandá* which towers towards the sky? Behold still at your feet the withered root of the shady myrtle, which, clinging to its sister trunk, was covered every winter with leaves and red berries. If it had not died, the tree would not have had enough sun to grow so high. Tracema is the dark leaf which shadows your soul; she must die that joy may kindle in your heart.»

The Christian embraced the beautiful Indian girl, and pressed her to his breast. His lips met hers, but listlessly and without passion.

CHAPTER XXIX

Poty returned from his bathe. He followed the track of Coatiabo in the sand, and climbed to the top of Jacaré-canga. There he found the warrior standing on the highest point of the hill with his arms outstretched, gazing intently over the wide expanse of ocean.

The Pitiguara turned his eyes, and descried a large vessel, which was approaching before the wind, ploughing the green seas.

«Is it the great canoe of my brother's people coming to seek him?»

The Christian sighed.

«They are the white warriors, enemies of my race, who seek the shores of the valiant Pitiguara nation for a war of vengeance; they were routed with the Tabaja-

ras on the banks of the Camucim. Now they come by sea with their friends the Tupinambás.»

«My brother is a great chief. What does he think that his brother Poty should do?»

«Summon the hunters from the Soipé and the fishermen from the Trahiri. We will go to meet them.»

Poty sounded the war horn, and the two warriors set forth towards Mocaripe. A little farther on, they saw the warriors of Jaguarassú and Camoropim running up at the war cry. The brother of Jacaúna informed them of the enemy's coming.

The large vessel sped on her course along the coast which stretches up to the banks of the Parnahyba. The moon began to rise as she left the waters of the Mearim, for contrary winds had carried her out to sea far beyond her destination.

In order not to alarm the enemy, the Pitiguara warriors concealed themselves amongst the *cajú* trees, and followed the ship's course by the beach. By day her white sails were visible; at night her lights shone across the dark sea like glow-worms hidden in the forest.

Many days they journeyed thus. They passed beyond the Camucim, and at last trode the beautiful shores of the Bay of Parrots.

Poty sent a warrior to the great Jacaúna, and made ready for the combat.

Martim, who had climbed a sandhill, discovered that the ship had anchored in a bay, and informed his brother.

The sun was rising when the white warriors and the Tupinambás, their friends, dashed across the water in

their light canoes and landed on the beach. Forming the arc of a circle, they advanced like a shoal of fish against the stream of a river.

The fire warriors who carried the lightning were in the centre, on the wings were the warriors from the Mea-rim brandishing their clubs; but no nation ever drew the bow with such deadly effect as the Pitiguaras, and Poty was the greatest of all the chiefs who bore the warrior's horn. At his side was his brother, as great a chief as he, and versed in the strategy of the white men.

During the night, the Pitiguaras built on the beach a strong palisade of thorn bushes, and raised against it a wall of sand, on which the lightning grows cold and is quenched, so that it cannot avail. There they awaited the enemy. Martim ordered other warriors to climb to the tops of the highest cocoa palms. There, sheltered by the broad leaves, they waited for the battle to begin.

Poty's arrow was the first to leave the bow, and the chief of the white men was the first to bite the dust on that foreign shore. The thunder in the hands of the white warriors roared, but the lightnings which poured forth buried themselves in the sand, or were lost in the air.

The arrows of the Pitiguaras now fell from the sky, now flew from the earth, and all found their mark in an enemy's breast. Each warrior who fell was pierced with many arrows like the prey which the *piranhas* attack in the waters of the lake.

The enemy re-embarked in their canoes, and returned to the ship to fetch the large and heavy thunder which one man alone, or even two, cannot handle.

When they returned, the chief of the fishermen, who swam in the sea like the fish from which he took the name Camoropim, dived fearlessly into the waves. The bubbles had not yet subsided when the enemy canoe sank, as if dragged down by a whale.

Night came, and with it repose.

At daybreak the ship was on the horizon speeding towards the banks of the Mearim. Jacaúna arrived too late for the battle, but in time for the feast of victory.

In that hour, when the warlike song of the Pitiguaras was celebrating the defeat of the white enemy, the first child which sprang from the blood of the white race in that land of liberty, was born on the plains of Porangaba.

CHAPTER XXX

Iracema, feeling that the time was at hand, sought the bank of the river where the cocoa-palm grew. She leaned against the stem of a palm tree. She was torn with pain, but soon the cry of the child filled her heart with joy. The young mother, proud of her happiness, took the tender child in her arms and plunged with it into the clear waters of the river. Then she suckled it at her breast, and her eyes dwelt upon it with mingled sadness and love.

«You are Moacyr, born of my suffering!»

The paroquet, perched in the hollow of the cocoa palm, echoed «Moacyr», and from that time the friendly

bird united in its song the name of the mother and the son.

The baby slept. Iracema sighed.

«The bee makes honey in the fragrant trunk of the sassafras. Every summer it flies from bough to bough, gathering nectar to fill the comb, but it does not taste its sweetness because the *irara* devours the whole hive in a single night. Your mother also, son of my anguish, will not drink from your lips the honey of your smile.»

The young mother passed over her shoulders the broad band of soft cotton which she had made to carry the child at her side, and followed on the sand the footprints of her husband, who had now been gone three days. She walked gently, so as not to wake the child, which slumbered like a young bird under its mother's wing.

When she approached the great sandhill, she saw that the track of Martim and Poty took the course of the beach, and guessed that they had gone to war. Her heart sighed, but her dry eyes sought the face of her son.

She turned her face towards Mocaripe:

«You are called the mount of joy, but for Iracema you hold only sadness.»

Returning, the young mother placed the sleeping child in his father's hammock, abandoned and solitary in the middle of the hut, and lay down on the ground, where she had slept since the arms of her husband were no longer opened for her.

The morning light entered the hut, and Iracema saw the shadow of a warrior. Cauby was standing in the doorway.

Martim's wife leapt to her feet, and sprang forward to protect her child. Her brother lifted his sorrowful eyes from the hammock to her face, and spoke in a voice sadder still:

«It was not vengeance which brought the warrior Cauby from the plains of the Tabajaras; he has already forgiven. It was the desire to see Iracema which cheered him on his journey.»

«Then the warrior Cauby is welcome in the home of his brother», replied the wife, embracing him.

«The child of your bosom sleeps in this hammock. Cauby's eyes would like to look upon him.»

Iracema parted the fringe of feathers, and showed the beautiful face of the child. Cauby, after gazing on it for a long time, said smilingly:

«He has stolen a part of you.»

He kissed in the eyes of the young mother the image of the child, which he would not touch, fearing to offend her.

The girl spoke in a trembling voice:

«Araken still lives on this earth?»

«He still suffers. After you left him, his head sank on his breast, and he has not lifted it since.»

«Tell him that Iracema has already died, that he may be consoled.»

Cauby's sister prepared a meal for the warrior, and hung the hammock of hospitality in the porch, that he might rest from the fatigues of the day. When the traveller's appetite was satisfied, he rose and said:

«Tell me, where is your husband? The warrior Cauby would give him a brother's embrace.»

The tremulous lips of the unhappy wife moved like the petals of the cactus stirred by the breeze, and remained silent, but the tears welled up in her eyes and fell in drops.

Cauby's face clouded over.

«Your brother thought that sorrow had remained in the country which you abandoned, because you took with you all the smiles of those who loved you.»

Iracema dried her eyes:

«Iracema's husband has gone with the warrior Poty to the shores of the Acarahú. Before three suns have lighted the earth he will return, and with him joy will come back to his wife's heart.»

«The warrior Cauby will await him to know what he has done with the smile which used to dwell on your lips.»

The voice of the Tabajara grew hoarse; his restless step paced aimlessly up and down the hut.

CHAPTER XXXI

Iracema was singing softly, rocking the hammock to soothe her child to sleep. Outside on the sand she heard the firm step of the Tabajara warrior coming from the seashore with a plentiful catch of fish.

The young mother closed the fringes of the hammock, that the flies might not disturb the sleeping child, and went to meet her brother.

«Cauby must return to the mountains of the Tabajaras», she said.

The warrior's face grew dark.

«You send your brother away from the hut, that he may not see the sadness which fills it.»

«Araken had many children in his youth; some were taken in war and died like brave men, others chose a wife and begot in their turn a numerous offspring. Araken had only two children of his old age. Iracema is the dove which the hunter took from the nest. The warrior Cauby alone remains to support his failing body and guide his trembling step.»

«Cauby will only depart when the shadow leaves the face of Iracema.»

«Like the star which only shines at night, Iracema lives in her sadness. Only the eyes of her husband can lift the shadow from her face. Go, that those eyes may not be troubled at seeing you!»

«Your brother goes, since you wish it, but he will return each time the *cajú* tree flowers, to feel on his breast the child of your bosom.»

He entered the hut. Iracema took the child from the hammock, and both mother and son were pressed to the heart of the Tabajara warrior.

Then Cauby passed through the door, and disappeared amongst the trees.

Iracema, dragging her weary footsteps, followed him at a distance, till she lost sight of him on the outskirts of the forest. There she stayed awhile, till the call of the *jandaia*, mingled with the babe's cry, called her to the hut — the sand alone held the secret of her grief. The young mother put the child to her breast, but his crying did not cease. The milk did not come. Incessant tears had thinned her blood, so that little milk flowed from her breasts.

She dissolved the white flour of the *mandioca* and prepared in the fire pap to nourish her son. When the sun gilded the crest of the mountains, she set out for the forest, carrying the sleeping child in her arms.

In a thicket of the forest was the deserted lair of an *irara*. The young cubs growled as they rolled one another over. The beautiful Tabajara approached stealthily. She made for the child a cradle of the soft leaves of the passion flower, and sat down beside it. She took the *irara* cubs in her lap one by one, and gave them her delicate breasts; the starving cubs sucked them, greedy for milk.

Iracema suffered such pain as she had never felt before — her very life seemed to be drawn from her, but her breasts began to swell, and at last filled, and the milk, still red with blood, flowed from them.

The happy mother put aside the cubs, and, full of joy, satisfied her child's hunger. He was now doubly the child of her suffering, born of her pain and nourished by it.

The daughter of Araken felt at length her veins were exhausted, and yet her lips, grown bitter with sorrow, refused the food which would have restored her strength. Wailing and sighs had banished her smiles, and the sweetness from her beautiful mouth.

CHAPTER XXXII

The sun was setting.

The dog, Japi, ran out of the forest to the door of the hut.

Iracema, sitting with the child in her arms, was bathing herself in the sunshine, feeling chilled with cold. Seeing the dog, her husband's faithful messenger, hope rose again in her heart. She tried to rise to meet her warrior lord, but her weak limbs refused to obey her will, and she fell fainting against the doorpost. Japi licked her cold hand, and jumped up to make the child smile, barking with pleasure. At times he would run off to the edge of the forest and bark to call his master; but he always returned to the hut to fawn on the mother and child.

By this time Martim had reached the yellow plains of Tauapé. His brother Poty, his inseparable companion, was at his side.

Eight moons had passed since he had left the beaches of Jacaré-canga.

After the white enemies had been defeated in the Bay of Parrots, the Christian warrior wished to set out for the banks of the Mearim, where dwelt the foreign allies of the Tupinambás. Poty and his warriors accompanied him.

After crossing the arm of the sea which comes from the mountains of Taúatinga, and bathes the marshes where the *piau* fish is found, they reached at length the shores of the Mearim and the ancient settlement of the foreign enemy. The fair-haired race was increasing in numbers, and had already built a great fort from which to shoot forth lightning.

When Martim had learned what he wished to know, he returned to the plains of Porangaba, which he was now treading. He could already hear the roar of the sea on the shores of Mocaripe, and the keen breath of the ocean waves blew in his face.

As his step drew near the hut, it grew slower and heavier. He was afraid to approach, feeling that his heart would suffer to meet the sad and reproachful eyes of his wife.

For some time no word had passed his dry lips; his friend respected his silence, which he well understood. It was the silence of the river passing through deep and gloomy places.

As soon as the two warriors reached the banks of the river, they heard the bark of the dog calling them, and the cry of the paroquet lamenting. They were very close to the hut, which was just out of sight behind a thicket. The Christian paused, pressing his hand to

his breast to still the beating of his heart, which leapt like the river eel.

«Japi's bark sounds joyful» said the chief.

«Because he has come home; but the voice of the *jandara* is sad. Will the absent warrior find peace in the heart of his lonely wife, or has desertion killed in her womb the fruit of love?»

The Christian advanced with hesitating step. Suddenly, between the boughs of the trees, he beheld Iracema seated at the door of the hut with her child on her lap, and the dog gambolling around. His heart leapt, and his soul went out in the cry:

«Iracema!...»

The sorrowful wife and mother half opened her eyes on hearing the beloved voice. With a great effort she was able to raise the child in her arms and present it to the father, who gazed at it in love and extasy.

«Receive the child of your blood. You are just in time, for my ungrateful breasts can no longer nourish him.»

Placing the child in his father's arms, the unhappy mother swooned, like the tender plant whose root has been severed. The husband then saw how pain had wasted her fair body; but her beauty still remained like the perfume of a fallen flower.

Iracema did not rise again from the hammock where Martim's arms tenderly placed her. The afflicted husband, in whom love had reawakened with the joy of fatherhood, lavished upon her endearments which filled

her heart with joy, but could not bring her back to life. The stamen of the flower was broken.

«Lay the body of your wife at the foot of the cocoa-palm which you used to love. When the sea breeze rustles in the leaves, Iracema will think that it is your breath whispering in her hair.»

The sweet lips were silent forever. The last ray left her dim eyes.

Poty supported his brother in his great grief. Martim felt how precious is a true friend in misfortune; he is like the hill which shelters from the stormy blast the strong and robust trunk of the ironwood when the white ant bores into its core.

The urn which received the body of Iracema, embalmed with scented resins, was laid at the foot of the cocoa palm on the river bank. Martim broke off a myrtle bough, the leaf of sadness, and laid it on his wife's resting place.

The bird, perched in the hollow of the palm tree, repeated sadly:

«Iracema!...»

From that time the Pitiguara warriors who passed near the deserted hut and heard the plaintive voice of the friendly bird, avoided, their hearts full of sadness, the cocoa palm where the *jandaia* called.

Thus it was, that the river where the cocoa-palm grew, and the plains through which it winds came to be called Ceará.

CHAPTER XXXIII

The cajú tree had flowered four times since Martim had left the beaches of Ceará, carrying in the frail bark his son and his faithful dog. The *jandaia* would not leave the land where its friend and mistress rested.

The first Cearense, still in the cradle, was leaving his native land. Was there not in this the predestination of a race?

Poty had raised the village of his warriors on the river bank, and waited for his brother, who had promised him to return. Every morning, he climbed the sandhill, and turned his eyes towards the sea, hoping to descry the friendly white sail on the horizon.

At last, Martim returned again to the land which had seen his happiness, but which now held bitter memories. When his foot felt the warmth of the white sands, a fire was kindled in his heart, and consumed it. It was the fire of remembrance, which burned like the spark in the embers, and that flame was only quenched when he reached the land where his wife rested. In that moment, his heart overflowed, as the trunk of the *jatahi* exudes moisture in the fierce heat, and bedewed his sorrow with copious tears.

Many warriors of his race accompanied the white chief to found with him a city of Christians. There also came a priest of his religion, in black robes, to plant the cross on heathen soil.

Poty was the first to kneel at the foot of the sacred wood; he would not suffer anything to separate him from his white brother. They should both have but one God as they had but one heart. He received in baptism the name of the saint, whose day it was and that of the king whom he was about to serve, and after these two his own, in the language of his new brothers. His fame grew, and is still the pride of the land where he first saw the light.

The settlement which Martim founded on the river bank on the shores of Ceará, flourished. The word of the true God spread in that wild country, and the holy bell pealed in the valleys where the *maracá* used to sound.

Jacaúna went to live on the plains of Porangaba, to be near his white friend, and Camarão built the village of his warriors on the banks of the Mecejana.

Some time later, when Albuquerque, the great chief of the white warriors, came, Martim and Camarão set out for the banks of the Mearim, to chastise the fierce Tupinambá and drive out the white enemy.

It was always with emotion that the husband of Iracema saw again the places in which he had been so happy, and the green leaves, under the shade of which slept the beautiful Tabajara.

Often, he would go and rest on those pleasant sands, to meditate and still the sharp longing in his heart.

The *jandaia* still called from amongst the foliage of the cocoa-palm, but no longer repeated the sweet name of *Iracema*.

All things on earth must pass away.

NOTES

PAGE 7.

Jandaia — Paroquet. The name Ceará is derived from Tupy words meaning the cry of the paroquet. (See Introduction).

Carnaúba — A beautiful palm common to the Brazilian forests.

Jangada — A kind of raft with mast and sail, used by fishermen on the northern coast of Brazil. Some of these may be seen at a great distance from the coast.

Varzea — A low-lying grassy plain often flooded in the rainy season.

PAGE 8.

Oiticica — A leafy tree which gives a delicious shade.

PAGE 9.

Mangaba — Fruit of the mangabeira, resembling in form and colour the European plum.

PAGE 11.

Mandioca — A plant much cultivated in Brazil for its root. The flour called *farinha de mandioca*, which it gives, forms a staple article of food.

Cajú — A curious fruit, the stone of which grows outside the flesh. The pulp contains an acid juice, of which a refreshing drink is made.

PAGE 13.

Maracá — A kind of banner used by the Tupy races in war. Derived from *maran*, combat and *aca*, horn or point. It was fringed with small gourds, in which a loose stone or fruit rattled.

Jurema — A tree which gives a bitter fruit. From this the natives prepared a drink which produced exhilarating dreams and hallucinations. The preparation of this drink was a secret jealously guarded by the priests, to preserve their influence over the warriors.

PAGE 14.

Irapuam — is the name given in Tupy to an angry bee. The warrior mentioned here is the celebrated Mel Redondo, chief of the Tabajaras of the Ibiapaba mountains. He was the relentless enemy of the Portuguese and ally of the French.

PAGE 15.

River of Herons — The Acarahú, which waters the northern part of the State of Ceará.

Benjoim — A tree which gives a yellowish aromatic resin.

PAGE 16.

Ocára — A circular space in the centre of an Indian village. It was usually surrounded by a palisade, and the huts opened on to it.

Potiguara — Shrimp eater. Name given by their enemies in contempt to the Pitiguaras who dwelt on the coast, and lived chiefly on fish. The word *Pitiguara* means «lord of the valley.»

PAGE 17.

Cauim — A native wine prepared from mandioca which is left to ferment in water.

PAGE 25.

Andiroba — A tree which gives a bitter oil.

PAGE 27.

Sapé — Name of several graminaceous plants in Brazil.

PAGE 29.

Ubaia — A shrub which gives an agreeable fruit. Family, myrtaceae. Tupy, *uba* fruit and *aia* wholesome.

Araçá — A tree of scanty foliage of the same family as the *ubaia*. Its fruit is yellow when ripe and has a pleasant taste.

PAGE 30.

Urutão — A nocturnal bird of prey.

PAGE 34.

Sucuri — A large serpent found in the rivers and lakes of the north of Brazil. Like the boa constrictor, it crushes and swallows its prey. One of the largest Brazilian snakes, measuring sometimes 30 feet in length.

PAGE 46.

Acauan A bird which lives on the banks of rivers. It preys upon snakes, and for this reason is called by the natives the protector of man. The name describes the cry which it utters.

PAGE 55.

Cotia — A large rodent, found chiefly in the north of Brazil. It lives in a hole in the root or trunk of a tree, and seeks its food by night.

PAGE 60.

Japi — Signifies 'our foot' from Tupy *ja* — we and *py* — foot.

PAGE 61.

Jatobá — One of the timber trees of Brazil, of tall growth with spreading top. The fruit is large, containing several seeds. The tree yields a medicinal oil and a resin used for making varnish.

PAGE 64.

Meruoca — From Tupy *meru* — fly and *oca* — house. Mountains near Sobral.

Uruburetama — Home of the *urubù* or vulture.

PAGE 65.

Camoropim — A fish common to the northern coasts of Brazil, noted for its speed.

Potengi — River on which stands Natal, capital of the State of Rio Grande do Norte, birthplace of Martim Soares Moreno.

Trahira — This is the River Trahiry, 30 leagues to the north of the capital of Ceará. Tupy *trahira* — fish and *y* — river.

PAGE 66.

Soipé — means in Tupy 'land of game'. From *sóo* — game and *ipe* — place where.

Mocoripe — Sandhill on a bay of the same name some miles from Fortaleza.

PAGE 67.

Jaçanan — A graceful waterfowl, much hunted for its beautiful plumage.

PAGE 69.

Batuieté — Name given to the great Pitiguara chief, meaning in figurative language — great swimmer. To-day it is the name of a district and range of mountains in the State of Ceará.

When his stars were so many..... The natives used to count the years by the rising of the constellations in the east. They also used to keep a *cajú* nut each season of that fruit, to mark the years.

PAGE 70.

Quixeramobim — Composed of *qui* — *xere* and *amobinhê*, means «Ah! my past years!»

PAGE 71.

Genipapo — A very tall tree, leafy and freely branching. The fruit is round, and covered with a rough greenish skin.

Jabirú — The adjutant bird.

Maranguab — From Tupy *maranmonhang* — to make war and *couab* — wise. The Serra de Maranguape is a range of mountains in Ceará, noted for its beauty and fertility.

PAGE 73.

Muriti or *burity* is a species of palm. Its leaves are fan shaped, and are used for covering huts.

PAGE 74.

Aratanha — A range of mountains in continuation of the Serra de Maranguape. From Tupy *arara* — bird and *tanha* — beak.

Maniva — The stalk of the mandioca.

PAGE 77.

Jacarandá — Rosewood. This tree has a luxuriant foliage and gives a yellow flower.

Coatiabo — The painted warrior. In Tupy *Coatia* means to paint; *abo* is the object which suffers the action of the verb.

PAGE 80.

Sablá — The Brazilian thrush.

Mearim — A river of the State of Maranhão.

PAGE 83.

Goiamum — The largest species of crab found in Brazilian waters. Some are known to measure 20 inches from claw to claw.

PAGE 84.

Monguba — A tree which gives a fruit containing a downy fibre.

PAGE 87.

Jacaré-canga — A sandhill on the beach near the town of Fortaleza. From *jacaré* — alligator and *acanga* — head.

Copahiba — A tree of medium growth which yields a medicinal resin. The flowers grow in clusters.

PAGE 89.

Graúna — A bird of lustrous black plumage.

Japim — A large song bird. Its plumage is black and golden.

PAGE 92.

Piranha — A small carnivorous fresh water fish found in the rivers and lakes of the north of Brazil. It goes in large shoals, and is known for the ferocity with which it attacks its prey.

PAGE 93.

Moacyr — 'Child of suffering', from Tupy *moacy* — pain and *ira*, suffix signifying 'come from'.

PAGE 94.

Irara — A small animal resembling the weasel.

PAGE 100.

Piau — A fresh water fish which gives its name to the River and State of Piauhy.





