

«MANOELA»: A STORY OF YOUNG LOVE «WEST OF THE ARCHIPELAGO»

by
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ABSTRACT

In 1859 the London journal *Ladies' Companion, and Montly Magazine* published «Manoela» in English translation from the French of Théodore Marie Pavie. Subtitled «A Story of the Azores» by the editor, this moralistic tale contrasts the sincerity and love of two young persons from Flores with the boredom and superficiality of two Peruvian women. Romantically, the author sees both solid virtue and a large capacity for deep feeling in the natives of Flores (The story is reprinted.)

RESUMO

Em 1859 o jornal londrino *Ladies' Companion, and Monthly Magazine* publicou «Manoela» numa tradução inglesa do francês de Théodore Marie Pavie. Com o subtítulo de «Uma história dos Açores» dado pelo editor, esta moralística historietta põe em contraste a sinceridade e o amor de dois jovens das Flores com o tédio e a superficialidade de duas mulheres peruanas. Romanticamente, o autor vê virtude sólida e uma larga capacidade para sentimentos profundos nos jovens naturais das Flores. (Transcreve-se aqui a história.)

AMONG the fictional pieces offered during 1859 to its readers by the London journal *Ladies' Companion and Monthly Magazine* was «Manoela», a story that has as its setting the island of Flores and the sea immediately surrounding it¹. Although there is no indication that the story as published is a translation from French into English, the author, identified only as «Th. Pavie», appears actually to have been Théodore Marie Pavie (1811-1896), well-known as a traveller, an author, and an Orientalist. What makes this appearance of Pavie's story in England at this time particularly interesting is the strong likelihood that it was primarily its *setting* — that is, the island of Flores as

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part of the Azores — which made it, from the point of view of reader circulation, worth presenting to the magazine's readers. Hence their editorial decision to describe it, below the title, as «A Story of the Azores».

This spirited tale presents the reader with two sets of contrasts. First of all, there is the love and sincerity of the young people from the island of Flores, Manoela and Diogo, opposed to the superficiality and boredom of the Peruvian women, Thereza and Donna Rosario (daughter and mother, respectively), passengers aboard the ship that stops at the island. Then there is the casual manner and careless affluence of the same Peruvian women versus the relative poverty of the islanders represented by the young lovers and Josefa, the girl's mother. These modal and thematic contrasts are established but, unfortunately, not pursued to any depth or great purpose. They reveal rather the author's romantic predilection for seeing a greater moral virtue and a larger capacity for deep feeling in the more natural young people of the island than in the *señorita* from Lima. As for the older characters — Manoela's mother, the *señorita's* mother, and the ship's captain — motives, virtues and faults are not so clearly parceled out between those native to the island and the others. Josefa's avarice wins out over her mother's love for her daughter and the *dona* (married to a Peruvian but originally from Cadiz) remains reluctantly indulgent towards her capricious and flighty daughter given to excesses, but the captain manifests a judicious and kindly attitude toward what transpires — the selling of Manoela to the *señorita* and her last-minute rescue by Diogo. As he says in mollification to the *dona* from Cadiz when she complains about the cost to her (the twelve ounces of gold that successfully tempted Manoela's mother in the first place to sell both her daughter and La Branca, the little goat), he says wisely and conclusively: «I should also regret it ... if we had not made two beings happy ... You have dowried Manoela, and I the fisherman. After all, such a result is cheaply purchased by a slight headache; and I conclude that our day was not lost».

That such happiness can be achieved even on that «rock» (as Flores is called by Donna Rosario) is the final positive implication of this Azorean tale.

MANOELA
(A Story of the Azores)

To the west of the Archipelago of the Azores, so picturesque and brilliant in their rich vegetation, are two little islands, poor and forgotten amidst the wide waters of the Atlantic; they are named Flores and Corvo. A narrow strait separates their rocky coasts, and on the high lands some red-tiled houses may be distinguished. In the more sheltered valleys grow the fig-tree with its broad leaves, the sweetsented myrtle, and even the orange-tree, which serve as retreat to the birds with which Nature has enlivened these dreary shores. Placed like sentinels in the ocean, ships pass by frequently, but at a distance: it is an event for all the inhabitants when one anchors to purchase provisions: all hasten to exchange their fowls, wine, or fruit for money, which is scarce in an island having no commerce.

One morning the Captain of a vessel was folding up his maps; he had distinguished through his telescope, in spite of the fog, the two islands, though he had scarcely determined whether to make for them, when a young lady ascended the cabin staircase.

«Good morning, *senorita*», said the Captain, politely.

«The sea, the sea; always the sea», she replied, pouting; «really, Captain, you are determined not to land».

«Certainly», he answered, smiling, «I can prevent the storms of Cape Horn and the calms about the Equator».

«It is nearly a hundred days since we left Lima, and are we not still far from Cadiz?»

«If the wind rise, we shall be there in a week. But, *Senhorita*, I can make land rise out of the ocean — under those clouds there is an island».

«Oh!» cried she, leaning over the bulwarks, «but there is really land: if you would only let me rest there for a day — a single day!»

«We shall see; it is chiefly on your account that I have approached these islands».

«Mamma, mamma», cried Theresa, «come on deck! there is land — an island, close to us. What a pleasure! We must take a great deal of money: I want to buy so many things; it is so long since I made a single purchase. Ah! that is the great pleasure of Lima — silks, shoes, fans, and gloves!»

The young girl, who chattered like a Peruvian parrot, was about fifteen — a true type of the women of Lima, who are Spaniards blown under tropical suns: she had the lively manner, ready speech, and capricious temper natural to the Spanish race. Her mother, Donna Rosario, a native of Cadiz, where a Peruvian merchant had married her during one of his voyages, had been a widow some years. She

had regretted her native country, and, finding herself solitary at Lima, decided to return to her family. Whilst her daughter, impatient to set her foot on land, dragged her most splendid dresses from the bottom of her trunk, as if she were about to make her entry into a capital, Donna Rosario dressed slowly.

«Dear mamma, do make haste: I see I must help you. Which fan will you have? Oh! my shoes hurt me; it is so long since I wore them!»

«Be quiet, *Nina*; you turn everything upside down. There, I am ready: let us go on deck, and show me this wonderful island, which makes you mad with joy».

The ship was rapidly approaching the land. Some fishermen were rowing at a distance; they feared lest the large vessel might be a slaver in distress, which would take their provisions without paying for them. At length one boat ventured nearer; and, seeing some ladies on board, the fishermen hailed the Captain, who threw him a rope, and in a moment was on board.

«At length I have a pilot!» said the Captain. «Can I anchor here?»

The fisherman replied in the affirmative, and, pulling off his heavy coat, seized the wheel. He was a fine young man, with regular features, large black eyes, and a sunburnt complexion. Obedient to his hand the ship turned on itself, and the anchor fell.

«Well, do we stop here?» asked Theresa.

«Do you think my ship can go over the pebbles?» replied the Captain. «Come this way, the boat will take you to land».

Theresa grumbled a little when she found herself obliged to sit on the wet benches of a boat strongly impregnated with a fishy odour, in her silk dress; then shook her fan passionately, and burst into a laugh. Five minutes after the boat touched the shore, and the Captain assisted the two ladies to land.

«Will your ladyship buy a fowl?» screamed a child, holding the bird at arm's length.

«Will *senorita* buy some wine? some milk?» cried the crowd, who had descended from the mountain and surrounded the strangers, presenting their covered jars.

«This is deafening», said Donna Rosario. «They speak altogether, and in Portuguese too! Theresa, what are you doing there, my daughter?»

«I am drinking fresh milk, mamma», said she, raising the two-handed jar gaily above her head. «Stop, little one, here is some money. What is your name?»

«Theresa», cried her mother, «come, and leave this troop of beggars».

«They are human faces», replied Theresa, «and it is so long since I have seen a fresh one. Stop, dear mamma, look at this *Manoela*: is she not pretty? Come here, *Manoela*; do not be afraid; tell me where is the town».

«Before us, *Senorita*, the town of Santa Cruz is on the other side of the island».

«Are there any shops, warehouses, or curiosities to be seen?»
Manoela shook her head.

«What a miserable life they lead in this country!» cried Theresa.

«Pleasure is like riches», replied Manoela: «it is not for everyone in the world».

«I never thought of that before», said the young Peruvian, in a low voice; «there are people, then, who never have any amusements».

«Senoras, is it your intention to cross the island and go to Santa Cruz?» inquired the Captain.

«Yes», replied Theresa, « I shall walk as long as there is land before me. Is it far, Manoela, from here to the town?»

«Oh no! one or two hours' walk».

«Forwards, then! forwards! I have never walked so far before».

Donna Rosario made some objections, and complained sadly that there were no sure-footed mules in the island, such as those at Lima and in Andalusia. The Captain not daring to leave his ship any longer at anchor on the dangerous coast, returned on board, promising to meet the two ladies in the evening on the opposite shore.

«Go to your ship, and sail as long as you like», said Theresa; «Manoela shall be our guide: will you not go with us?»

«Yes, with all my heart; and half way you will come to my mother's cottage where you can rest?»

«And procure something to eat? I begin to feel hungry. All that is in our humble hut is at your service».

«I accept the offer. Ah! what a pleasure to dine in a tub, as I used to read in that French fairy tale when I was a child!»

Unfortunately there was no tub in old Josefa's garden, Manoela's mother. The miserable house, tumbling to pieces, had no ornament but a very old vine which seemed to prop up the cabin, and threw its long branches round the walls, like so many cables. Some fowls were pecking before the door; startled by the visitors they rushed into the house, and old Josefa, suspecting some unexpected visit, appeared in the porch. She was a tall, skinny woman, who long ago might have been as pretty as her daughter. When persons are poor they do not like to have their indigence discovered by indifferent eyes. The appearance of the two ladies made the old duenna frown, and Manoela felt some embarrassment, when Theresa, stopping before the door, said:

«Good morning, my good woman. Can you find us something to eat here? Ah, you have a lovely daughter! Do not blush so, my little one; when you have lived in cities you will know better what your large blue eyes and black hair are worth!»

«I have but little to offer you, ladies», said Josefa; and she cast her eyes upon the poultry around her.

«What beautiful fowls!» said Theresa: «will you sell them?»

«What would you do with them?» said Donna Rosario. «How could we carry them, and where would you put them in the ship?»

«That is my business, dear mamma. I will give you a piastre for each». Then she seated herself under the vine, whilst Manoela placed white bread, eggs, milk, and raisins on the table: the old woman, in good temper at the sale of her poultry, sought out some large rush baskets to carry them in.

«They were woven», she remarked, «by my lost husband, eight days before his departure in Don Pedro's expedition: the poor man had gained his epaulettes as serjeant-major, but at the debarcation at Oporto he was shot through the breast».

«I can candole with you, madame», said Donna Rosario, gravely: «these are sorrows which can never be healed».

«The truth is, he did not make me happy: before leaving the poor man had ruined me, and has left me in poverty».

This complaint was interrupted by the sudden apparition of a white goat which came bounding up to Manoela.

«Is that yours?» asked Theresa, quickly.

Manoela replied by an affirmative nod.

«Let me have it! O let me have it, I beg», continued the young Peruvian; «would you not like it, mamma?»

Accustomed to satisfy all her daughter's caprices, Donna Rosario made some objections, which were immediately overruled; but Manoela did not give her consent: silent and sad she stood by the beautiful animal.

«Ah! you can take it», said Josefa; «the vile beast eats my vine and destroys my turnip-field».

«No, my child», replied Donna Rosario; «keep your pet, it loves you, and you seem much attached to it. My daughter would be tired of it in two days».

«It is a pity to leave it», interrupted Josefa, «perhaps Manoela would work better when it is gone: young girls now do not know how to do anything. Ah! if I had had a boy!»

Manoela wept silently; there was a harshness about the mother that frightened Theresa. She whispered, «My dear girl, your mother seems to be very cross».

«Oh no, Signorita; only she wants me to earn more money».

«Is that all? Wait until I speak to mamma».

There was a long conversation between Donna Rosario and her daughter. At length, Theresa having conquered, she cried with transport:

«Donna Josefa, your daughter pleases me so much that I will take her under my protection. Do you hear, Manoela? Give me your hand, and do not cry. It is agreed that as you will not give me your goat I will carry you both away».

Josefa stared, whilst Theresa's little hands were busily untying a corner of her handkerchief, in which were several ounces of Peruvian gold, representing the sun darting its rays over the lofty peaks of Potosi.

«Ladies», cried the mother, trying to weep, «I have only my daughter to help me to gain a living. At my age I am fit for nothing».

«Here are ten ounces of gold to fill the place of your daughter's labour, and two more for the goat».

«Oh! the beautiful pieces of money!» continued Josefa. «Go, Manoela, and thank these good ladies. You cannot fail to be happy with such rich people!»

Manoela stood amazed and confused. She saw herself banished from the maternal roof, exchanged for ten gold pieces without regret and even with joy. During the sixteen years of her short existence she had suffered much from her mother's harshness, but had submitted patiently. Sometimes, when sharper words than usual had been used, she left the house, to soothe a sad heart by the sea-shore. One day she brought a white goat from one of these dreamy walks. Where had she got it? Who gave it to her? It was her secret. A mysterious tie united these timid free creatures. At no price would she have consented to part with «La Branca», so that she was overwhelmed to see her mother give up her daughter for a handful of gold avarice is a passion that youth cannot understand. When she perceived that her mother did not love her as much as she fancied, she thought she could read an expression of sympathy in Theresa's face, and throwing herself into the young Peruvian's arms, she shed bitter tears.

«Oh, Nina! you will stifle me».

Then addressing Josefa, Theresa inquired —

«Your daughter knows how to sew and embroider?»

«Certainly she has good sense, and will soon learn what you tell her».

Manoela saw from these words that she was to enter into the service of these strange ladies and lose her freedom. It seemed like a dream. Her poor little island was like a paradise from which they were driving her. The preparations for departure were soon ended. Manoela took her little bundle under her arm, kissed her mother with the warmest affection, saying, in a low tone —

«Why do you send me away?»

«For your happiness, my daughter. What can you do here? At least show yourself obedient».

There are people who cannot cross a garden without plucking a flower or gathering a fruit: with a capricious and careless hand they possess themselves of whatever they take a fancy to. Such a one was Theresa; never questioning the perfect happiness of the poor young girl she carried away from her humble cabin. They walked on slowly; and Manoela, who had no desire to be seen by the inhabitants of Santa Cruz, led the ladies to a landing-place a few hundred feet from the town. The Captain met them with his boat at the same spot.

«Captain», said Theresa to him, «we bring you two passengers. One of the first class, who will take her place in the cabin; the other you can put near the mast, among the sheep».

«Ah! Teresita», cried the sailor; «there is more caprice than wisdom in your little head!»

«What can you do?» interrupted Donna Rosario; «young girls of the present day have an obstinacy that nothing can equal».

«As if it were not the weakness of their mothers!» muttered the old sailor, turning on his heel.

By nightfall the passengers had reached the ship. Placed among the sheep that were to be eaten on the voyage, La Branca soon leaped out of her prison; she ran about the deck, putting her head into the sailors' cabin, and looking down the hatchways. The poor animal was seeking for Manoela, who, seated beside Theresa, was weeping and covering her face with her hands. The seniorita addressed kind words to her in vain, and recounted the pleasures of her childhood in the joyous city of Lima, which is called the paradise of women.

«You see clearly that she is distressed», said Donna Rosario to her daughter. «Let her recover herself. Tomorrow you can tell her all those stories. Manoela, my little one, here is a berth for you. Lie down, and go to sleep».

«If you will permit me, madame», replied Manoela, «I will go on deck into the fresh air. I am stifled here».

Manoela mounted on deck. La Branca was by her side at a single bound, loading her with a thousand caresses.

«You love me, poor little animal», murmured the young girl. «We shall never see our rocks again. We shall never see him who brought you to me when a little one. Oh my poor island!»

Saying this to herself, Manoela looked through the increasing darkness at the coast on the island of Flores, which stood off against the horizon like a dark black spot. She was suffering, and no one around her cared for her sorrow. Were not all these strangers rejoiced to set off again on their route, and to leave far behind the little island which occupied no place in their remembrance or affections? However, at this moment some-one was thinking of the poor child, and running with a joyous heart to the hut where he hoped to find her.

The fishing-boat, which had accompanied the ship since its appearance on the opposite coast, had now regained the shore, and the tall young man who had acted as pilot jumped out, and walked at a rapid pace up to Josefa's cottage, coming by the garden at the back, and knocked at the shutter.

«Who is there?» asked the old woman.

«It is I — Diogo», replied the fisherman.

«Where do you come from, my boy? What do you want at this hour? It is nearly midnight».

«I have been piloting a ship, and am on my way home. I have had a good day's work. If I had such people often to serve, my fortune would be soon made. Open the door, I beg, and light your lamp; I have something to show you».

The old woman would have preferred closing the shutters and sending Diogo away for the present, but he had often rendered her

little services, and she might want his help again; so she opened her door.

«Thank you, mother Josefa!» said Diogo, entering. «See, here is a beautiful little China-crape shawl, which the captain has given me besides my money-wages. But where is Manoela?»

«She is gone. She is at Santa Cruz. You were saying that this China-crape shawl —»

Diogo folded the shawl, and put it back into his pocket. Then crossing his sinewy arms on his breast, he looked fixedly at Josefa —

«Manoela is at Santa Cruz! She is gone! The truth — tell me the truth! — Where is Manoela?»

«Gone», said the duenna, rather frightened — «gone with the ladies who came in the ship, and who took a fancy to her. Her future fortune is secured, my boy; and I too have made a good day's wage».

«She is gone!» cried Diogo, choked with emotion; «and it was I who guided this cursed ship here! Why did you let her go? Ah! if I had been here! Did she not go hence in tears?»

«It is true», replied the mother, «she was moved at the thought of leaving me; it was very natural».

«And they have given you money?»

«Yes, heavy pieces of gold».

«And you have given up your daughter for gold pieces?» said Diogo, advancing a step nearer. «And what will these ladies make of your daughter? A servant, a waiting-maid, and you will never see her again. As if they could not find others in the world to serve them! But no; they wanted the pearl of our island, and have carried it away as they passed through; and I who came to say to you — «Mother Josefa, I wanted but little gold to complete a good round sum I have hidden in the rocks. I have earned this gold to-day, will you give me your daughter?»

«It is too late. What would you have me do?» said Josefa. «Go and rest, Diogo; leave me in peace. We will talk of it another day».

«Another day!» interrupted the fisherman. «Do you think that I speak of this because Manoela is gone! Ah! if I had known that you were tired of her — if you had said to me, 'I give her to you for one or two hundred piastres', instead of asking a dowry of you, I would have paid her ransom. The poor child! You were, then, tired of having her near you?»

«She was much oftener running on the rocks than beside me», replied the mother, with dryness. «She set off at the least remonstrance that I made to her».

«Because you would return to her the blows you received from your husband».

«Diogo», cried Josefa, angrily, «are you come here to insult me?»

«No; on the contrary, I came expressly to kneel before you, and ask you to call me your son. Give me your hand, and reply to my question, I conjure you. This charming daughter, that every mother coveted — was she not very wicked?»

«I do not say that».

«She loved to wander about. She was neither wise nor virtuous».

«I have never said so».

«Is it true that she had no beauty? You may have had more to boast of yourself, mother Josefa; but grant me that your daughter had no rival in the island».

«I know that Manoela had a very good appearance».

«Yes, you had a charming daughter — full of affection and sense, fresh as spring, beautiful as a rose; and then you say, 'Bah! a purse of gold is worth more to me — good-bye'. Speak freely: do you not already regret your daughter?»

«You are a good fellow, Diogo; and, as it appears, love my daughter. Love turns young people's heads».

«Speak freely», repeated Diogo, «do you not regret her? Let that little tear which sparkles in your eye fall; no one will see it but I, and it will do you good».

The old woman threw her arms round the fisherman, and pressed him to her heart, weeping.

«Why say all this, my son, since it is too late?»

«But I can tell you there is yet time», interrupted Diogo; «there is no wind to-night, and the ship which carries Manoela away must be becalmed near the island. Will you let me bring your daughter back?»

«Will I?» cried the old woman. «You would restore joy to my old age».

«Then give me the gold pieces», replied the fisherman; «I must restore them to the ladies».

«But the ladies are so rich! They will not, perhaps, think of them again?»

«The gold pieces!» repeated Diogo — «keep other people's money! What are you thinking of, mother Josefa?»

«They are so beautiful! Peruvian gold such as you have never seen before to day».

«Cursed avarice!» cried Diogo, stamping his foot. «Give me them quickly: I must go. If the wind rise, the ship depart, and all will be lost!»

Josefa, breathless and anxious, put her trembling hand under the mattress, where she had concealed the treasure she had so soon to abandon. One by one she drew out the pieces. The fisherman took them in a handful, and shut them up in a leather purse; then turned to the door.

«Diogo; you will not deceive me?»

The fisherman shrugged his shoulders as his only reply, and ran across the fields.

«Diogo! Diogo!» repeated Josefa, ready to faint, «there are twelve. If you do not succeed in your voyage, you will bring them back. Ah! my God! if he intends to rob me!»

The fisherman heard no more: he rushed down the rocks, and sought through the darkness for the sails of the ship. Applying his vigorous shoulder to the little boat, he soon floated her; with a few strokes of the oar gained the deep waters, and as soon as the morning breeze rippled the surface of the sea he hoisted his sail, and the bark advanced rapidly. The ship, too, had the advantage of the first gusts of the long-expected breeze. Becalmed during the early part of the night, it had been brought back by the ebb of the tide towards the rocks which form the eastern part of the island of Flores.

«As long as it blows no more than this», thought the fisherman, «I shall go more quickly than they will: but if the breeze increase? —»

He used his oars at intervals, to make greater way; then stopped, and again sought the ship, still concealed by the darkness. Many hours thus passed — hours of anguish for Diogo, who felt the sea swell, and the waves enlarge, under his little boat. At length the stars grew paler; a light streak, slightly coloured with red, shone in the sky, then on the waves. Diogo perceived that he was to windward of the ship, the white sails of which rose like a pyramid in the sea some miles from him. He rowed to this side with a joyful cry: the eight bells calling the sailors to their duties, sounded over the waves and reached his ear.

It is the hour when the ships are scoured. With bare feet, trowsers turned up, and arms naked to the elbow, the sailors throw buckets of water over the deck; whilst the cabin-boy brightens the brass of the binnacle. In the midst of this tumult, poor Branca, sadly frightened, bounded from one side to the other, pursued by the buckets of salt water flying from the besoms and swabs which strong arms were using in every direction. The officer of the watch, seated on the poop, was delighted to see the gambols of the pretty animal, which bleated its regrets for its lost island.

In the meantime the fisherman's boat rapidly gained ground: when within a cable's length Diogo took down his sail, and made signs that he wished to speak. A rope was thrown to him, by which he climbed on board. La Branca, who recognized an old friend, ran to the staircase which led to Manoela's room. At the same moment the captain, who had been told of the fisherman's arrival, came on deck. «It is you, pilot», said he: «what do you want?»

«To speak to the ladies you have on board, Captain».

«They are still asleep, and are not accustomed to such early visits».

«I have no doubt of that; but time presses for you as well as for me: we cannot stop long here. Will you have the kindness to say that the mother of Manoela wishes to have her daughter back again, and has sent the money they gave her».

Saying which, he put the gold in the Captain's hand, who went down into the cabin, and after knocking at the door, gave the message to Theresa.

«That is well», replied the young girl. «Let him take away Manoela, and the goat, and anything else he wants, provided only he will let me sleep. Do you hear, little one? eh, Manoela?»

«What is this about?» asked Donna Rosario.

«Nothing, mamma: the old woman regrets having let her daughter go yesterday, and asks for her back again».

«She has sent back the money», added the Captain. «I have it in my hands».

Manoela stood ready to go, her little packet under her arm, so much the more awake, seeing she had never slept during the night, and looked alternately at the ladies, waiting for a parting word.

«Adieu, Manoela, adieu», said Theresa, turning round to fall asleep again. «Keep the money: I give it you. I am certain to have a headache the whole day, owing to being awoke so early in the morning».

«But, my daughter», interrupted Donna Rosario — «this is inexcusable prodigality».

«Dear mamma», replied Theresa, pettishly. «I cannot understand, I cannot hear: I am asleep. Since it gives me pleasure, let it be so».

«There, all is ended», said the Captain. «Well, my child, you have passed the Customhouse, your papers are correct; you have only to dress».

Manoela felt a sincere gratitude, which she longed to express. She timidly kissed the ringlets of black hair which hung round the neck of the sleeping Peruvian, and made a low bow to Donna Rosario; then rapidly crossed the deck, rather ashamed of the smiling faces of the sailors, who understood what was passing in the heart of the tall fisherman as he gave her his hand, and helped her into the boat, without speaking a single word. La Branca did not wait for an invitation; she leaped over the bulwarks and fell into the sea, from whence Diogo easily pulled her into the boat by seizing her long beard.

«Hoist the topsail! ply to windward!» cried the chief officer; «starboard, steersman!»

The ship went on its way to Cadiz, and the boat coasted the island.

If Diogo had had all the treasure of Peru in his boat, he could not have felt greater joy. Seated by the rudder, his delighted eyes rested on the beautiful Manoela, whom he had for a moment lost and regained by a decision as sudden as bold.

The poor girl hung her head, and shivered in the sharp morning air; whilst the high waves made her afraid. Diogo wrapped her in his thick coat. «There», said he, smiling, «you look like the Madonna in our church, wrapped up in her brown mantle, you only want a crown — take that to cover your head».

Saying so, he rolled the China-crape shawl into a turban, and adjusted it in its place. «How good you are!» said she.

«Yet you would have left me!» replied Diogo, shaking his head. «You fled from our poor isle as a bird flies from its cage».

«That little fairy from Peru had bewitched my mother».

«Who knows if Josefa will not set a face at me when I bring you back?»

«Oh! no», said Manoela; «I can answer for that».

«After all, if she will not have you — pull the sheet-rope, Manoela: we must not fall under the wind from the island. Very well done! Oh, what a fisherman's wife will Manoelita be!»

«I tell you she will receive me well, and you too. The little fairy has given me the gold pieces. There! do you see?»

Thus they sailed, chatting pleasantly, full of hope and joy. These twenty-four hours, marked by so many unforeseen events, sorrows, and tears, had advanced matters more than years of their monotonous existence. A single day had ripened a mutual affection, which languished in this little country, given up to poverty and isolation.

On the rocks near the port of Santa Cruz were some idlers, watching the boat coming in from the open sea, and were lost in conjectures as to the bold mariner who came straight in-shore. As it approached, they prudently drew back: the strangers had a singular appearance. Manoela had not remembered to take off her turban, and the wrapper was still over her shoulders. When the prow touched the sand, Diogo called to one of his friends: «Holloa, Pero, haul the boat ashore».

La Branca jumped out. Pero, at the sound of his own name, fled with all his speed at the sight of the white animal, which he thought savoured of witchcraft. Diogo was obliged to draw up his own boat; but when Manoela came forward, the spectators recovered their serenity on recognizing «the pearl of the island». Without stopping in the town, they set off over the mountain. When the little hut was in sight, Diogo said, «You are affected, Manoela! Must I go on before?»

«Why is it that we return with tears to places which we have left weeping?» cried the young girl. «Yet I feel as happy to-day as I was miserable yesterday».

«Ah, women always cry: it seems to do them good. Ah, mother Josefa, where are you? Here we are, all three together!»

The old woman slowly opened the door: «Who is there?» she asked. «Ah, it is you, Diogo! I have been very ill since the last night's excitement».

«Here is something will cure you! Do you recognize your daughter and La Branca?»

«Yes, here you are, Manoela! They have let you return, then? Diogo was like a madman last night!»

«Does it not do you good to see Manoela and embrace her? Come, open your arms!»

She stretched out her bony arms, and her daughter threw herself into them with a burst of tenderness. Whilst loading her mother with caresses, she slipped the gold into her hand, saying, «They have given them to me; take them».

«Ah, my dear daughter; I feel myself restored at the sight of you. Diogo, I shall be eternally grateful to you!»

«In that case», said Diogo, «let us dine: I have an appetite as if I had been fishing. For dessert you shall fetch us the old wine which you have hidden behind the alcove; and we will drink first to your health».

«You are very obliging, Diogo!»

«And then to our own; for I ask you now for your daughter's hand! You cannot refuse me, for she brings her own ransom».

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As they were sitting at dinner, Donna Theresa was breakfasting beside her mother, carelessly eating preserved guavas. Donna Rosario, who was of the old school, lighted a cigarette, and sipped her coffee.

«Ah», said Theresa, holding her hand to her head, «what a miserable little island you took us to see, Captain! I have brought a frightful headache away from it!»

«You promised me never to pout or sulk again!» replied the sailor. «And that little girl, that I took the trouble to bring here, I am so glad to have got rid of her — a Niobe, who sighed after her rock, and would not listen to my stories».

«And that goat, with its abominable smell!» added Donna Rosario; «I am enchanted that she is gone; only I regret that it cost us so dear!»

«I should also regret it», said the Captain, «if we had not made two beings happy».

«Happy on that rock!» interrupted Theresa.

«Why not? You have dowered Manoela, and I the fisherman. After all, such a result is cheaply purchased by a slight headache; and I conclude that our day was not lost».

¹ Series 2, 15 (1859), 134-39.