Destination, Sandwich Islands

Being the Journal of the 156 Days’ Trip from the Island of Madeira to the Archipelago of Sandwich, on the English Vessel Thomas Bell, Captain James Low, November 8, 1887 to April 14, 1888 kept by João Baptista d’Oliveira and Vicente d’Ornellas

Translated from the Portuguese by Lucille de Silva Canario

FROM MADEIRA TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS VIA CAPE HORN
ON THE ENGLISH SAILING VESSEL
THOMAS BELL
JAMES LAW, CAPTAIN*

DEDICATION

On this light observation of our trip from the Island of Madeira to the Sandwich Archipelago, J. J. Kinnon, Esq., First Mate of the THOMAS BELL, collaborated with the authors. We would be falling short of a sacred duty not to mention his name here, if only because of the gracious manner in which he treated us, from the first day that we set foot on the THOMAS BELL to the very last moment when we disembarked. The name of J. J. Kinnon, Esq., will remain engraved in our memories forever, and we commend to all passengers the esteem and praise that are due him.

The authors,
João Baptista d’Oliveira
Vicente d’Ornellas

It is unnecessary to say that this account of our journey is offered to Mrs. M. T. M. d’Oliveira. This is the offering which I promised when I left my native land. All the events which occurred on this trip are herewith related. Tell me, what has happened to the many personal letters sent to my native land concerning this voyage? And what has become of those days when we so happily conversed with each other? Alas, all is over! Perhaps not a single hope remains. Your eyes may be blurred with tears as you read these lines, the only hope and certainty of my existence, as are mine as I write them to you. Within me is a sadness, for I am away from you and from the ones who gave me life, awaiting the hour when we shall meet again and live in peace and happiness in our motherland.

* The captain signed his name as Low, not Law [ed.]
Nothing more do I earnestly desire than to ask you to be obedient to your relatives, to try to be a friend to those who are now your acquaintances. I also will do the same. Never will I cease asking the Supreme One to watch over you, that this memory will not be bitter for you.

Goodby, Mary dear.

I am, your faithful,
João Baptista d’Oliveira

FOREWORD

Many years ago, after the death of Mr. J. B. Oliver (João Baptista d’Oliveira), his widow presented to my father, Reverend Ernest G. de Silva, pastor of Central Christian Church in Hilo from 1902 to 1955, the original manuscript of his trip on the Thomas Bell. My father had been a fellow-passenger aboard the Thomas Bell, although he was only fourteen years old when he sailed on that fateful voyage with his father, mother, and sister. Perhaps that was the reason for the gift. All too soon, however, the journal was put away and forgotten.

Several years later, my interest was aroused when my father mentioned that the journal written by Senhor d’Oliveira and Senhor Vicente d’Ornellas was in his possession. He brought me the manuscript, and, as I examined its hand-made binding and read a few of its pages, I was struck with the historical value of the account. In the thirty-one years during which Portuguese people emigrated to Hawaii, about 16,590 Portuguese men, women, and children left their native land to come to live in these islands—and this is the only record of the twenty-four sailings we have ever found.

With pencil in one hand, a magnifying glass in the other, and my father’s help when all else failed, I finally completed the translation in 1954. It is almost a literal translation, in order to preserve the authors’ style and their impressions of that exodus eighty-three years ago.

Boa Viagem!

Lucille de Silva Canario

Hilo, Hawaii,
18 May 1970

Funchal, Madeira, November 8, 1887.

It was two o’clock in the afternoon. I had just said goodbye to my family, and was approaching the beach of Funchal when I met some of my friends who had come to bid me farewell. Trying to conceal my tears by looking away from them, my eyes rested on some boats being launched which were carrying families who were to board the THOMAS BELL. Hurriedly excusing myself, I soon became a part of them.

By six o’clock that evening we were all aboard. We were all grouped about on deck when we heard the voice of the captain ordering the crew to loosen
the sails. When this was done, one of the immigrants by the name of Nimni climbed the mast of the ship where he hoped to get his last view of Funchal. The steward ordered Nimni to descend, but was forced to climb the mast himself before Nimni would comply with his orders.

The ship was now leaving the port of Funchal. I went up aft to the Camara,* leaned against the rail and gazed at the land, knowing in my heart that I would never see it again. And thus I said farewell: "Goodby, beloved mother-land; goodby, beloved parents who gave me life; goodby, beloved Marla, for I leave you in tears and deep sorrow; goodby, dear sisters and all of my family; my godchildren, my godparents, goodby to you all." And as I looked across the mountains, there stood the Church of the Virgem Santíssima do Monte. Bringing her picture to my lips, I meditated in this manner: "Oh Virgin Mother most holy, bless these your children. Have pity on us all. Ask your most holy Son to accompany us so that we may have a pleasant journey. Ask Him to be with us through life and death. Oh, most holy Virgin, I well know that my supplications are not worthy of being heard; I know too that I am such a great sinner that nothing should comfort me. But have compassion on these my brothers and the little children who do not know how to ask for Your mercy, nor do they know what their fate will be."

My meditations over, I met some of my friends and walked the deck with them, for I wanted to look at Madeira as long as I possibly could. At 1:00 a.m. the island was lost from my sight. Forty-five minutes later, I went down the aft hatchway and, crossing starboard, saw the immigrants lying in their bunks with their children, some of whom were crying while others were laughing. Going portside, I saw a man who apparently was emotionally disturbed. As soon as the ship's doctor was aware of his condition, he ordered him to be carried to the ship's hospital where he remained for a short time before he regained his senses.

So off to bed I went, but not for long.

Nov. 9. At 3 a.m. I was awake and immediately went up on deck. We were sailing perfectly; the wind was cool, and the sea calm. Approaching the man at the rudder, I asked him in English if the wind was good, to which he replied, "Pretty fair." Going down below deck, I met some of the immigrants and inquired as to how they had passed the night. Some had not fared badly, but others had been quite seasick and had severe headaches.

The morning was clear and cool, and seemed like a morning in June. At eight o'clock, the bell rang for breakfast which consisted of bolacha** and excellent coffee. I spent the rest of the morning walking about, and saw seasick women in all corners of the ship, with their children lying at their sides.

Soon it was time for lunch. We were served white beans with meat and potatoes. In the afternoon we walked around the deck for the sea was very

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* Officers' quarters.
** Sea-biscuit.
placid and the wind gentle. At 6 p.m. each of the passengers received a piece of fresh bread and a cup of tea for supper.

Nov. 10. Again the sea was calm. At 7 a.m. I was near the middle hatch conversing with some of the passengers when I had a fainting spell. Two of the passengers took me to the doctor who gave me a glass filled with a certain liquid for me to smell. In less than five minutes I had recovered.

There was a married woman aboard who had grown so weak from having had no nourishment other than bolacha, tea and coffee that she had become delirious. The doctor ordered that she be given milk and farinha de sustancia.* By noon she was much improved and spoke with more sanity.

Breakfast was at the set hour. At five o’clock in the evening we were served bolacha and coffee.

The news of the day was this: a certain man named José Gonçalves had near his bunk a little basket in which he had planted a stem of mangerona.** He was on his way to the upper deck to water it when he ran into some passengers conversing near the middle hatchway. He shouted, “Land from Madeira in sight!” Excitement was high. They all looked out to sea, looked back at José, and saw the bit of earth from Madeira in which the sprig of marjoram was growing, the only “land from Madeira” most of us would ever see again.

For lunch there were six large potatoes and codfish. At 5 p.m. we had the same kind of supper as last night.

São Martinho—O dia dos Bebidos.†

At 8:30 at night, some devotees of that glorious saint Martinho wished to commemorate this Saint’s Day by having a very solemn procession. The Portuguese cook, Antonio Ferreira, prepared a large miter which he carried beneath a canopy made from a small strip of sailcloth. Ninnin was carrying a large bacalhão† with a candle standing directly in its center. Many other devotees joined the procession and their antics caused so much laughter that we could hardly remain standing. They appeared first on deck through the hatchway, paraded around the deck, and when they reached the center hatchway, the oldest member of the group offered a brief prayer, then poured the contents of a large glass of water over himself. This sermonette followed: “My beloved listeners, when I die, be kind enough to bury me at the foot of a barrel of good wine. My feet should be placed away from the barrel, and my mouth directly under the tap. I beg you, my good listeners, never to forget the great procession of the drunkard São Martinho which you have just witnessed. Amen.”

At one in the afternoon, there was more entertainment when two sailors got on the bowsprit to try their luck at fishing. A large number of tuna fish

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* a fine flour similar to corn starch, used as nourishment.
** marjoram.
† St. Martin, the Day of the Drunkards.
‡ codfish.
had surrounded the ship, and among them was one who got caught. One of the sailors yelled, “Hold fast, John, here he comes.” But John was over-anxious, lost the fish, and all they had was “agua na boca.”*

At 10 p.m. one of the passengers, a native of Oporto, had such severe coughing spasms that a hemorrhage resulted. During the night these spasms recurred, and we were all saddened to see his weakened condition. This man had already been ill when he came aboard ship.

Nov. II. At dawn we were very happy because we had seen a ship which was sailing ahead of us in 29° 38' N. Lat., 18° 39' W. Long.

At 8 a.m. we had our usual breakfast. For lunch they served us rice, codfish and potatoes. For supper we had fresh bread and tea.

During the day the wind was favorable.

At midnight, as the captain was going on his second inspection through the ship, he happened upon two young boys who were satisfying their desires with certain young women. He warned them that, beginning the following day, they were to remain in the section where the bachelors were quartered. In the morning the prow was lined with many madeirenses** and among them were the two little angels who had participated in that heavenly chorus last night. The captain warned them that this incident must not be repeated, else he would be forced to bind their hands and feet.

Nov. 12. We were in perfect health. We went up on deck, saw the Great Canaries, then came down for breakfast. For lunch we had pea soup, salted meat and potatoes. It was magnificent to see some of our friends sleeping on deck and to watch the little children being fed by their mothers. Then there were bachelors mending their shirts while others were washing the tureens in which their lunch had been served. At 1:30 the Canaries were clearly visible.

The sun was setting when we received our bread and tea. There were male passengers playing Burro† and Bisca‡ in order to while away the time. The women, lying in their bunks, yelled out to them, “For the love of God, stop that card playing! Instead, pray to the Blessed One, now that the wind has abandoned us, or surely we shall be punished.” And the glances that were exchanged among us as we continued our card game conveyed this thought: “Poor women! Nothing has happened and yet they are afraid. May God grant them courage in time of need.”

Nov. 13. It was 5 a.m. when I went up on deck. To the starboard and port sides of the ship I could see some islands which were strange to me. After breakfast, we did our best to bathe, then shaved and got dressed. When some of the women saw us they quickly disappeared, only to return a short time later looking most attractive. Some of them were proud old women who had

* water in their mouths.
** natives of Madeira.
† literally “donkey”—a game of cards.
‡ another game of cards.
gotten the crazy notion that they were Cupid’s daughters. Others, who were charming, fell so easily into the trap that was set for them that it seemed as if they had never seen a man before. Towards the prow of the ship was an orchestra composed of some young men who had brought with them machetes,* violas,** and harmonicas. There was fun for all—dancing and singing for those who so desired; others were content to beat out the rhythm by clapping. It was then we recalled the never-to-be-forgotten Fifth of June when all the girls make love in the Funchalense Garden.

Lunch at 1 p.m. consisted of white bean soup with meat and potatoes. In the afternoon, a passenger who had worked in the Antonio Luiza Hotel in Madeira, entertained us with a dance. He caused so much laughter that the captain came to join in the merriment. The laughter over, our conversation turned to the islands we were passing. We were informed that they were São Miguel, Santa Maria, Ilha Terceira, Faial, Pico, São Jorge, Graciosa, Flores and Corvo.

**Nov. 14.** As we were conversing on deck with some of the sailors, the bell rang for breakfast. It seemed that we had just taken a few turns around the deck when it was time for lunch. Today, it was a piece of salted meat and potatoes, but many did without lunch for they were not sure that they could keep it down. Soon there was a heavy rainfall followed by such a thick fog that we could barely see the sails which were now four in number because of the strong wind. The flashes of lightning and the bolts of thunder made us wonder whether Judgment Day was upon us. Men, women, and children were frightened. Suddenly we saw streaks of lightning plunging into the high waves. The sun was hidden so that we thought it too had been lost in the sea. At eleven o’clock when we went to bed, we heard the women in their bunks singing the Bemdito† and other songs, asking the most holy Virgin to save them. Some were so seasick that they could hardly lift their heads as they prayed.

We were now in 27° 21' N. Lat., 20° 15' W. Long.

**Nov. 15.** We arose very early, bid everyone good morning and inquired as to how each had spent the night. The unanimous reply was, “What a night! I am almost dead!” When I laughingly suggested that they have something to eat, they replied, “I would much rather die of hunger, thank you.”

At eight o’clock we tried to eat breakfast but quickly changed our minds and went back to our bunks instead. We could hear one woman telling her husband, “Homen do diabo! It’s your fault that I am suffering. If it weren’t for you and your stupid ideas, I would be resting most comfortably in my own bed at home!” Then came her husband’s reply: “Mulher, paciencia!”§

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* small guitars.
** guitars.
† a prayer or motet beginning with the word “Bemdito”, meaning “Blessed”.
‡ You devil of a man.
§ Woman, patience.
But before he could continue, she interrupted angrily, "The devil take you if you say one more word to me. Oh, to be home in bed, instead of being rocked here in this horrible cradle!"

At noon we called the cook to bring our lunch to us. It was macaroni and potatoes, but anything would be nauseating in this kind of weather.

Early in the afternoon there was a heavy downpour accompanied by a gale that seemed to turn our ship completely around. The men and women who were walking on deck could scarcely hold themselves upright. The wind blew so furiously against the ropes that they emitted a sound like that of a guitar being played. It was an eerie accompaniment to the thunderbolts and lightning flashes that frightened us so. At the time, my companion Vicente and I were leaning against the door leading to the Camara, holding on to the window frame. We saw our ship lunge its prow into those profound billows and toss from side to side until it appeared that we would soon be submerged. On the middle and forward hatchways, one could hear the Bemdito but it was shouted instead of being sung, with each toss of the ship. Then out came one of the passengers carrying a Menino Jesus* which he soon threw into the ocean. A few minutes later, the wind became calm and the sea smooth. (We do not say this was because the Menino Jesus was tossed into the sea; we do know, however, that the calm followed that act.)

At six o'clock we supped happily on bread and tea, and remained on deck until 11 p.m. enjoying the beautiful weather.

Nov. 16. I awoke earlier than usual this morning, went up the hatchway, and there I met my companion who had arisen at 3:30 a.m. After having greeted each other in the usual manner I asked him some questions about the weather and learned that the wind was favorable. At 7:30 a.m. the ship tossed so severely that we were certain the end was not far off. The pots which contained the breakfast had been thrown about, and one of them jumped out through the door, spilling coffee over the deck. As this occurred shortly before breakfast we thought, "Oh, my God! Today we shall go without breakfast." But we were mistaken, for soon we were enjoying our bolachas e Café. The cook was so angry that he went on a drunk for the rest of the day, which caused his two helpers to refuse to do any of the work themselves. Two of the younger men passengers offered to get lunch, and at noon we had our beans, deliciously prepared, with meat and potatoes. For the seasick passengers, their friends made acorda d’alhos, a dish made of bread crumbs, oil and garlic boiled together. As the acorda was being boiled, a few of the casseroles were hurled off the stove by the ship’s tossing.

The usual supper of bread and tea was at six o’clock.

During the entire day the wind was always abaft.

Nov. 17. At last, at daybreak, we had a perfect wind. It was a pleasure to see our boat hasten over the waves. We climbed the forecastle so as to get a

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* Christ Child.
better view of the great opening in the water that our ship was making. This
was more like sailing on one of the steamers of the Donald Carrie & Co. of
Southampton which passed Madeira weekly with mail, having sailed around
the Cape of Good Hope.

Breakfast was the same, after which violent showers fell. All the sails were
now unfurled, and the wind was blowing them in such a manner that if anyone
were standing at the rail of the ship to observe the high speed, his head would
surely spin. The captain, the mates, and all the passengers were so happy that
they said aloud, "Thanks be to God. The weather is most favorable. May the
Good Lord keep it this way for a long time."

For lunch we received potatoes and codfish. At six o'clock we had the usual
supper of bread and tea.

Nov. 18. As soon as day broke, we saw a ship in 19° 4' N. Lat., 25° 48' W.
Long. Portside was an English bark, and to the starboard a brig, both follow-
ing the direction of the east wind. Breakfast was at eight o'clock, the usual
hour. The menu for lunch was fava secca* cooked with codfish, truly comer
de burro.**

During the entire day the two ships remained in sight.

Nov. 19. At daybreak we went up on deck. We could still see the ships we
met yesterday.

At 9 a.m. the doctor and the nurse, who is Portuguese, came to visit us.
The doctor advised us that on the following day we were not to play our
machetes nor were we to engage in any card games for, on land or sea, Sunday
is a day of rest.

Nov. 20. Today is Sunday, and our thoughts go back to our motherland as
we see the passengers walking the deck dressed in their Sunday best.

There is another sailing vessel ahead of us, a lugger travelling south, in
16° 6' N. Lat., 26° 56' W. Long. In reply to our captain's query by signals
as to their destination, we found out that they were bound for Madeira. Then
followed signals from the lugger, asking our ports of departure and destina-
tion. "Four hundred immigrants from Funchal, bound for Honolulu,"
signaled our captain.

A short time after breakfast, the second mate brought us two bundles of
books and distributed them among the passengers who knew how to read.
Among the books were texts entitled "The New Testament," "St. John,"
"St. Matthew," and the like. This brought to mind the Egreja do Collegio†
in the month of May when almost all the women go hurriedly through the
streets to receive santinhos‡ from certain Jesuits. Since we were not allowed
to play our machetes, nor could we play cards, we started to read these books
but that only lasted for half an hour.

* dried horse beans.
** food for donkeys.
† Church of the College.
‡ images of little saints.
MATRIMONY

The afore-mentioned Nimni had fallen in love with the sister of Carinha de Meio Tostão.* The second mate had told Nimni that falling in love was not allowed aboard ship. This warning, however, meant nothing to one so smitten by Cupid’s arrow. The pilot later asked Nimni why he didn’t marry the girl, to which Nimni replied that that was what they both wanted. “Come on, I’ll officiate at your wedding”, said the pilot. So Nimni and the girl got up, followed him to the door of the Camara where the marriage ceremony was performed in the following manner: the second mate, with a book in his hand, asked the girl if it was her wish to marry Nimni. She replied in the affirmative. And before he was questioned, the groom gave the same answer. The second mate then placed the right hand of the bride on the groom’s left hand, and tied their hands together with a blind knot. All who were present laughed heartily because they knew that only a sailor can untie such a knot. Now that the ceremony was over, gifts were offered to the bridal couple who, after extending their words of gratitude, descended through the hatchway. Someone had just said, “They are descending the stairs of the church,” when the groom slipped and fell down the entire flight of steps, taking his bride with him, for the knot held fast.

We were all on deck until 9 p.m., celebrating with songs, then bid each other “boa noite.”** The newly-weds were left to spend their honeymoon, each in his own bunk. I afterwards said to my companion, “If I were Nimni, I would take this affair more seriously.” He replied, “So would I! Ay, meu Deus,† some people have so much yet make no use of it at all! And here I am, without a thing.”

Nov. 21. The sea was very calm, and the wind cool. During the day, the women washed their clothes and the men fastened twine to serve as a clothes-line. As you walked around from the prow to the poop, you could easily imagine yourself walking down by the river São João or João Gomes. As my thoughts wandered, I recalled certain incidents which saddened me. So I said to myself, “This will not do. You, perhaps, are the only one who cares.” And I quickly dispelled those memories from my mind.

Nov. 22. We were again accompanied by a favorable wind, although the ship was not sailing so speedily as before. Shortly after noon, all the passengers received orders to wash their linen and bathe their children. Some of the children who had lice were asked to go to the prow where they had their hair cut. There were also two women who had the same type of pruning. Some of the passengers bathed, changed their clothes and went to lie on the deck. Seeing this made me remember the Square of Dom Pedro on Dias de Gaiados.‡

* the face of a 50 reis coin.
** good night.
† Oh, my God.
‡ Tuna-fish Day.
At nightfall, Nimni had one *vaso de porto* too many, and uttered some filthy words in the presence of certain women. The captain sent for him, took him up to the Camara, handcuffed him and left him there to recuperate from his drunken orgy. From time to time Nimni spoke in English to the captain and the mates, but it did him no good.

Nov. 23. After our baths, we went up on deck as usual to learn the news of the day. Again we saw a very calm sea. Word reached us regarding two ill women passengers, one of whom was a young girl in a serious condition. The other was a married woman who had taken ill soon after embarking, and was now in a critical condition suffering from typhoid fever.

Late in the afternoon we were summoned to receive a slice of corn bread. We had already been told that this corn bread was sour, however, and were advised not to accept it. It had been made of a leavening which tasted of beer and cornmeal. Separately, these would have been much to our liking; combined, they were horrible. Some passengers had told the steward that they wanted none of it, which he immediately reported to the captain. Soon the steward returned with fresh crackers and the promise that never again would we be served such cornbread. A few passengers insisted on having some of this cornbread and as Francisco da Silva, a young boy who had come as a kitchen helper for the immigrants, received his piece, he held it directly in front of the steward's face, then hurled it into the sea. Angered by this act, the steward seized da Silva, tied his hands behind his back, and took him to the Camara where he handed him over to the captain. The captain asked da Silva the reason for his actions, then said that such conduct was uncalled for since the captain himself had ordered that they be given something else to eat. He then hit da Silva on his head and slapped him. Leaning against the mast, he lassoed da Silva with a rope about his waist, and tied him to the mast. The mate appeared with irons to fetter the prisoner, after which the latter was handcuffed and ordered to remain on deck. Da Silva was so angered that he threatened, "I shall be avenged, for Madeira has courageous people!" The lack of any response from the courageous people of Madeira who had observed everything was ample proof that we were not in sympathy with him for his shameful behaviour. As night approached, the young kitchen helper was taken into the Camara where he remained until daybreak.

Nov. 24. The morning broke fair and clear, with Francisco da Silva still a prisoner. He had gotten the idea of striking his handcuffs against a part of the rail to free himself and had succeeded in his efforts. The captain and he exchanged blows, but the young man soon found himself again imprisoned. Half an hour later he again was out on the poop deck, but this time they held his hands behind his back, handcuffed him, and tied him in such a way that he could not move.
At ten o'clock in the morning there was rain followed by a strong wind blowing from the north so that we were sailing against it. The sailors were working at the sails and as they looked towards the prow saw a pinnace coming directly toward us. The shouts of our sailors, telling our speedy visitors to go windward, carried a premonition of danger. The pinnace followed the sailors' advice as we went northwest, but we passed each other so closely that we were able to converse with each other. We were in $7^\circ 10''$ N. Lat., $25^\circ 20''$ W. Long.

Nov. 25. Because we had retired so early last night, we arose at 3 a.m. We went up to the deck to the place where the pump was located, and there we had our baths. The water was so warm that it seemed as though it had been heated. We got dressed, went down the middle hatchway at the foot of which we saw a group of men and women who informed us that one of the children had taken seriously ill and was not expected to live. At 6:15, the child's mother was mourning its passing. The body was placed in a shroud, which was merely a sack, with some pieces of coal to weigh it down. Around the shroud, the flag of the Sandwich Islands had been wrapped. At 9 a.m. the captain ordered all persons to come up to the poop deck. As we went up, we noticed the English flag at half mast, and the flag-covered shroud now was placed on a heavy plank at the edge of the ship. With our hats in our hands, we waited as the captain, the first and second mates, the doctor and two sailors approached the body. The captain read portions of a book he held in his hands throughout the service, then gave the signal to the two sailors who picked up the plank and ushered the child into its watery grave. Imagine the sorrow that pierced the hearts of those of us accustomed to seeing a human being buried in a cemetery! Through our minds ran this one thought: when will it befall us to be hurled into the waves, only to be swallowed by the inhabitants of the sea? This occurred in $6^\circ 10''$ N. Lat., $26^\circ 57''$ W. Long.

Nov. 26. Half an hour before dawn we were informed that the woman who had been ill with typhoid fever had left this world. Mourning her were her husband and their year-old child. The captain sent for the husband and the child at 8:30 so that they might say their last farewells. Going up to the bridge, the widower carried his child in his arms. Now he was approaching the plank where the body of his wife lay, wrapped in a shroud similar to that of the child who was buried yesterday. The widower wept pitifully as he spoke to the child of her departed mother. After a brief funeral service, the captain ordered the sailors to lift the plank so that she might be buried in the sea.

At eight o'clock in the morning an English bark passed us sailing slowly, for the wind was very slight.

Nov. 27. The clock was striking five as I reached the companionway of the first hatch, and there I was told that an English vessel was in sight. When the day became clearer, our captain signaled the English vessel to indicate its destination as well as its port of embarkation. The reply was, "Milton Park, fifteen days from Glasgow, and we are continuing to San Francisco."
The signal we sent relayed this message: "Thomas Bell, from Madeira, bound for Honolulu with four hundred immigrants." N. Lat., 2° 8'; W. Long. 27° 17'.

Nov. 28. The wind was exceedingly boisterous. Two sailing vessels were in sight all day. The only news for today: five children and one woman were ill.

Nov. 29. There was an English sailing vessel back of us at 7:30 a.m. At 10:20 a large number of sharks passed near our prow. The first mate went out on the bowsprit carrying a harpoon, and succeeded in striking one. But as the harpoon was lifted out of the water, the shark managed to free himself and fell back into the ocean. The water immediately turned red, and it looked as if some one had poured a great quantity of red dye into the sea. At 2:30 p.m. a little girl died of diphtheria, and her funeral service was similar to the two services preceding this one.

Nov. 30. A calm sea and a gentle wind greeted us at dawn. A Norwegian bark passed us at 4:30 a.m. Later, the wind became so strong that we could hardly walk on deck. Our latitude was 4° 16' South and our longitude 30° 38' West.

Dec. 1. As we awoke this morning, our first thoughts were of our beloved fatherland, and of the many forms of entertainment we had enjoyed there. Aboard ship there was nothing we could do to be truly happy. But these expressions of self-pity were short-lived, thanks to a brisk walk, a comforting cigar, and the sight of an American sailing vessel coming from the south.

All day long we had a smooth sea and a slight wind. At seven o’clock in the evening, some of the younger men passengers formed an orchestra and entertained us with singing and dancing, all of which reminded us again of the Funchalense Garden and the festivities that were now taking place. Thus ended the first day of December, exactly as it had begun.

Dec. 2. We were so bored at having nothing to do that we went to the Re* and conversed there for quite some time. We spoke of our families, telling each other that there was nothing we would like better than to fly back to Madeira, enter our homes unnoticed in order to hear what the members of our families were saying. And as our thoughts changed, we observed that the wind was now most favorable.

After our breakfast, a man named Victorino slapped his wife on her cheek. The ship’s doctor, who happened to be nearby, ordered that he be handcuffed. Some time later, a carpenter was removing screws from the deck to place the pipe which led from the boiler so that it might pour its contents directly into the sea. The passengers had been forbidden to wash their dishes or clothes in this water. One sprightly youngster dared to disobey the orders, and received two slaps from the carpenter. We realized that the boy was wrong, and knew that if we had disobeyed those orders we would have been imprisoned.

* the space from the mainmast to the stern of the ship.
At 3 p.m. we saw a sailing vessel in 14° 2' S. Lat., 32° 58' W. Long. After sunset, the young men's orchestra entertained the passengers until midnight.

Dec. 3. We have nothing much to write about except that the wind was cool and the sea extremely calm. Shortly after 4 p.m., the orchestra again played. Some of the sailors danced with the Portuguese girls, and with the dancing continuing until midnight, this was the closest we have been to a dance hall in a month.

Dec. 4. Today was splendid. It was truly delightful to walk on deck as our ship continued silently sailing with the gentle breezes. All was serene. We went to bed at midnight.

Dec. 6. The same wind accompanied us. Many of the children who had been ill were much improved today. Part of today's lunch had to be thrown into the sea because it was spoiled.

Dec. 7. When the second mate informed us that all of our cases would be brought out on deck, we went up to the deck to remove from our baggage those articles of clothing we would need. At noon a light rain fell, which necessitated taking the cases back to their proper places.

A VISITOR

At 2 p.m. we could barely discern the outline of a ship in the distance. It took half an hour before we could ascertain its nationality. The mizzenmast of this Italian ship was broken, and was on a level with the deck. Its mainmast was also damaged. As it approached, it was parallel to us, and about six braças away. All of the passengers went up the hatchway as soon as they learned of the ship's condition. Some leaned over the edge of the ship while others climbed up the masts to get a better view, shouting excitedly all the while. Our captain asked for us to be quiet for he was going to speak to the captain of the Italian ship. This conversation followed: "Where are you from?" "From Portugal." "How many days' voyage?" "Seventy days." "In what latitude did the storm arise?" "West Indies." "Do you need any water or provisions?" "Nothing, except our masts." "Did anyone die during the gale?" "Not a single soul, thank God." It was most depressing to see this sailing vessel with its large sails torn, sailing with a make-shift mizzenmast. Now, it was the Italian ship's captain who was doing the asking. "And where are you from, with so many passengers?" "From Madeira, bound for the Sandwich Islands." "How many days' passage?" "Thirty days." "May you have a good voyage." To this our captain replied, "Viva!" as the passengers echoed his sincere wish for their well-being. This occurred in 26° 14' S. Lat., 40° 7' W. Long.

Dec. 8. We were in an extreme calm. By the end of the day we were weary from walking the deck.

* about 36 feet.
Dec. 9. At dawn we were sailing against the wind, but by noon the wind was on the quarter, and it remained so for the rest of the day.

Dec. 10. At 2 a.m. the wind was blowing so hard that it was necessary to furl all the sails except one on the mizzenmast and one on the jib. The wind was with us all day. At 6 p.m. a woman gave birth to a daughter. The woman was soon surrounded by friends, but not for long, as she was taken to the hospital.

Dec. 11. We were becalmed. At 9 a.m. we saw a steamer far off in the distance. That night we played *bisca* on deck until midnight when we retired.

Dec. 12. Early in the morning we could see a sailing vessel ahead of us, traveling in the same direction as we, just off Montevideo. By 7 a.m. the wind had increased and we were very near each other. The passengers, realizing that both captains were going to exchange greetings, all remained quiet. Our captain was the first to speak: "From what port did you sail?" "Seventy-five days from Boston, bound for Honolulu." "What is your cargo?" "Kerosene. And from where did you sail?" "From Madeira, bound for Honolulu with four hundred immigrants." "How many days' travel?" "Thirty-eight days." There followed three cheers. The sailing vessel was called the M—stic Belle, of English nationality. Six o'clock that evening found us alone at sea.

Dec. 13. At dawn the wind was strong. By 10 a.m. it had changed from a wind on the quarter so that we were again sailing before the wind. A large sailing vessel passed us at 2 p.m., traveling south. At 6 p.m., another sailing ship passed us in the distance. Nightfall at 8 p.m. was accompanied by lightning and the storm increased so that most of the sails had to be furled. A great darkness followed. We were terrified, and much more so when some of the sailors passed us and commented dourly on the weather. It was midnight when we went to bed, but we slept little because, with the tossing of the ship, we had to hold on firmly to the boards of our bunks.

Dec. 14. Daybreak was a blessing, but when we went up on deck at 6 a.m. we found the storm unabated. There was little to do but wait for the weather to improve.

Some time after breakfast, a sailor named Mac told us that they had caught two birds. Here was something to break the day's monotony. So up we went, saw the white birds, and found out that the captain himself had caught one by casting into the sea a very long fish-line baited with a piece of meat. The bird saw the meat, flew over it, and was caught as he was trying to get the bait. The steward brought it into the *Camara*, tied a piece of packing thread around its neck and broke it forcefully. After hanging it, he used a penknife to skin the bird. Now it resembled a turkey except for its wings which, after being extended, measured twelve inches across. This bird is called the albatross.
At about noon we were just off Buenos Aires and the Rio de la Plata. Soon the wind was again blowing so hard that the waves came up over the prow. Now no one was allowed on deck. A large wave tossed the ship from side to side, rolling from its place the large cauldron for filtering water. When the second mate saw that the wind was not improving, he ordered the sailors to fix the cauldron securely in place by means of four chains. Each sailor did his work skilfully, holding on to the edge of the ship with one hand and working with the other. And as we were receiving our supper at 4 p.m., three immense billows came into the ship. Men, women, and children who had come to get their food fell on the deck. Some were drenched and others scalded.

Early in the evening, as the wind decreased, the second mate ordered two of the cooks to unfurl the jib-sail a bit. This storm occurred in 30' 28" S. Lat., 50' 36" W. Long.

Dec. 15. We were up on deck at 5:30 a.m. exchanging greetings with the second mate. The wind was calmer, but the sea seemed persistent in its efforts to visit our ship. At times it was most successful in its efforts. With the rough sea, we saw many passengers fall; among them were some women who had been washing clothes. But this did not cause the laughter that was all about us. Rather, some young dandies, strutting about the deck, looked exceedingly foolish sprawled out on deck in spite of all their finery.

A mild hurricane occurred at 1 p.m., but it did no damage for the sails had already been furled.

Dec. 16. This was a magnificent day! It made us recall our home-land on those days when we arose happily from our beds and hastened to church to hear the Missas do Parto* being sung. There were forty-eight of us bachelors aboard and we lived together, apart from the other passengers. That afternoon we met and decided to make a Lapinha.** All agreed to borrow whatever objects were needed and, from this day on, to arise at 4 a.m. to sing the same songs and pray the same prayers they had sung back in Madeira. During the day the same questions were asked again and again: "When do we start the Lapinha?" Now that the storm had abated considerably, everyone was anticipating the festivities that were soon to come.

At 5 p.m. a woman gave birth to a son; at 7 p.m. a less fortunate woman had a miscarriage.

Dec. 17. The morning was very cold and the wind weak. Sunset at 8:30 p.m. saw us in our bunks only because it was too cold to be elsewhere.

The man named José who had been so ill on November 10 had the same type of attack and lost so much blood that he lived but a short time. That evening he was wrapped in a shroud and taken up to the bridge where the other dead had been placed. On the following morning they found a traveling

* Masses of the Birth (of Christ).
** the Nativity scene.
bag of his. This, along with his other personal belongings, was entered in a book, for everything would be delivered to the Consul upon our arrival at Honolulu.

Dec. 18. This was like a morning in spring. The sea was so placid that we could have been sailing on a lake. We were waiting for eight o'clock to attend the funeral service of José, late of Oporto. But it was an hour later, after we had had our breakfast, that the captain asked all who so desired to go up to the Camara to attend the service. The body was on a plank as the others had been. After the prayer, the body was lowered into the sea. It came up to the surface three times, facing the ship each time it reached the surface. Some of the people who had known him prayed “Our Father.” Some said that he had once been stabbed by a boy in Madeira; others said that he had always gone about with a long spike hidden under his sleeve. May God rest his soul.

We were in 42° 58′ S. Lat., 53° 37′ W. Long.

Dec. 19. There is little to say today except that we had a strong wind followed by a calm.

Dec. 20. At dawn the wind was slightly better but the bitter cold kept us below the deck. It was nine o’clock before the sun set.

Dec. 21. We were again becalmed. Not a cloud in the sky was visible. The men and women all went to do their laundry, as was the custom.

At 2:30 the steward caught another albatross in the same manner as on Dec. 14, and he cleaned it as he did the other two. Some said, “Thanks be to God, for things are coming our way. Today, the day of Santo Thome,* we killed a porco da Festa.** Let’s pickle it in vinegar and garlic.” Truly, they prepared a petisqueira† which was excellent. The enthusiasm was so great that while they were preparing this tasty dish, we heard one of the bachelors singing this song:

Longe da minha terra,
E aqui sem consolação,
Meu peito receio encerra
Por verse em solidão.

Paciencia. Não importa.
Fadario irei cumprir.
Hoje vou-me divertir
Por ver a morte da porca.

Todos folgão de contentos,
E a alegria em todos é,
Todos lembrão seus parentes,
N’este dia de São Thomé.

Far from my land,
And here without consolation,
My heart conceals its apprehension
Because of being in solitude.

Patience. It doesn’t matter.
I shall wait on fate.
Today I shall have a good time
Seeing the death of a pig.

All rejoice and are content,
Everyone is happy,
All remember their relatives,
On this day of St. Thomas.

* Saint Thomas.
** the pig for Christmas.
† tid-bit.
Night fell at 8:30 as we were becalmed off Patagonia, forty-five leagues from Cape Horn.

Dec. 22. The morning was serene and cold. The stars were just leaving the sky when we arose. We noticed that the ship was moving more slowly than formerly, and that the sun wanted to warm us with its penetrating rays. A few of us were content with this silence of Providence, while others cursed this very same silence.

We were greatly amused after lunch when the cook from the Camara told us that he was going to kill a pig which the Englishmen had brought aboard. But in spite of the cook’s efforts, the pig was very much alive until the baker appeared with a carving knife which he thrust into the pig’s throat. The cook, unhappy because the baker had outdone him, went to the kitchen and avenged himself by becoming so drunk that he was unable to prepare supper for the officers. It befell the steward to see to it that the mates had their tea. As the pig was being slaughtered, Francisco Correa’s wife asked that its blood and intestines be saved so that she could prepare some morcilhas.* When they were done, excitement was high for everyone wanted a little piece to taste. And as we sampled the morcilhas, we thought of Madeira. With Christmas approaching, each family would kill a pig and prepare morcilhas and chorizos** for the festive days ahead.

From morning to night, the sea was green, and from time to time we saw grass floating on the waves. At 7:30 a sailing vessel was sighted, but it was too distant to determine its nationality. S. Lat. 45° 27’; W. Long. 62° 14’.

Dec. 23. During the day we saw another sailing vessel in the distance.

Today the captain took his soundings and found that the depth was forty-eight braças; at 4 p.m., it was eighty-three braças. Many whales appeared. We were in 46° 31’ S. Lat., 62° 14’ W. Long.

Dec. 24. We were sailing with a very gentle wind. The morning was uneventful. We spent the afternoon getting ready for Christmas. Some passengers killed their chickens; others made sweet rolls with raisins; others recalled the happiness they had left behind and said, “I am thinking now of the many purchases I used to make in Chafariz. Oh to be in the market place again!” Many tears were shed this afternoon. And to add to our unhappiness, the eight-month-old daughter of the woman who died of typhoid fever on Nov. 26 left us to join her mother.

LAPINHA

The bachelors were now arranging the Lapinha. Some were visiting their friends to borrow the articles they needed. Others were trying to arrange a flight of four steps leading to the Lapinha. A few of the men were now returning with sprouting wheat; others were bringing with them religious

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* blood sausage, highly seasoned.
** pork sausage, also highly seasoned.
pictures including one of the Christ-Child. There were also apples, oranges, chestnuts, nuts, dried figs, wine, whiskey, rolls, birds made of dough, a frog and a lizard also made of dough, candlesticks, a glass card container which later served as a tray for money, a pumpkin, a beautiful bedspread to cover the altar, and a white bedspread with a crocheted fringe. The effect of an altar was most realistic. At its top, the Christ-Child was placed. In the center of the table was the nativity scene. The sides were lined with thirty large pictures of saints. There were forty-two smaller ones, including Senhora do Monte, Bom Jesus da Ponta Delgada, Senhora dos Milagros, Coracao de Maria, Nossa Senhora de Lampadoza, and Sao Jose. The flag of St. John the Baptist served as a kind of canopy, in front of which there were three lanterns which cast their light on the Christ-Child. After everything was arranged, we set up a curtain.

At 10 p.m. we were all gathered together with some of the married passengers who had asked if they could hear our devotions. The captain, the mates, the doctor, and the sailors were also present, and waited while we sang and prayed. When eleven o'clock struck, one of our companions rang the little bell which announced that this was the hour when the Christ Child was born. As the curtains were drawn and the lighted candles came into view, we sang hymns to Him and burned incense in His honor. The service over, many came to extend their Christmas greetings, but the room was too small to receive them all. We were highly complimented when the captain told us that he had made many trips with the immigrants from Madeira but that never had he seen anything so beautiful as our Lapinha. He asked us how long we intended to keep our Lapinha set up. We replied that, according to custom, it should be up until the seventh of January. He complied most willingly with our wish.

When the Englishmen left, all the boys got together, some with machetes, others with guitars and harmonicas, formed an orchestra and went to the Camara. There they played a polka, then shouted in unison, “Happy Christmas to you, captain!” To the first and second mates and to the steward who were on the bridge, we all repeated, “Happy Christmas!” and finished with a “Viva” to all the passengers. The steward then came down, called to one of our group, and said, “Take these two gallons of spirits and divide them among all your friends.” Our friend hurried with his treasure, and as he was distributing the drink, recited:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Houve alguém que dizia} & \quad \text{There was someone who said} \\
\text{Que ver-me queria embarcado.} & \quad \text{That he wanted to see me sail.} \\
\text{Esse ser fica sosegado} & \quad \text{That person is now satisfied} \\
\text{Lá em terra com gran alegria.} & \quad \text{Back there on land, and joyfully so.} \\
\text{Mais dentro d’este nau} & \quad \text{But within this ship} \\
\text{O alegria par mim é tal.} & \quad \text{There is happiness for me.} \\
\text{Com ella passo O Natal} & \quad \text{I am spending Christmas happily,} \\
\text{Sendo elle bom nem mau.} & \quad \text{It being neither good nor bad.} \\
\text{Mais oh! Menino de Deus,} & \quad \text{But oh! Child of God,} \\
\text{Tende de mim compaixão!} & \quad \text{Have compassion on me!} \\
\text{Parentes em terra estão,} & \quad \text{My relatives are on land,} \\
\text{Prazeres são elles seus.} & \quad \text{With pleasures of their very own.}
\end{align*}
\]
Havia alguém que dizia
Quando bebia aguardente,
Toda esta é para a gente;
Deixemos de sua alegria.

There was some one who said
When he was drinking brandy,
All of this is for us;
Let's leave them to their happiness.

Now that this part of the celebration was over, we returned to the deck to spend the rest of the night playing games, dancing and singing. I shall never forget this particular Christmas because it was my first Christmas at sea and very likely the only Christmas morning I would ever see the sun rise at 1:30 a.m.

Dec. 25. "Boas Festas!"* All of our companions were up early, for we were to receive our casseroles with food which had been prepared by some passengers the day before. After a delicious breakfast of carne de vinho d'alhos,** bread and coffee, we all dressed in our Sunday best. A few danced and sang, but most were content to converse with each other.

After lunch, we each took a dram of the brandy that had been brought aboard and saved for this occasion. One of the men stood up and said, "Gentlemen, I can barely moisten my lips with this dram of brandy. You can well imagine the homes of our parents at this hour. In some of them there are no thoughts of us. But there are other parents whose eyes are filled with tears of recollection. Some will foresee our end in an abyss; others will regard our absence with some consolation. And here we are, within these four walls of the ship, with nothing in sight save sky and sea and our friends who left their native land, their wives, their children, and their parents, in order that they might earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. However, let us not remember the past, but look ahead, asking Providence to extend her kind hand over us so that we may be happy."

In the late afternoon there was more of singing and dancing. At 8 p.m. there was a brief service when we prayed and sang the ladinha† and other hymns. The captain, the mates, and some of the passengers also attended this service.

Dec. 26. The wind was blowing our ship so speedily that it was necessary to roll up the sails. By noon the storm was accompanied by heavy claps of thunder which terrified the passengers. The news of the day was that the jib boom was broken. The first mate verified the report and we believed all the more that we would never again see the light of day. As the storm increased, some passengers fell from their bunks, and others fell as they went to receive their food. While we were being given our lunch, a certain José from Blandy & Co., a large English firm in Madeira, and whose mother-in-law lives on Rua da Bella Vista, fell and broke three teeth. Another passenger received a wound on his head. The night, too, was a frightful one. Some of the food containers in the kitchen were tossed about and the noise sounded to us like falling masts. We were in 50° 30' S. Lat., 64° 1' W. Long.

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* Merry Christmas.
** pork pickled with vinegar and garlic.
† litany.
Dec. 27. We awoke to observe a calmer wind but still a billowy sea which tossed the ship in a very tormenting manner. All day we had in sight an English bark and an American sailing vessel, but there was no communication among the three of us. The captain and the mates, seeing that our spirits were low, brought a cable, placed it on the poop deck, and called all the men to engage in a game of tug-of-war. Each team was intent on winning and held fast. But when the stronger of the two teams loosened its hold, all the members of the other team, including the mate, fell to the deck. There was much laughter, though we must admit it was not too hearty.

On these days night fell at 10 p.m. and day broke at 2 a.m. Merely four hours of darkness, but what long nights they were!

Dec. 28. The same kind of weather; the same pastimes; the same ships in sight. Night fell at the same hour, and day broke at the same hour.

Dec. 29. Today the wind was cool, and the sea exceedingly calm. Looking ahead, we could discern the same ships. To the southwest we observed what appeared to be an immense cloud, but was in reality Patagonia, so the sailors informed us. North of Patagonia, fourteen very high mountains were visible. Their summits were snow-capped, and below them were great waterfalls. Beyond these mountains, a bridge resembling that of São Laurenzo extended to the sea. There was a sort of harbor, but it was far in the interior. You could make out some houses where, it was said, the natives lived. But one dared not enter for he would become a victim immediately. According to history, these inhabitants are ten feet tall. Patagonia is separated from uninhabited Tierra del Fuego by the Strait of Magellan. The land is arid, and cut by the Andes Mountains. To the south are some small islands which form Cape Horn. The mountains in Tierra del Fuego are also snow-capped, and their furrows white with snow.

The three ships which were sailing near us soon passed, and by eight o’clock in the morning they were nearly out of sight. But the wind increased again, and at 11 a.m. we were near enough to the sailing vessel to communicate with it to learn that it was the English vessel, Alomede of Bath, fifty days from Swansea, en route to San Francisco. This was in 54° 45’ S. Lat., 64° 58’ W. Long.

Soon we were becalmed. Neither we nor the Alomede advanced. The water was flowing so fast that we went back three miles every two hours. Floating on the waves were numerous branches of trees. Large flocks of birds of all sizes, among them the Cape Horn duck, flew to our masts and remained there for a few minutes. At 6 p.m. we could see an object in the distance which appeared to be a sloop. With the aid of his binoculars, the captain recognized wood from a ship, mixed with some rigging. Dropping his plumb line, he got a depth of 250 fathoms. Later, he dropped it again, but this time he could not ascertain the depth. Night fell at 10 p.m. as we lost sight of the two islands between which we had crossed, thus shortening our trip fifteen days.

Dec. 30. Disgusted because we had been receiving so many crackers every morning in spite of our repeated requests for a change, we prepared our own
dish in the following manner: first, we soaked some crackers in fresh water for a few hours; next, we removed the crackers, placed them in a baking dish, put in a piece of pork, and poured over it a gravy made of vinegar, salt, pepper and garlic. Then we baked it for a few hours. And what a tasty dish it turned out to be!

During the afternoon there was a heavy rainfall, and each drop that fell on our hands was so hot that it seemed like a live coal. However, no one could walk the deck because of the severe cold. On our way to our bunks, the first mate bid us good night, then added that the barometer indicated bad weather ahead for us. “And for that kind of weather, we have mosquitoes for ropes for our sails.” This remark terrified some of our friends, and they began to pray to God for assurance that the mate had not stated the truth, or perhaps had exaggerated somewhat.

Dec. 31. At dawn we had a forewind accompanied by such intensely cold weather that no one could go up the hatchway. After breakfast, the tossing increased, and it was difficult to stand even though you held on to the ropes firmly. At ten o'clock they put up an awning as the wind was growing stronger. When lunch was ready, we asked some friends to go for ours, since we knew that we would never be able to balance ourselves or the food. By now the crew was forced to continue working, but they had to be tied with ropes to prevent them from being thrown into the sea. At times the ship would be on a sharp incline and would miss the wave, but the result was a severe blow which felt as if the ship were being torn in two. It continued this way throughout the day.

At 3 p.m. the twentieth death aboard occurred when one of the young boys who had stowed away left this life. He was Manoel dos Reis, a native of São Jorge, and had been accompanied by his brother Francisco. The ship's doctor reported that his death had been the result of a fall he had received while carrying two buckets of water. But there were rumors to the effect that one of the sailors had been responsible, for he had squeezed Manoel and that Manoel had felt a severe pain in his back on that occasion. We were now at Cape Horn, 120 miles from land, in 56° 48' S. Lat., 66° 24' W. Long.

At 5 p.m. the wind became stronger and the sea ugly. This was one storm we would never survive, so we thought. Our dishes and our food rolled with the ship; our trunks and boxes were scattered about. There wasn’t a passenger aboard who wasn’t crying or singing the Bemdito or the Tergo.* The air was heavy with the odors of alecrim** and other herbs. Luiz Madeira, one of our passengers who had been in the Portuguese Navy, kept trying to hearten us. He went up on deck to observe the weather conditions, and returned to us with this message: “Boys, I see that the storm is bad, and we may all be lost. Let us get our Virgem da Nossa Senhora do Monte† and ask her to pray to

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* a colloquial reference to the Rosary and its prayers.
** garden rose-mary.
† Virgin of our Lady of the Mountain.
her blessed Son that this storm will be appeased, and that we may arrive safely at our destination.” Some began to cry again, but those who were more courageous sang the Terço and the Bemfeito. Others brought blessed branches for us to toss into the angry sea. As midnight was approaching, the first mate, who was a good friend of ours, rang in the New Year with a little bell, but he did it so suddenly that we mistook it for a danger signal. Sleep was fitful that night, for we had little hope of seeing the light of the first day of the new year.

Jan. 1, 1888. There was no change in the storm at daybreak. Three sails could be seen opposite us, so we knew that they too had weathered the storm. At two o’clock in the afternoon, the young men and women came together to see our Lapinha, and then they all sang the Bemfeito. One of them picked up the image of the Christ-Child and ran about the ship to give all the passengers an opportunity to kiss Him. Many wept, thinking of the happiness they had left behind them in Madeira; others because they feared that at any moment they would be swallowed up by these angry waves, wept bitterly. One of them said through her tears, “Who better than I could be on land, eating the best of food? Why, the water with which I washed my pots at home would taste better than this dish of macaroni! But, after all, there is nothing I can do but live with this distress.” And the storm continued, with the wind blowing as violently by nightfall.

Jan. 2. We had two ships ahead of us, and a sailing vessel far behind. We were forced to clew our sails, there being only four unfurled. The wind was now blowing forcefully and seemed to carry with it everything that got in its way. It was rainy and cold, and we remained below the decks, with the sensation of having neither fingers nor toes nor noses. By five o’clock the weather had not changed; it was obvious that we had ahead of us another night of torment, bitterness, cold and hunger.

Jan. 3. The storm was still with us. The hatchways were all closed because of the large waves which had tossed our ship from side to side. Our food had been reduced to half the amount we had been receiving, but it still was difficult to get. Early to bed that night for there was nothing else to do.

Jan. 4. We have little to say today. The weather was the same, except that the cold had increased. At two o’clock we saw a large four-masted sailing ship, but we did not know to what country it belonged. We went to bed at 8 p.m. and spent a miserably cold night. The clothes we had brought with us were not heavy enough to keep us warm.

Jan. 5. We were awakened by the confusion which sailors cause when they wash the decks. So up we got, and approached the first mate to inquire about the weather. He informed us that it was a little better now. The ocean was still a bit choppy and the wind strong enough to be damaging. At 3 p.m., however, they unfurled the sails. We were all happy as we went to bed, for this night would be more favorable than the preceding ones.
Jan. 6. When dawn broke, we were in a calm, but it was still very cold. As we went up on deck, some one said, "Thanks be to God for this good weather. Now those days are passed when we remained all day in our bunks. Let's take an airing." It was sad to see some of the young men and women. Those who were thirty years old or less looked like old people. They had lost much weight, and their color was poor.

After breakfast we all congregated near the capstan of the ship to make up for many lost moments. Some of us played dominoes, and others sang to the accompaniment of rajões* and guitars. We enjoyed ourselves immensely and completely forgot about eating.

Early in the afternoon we saw a huge whale accompanied by a great number of tuna fish. To the east, far off in the distance, was a steamer; to the south, we saw a yacht; to the north, a bark was visible. Later in the afternoon there was more of the same type of entertainment. The first mate called out to us, "You should be happy now for we have crossed Cape Horn." We were even happier because we knew we were five sailing days away from the Horn. So we thanked God for having given us the good fortune of passing the Horn so quickly, for some ships have been delayed from forty to sixty days because of the storms in this region.

Part of the time we traveled at a speed of four miles per hour; sometimes we could sail only half a mile per hour. 57° 59" S. Lat., 70° 10" W. Long.

Jan. 7. We had a favorable wind at dawn, with a calm sea, but it was still bitterly cold.

At 5 p.m. we received our supper of dry crackers and bitter black coffee. Some one was heard to say, "What food they give us in such cold weather! The coffee has no sugar; the crackers are stale. This is not a meal they are offering us!" It is true that sugar was given to those male passengers who took brandy to the cook. And those girls who were close enough to the steward to allow him to hug and kiss them received in exchange not only sugar but also condensed milk, farinha de sustancia, and brandy as well. The passengers to whom these meals rightfully belonged received nothing; consequently, they had to go hungry, only because of one man who knew neither his duty nor his place. The meat which came from the hold of the ship was in quarters and weighed about twelve arobes, but the only meat we received was salted and was served once a week. During the first forty days of our trip we were not treated too badly because the cook had not yet become acquainted with these foolish women. However, as the days passed, things went from bad to worse. Now that the two stowaways had been given keys to the hold, they could take the steward's place whenever he wished to be in the company of those women. Furthermore, these two unpaid kitchen helpers stole all they could in order to exchange it for drinks, while we were obliged to eat food that was unfit. We also found out that this steward carried a revolver whenever he went down to

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* Musical instrument similar to the ukulele but slightly larger; the braginha is smaller than the rajão.

** a weight, in Portugal, equalling 32 pounds.
the second hold. One day, at about lunch time, this steward and his two helpers, Francisco d'Andrade and João de Freitas, were in the hold when they heard a bell ring. The steward, handing his gun to one of the two rascals said, "You stay here, and if someone comes, shoot! Don't be afraid; kill him!" As for us, we cannot condone the actions of this steward to whom the lives of four hundred passengers were entrusted.

Many of the passengers had held a meeting and decided to talk to the captain, in the steward's presence, in order to make them realize that we could not live on bolachas and black coffee. At 6 p.m., when all were gathered on deck in the center of the ship, the captain and the first mate ordered the sailors to prepare the pump that was nearby. The sailors lifted the hose up above the bridge and placed the spout of the hose toward those who were about to complain. Four sailors were ready to use the hose upon us the very moment we drew nearer. Indeed, it was the captain's duty to listen to the complaints of the passengers; instead, he agreed to punish those who might complain.

There were other circumstances which added to our unhappiness. The ship's doctor was always ready with his remedies, but the treatment showed poor results. His medicines, usually prescribed by a certain woman who acts as his nurse, include farinha de sustancia, a dose of salts, soup or any other such food that is not available.

Later that evening, four passengers and I went to speak to the first mate. He asked us the reason for that six o'clock meeting. Before the ship left Madeira, we explained, the ship's officials had shown the list of their foods to the authorities in Madeira, and the list had been signed by them. That the list presented a true picture of the facts is most doubtful, because at the time it was difficult for them to get wine and cognac. It was only after we left port that we realized that the representative of the Sandwich Islands who had made so many promises served only to put more money in his pockets, selling us as one sells sheep.

So this day passed, leaving us bitter and depressed. We traveled ten miles today.

Jan. 8. We had a fairly strong wind on the quarter. At 2 p.m. the wind increased, followed by darkness and rain two hours later. Now the sails were nearly all furled, and fortunately so, for by six o'clock the sea was very rough. When night fell at 10:30, the ship rocked like a cradle. The tossing of the ship and the clatter of the dishes as they fell made the night a sleepless one for us.

Jan. 9. The wind was gentler at dawn, but the sea angrier. By noon, no one was allowed on deck. Some pots had fallen off the stove and had hit some of the men and two of the women passengers who happened to be nearby. One woman was so badly cut that she was taken to the ship's hospital and was treated by the doctor.

Jan. 10. Today the wind kept changing its direction. The few who went to get their food had to hold on to the ropes and cables. Most of us were content to remain in our bunks, cold and hungry.
Jan. 11. The wind was calmer but the sea was still ugly. At 10 a.m. we saw an English bark far ahead of us, sailing south. At noon there was rain, with a rough sea. The wind increased and was strong by the time we retired at 11:30. Today we traveled six miles per hour. 55° 34' S. Lat., 79° 8' W. Long.

Jan. 12. When we arose, our first thoughts were of the distance we had covered during the night. The report that we had sailed at a rate of two miles per hour was disheartening. The wind was against us at 8 a.m., the sea rough, and the fog exceedingly dense. The wind increased that evening, and during the night the tossing of the ship kept us awake. This was another night of torment. 54° 39' S. Lat., 78° 7' W. Long.

Jan. 13. A rough sea and a westerly gale started this day off. The waves were so high that they seemed to leap over the tops of the masts. From time to time they bound on the ship over the prow or the sides, much to the passengers' fright. Albatrosses were numerous. The captain threw a line into the ocean and succeeded in catching two of them. One of them measured twelve feet in breadth, from wing-tip to wing-tip.

Most of the sails were furled by 4 p.m., but an hour later they unfurled one of the sails on the top-gallant-royal and another at the prow, as the weather was a bit calmer. But it did not take long before they had to furl again the very ones that had just been unfurled. Soon there was a squall; the wind, the rain and the sea were raging.

At 9:30 p.m. a woman from Calheta gave birth to a son. Because her husband was an old man who had lived in Demarara for a long time before he came to Madeira, many of us passengers took great delight in announcing the birth of the child. To this old man we had given the nickname of “Pernambuqueiro,” so what better monicker could we give the newly born? But Pernambuqueiro, Sr. became enraged when he heard of it, and was at the point of beating one of the passengers before we intervened.

Our average speed today was six miles per hour. 53° 2' S. Lat., 77° 35' W. Long.

Jan. 14. At 1:30 a.m. when we were all asleep, the ship took two great falls. The water entered on both sides of the ship, submerging the prow with a great force. The boat was tipped for more than two minutes without any tossing. All the lights were off because the oil had frozen, and there had not been sufficient heat to thaw it out. Some who were awakened by the tossing and saw no lights cried out, “Oh, most holy Mother, the ship is near the bottom of the sea. Help us!” Men, women and children shouted some such words of supplication.

Dawn broke at 2:30 a.m. We retired after ridiculing some of the men who, with the light of day, pretended to be fearless but had been terrified the night before.

At 8:30 a.m. a son was born to a woman from Calheta.

Later in the morning the captain caught an albatross and a yellow bird with wings that were speckled with black. Their heads, wings and feet were removed;
they were cleaned and stuffed. Their feet were used to make tobacco pouches. The bachelors prepared a soup which was delicious, the meat having a taste similar to that of turtle meat.

Late that night we had the same wind with a calmer sea. The sails were now unfurled, and we gave thanks to God for the ship was sailing perfectly after having traveled for fifteen days in stormy weather. We were sailing at a speed of five miles per hour.

**Jan. 15.** Birds perched in groups singing cheerily awoke us. The sea was calm, the sky clear, and the sun radiant. The entire day was a beautiful one, except for a very sudden and heavy rainfall at 2 p.m. But that was soon over. We were encouraged by the sailors’ and mates’ word that the wind to Honolulu was favorable.

At 8 p.m. the nurse named Isabel was seated at the door of the hospital, and suddenly had an attack which made her fall to the floor. Some of the passengers made their own diagnoses of her illness, but we shall refrain from mentioning them here. A short time afterwards, a little child named Jordão, son of Mr. Thomas de Carvalho, had such a severe attack that we thought he was dying. At the time, my companion Vicente Texeira was near the hatchway and witnessed the attack. He wrapped the child in a shawl and took him to the doctor who administered some medication to the child, and then had him lie down. It was then that I arrived at the Officers’ Quarters, for I had been summoned, but I was too late. (It had been the custom of the passengers to call me when they needed anything, for I served as interpreter for them. They all were my friends, as were the crew, the officers and the doctor.) At this time, a woman who was a native of Camara dos Lobos became hysterical and five women had to hold her down before she was free of it. The doctor arrived and gave her a certain fluid to smell, but that did not calm her. Just as she appeared to be over the attack, another followed, and then another, followed by several more in rapid succession. But nothing that the doctor did seemed to help her. By this time, Nurse Isabel was much improved and had heard of these two sick passengers. Immediately, she wanted to know who was with the doctor, and was told that it was I. She got up hurriedly and rushed to be with the doctor. This woman does not care for me because I know a little English and the officers always send for me when they want information from the passengers. Truly she is a very jealous woman, and has been the cause of many unpleasant experiences. If it were not for this procuress, the unpleasantness, the disorder and the bad treatment we received would never have occurred.

We traveled six to nine miles per hour. 51° 52’ S. Lat., 82° 18’ W. Long.

**Jan. 16.** The dawn was clear, the sea calm, and the wind favorable. The women did their washing, and the men helped them hang the clothes on a deck that was much too small for that purpose.

**Jan. 17.** Sailing was perfect. The women aired the clothes that had been in their trunks since they left Madeira.
In the early afternoon, the passengers’ cook decided to have some fun with the young fiancée of João Ventura. But he was interrupted by Ventura himself, who threw him to the floor. When the latter got up, he grabbed some potatoes that were nearby and threw them at Ventura. This led to a rapid exchange of blows, the cook receiving the worst of them until he was forced to stop because of a nosebleed. They were separated by some men passengers and held apart until the captain arrived. He took the cook up to the Camara where he beat him with his bare fists and told him that he would be severely punished the next time it happened. The captain then told Ventura that he would have to do his part in keeping order aboard ship, that such fist fights were unnecessary and must not be repeated, else all participants would be punished.

Today we sailed six to eight miles per hour. 50° 6’ S. Lat., 85° 58’ W. Long.

Jan. 18. All day long we had good weather and a placid sea. The machine for filtering water was not functioning and for a time it seemed impossible to put it back in order. Had there not been aboard ship a locksmith named Manoel, we would have suffered a scarcity of water.

At 8:30 the sky was overcast, followed by heavy rain an hour later.

Jan. 19. The wind was cool, the sea was calm, but there was still much rain and darkness. The weather cleared a bit in the mid-morning, but the wind became stronger. Shortly afterwards, the sailors began to furl the sails while the ship was rolling over the waves so violently that they came over on both sides. The pots containing the food that was being readied for lunch spilled much of their contents. Throughout the day and night this tossing continued.

Jan. 20. At dawn there was a terrific storm, and at nine o’clock a strong wind was accompanied by a heavy rain, both of which were of short duration. The ship’s tossing increased and again we had fears of a watery grave. In the mid-afternoon the sky cleared as the wind became gentle. Then the second mate ordered the sails to be unfurled, and by 6 p.m. the ship was in full sail, with the wind on the quarter. We spent a most comfortable night, traveling from two to six miles per hour. 46° 34’ S. Lat., 86° 33’ W. Long.

Jan. 21. Dawn greeted us with a wind of the quarter and a calm sea. Again the water filter broke, but this time it could not be repaired. When I went to the captain’s room as he had requested, he asked me to tell all my companions to clean their bunks as best they could, for we would soon be arriving at Valparaiso where the machine would be repaired and our food supply replenished. My companions were only too happy to comply with his wishes, assuming that soon we would be able to go ashore. We were 1,100 miles from land, in 46° 34’ S. Lat., 86° 33’ W. Long.

Jan. 22. This morning was the first time I became sick aboard ship, but by eleven o’clock my headache had left and I was feeling well again. At 5 a.m. the woman who had been ill on Nov. 10 passed away. She had been a native
of Faial, and left a husband and four children. At 11 a.m., the captain called me to be present at the funeral, which was conducted in the same manner as the others. The bereaved husband found it difficult to say his last farewell to his departed wife, and his four children wept with him.

At noon the darkness and the wind increased. It was the first time I had seen anyone on watch at the prow blowing a horn every ten minutes, the echo of which could be heard half a mile away. Then I was informed that this horn was to warn any approaching vessel to digress. By evening, the wind and the rain were violent. 45° 15' S. Lat., 88° 26' W. Long.

Jan. 23. The sea was calm, the wind gentle, and the darkness gradually disappeared. By noon the sky was clear, and in the hours that followed we had delightful weather.

Jan. 24. Another beautiful day made it most pleasurable for us to walk the deck. After lunch we saw a whale seemingly escorting our ship, and we enjoyed watching it for a lengthy period.

Jan. 25. With such calm weather, we were sailing six to eight miles per hour. At 9 a.m., with the wind on the quarter, we passed through a green sea. There was nothing of note the rest of the day. 41° 52' S. Lat., 80° 9' W. Long.

Jan. 26. Such splendid weather as we had today saw most of the passengers leaning over the rails of the ship to watch the riplets caress it. The cool weather was pleasant and lent to a perfect day and night.

Jan. 27. We were becalmed at dawn. There was disorder aboard today. The first of these occurred when two of the passengers who were receiving their rations engaged in a fight, but both received only minor injuries. The second occurred after lunch when the officers' mess-boy fought with the cook because the latter had been on a drunk and had not given a thought to the preparation of lunch. The unfortunate cook came out of the fight with a nose-bleed and a black eye. The last of the disorderly occurrences took place at 6 p.m. as Nurse Isabel was going into the kitchen to get a meal for a sick passenger. At this moment the passengers' cook, a Spaniard, decided he was going to kiss Isabel and told her so. She left in anger, met a sailor and told him that the cook had kissed her. The sailor rushed into the kitchen and a scuffle ensued. Both men were badly hurt about the face. The captain was informed and the two men were taken to his quarters. Because the cook already had three offenses against him, he was imprisoned, and the sailor was set free. The new cook was a Portuguese, Augusto da Costa, a man who had acted most unpleasantly with certain women passengers. We have heard, too, that he has carried tales to the captain and the mates, embellishing those stories with fancies of his own, but that little account is taken of it all.

Jan. 28. A good wind, a clear sky, and a ship that sailed silently. What more could we ask?

A male child was born at 8:30 this morning.
Jan. 29. A beautiful day brought very little wind. At eight o’clock there was a funeral service for a child who had died half an hour earlier.

The wind increased in the afternoon, and we sailed six to eight miles per hour.

Jan. 30. There was no change in the weather today. Land ahead at 7 a.m., but a dense fog prevented us from identifying it. At 9 a.m. the harbor pilot was approaching us in a four-oared boat. When he climbed aboard our ship, there was much rejoicing. “Val Paraiso!” some one shouted, while others kept repeating the name as though it were something heavenly. “This is the port where we will have our water-filtering machine repaired, and where we will take on provisions,” said the sailors. The pilots said, “We are going ashore!” There was bedlam aboard, for everyone was frantic with the thought of landing. And who could blame them, after nearly three months at sea, and with such beautiful panoramas before us? The land is large and mountainous. There is a beautiful bay, to the left of which are huge estates with large homes covered with sheet metal roofs. Near the beach is a railroad station with trains bound for the east. To the right are more large homes, and a mill with a huge chimney. Beyond are long, open spaces with clusters of trees to break the monotony. There are also many yellow hills.

After talking with the captain for some length of time, the harbor pilot appeared followed by the first mate with a letter which he delivered to the former. As the pilot descended from our ship, we asked him if he would return. His reply to the effect that he would be back at 5 p.m. was unpleasant news for us. We then questioned the steward, only to receive more disappointment. We were not going to anchor because there were rumors of cholera ashore. The contents of the letter which the harbor pilot carried inquired of the English Consul as to the truth of the report concerning cholera. The pilot appeared at the designated hour with the long awaited letter; we might enter, it stated, if we would remain in quarantine for twenty days. The captain’s reply was that the delay would be too great. And as soon as the pilot left, the captain advised us not to mention the fact that we had been in the port of Valparaiso after we reached Iquique. Furthermore, he ordered us not to put the name of Valparaiso on the envelopes we were mailing to Madeira, since we had not received provisions or fresh water there, both of which we could have used to advantage.

As we were leaving port, we saw a great number of steamships, battleships, and barks of various nations anchored there, while two large sailing vessels were entering. It was 7 p.m. when we lost sight of the harbor.

Feb. 1. At dawn, Valparaiso was still visible, but very distant. We were becalmed at 8 a.m. Early in the afternoon, a very weak wind arose. At 7 p.m. we were again becalmed. 32° 11’ S. Lat., 71° 54’ W. Long.

Feb. 2. We were in a dead calm, without the slightest breeze. Thus we sailed from morn to night.
Feb. 3. Dawn brought no breeze whatever. Soon great schools of fish were visible. Some were known to us as *gaiados*; there were also sargus, herring, chicharros** and others. At 9 a.m. when the first mate was on watch, he ordered the sailors to lower a boat into the ocean so that they might clean the hull of the ship because it was covered with mud. Three sailors, each carrying a broom, were lowered, and did the work with great difficulty. Then we saw a very large fish resembling a turtle except that it had a very long tail, but none of the crew could identify it.

At noon, two of the male passengers were involved in a fight which ended up in the sailors' quarters. One of the sailors pushed them out on deck again where they continued their fight. The steward appeared, separated them, and ordered them to appear immediately before the captain. The two young men, Victorino da Camara and João Cavalheiro, were severely rebuked by the captain and then were sent back to their own quarters.

The afternoon was uneventful. At eight o'clock in the evening there was a slight breeze which kept gradually increasing until we had a fair wind by nine o'clock. We sailed about one mile per hour today. 31° 26' S. Lat., 72° 14' W. Long.

Feb. 4. We were becalmed until 6 p.m. when a very gentle wind arose. We were now sailing four to five miles per hour.

Feb. 5. Again we were becalmed during the day, with a slight breeze at 6 p.m. We spent the day singing, dancing and playing cards and dominoes. We retired at 11:30 p.m.

Feb. 6. Although the wind was very gentle, we sailed four miles per hour. In the afternoon there were great schools of fish, and try as we did to spear one, we did not succeed. 27° 52' S. Lat., 73° 2' W. Long.

Feb. 7. The heat at 67 F. was so terrible in this calm that we could hardly stay on deck. In the afternoon, however, many passengers grouped on deck watching the fish leaping very near our ship. 27° 34' S. Lat., 73° 31' W. Long.

Feb. 8. At dawn we had the same calm without the slightest breeze. During the morning hours, we were again surrounded by many fish, both large and small. All day and night the weather was the same.

Feb. 9. We saw two barks to the northwest in the early morning. One of them, passing our prow, did not show its flag, and neither did we. The heat became intense quite early this morning, keeping us below deck. Immense sharks were sailing alongside our ship, and we were fascinated watching them jump out of the water.

At 4:30 p.m. a breeze aft helped to lighten our hearts. But it was soon over, and again we were bored in this dead calm.

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* a sort of tuna fish.
** mackerel, similar to the Hawaiian opelu.
Feb. 10. The day was dark but the wind rather favorable. After a few hours, however, the wind ceased.

Feb. 11. Again we were becalmed. At 10 a.m. there were many tuna fish swimming near the ship, but we did not catch any.

At 6:15, the young girl who came with Ninnim was near death. She had been suffering for some time, but a fall on the stairway of the ship made her condition more serious. Although she herself was at fault for not having consulted the doctor earlier, she should have received better care. Even the food she received was the same as ours. She became so thin and weak that all she did was cry throughout the day and night. She was buried at sea at 7:15 in the same manner as they buried the others.

Today we traveled three miles per hour. 23°38’ S. Lat., 71°26’ W. Long.

Feb. 13. Another day of calm, with tuna fish all about us. The ship’s carpenter fixed a fishing line, used a piece of bread as bait, and succeeded in catching one. There was a slight breeze at noon, and two hours later we sailed with land in sight. “Iquique in sight,” said the mate at 7:30 p.m.

Feb. 14. When we awoke we saw that we were opposite the city of Iquique. By 7 a.m. we were entering the harbor and saw many large factories. Then, looking through a pair of binoculars, we saw an immense building with a very high tower. There were many wooden houses with roofs of iron sheathing. Later the harbor pilot arrived. We were so excited about seeing land that we cared little about him and less about eating, but we remembered to give thanks to God for His care and protection over us.

As we were entering the harbor, we counted twenty-six barks of various nations, a four-masted sailing vessel, five steamers (two of which were German) and a battleship. As soon as we dropped anchor, some boats appeared, and we heard inquiries as to the reason we were entering and as to our port of destination. “From Madeira,” we replied, “and we come here because we are running short of food and water.” The people spoke fluently in English, Spanish and French. The color of their skin was yellowish, but some said that was due to the sun. We looked around and saw an exceedingly arid beach, and rising from it were high mountains where not a single green leaf was visible. Toward evening we saw a train with eighteen coaches entering the city, followed by another with twenty-four coaches. We sat up conversing until 11:30 tonight.

Feb. 15. We did nothing all day but walk the deck and look at the port of Iquique. An English boat called the W. Killam from Liverpool, England, entered the harbor rather early. There was a fire on its prow, and it was soliciting aid from the other ships. Some of our sailors, together with some from the other ships, went aboard the W. Killam but could not extinguish the fire. In fact, the flames licked the ship all the more during the night.

Feb. 16. Early this morning the burning ship was being towed closed to land where they finally succeeded in extinguishing the fire. During the day we
again walked the deck, looking with longing at land, frequently repeating the words, "What wouldn't I give to go ashore!" At 10 p.m. we were all ordered to our bunks.

Feb. 17. There arrived on board a large load of supplies consisting of seventy-seven sacks of potatoes and six sacks of onions. There was nothing to do today but walk the deck and gaze at the shore.

Feb. 18. Two Portuguese came aboard to visit us. The mates ordered them to leave and informed us that they had so acted to keep us from engaging in conversation with them. But the two Portuguese kept insisting on remaining aboard. The sailors replied by throwing pieces of charcoal at the would-be visitors. At night there were three men on watch, instead of the usual one, each armed with a revolver. The mate was likewise armed. They were taking this preventive measure in case any of us had hopes of escaping.

Feb. 19. During the day many people tried to come aboard to visit us, but they were not allowed to do so. We conversed with them at a distance, and asked how much a laborer earned in Iquique. We were told that a common laborer earned about two pezos* a day. This tempted us to escape but we realized that escape was almost impossible. By telegram we learned that there was trouble in Lisbon with the Republican party.

Feb. 20. The sea could not have been calmer. The fish were swarming about our ship, some of which were chicharros about two spans in length. We amused ourselves by dropping a line into the sea, but none of the fish went after the bait. Those who used a fizgig had better luck. In the afternoon some small fishing boats came alongside our ship with fish to sell. We bought some salmon at 400 reis** apiece. There was great delight in the hearts of those who made the purchase, but waiting for the noon meal was most trying. Fresh supplies came aboard at 11 p.m., consisting of ninety-seven bags of potatoes, codfish, beans, crackers, onions, salt and water.

Feb. 21. Another boat appeared with very large chicharros for sale at 50 reis apiece.

As we were receiving our lunch, we missed a passenger named Manoel d'Ornellas. He was married, had five children, and had brought along his girl friend who was now heavy with child. He was a native of Camacha, and had been a cook in one of the Houses of Blandy in the Canaries. This man suffered many unpleasant experiences because of his having two women aboard. One particular night he was in his bunk with his girl friend when his wife and one child appeared. Blind with rage, his wife tried to hit him, but he got up and hit both his wife and child. When they screamed, the doctor, the steward, and the mates rushed to the scene, took him as he was in his nightshirt and forced him to remain in the ship's prison all night. Then

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* pezo: a dollar.
** reis: coin in Portugal worth about 1/9 of a cent.
they went back for his girl friend who, by this time, was fully dressed, and put her in a separate room in the officers' quarters. By the following morning this juicy morsel of gossip had made the rounds of the ship for all the passengers to enjoy. To add to their amusement, they were assembled near those quarters to witness the proceedings first hand. First, the girl appeared accompanied by Nurse Isabel, the doctor and the captain who gave her a harsh tongue lashing in the presence of all. Then came Ornellas. By this time, all the passengers who could get there were near the door. The first hatchway was closed, and when he appeared he looked more dead than alive. When he discovered that the door was locked, he asked them to open it, “for the love of God.” But the passengers replied with a hiss, so he proceeded towards the second hatchway. As he entered it, one of the mates threw a bucket of water over him. At that moment he saw his children. He walked up to them and said, “Up until today, you have had a father. From this day on, consider me your father no more.” And he left, never to be seen again. At six o’clock the launch went ashore for the purpose of locating him, but all was in vain. Just what became of him, no one knows. It is known, however, that he had been talking to some of the fish-peddlers, so it is highly probable that they are now richer by quite a sum, and he safe on land where no one knows his past. And I said to myself, “I would have been happy had I been fortunate enough to escape.”

Feb. 22. Today we had visitors, and it was my good fortune to converse with one of them in Portuguese. I inquired as to the salary a man would receive who could read and write English, Portuguese and French. His answer was 130 pesos a month, but that it would be increased before long. Many times during our conversation, the steward would come near enough to overhear our remarks. I spoke in English but changed to French as soon as the steward was near us. This embarrassed him greatly, but the passengers who were near him said, “Isso é verdade; ficaste a apitar!”* The steward then said that he did not understand French, at which our visitor laughed heartily. The latter put his hand in his coat pocket and brought out two packs of cigarettes which he offered me. We were all sorry to see him leave us because he had been so friendly.

Feb. 23. Another boat-load of supplies was brought aboard. At 9 a.m. we were ready to be towed out of the harbor. Half an hour later we lifted anchor. By ten o’clock we were leaving the port and the shouts of “Viva” were hearty. All the passengers cheered the man from Camacha who had escaped, and most of the bachelors cheered the Chilean Republic.

The forty-two bachelors aboard lived in quarters separated from the other passengers. Each day two of them took turns in keeping the quarters clean, fulfilling their duty with a minimum of complaints. On the 19th of February, Antonio Gomes and João Freitas were assigned to do this work, but the former flatly refused to do it because he was a paid passenger, he said, and

* “That’s the truth; now you can whistle.”
no one had the right to force him to do so. The result was that João Freitas
did the work of two. We thought this unfair, and complained to the second
mate who replied that, since it was Sunday, no one needed to work.

Today, the two whose turn had come also refused, and some complained
to the second mate, but they were told that we would not get our food if the
work was not completed. The mate, the steward, and the doctor appeared
at 1:15 p.m. to check on the cleaning and informed us that there would be
no supper for us unless we fulfilled our obligation. However, at 5 p.m. we
went to receive our evening meal; the captain, the first and second mates,
and the steward were awaiting us. The captain asked if the work had been
done; we replied that it had not, but that we would gladly do our share when
Antonio Gomes did his. The captain then asked me to tell Antonio Gomes
that he must do the work. I did so, but Gomes still refused, and repeated this
refusal three times more. The captain held him and told him he was a prisoner.
Gomes then said that he could not be a prisoner for he had committed no
crime. The captain grabbed him and pushed him, Gomes all the while in-
sisting that he was no prisoner. All twelve of us bachelors present agreed with
Gomes, and said to the captain, "There is no reason to arrest this man." But
this was in Portuguese, for I no longer played the role of interpreter.
Immediately, the captain, the second mate, and the steward drew their
revolvers which they had ready, and aimed them at our faces. We did not
withdraw until some of our friends approached us and offered to get some
rods so that we too would be armed. But we assured them that that was
unnecessary. How can people stoop so low in crime and shame as to draw
revolvers on us for no reason at all, yet remain so high in authority? What
opinion can we have of them? How tragic this could have been, when we
knew not what was going on in their minds! And who was to blame for such
baseness? Surely, those in authority, and only because one man refused to
do the cleaning. At 6 p.m. we all went to the Officers' Quarters where the
mate asked me to find someone who would do the cleaning, and to do my
best to prevent any further disorder. Luiz Madeira offered his services, much
to the delight of the mate. When the work was done, I so reported to the
mate and asked that the prisoner now be set free. And with Antonio Gomes'
release, order was restored, but we could not forget the experience we had
just undergone.

We sailed two miles per hour. 20° 12' S. Lat., 70° 11' W. Long.

Feb. 24. Dawn broke with a calm. At 2 p.m. we had a weak fore-wind. At
4 p.m., the second mate was angry at the officers' mess-boy, threw a plate at
his face, and then beat him.

Feb. 25. There was a slight wind when we awoke; the sea was calm. Another
birth occurred at 7 a.m. We had a fore-wind in the early afternoon, and sailed
the rest of the afternoon and all night with this wind. 19° 38' S. Lat., 73° 10'
W. Long.
Feb. 26. We awoke with the same wind. At 5:15 a.m. a woman from Calheta gave birth to a daughter. In the afternoon the boatswain became ill with the colic. 19° 26′ S. Lat., 74° 51′ W. Long.

Feb. 27. The air was so cool today that we did not walk the deck as much as usual. 19° 21′ S. Lat., 77° 5′ W. Long.

Feb. 28. A good breeze helped our sailing, so that by afternoon we were heading our true course, all possible sails set and drawing.

Feb. 29. All day the weather was good and the wind favorable.

March 1. Sailing was perfect today. The fore-wind at dawn was followed by a wind on the quarter which lasted throughout the day and night.

March 2. The wind was not too strong in the morning, but towards late afternoon, we sailed rather well with the wind on the quarter. We covered 108 miles today. 18° 47′ S. Lat., 86° 39′ W. Long.

March 3. A fore-wind came with the dawn, with signs of rain. At 9 a.m. there was a wind on the quarter and it stayed with us most of the day. At 7 p.m. a daughter was born to a woman from Calheta.

March 4. Sailing was poor today. At 7:30 a.m. there were some signs of rain. During most of the day, however, the weather was favorable. In the early evening we lost our fore-wind and were sailing in a slight fog.

March 5. Dawn broke clear and still. Up until 2 p.m. the heat was intense. We sailed 92 miles today. 18° 20′ S. Lat., 93° 13′ W. Long.

March 6. We awoke with a fore-wind but sailed very little today. At 6 p.m. a male child was born.

March 7. The wind was the same, and the sea calm. In the afternoon the rain threatened, but the wind was on the quarter.

March 8. A heavy rain fell at 1 a.m., accompanied by a fore-wind which helped our sailing tremendously. At dawn the wind increased, but before long we were becalmed once more.

March 9. Throughout the day there were light showers. The wind was rather favorable.

March 10. The wind was the same, and the heat intense. We covered 112 miles today. 15° 19′ S. Lat., 102° 41′ W. Long.

March 11. This was another day of unbearable heat. Our spirits were low. This long, tedious voyage was boring. There was little else to do but play "Quino", or lie on the deck and guess at the number of days remaining before we left this ship forever.

* Keeno.
March 12. At dawn the wind was very weak, but by noon it had become more favorable. The heat grew worse with each new day.

March 13. At 3 a.m. we were awakened by many little red bugs, so we moved up on deck to sleep, where we knew we would not be bothered. And just as we were comfortably settled, the rain came. But even this was paradise compared to our bunks. The heat was stifling, with the thermometer registering 84 degrees.

Today a boy became so ill that we doubted he would survive. Some one prescribed this remedy: they put the child in a basin of cold water, took off his shirt and threw it into the fire. Shortly afterwards, the child had fully recovered.

12° 21' S. Lat., 108° 11' W. Long.

March 14. A strong wind at dawn, with scattered showers in the early morning, was followed by a weak wind. Through the night these same variations in weather took place.

March 15. We saw great schools of tuna fish at 7 a.m., and watched them leap out of the water to catch the flying fish which were also in schools. The carpenter again threw a line into the sea but this time he was unsuccessful. One of the passengers, however, caught four.

At 4 p.m. nearly all of the passengers went up on deck to try to get some relief from the heat. Some stretched out relaxing; others played dominoes and the women washed or mended their clothes. Some even spent the entire night there with their families. I got up at 2 a.m. and saw these people grab their bedding and run to their bunks when the rain came. All day long one heard, "Deus meu, what a long trip! Here I am out of tobacco; the water is salty; they are already cutting down on my soup; when will we ever arrive at the Sandwich Islands? They must be at the other end of the world."

March 16. When we left our bunks at dawn, the carpenter was already at the prow catching tuna. He had done well, we thought, as we looked at the large number of tuna fish on the deck. The heat was so intense that we cared little to remain on deck. As soon as the evening made its appearance, most of the passengers brought their bedding up to the decks where they intended to spend the night. Some had to move from their places because they were hindering the sailors from doing their work, and had to go back to their bunks for the night.

During the day and night we sailed 147 miles.

March 17. There was no change whatever in the wind. One of the passengers asked me if the mate had told me how far away we were from our destination. Another asked how many miles we had traveled, and whether we had covered a greater distance today than yesterday. Still another asked if we were not wasting our time, going so far off our course. All day long there were questions like these which I could not answer.
As soon as we had received our bread for supper, many passengers rushed
to the deck with their bedding so as to fix a place to sleep for the night. The
confusion that those one hundred passengers caused that night was so dis-
turbing that the mates asked me to warn them of trouble should the confusion
continue. The Jones boy, whose watch it was from eight to ten o'clock that
night, failed to hear the mate call him for he had fallen asleep. For punishment
he was sent to the third yard of the middle mast. The passengers on deck,
unaware of his presence, ran to their bunks saying, “There is some one
running around near the middle mast, making a noise like running water.
Can it be José, the sailor?” At 2 a.m. Jones came down, and the mate made
him walk the deck for two hours with the capstan bar on his shoulders. Those
who had been so frightened felt better now that he had been punished.

Today we covered 145 miles. 9° 10′ S. Lat., 116° 2′ W. Long.

March 18. At dawn the wind was the same and the heat just as intense. By
6 p.m. the passengers had already stretched out their bedding on the deck,
although it was too small to hold them all. No one could remain below the
deck because of the heat and of the “soldados ingléses”* who were bleeding
us. They were with us in such great numbers that our bunks were literally
decorated with these magnificent soldiers. Their odor was exquisite, a rival
to the best of perfumes.

March 19. The same weather today and the same questions. We were in-
formed that we still had three weeks aboard this ship before we could set
foot on terra firma.

March 20. During the night the “English soldiers” kept us awake, so most
of us again moved up on deck. Early in the morning the first mate told me
that we would be crossing the Equator by noon, taking a north and west
direction, which would result in our having a stronger wind. Therefore, he
said, it would not be advisable for us to sleep on deck lest some harm might
befall us. I assured him that the risk involved would be slight compared to
that of the “red-coats”. Heavy showers fell intermittently during the fore-
noon.

Early in the afternoon, the ex-cook of the immigrants had words with the
present cook concerning the nurse of the hospital. They were sent to the
quarters of the first mate where each told his side of the story. The affair
was settled, and the fact that the former had slapped the latter’s face was
completely forgotten.

At 4 p.m. we were sailing on a true course, with the wind on the quarter.
The temperature recorded was 84 degrees.

March 21. With all possible sails set and drawing, and the wind still on the
quarter, our sailing was perfect. One of the passengers who was receiving his
breakfast accidentally spilled his coffee over another. The latter became highly
offended and engaged in a severe tongue-lashing. One word followed another

* English soldiers; red-coats, or bed-bugs.
until they led to indecency. Bystanders entered into the argument and thus amused themselves for a while.

As the day continued, the heat increased. By 5 p.m. there already was bedding on the decks. Then at 8:30 a very dark cloud appeared, but we were confident that it did not signify rain. No sooner had we fallen asleep when the down-pour came. It took no time for the decks to be cleared. The rain was still falling after midnight when we tried to walk for a bit. We heard some one say, "Ay meu Deus! This is surely going to be a terrible night. Even these tallow candles won't help us get rid of the redcoats!"

We traveled 134 miles today.

March 22. A fore-wind at dawn varied with each ensuing moment. The complaints today centered around the "red-coats". Again we traveled 134 miles and rumor has it that we shall reach our destination earlier than we had expected.

March 23. The morn broke fine and clear. During breakfast the conversation centered around the previous night, each person inquiring as to how the others had slept.

At 10 a.m., the woman who had given birth on the third of this month passed away to her reward. She was the wife of José Gonçalves of Calheta and left six children to mourn her passing. Late in her pregnancy she had been injured in a fall. Before the delivery of her child, she had become delirious and, according to rumor, the ship's doctor did not have the proper remedy. The usual burial service was held.

The wind was weak in the afternoon. The early evening saw us singing and dancing the Fado,* going back in memories to Madeira when we thus amused ourselves on moonlight nights.

Today we sailed eleven miles and were in 5° 25' S. Lat., 125° 12' W. Long.

March 24. The rain at 2:30 a.m. failed to send us to our bunks. At 7 a.m. a weak fore-wind accompanied us. After breakfast, a heavy and long lasting rainfall caused us to lose twelve miles, but we sailed sixty-three miles for the rest of the day.

March 25. O Dia dos Ramos!** How heavy our hearts were as we recalled the sacred temples where holy sacrifices were being celebrated in Madeira! But we must face reality, we thought; here we were, with the sky for a temple and the sea for the floor of that temple. Some prayed for the earliest arrival at our port of destination, Honolulu. Others, to forget their sorrows, engaged in conversation and in games. Then one of the passengers exclaimed:

_Aquí me vejo solitario,_
_Luctando con meu fadario._

_Here I am alone,_
_Struggling with Fate._

*a Portuguese folk dance.
**Palm Sunday.
After supper, some one noticed two large smears on the horizon and before much time had elapsed, rumor had it that it was land in sight. From then on, the mate continued replying to the question “Is that land ahead?” with the same answer, “No, only two clouds.”

March 26. At dawn a great calm surprised us, with not even the slightest breeze to send our ship forward. At 6 a.m. we were surrounded by certain huge fish which the English call “sharks.” An immense hook baited with a piece of pork was cast into the sea. The shark swam up to the bait, bit hard at the pork and was caught. A rope with a slip knot was thrown around its hind part, and when it was held securely, it was brought up on deck. It was a female, and in its womb were six young ones which the sailors said would have come to life in a few days. The shark was mostly black, had a curved mouth which extended half way down around the lower part of its head. Although there were six rows of teeth, only one row was visible. Its head looked like a mitre covered with black skin, and measured three spans in width and two and a half in length. An hour later there were more people trying their luck with a hook. Another shark was caught. The captain and some of the officers appeared and shot it in the head as it was hanging over the side of the ship. The shark was then cut up in pieces which they gave to the passengers who prepared some tasty dishes. The skin was saved, for it was to be used to clean various lustrous articles; the liver and teeth were also saved.

After lunch we saw five more, and two of these were caught, much to the entertainment of the passengers. At first they tried a revolver, but they were unsuccessful because the bullet lost its force as soon as it entered the water. Some passengers called this fish a maracho;* others insisted on calling it a toninho;** still others claimed it was caneja.† Then some one threw a large piece of white cloth into the sea just for curiosity’s sake. When we saw the fish attack it, we soon realized what would happen to us, were we cast into this ocean.

All day and night we were becalmed. The crew tried working the ship in various ways, but to no avail. We sailed only thirty-one miles in twenty-four hours. o' 48” N. Lat., 126’ 56” W. Long.

March 27. The day broke with a very gentle breeze. We saw the sailors with knives in their hands, for they were about to open the three sharks they had caught last night. They removed the head, liver and spine of each shark; they kept their sets of teeth which they cleaned and placed in the sun. Now the breeze was increasing.

At about 2 p.m. we saw a large number of doiradas‡. Many people were trying to catch them but all were unsuccessful. The heat was intense, so

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* a kind of shark.
** tuna fish.
† spotted shark.
‡ doirada—dolphin fish.
much so that we could not lean against the rail of the ship.
We traveled six miles all day.

March 28. There was dew at two o’clock in the morning. Although the breeze was slight, our sailing was better today. There were some complaints besides the fact that the wind was not strong enough.

This morning we had corn meal for breakfast which some of the passengers refused because it was not good. On this occasion, one passenger who had received his piping-hot ration descended the middle hatchway, stumbled and spilled the contents of his dish over a two-year old, burning her badly. They bathed the child in cold water, then wiped her dry only to discover that her entire body was blistered. After rubbing her with honey, they took her to the doctor who applied some kind of oil to soothe her pain.

After breakfast, one of the bachelors who has a girl-friend aboard, was conversing with a few male companions on deck. A remark from one of them concerning her past so angered the bachelor that he fell on the man and hit him on his head. They were soon separated, however, and no more damage was done.

The boiler for filtering water has not been in use, as we were still using our supply from Iquique. Yesterday, however, it was filled with water and was to start filtering today. The water was already boiling when it was discovered that the pump was not functioning. The mates ordered all of us to keep our distance, for they were as fearful as we who knew what our fate would be on this Wednesday before Easter, with so many tuna fish around us. Fortunately, we were spared any mishap.

At 5 p.m. a young lady who was descending the first hatchway fell and was badly hurt. A few minutes later, a lame boy who is a native of Porto Moniz was pulled up by one leg from the rail of the ship where he had been sitting. He fell to the deck and he too received severe injuries. Then there was a fight between two stowaways, but neither was hurt in the affray.

Up to now, we have sailed twenty-one miles today.

March 29. When we awoke we discovered, much to our disappointment, that we were becalmed. A rainfall at nine o’clock made us more depressed than we have been because of the delay and the uncertainty of the date of our arrival at Honolulu. Shark fishing was a diversion again for us. We covered forty-one miles today.

March 30. The wind was a bit more favorable this morning. After breakfast, we were informed that the boiler for filtering water was again in need of repair. We were most unhappy about this, but were angry when the donkey-man told us that the cooks were to blame for, he claimed, they used more water than they had indicated on the records.

Signs of wind and rain at noon did not materialize until after dinner. The mate told us there would be more squalls before morning. The squalls started at 9 p.m., but at 12:30 p.m. there was a fore-wind.
March 31. It was 3 a.m. when we got up and went on deck. There was wind, followed by rain which soon became torrential. We heard the voice of a sailor saying, "The jib-boom is broken, sir!" One stowaway nearly lost his life for he was coming from the prow just as the boom broke. Throughout the day the rain and wind continued, but we were thankful for the latter as we sailed 116 miles.

April 1. All day we had heavy rains and a strong wind which kept us sailing at ten miles per hour. Today there was a baptism aboard, the second such ceremony. The god-parents were José and Izabela Gonçalves. We purposely did not mention the first baptism only because we did not believe it was legal. We were informed later, however, that a baptism aboard is no different from one in the church.

The morale of everyone was high today. We have just learned that we will arrive at our destination in a few days.

April 2. Another day of beautiful sailing! Our breakfast this morning consisted of a cracker and a half with coffee, because our supply was fast diminishing. In twenty-four hours, we traveled fifty-three leagues.

April 3. Daybreak found us conversing with the first mate who was giving us a bit of information concerning our mileage. From yesterday noon until six this morning, we traveled 106 miles, but he estimated that we would have covered two hundred miles by noon today. And he was correct.

The waves were so high that they tossed over the decks and drenched those of us who were there. But they missed two young men who were fighting. Fred, an affable young Russian, was hoisting a basket of charcoal. Something that he did irritated Scotty who is fond of playing jokes on others.

The two came to blows, but were soon separated.

Five days have passed since the ship's doctor last visited the sick below the deck, and some of them have been quite ill.

At 5 p.m. there was some trouble between two women who were exchanging a plate of food. The man who became involved in the fracas was imprisoned.

April 4. Wedding bells rang today! Before continuing with the details of the wedding, however, we wish to recall to the reader's mind the escape of Manoel d'Ornellas while we were anchored off Iquique. The girl-friend whom he had brought aboard with him, and whom he had deserted in a serious state, was named Maria Rosa. She was originally from Demarara, a city in British Guiana, and had left there, willingly or unwillingly, because of an infatuation with one of the sons of her boss. She went to Madeira where she remained for some time before moving to Lisbon. Then she went back to Madeira, and it was there that she became the girl-friend of this d'Ornellas, who became more and more depraved until he spent his nights with Maria Rosa instead of with his wife. As time approached to depart for the Sandwich Islands, Ornellas induced his wife, by means of many false promises, to make the trip with him. He would leave this girl, he said, if his wife would sign certain papers to sell the house that she owned, thus enabling him to make
this move financially. His wife agreed to do this. When the house was sold, and the money safely resting in his pocket, he went to the home of the Immigration Agent, gave his name, the names of the members of his immediate family, and the name of his girl-friend, claiming that she was his niece. Everything was arranged to his satisfaction. On the day of their departure, his wife and five children boarded the ship, followed some time later by Maria Rosa. We leave to your imagination the reactions of his wife when she saw the girl coming aboard. When their bunks were set up, d'Ornellas selected for his "niece" a bunk that was not too near the place where his family would spend their nights. Everything went along rather well until one night when he was seen getting into the girl's bunk. He was warned that this must never happen again, and he gave his word that he would refrain from doing so. From this day on, their intrigue against his wife grew until the passengers could stand it no longer. They set their trap for him, and he was caught in it, as we have related in the log for February 22. After this came his flight. This shameless girl is considered one of the most infamous of women that the sun has shone upon, for she alone is the cause of the misfortune befalling a man and his wife and their five children.

There was among the bachelors a young man named Manoel d'Aguiar, a native of Camara de Lobos, who had been a coffin-maker in the shop of Joaquim o Cambado. This young man had made quite a favorable impression on some of the passengers as he was always reading prayers and pretending to be most saintly. But those of us who knew his true self fully realized his many weaknesses. He not only had insulted us, but also a few women passengers, both married and single. And the day that d'Ornellas was freed from the ship's brig, he had the audacity to wait at the door of the Camara with a basket containing little slips of paper which he threw at the unfortunate one with the explanation that a bride and groom must have flowers. In the days following this occurrence, he maltreated d'Ornellas as often as the opportunity arose for doing so, telling him that one could never tell he was a married man from the way he carried on. But no sooner had d'Ornellas skipped ship, this young man sent word to Maria Rosa that he loved her and wanted her love in return. Her reply was to the effect that if he truly loved her, he would marry her. That was a little more than a month ago. Today they are man and wife. And at 2:30 a.m. her child, a daughter, was born.

At 1 p.m. there was serious trouble between two passengers, Jose Dias and a young man named Estevão. The former has a son who is not ill-bred but who is exceedingly lazy. For some days this young son has appeared with bruises on his back as a result of someone's kicking him. He told his father that the guilty one was Estevão. His father approached Estevão and asked him why he had beaten his son. And before the man could answer him, Dias punched him on his face, then scratched him until his face was covered with blood. The captain, informed of the disorder, recorded the names of the two men in order to present them to the Portuguese Consul in Honolulu.

There was another scuffle between José Castro and Augusto de Souza, both of whom were badly battered on their faces. Still another quarrel took place
on the deck, but this time it was between a husband and wife. The former had been paying too much attention to a certain married woman. Insults were hurled at each other until they both finally resorted to blows.

We are wondering about the lemonade which was served to us today for the first time since we came aboard. The steward had given it to us, so he said, to see whether it would produce the same effect as alcohol. Could he have been foolish enough to think that the power of suggestion would have been that effective?

There were no complaints about the weather today, for it was magnificent. But we were bemoaning the lack of tobacco, for we were now smoking tea leaves as well as bits of rope with a tar mixture. We cannot say too much for the latter, but smoking tea leaves was something quite pleasant. The few cigars we had left were saved for the night, much to the displeasure of the women.

We sailed sixty-one leagues in the past twenty-four hours.

April 5. We got up at 6 a.m. and were delighted that our ship was sailing favorably, although not so speedily as on the two previous days. At noon today, some of the children were playing on the deck. One who was more expert than the others began to box with another. The captain was observing them, and just for fun, picked up a rope and started towards them as if he intended to beat them. He sent them to the settee where they sat terrified, but all he did was shake the dust off the rope. We laughed heartily as we watched them; when they saw us, they burst into tears.

Our supper was a disappointment, to say the least. Besides being wormy, the cornmeal was so sour that we tossed it into the sea.

All day and night we traveled perfectly.

April 6. There was a splendid breeze at dawn. At ten o’clock the ship was tilting so that we could hardly walk. João de Fontes, who was on deck at the time, was thrown so hard that he was severely injured about his face.

Our lunch of rice and codfish from Iquique was the most delectable yet. Perhaps that is why some of the bachelors engaged in a song fest during the afternoon, singing the Marsellaise and a few American songs they had learned.

At 10 p.m. the wind was blowing violently. One hundred ninety-six miles in twenty hours was not at all bad.

April 7. A gentle wind greeted us at dawn. Shortly after lunch there was a fire alarm which proved to be false. One of the women passengers was ironing her clothes on deck, and the wax she was using on the iron produced a thick smoke which smelled of burned rags. A sailor who was cleaning the lanterns at the time rushed to the captain to inform him of the “fire.” The alarm was sounded and the sailors all rushed to the scene with their fire-fighting equipment only to find a woman ironing, and completely unaware of the excitement she had caused.

April 8. There were two accidents this morning, both of which could have been fatal. A stowaway who was on his way to fill two sacks with crackers
left the mouth of the hatchway open. Soon afterwards, Francisco Gomes walked by, fell through the opening, and landed seated on a pile of charcoal without being injured. Another passenger fell as he was helping the sailors and he received severe bruises on his arm.

Today we had the pleasure of seeing the desk which the first mate had ordered built. It was designed by me and constructed by our friend Thomas de Carvalho. It was truly a work of art. There was a place for three inkwells, and in the center of each was a pyramid with a cloth cap at the top, serving as pen wipers. When the desk was opened, three partitions were visible, with a drawer for each partition. In front of each drawer were various insignia such as a square, a compass, a cross, an anchor, and a heart. There was a compartment for paper and envelopes, and below it were two boards. On one of these boards were designs of a skull and cross-bones; on the other, a mallet, a towel and a spoon. One read the following on the bottom of the desk: “The work on this desk was done by a Madeirense carpenter named Thomas de Carvalho, and designed by J. B. d’Oliveira, ex-clerk of the British Consul, Madeira.”

At 11 a.m. a little child died.
We traveled 196 miles in the past twenty-four hours.

April 9. With the wind on the quarter at dawn being rather weak, our sailing time was considerably slowed down.

After breakfast, one of the stowaways had words with another stowaway, and then went to complain to the second mate. All he got out of it was such a pounding on his nose that he had a severe nosebleed. As for us, we openly condemn the action of the second mate.

During the day we traveled fifty-one leagues. They tell us that there are only 450 miles between us and Honolulu.

April 10. A weak fore-wind was with us at dawn. Our greatest delight so far was when we saw the sailors working on the anchor, for this surely meant that we were approaching land.

During the afternoon there was an argument between a woman passenger and Augusto, the cook. He has the bad habit of using obscene language in the presence of the passengers whether they be men, women, or children. It seems that one of his helpers had loaned her a frying pan which caused Augusto to become insulting, for he believed that his helper had no right to lend any of the kitchen utensils. The words which we heard were harsh indeed, but the argument proceeded no farther.

We sailed forty-nine leagues today.

April II. The news at the break of day was most heartening. We were told that we would be able to see Hawaii as soon as the day cleared. Eager for the first glimpse of our destination, we lined the rails in anticipation of that long-awaited moment. We have been aboard this ship for 155 days now. Small wonder that such a glimpse would create such a stir! And when we did see the outline in the far distance, excitement was everywhere.
At 8 a.m. they buried at sea a two-year old child, the son of Victorino Martin. This unfortunate lad had been ill for a long time.

The wind was not very favorable today, for the distance we covered was only 132 miles.

April 12. The islands of Hawaii and Maui were clearly visible at dawn. Gathered at the prow were many passengers who did not forget to thank God for His kindness to them. The ship itself looked different to us who have been aboard for over five months, for it had been cleaned thoroughly.

At 9 a.m. Oahu appeared in view, and at sunset we saw two other islands, Lanai and Molokai. We were sailing silently, having traveled fifty-eight miles during the day.

April 13. It was about 10 a.m. when a tug-boat named Eveo arrived and led us into port. Aboard the tug were some young men who had arrived earlier from Madeira. Among them were José Cambado and José Silva. They had brought with them gifts of tobacco for us, much to our hearts’ delight. On entering the harbor of Honolulu we saw two American battleships, an English battleship, many merchant ships, and the sailing vessel we had seen ahead of us on December 12. The harbor appears to be a lake with many houses afloat on its placid waters. Directly in its center is a house which, we are told, is a hospital for the Chinese and Japanese immigrants. Near it is a lighthouse.

At twelve noon, we were visited by many Portuguese. Then all of the passengers brought their luggage up to the deck. It was like Judgment Day for most of us; for once, food was of no importance. Our only concern was to gain entrance into “heaven”, and in the meantime, smoking was enjoyed by those who had been fortunate enough to have received gifts of tobacco.

April 14. Saturday morning, at 7 a.m., a large boat laden with refreshments and a great quantity of bread sent by the Immigration Officers pulled up alongside our vessel. What a feast this was for us! Following this, the government officials and the Portuguese Consul (the latter proved to be a very good friend of the Portuguese) came aboard. The Consul asked us how the Englishmen had treated us, and when we told him the truth, it was his opinion that they should be censured. In reply to his question as to whether any of us could read and write, we informed him that the log of the trip had been recorded by J. B. d’Oliveira and Vicente d’Ornellas, and that in our possession was a document signed by the passengers in regard to the knavery that had occurred on this trip. His reply was that we should be grateful for the fact that we had arrived safely.

At 11 a.m. there was roll call, when each of us was assigned a number.

At 3 p.m. the tug Eleu arrived to tow us to a place called a lazareto.* This tug brought along a large pontoon into which we all assembled and which was placed alongside a sort of pier which is opposite the Quarantine Depot.

* lazaretto, a quarantine station.
It was 4 p.m. when we finally set foot on terra firma, and saw many dark-skinned women who are called “Canecas.”

The Depot was an interesting place. There were four rows of wooden houses, a large kitchen, and a place where we could wash our clothes, a bathroom, a park, and a magnificent house where we registered. This house had a telephone that is used to communicate with many people in the city. All about the Depot were beautiful shade trees whose names we do not know. Around the Depot is an enclosure made of wood which the people here call a “fence.” South of the Depot is a fort, but it is so low that any warship can arrive safely. The beach nearby is all sand; in fact, there is hardly a stone visible.

It was 8 p.m. before the guards had finished examining our trunks to see if we had brought any liquor. That is the greatest contraband any one can bring here, according to what they tell us. However, we know of many passengers who passed the guards with their liquor securely tucked away in their clothes.

One hundred and fifty six days aboard the Thomas Bell! What the future holds for us, God only knows. May He be with us to guide us in the days that lie ahead!

* "Kanakas"—Hawaiians.
A CONTRACT

This agreement entered into this day of 1887 by and between Manuel Antonio da Silva Passos, married, merchant, living in this town, on the first part as duly qualified agent of the Board of Immigration, a bureau of the Government of the Kingdom of Hawaii, in the Island of Madeira, and on the second part of and living in

Witnesseth: That whereas the said party of the second part is desirous of emigrating in the Hawaiian Islands, there to be employed by the said Board of Immigration we establish the following conditions which form the essential part of this contract:

That the party of the second part shall receive a free passage to the said islands, and that he will duly and faithfully perform all lawful and proper labor for and during the space of three years next succeeding the date of commencement of such service after arrival in the Hawaiian Kingdom.

That the work shall take place on all days which are not holidays and as such recognized by the Hawaiian Government, except when the party of the second part should be employed in domestic service, in which case he will do the usual and indispensable work.

That a day's service is to be 10 hours in the field or 12 hours in the sugar house not being consecutive and allowing the necessary time for taking food and rest. The hours of service are counted from the regularly established moment for departure to the work in the field or in the sugar house, not exceeding the time reasonably necessary for the transportation to the places where the work is destined.

That the party of the first part in his above specified capacity binds himself that the Board of Immigration shall pay monthly to the party of the second part, bachelors of 18 years and upwards, and married men without children, 16 dollars; to married men with one child under 12 years, 2 dollars per month more, and with more than one child under that age, 4 dollars per month more.

That the party of the first part binds himself further that the said Board will furnish employment at the conditions above specified to the wife of the
party of the second part and to the children upon the premises where he is
working, in case it should be desirable and convenient to them the pay being
for:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age Range</th>
<th>Pay</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12 to 14</td>
<td>25 cents per day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 to 16</td>
<td>25 cents per day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14 to 16</td>
<td>40 cents per day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16 to 18</td>
<td>50 cents per day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18 to 20</td>
<td>35 cents per day</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The party of the second part has a right not only to the specified salaries,
but to receive lodging, bedding, fuel, and the necessary medical attendance,
doctor and medicines in case of sickness of himself and his family.

The party of the second part has a right to receive half his salary for the
days he does not work, providing the cause was illness.

The party of the second part acknowledges to have received from the party
of the first part a loan of _______________ dollars, which he hereby binds himself to
repay at the rate of one dollar per month to the Board of Immigration in said
islands.

Finally the party of the first part binds himself for the Board of Immigration
that all the protection of the Hawaiian laws and local authorities shall be given
to the party of the second part as well as the gratuitous primary instruction
in public schools to the minor children, obliging himself that the contracted
services shall not be transferred or let to any other person, and he also binds
himself and assumes the responsibility to fulfil the clauses of this contract or
have them fulfilled, as well as the party of the second part binds himself to
comply faithfully and exactly with this contract, and as they stipulate and
accept it, they sign with the witnesses present.

witnesses  Signatures

Certificate of notary.

I recognize the four signatures above made before me, and in presence of
the parties whom I know the contract having been read in presence of them
all, which I certify.

FUNCHAL
PORTUGUESE IMMIGRATION*

From November of 1878 to December of 1909, twenty-four ships entered the port of Honolulu, bringing more than 16,000 immigrants from Portugal, Madeira, and the Azores. The list follows:

1. The bark *Priscilla* arrived in November of 1878 with 63 men, 16 women, and 35 children. Total: 114.


4. *High Flyer* in 1881, with 189 men, 64 women, and 98 children. Total: 351.

5. The bark *Suffolk*, August 24, 1881, with 266 men, 83 women, and 126 children. Total: 475.


15. The steamship *City of Paris*, June of 1884, with 205 men, 137 women, and 203 children. Total: 545.

16. The bark *Daca*, January of 1885, with 95 men, 63 women, and 161 children. Total: 319.


22. The steamship *Suveric*, December 1 of 1906, with 1,321 passengers.

23. The steamship *Kumeric*, 1907, with 1,129 passengers.

24. The steamship *Swanley*, 1909, with 864 passengers.