

APPENDIX 2

Appendix 2a: *Chants for the Hawaiian dead on Nantucket*

Oli lei for the offering of leis to our *kupuna kane* at the African Cemetery of Nantucket

Composed by Noelani Arista, Ikaika Hussey, and Lehuanani Yim.

Ēō e ko Hawai‘i
Ko Hawai‘inuiākea
Hawai‘i nui, Hawai‘i iki, Hawai‘i loa,
Hawai‘i poko, Hawai‘i i mamao
Lele mamao ka manu heu
Manu kīkaha i ka ‘āina e
‘Auhea ‘oukou?
Eia a‘e kahi leo nahenahe
E kāhea aku iā ‘oukou,
He leo ikaika
He leo aloha
He leo ho‘omana‘o
He leo ‘ōiwi i ola mau i kēia wā nei
Mai uka mai kēia makana
Mai ka mauna lei i ka noe
Mai ka malu ‘olu o ka lehua
I aloha ‘ia e Hi‘iaka
Ka wahine i ka poli o Pele
Aloha nui ‘ia e Hina, kēia makana
He lei aloha ka ‘ohu o uka
Hākilokilo ‘oukou i ke kai ‘ē
He lei ha‘alilo
Ha‘alipo nei ana lipo walohia
E nā hoa holo mamao me ke koholā lele
Eia ka ‘a‘ala kō ‘oukou huaka‘i
He oli lei kō ‘oukou maha
Ho‘omaha ‘ia mai ‘oukou i kō ‘oukou hā‘awe
I ke aloha o kō ‘oukou hoa
E lei kau, e lei ho‘oilō i ke aloha

Ēō to those of Hawai‘i
Of Hawai‘inuiākea
Great Hawai‘i, small Hawai‘i, long Hawai‘i
Short Hawai‘i, Hawai‘i far away.
The young bird that has flown far
Soaring to a foreign land
Where are you?
Here is a sweet voice
Calling to you
A strong voice
A voice of love
A voice of remembrance
A Hawaiian voice of those still living in this time
From the uplands, this gift
From the mountains wreathed in mist
From the cool shade of the lehua

Beloved of Hi‘iaka
 The woman in the bosom of Pele
 Greatly beloved by Hina, this gift
 The mist of the uplands is a lei of love
 You watch the foreign ocean
 A lei far away
 Grief and anguish darkened
 O those who traveled far with the leaping whale
 Here are sweet scents for your journey
 An oli lei for your rest
 You are relieved of your burden
 In the love of your companions
 Love is everlasting
 (Lit.: Love is worn like a lei through the summers and winters)

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**He Mele Kanikau, no nā make ‘ana i Nanatukete o nā kupuna kane Hawai‘i
 (Mourning Chant in honor of the deaths in Nantucket of the *kupuna kane* of
 Hawai‘i)**

Composed by Noelani Arista, Ikaika Hussey, and Lehuanani Yim.

Aloha ‘ino! ua make ‘ē, ko kākou kupuna kane.
 Hele ho‘i ‘ole mai i Hawai‘i
 Aloha ē e nā manu lele mai ka pūnana mai
 Lele Manu heu i ka ‘āina ‘ē
 Mai na pali ku nihinihi
 Nā kula ka helahela
 A me ka ‘ehu kai.
 Kēia mau kāne i holo i ka ‘āina ‘ē
 Holo ho‘i ‘ole mai
 Nā hoa paio o ke koholā
 I ke koho niho palaoa.
 Ou anuanu i ka ho‘oilō, lilo hu‘ihu‘i Lilo ‘oukou i pepeluali akula
 ‘Ike aku i ke kai akau, ke ko‘eko‘e
 Mehana i ke ko‘o, lau ke aloha
 He huhui hawai‘i i Nanatukete
 I Nanatukete nei au, e ue aku ia ‘oukou
 Ku‘u mau kupuna o ka ‘āina pa‘a i ka hau
 Ha‘ule lau i lalo, mai ka moana ka makani lī anu
 Hea a‘e nei i uka, i kai
 He ‘ole ka hea, ku‘i ka nalu pae moku
 Auē ka moku ‘āina i mamao, he ‘āina ho‘i ‘ole mai
 Auē e kō kākou ‘āina hānau e
 Aia la ka ‘āina hānau
 Ka‘ina ka maka i Nā Hiku
 Loa‘a o Hokule‘a
 Ho‘okele aku ‘oukou, sela aku ‘oukou
 Loa‘a ka ‘āina hānau
 Aia la, aia la
 Ua ao ka hale nei, ua hiki mai iā ‘oukou
 He mai, hele mai, eia nō mākou nei.

Alas, our kupuna kane have already died.
 Gone never to return to Hawai‘i
 Farewell, birds that have flown from the nest
 Young men that have flown to a foreign land
 From the jagged cliffs
 And the expansive flat lands
 And the ocean sea mist.
 These men who traveled in foreign lands
 Gone, never to return
 Adversaries of the whale
 Searching for the whale tooth.
 Your coldness in the winter turns to chill
 Taken in the February past
 Looking to the north sea, the cold
 Warmth in friendship, with love that grows
 Companions together in the land of Nantucket.
 I am in Nantucket, crying out to you
 My kupuna in the hard, cold earth
 A leaf falls, from the ocean, a chill wind
 [We] call to you upland and by the ocean
 There is no response, the waves crash upon the shore
 Auē for the distant land, never to return
 Auē for our homeland.
 Home is there
 Find the big dipper
 Found is Hokule‘a
 Navigate home, sail home
 There behold the homeland
 There it is, afar
 The house is alight, you have arrived
 Come, enter, here we are.

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Appendix 2b: *From an interview with John Mendonça in Pocomo in July 1973:*

JOHN MENDONÇA: [My father] came over in 1862. He was twelve years old. Came over as a mess boy on a whaler. And he continued whaling out of New Bedford until he met my mother and they got married. And then shortly after that they moved to Nantucket in 1885.

FRANCES KARTTUNEN: *How did your mother happen to come over?*

JM: My grandfather, my mother’s father, had come over here and gone to California—in 1857, I think. When was gold discovered in California? Was it ’59?

FK: ’49.

JM: Forty...oh, then it was ’47. Come over in ’47. Went to California. He had a brother who was already there. And he had staked a claim, a pretty good one. So he wanted my grandfather to come and work with him there, work the claim with him. My grandfather went, but when he saw all the violence and stuff that was going on, that wasn’t for him. He couldn’t live with a .45 strapped on. Shoot someone who jumped a claim. He just couldn’t do that. He wasn’t that type of man. So he went to work

managing a ranch, and you know, men were so scarce then, because everyone went to the goldfields, that he got \$300 a month way back in 1859. That was a lot of money for those days. My grandfather stayed in California until 1864. Then he went back home.

FK: *To the Azores.*

JM: The island of Pico. And, well, I guess for those days he had quite a lot of money, you know.

FK: *I should think so.*

JM: Well, they had a lot of land out there. They were land-poor. They'd loads of land but no money. And this enabled him, of course, to do whatever he wanted to do. In 1865 my mother was born. Now when my mother was nine years old, she came over here.

That would be 1874 when she came over here. She had a sister who was ten years older. Was fourteen when she got married. Well, anyway, doesn't make any difference. She was nine. Married when she was fourteen or fifteen. Well, she had an older sister over here. She was in New Bedford. That's why she came over, to be with her sister.

Nobody wanted to stay over there [in the Azores], you know. They'd get letters from people over here telling all the things that there were here in America, and well, that was a backwards place compared [to here]. Still is today.

FK: *I've often wondered what kind of place it is.*

JM: Well, I've never been over there, but if you really want to know what kind of place it is, I'll tell you who you could talk to, because he's been there many times. Both the island that my father was born in [Graciosa] and the one that my mother was born in [Pico]. That's Jacky Ramos, the plumber.... You know Jacky? Well, I mean the father, not Edward or Robert. The father was born, I think, in the same island as my father, and he has been all through those islands. Did you ever talk with his sister, Mrs. Mello?

FK: *No, I didn't. But I'd like to.*

JM: I see. Well, you know, there's Mrs. Mello, Mrs. Joseph Mello. She lives down on Consue. You know the Dunham house, Lorin Dunham, Berty Dunham. Well, the next one down towards town, that one belongs to them. And they live there. And she was born over in the Azores, too. So, there's Jacky, he's been back recently, within the last two years, see. He not only went to the Azores, but he also went to Portugal, and he could tell you exactly what it's like over there. There were no electric lights or anything like that over there. No indoor plumbing or toilet facilities or anything like that at all.

FK: *I was wondering about schooling.*

JM: The oldest child got the schooling. The oldest one, be it boy or girl, got the schooling. You see, there were no public schools, and you had to pay.

FK: *Of course there weren't in Nantucket either until [around] 1830.*

JM: And private schools were ten cents a day. But the average laborer only earned ten cents a day, so how could he afford to educate his children? But with people like my grandfather, who had a little something, you know, they educate the oldest one. Now in my family the oldest one was a girl, Mary, so she got the education. She could read and write. Oh, she wrote beautifully.

FK: *That's your aunt.*

JM: That's my Aunt Mary, my mother's oldest sister. She died in California, a hundred and eight years old.

FK: *My goodness!*

JM: Well, my grandmother lived to be a hundred and seven. Then they must have given away a lot of their land and sold the rest of it, and they came over here to live. I would say that was about 1895. And they lived on Beaver Street. Susan Bailey's house was the corner one, going down this way, you know, towards Consue, and the next one down was my aunt's. My grandfather, he bought that. There was a big barn in back. Then Grandpa died. In 1904. My grandmother continued on, and in 1911 my Aunt Mary and her husband Frank Estivo, and the children—there were three children—went to California. My grandmother stayed. She didn't go with them. So a year or two later my grandmother, who was then ninety years old, went to California all by herself. My Uncle Manuel [was] six-foot-ten. This older aunt, my mother's [sister] was six-foot-two. My mother was five feet tall. All in the same family. Same father and mother. Isn't it peculiar? But Grandma went, and she died in California. I've forgotten what year, but I know she was a hundred seven years old, and her oldest daughter lived to be a hundred eight. She lived longer than my own mother. My mother died when she was almost ninety-eight. But, well, my mother called her, "that old woman." Her ambition was to live longer than "that old woman," but she [didn't].

FK: *So then your father married your mother in New Bedford, and they came here?*

JM: Yes. Shortly after they were married; they lived, I don't know, only one or two years [there].

FK: *Then you already had relatives here.*

JM: Well, if they didn't have any relatives, they had friends, you know, and that's why they came down here. because they had friends who were here. And you know, that's the way most people go to wherever they go. It's because they either have friends or relatives. Now my Uncle Manuel was a very large boy for his age...

FK: *I should say so.*

JM: My grandfather wanted him to go to school, because he was a boy, and he said men should have a little education. So he was educated, in those days over there, both the older daughter and the next oldest son. But because my uncle was so much bigger than the rest of the boys the same age, he didn't like to be in the same class with them in school. You know, he felt he was a big man there with these kids. So he used to play hooky a lot. Well, one day my grandfather caught him playing hooky and gave him a terrible thrashing. That night he went aboard a whaling ship and sailed with it and came to New Bedford. But he didn't have any money, so he rode the rails to California. Box cars, anywhere he could. Got to California, sitting there in the railroad station, feeling pretty blue. [It was a] freight station. Along comes this man with a good team of four horses. He was loading grain, and he saw the kid there. Sort of looked at him, and he thought. "This boy's Portuguese all right. He's probably run away from home." So he spoke to the lad, and [my uncle] told him the story. So he took the kid home with him. Now they had just lost a son about the same age, and they were older people. They'd only had one child in [their] older years, you know, they never had any more, so this was a wonderful thing for them.

FK: *They were Portuguese, too?*

JM: They were Portuguese, too. From the same island. Evidently they knew my grandfather. So [the man] took him with him and put him to work out there. And he stuck with them. They had a big ranch. When the man died, he said to his wife, "Look, you make this lad here foreman. He'll run things for you fine, and since we don't have

any relatives, when you die, if he stays, leave him everything.” He stayed, and he got everything. So his is really a Horatio Alger story, you know. Really was. So he had this spread out there, and he used to come east every second or third year, and I can remember him taking off a belt underneath here filled with twenty-five-dollar gold pieces. That’s all they used in California then. They didn’t use any paper money, he told me. Nor did they have pennies out there. That’s when I was a kid. Oh, I looked at him in disbelief. (Afterwards I found out it was true. Butler Folger told me that afterwards.) Well, then he got killed. He was gored by a bull, and he got killed, and I don’t know whatever happened to his stuff. I guess his wife’s people must have inherited that.

FK: *Whaling must have been...well, it was all over for Nantucket by those days.*

JM: Oh yes! In those days.

FK: *But New Bedford was...*

JM: It was still quite strong from New Bedford. Oh, quite a few whaling ships went out of New Bedford. There was the *Morgan*, there was the *John P. West*. There was the...oh, I can’t remember the names now. Oh dear, you know if you wanted to know about whaling in New Bedford, it’s too bad that you weren’t interested in it at the time Albert Sylvia’s father was alive. You know Tony and Albert Sylvia. Tony. Albert just died.

FK: *There are so many Antone Sylvias.*

JM: Down on Orange Street, 93. Tony runs that thing, that government thing, that LORAN station...just out Madaket there. I think he’s in Oklahoma now, taking a special course. Well, their father and my father and Manuel da Costa...at the Mellos, he lived with them afterwards. They were all whaling together. And all on the same ship. And this Antone da Silva, he was a cooper. And then afterwards he figured, whaling—you run all these risks and kill yourself working. You get nothing for it. So he stopped whaling and he went and became a cooper for one of those oil places in Fair Haven, you know, where they used to make the barrels and put the oil in those. He was a barrel assembler, a cooper there. And he got a lot more money than he did whaling and, look it, no risk. He lived ashore. But my father quit whaling because, as my mother said, [they] might as well not be married. He was gone one time for four years. On a whaling trip for four years. So you can understand. So my mother made him quit. Then they came down here to Nantucket because they had friends down here, and well, it was a good place to come. By gosh, I’m glad they came! Otherwise I might never have been born here.

Appendix 2c. *Jacinth Leial.*

JOHN MENDONÇA: I had this deal with this fellow. His name was Jacinth Leial. (He had a brother Frank, Emily Annis's father and Mary...He was Jessie's brother.) He was a fisherman. Every time I had a vacation, I went fishing with him. And we used to talk about a great many things, just the two of us there together. He died in 1912. He was drowned. So then I was fourteen years old, and we had a deal. Whichever one of us died first, he would come back and tell the other what it was like on the other side. We agreed to meet at nine o'clock at night on the porch of the last house up on the Cliff. We were figuring it would be in the wintertime. It wouldn't be in the summertime, you know. We obviously hadn't thought of that. But that was where we were going to meet. Well, this man died, drowned outside the Jetty, and from there on, every night, I used to saddle a horse, used to ride up there, be sure to be there by nine o'clock. And I would sit there and I'd call that name out. We had a deal: if you could come back, you would. Whichever died first would come and tell the other what it was like. Well, he couldn't come. We had that agreement, and he was a man of his word.

[According to the 1900 and 1910 federal censuses, Jacinth Leial (who also went by the names of Jason Leal and Jessie Leal) boarded with John Mendonça's parents for many years. His younger brother Frank was one of several Portuguese boarders of Fayal-born widow Amelia Smith. Jacinth was a line fisherman who had arrived in the United States in 1880 and never married. According to the Nantucket death records, he drowned on April 23, 1914, and his body was recovered May 19 of that year. He was forty-seven years old at the time of his death.]

Appendix 2d. *Azorean social events:*

i. Masquerade

STILL ENDEAVORING TO PLEASE!
—THE—
Portuguese United Benevolent Soc'y
—Will give a grand—
Masquerade Ball
—AT—
Alfonso Hall, **MARCH 17, '98**
Special attractions will be offered, which will be announced later.
The committee desire to express to the public the deep appreciation of the patronage and courtesies already extended the society, and respectfully solicit a continuance.
JOHN MURRAY, JR.,
PHILIP MURRAY,
MANUEL SYLVIA,
JOSEPH J LEWIS, } Committee
j15-1f

Paid advertisement, *Inquirer and Mirror*,
February 26, 1898

ii. 1908 event

Portuguese Celebration

The grounds about Alfonso Hall presented a gay spectacle last Sunday, it being the annual Feast of the Holy Ghost, an occasion which ranks foremost on the Portuguese religious calendar. A large arch of green had been erected over the road-way in front of the hall, and American and Portuguese flags lent a touch of patriotism to the scene. Inside the hall a large altar had been constructed, wherein stood an image of the Holy Ghost, the crown and other emblems connected with the celebration, all lighted by candles and surrounded by massive cakes and other good things.

The Feast of the Holy Ghost is the greatest of all Portuguese festivals—a custom which the people of the Azores have brought with them to this country, and which they observe each year with all the gayety incident to the event on the islands. In fact, the custom is the only one which retains all its splendor and significance, and consequently the celebration is one which calls forth the co-operation and interest of every Portuguese resident of the community.

The Rev. Fr. T. J. McGee, of St. Mary's church, in the morning blessed the image of the Holy Ghost and the offerings brought by the people, and early in the afternoon over two hundred persons sat down to the feast of good things in Alfonso Hall, young and old joining in the celebration. Later the offerings were sold at auction to the highest bidders, the proceeds being devoted to the purposes of the Portuguese United Benevolent Association. These offerings consisted of articles of food brought by people grateful for the recovery of themselves or members of their families from illness, or for any aid which had been besought in prayer to the Holy Ghost, and varied according to the promises made and the wealth of the givers.

Inquirer and Mirror, June 13, 1908.

iii. 1912 event (excerpts)

Portuguese Residents Celebrate

Last Sunday the Portuguese citizens of Nantucket observed the annual Feast of the Holy Ghost, in accordance with the time-honored customs in vogue in the Western Islands. The weather was superb and the procession of little girls in their white gowns, followed by a large number of the Portuguese men and accompanied by the Nantucket band, made a remarkably pretty sight... the ceremony attendant upon the blessing of the crown being the most impressive part of the observance of the Feast of the Holy Ghost... Antone Marks was selected to wear the crown this year. This crown was brought over from Porto Portugal in 1905 by Frank Leial, for John Murray of this town, to whom it belongs. Every year some man is chosen by the Portuguese committee to wear the crown. ... The feast itself was held in the hall, where the silver crown rested on the altar. and everyone who visited the place, whether Catholic or Protestant, received a cordial welcome and was invited to partake of the viands prepared. During the afternoon the usual auction was held, with John Murray serving as auctioneer, the proceeds from the sale going into the treasury of the Portuguese society. ...

The Feast of the Holy Ghost is one of the greatest of the Azorean celebrations, a festival which the people of the islands have brought over with them. In fact, it is the only one which retains its entire splendor and significance. It had its origin in the dim ages of the past, when there were many volcanoes in the Azores and when their activity was a great source of terror to the inhabitants.

Tradition says that once, upon the feast of the Holy Ghost, it was agreed to kill a fatted ox and feast the poor, and it was at this time that a miracle occurred in the village of St. George. ... Before the event took place, the volcano became active and vomited immense streams of lava. The village was destroyed with the exception of a triangular patch of green about the ox. ...

Thus arose the Feast of the Holy Ghost, which is celebrated yearly in the Azores and is also observed in many places in this country by Portuguese citizens of America. It is usually held under the auspices of the various Brotherhoods and observance is on practically the same lines wherever held.

Inquirer and Mirror, June 1, 1912

Appendix 2e.

Cape de Verds—A passenger in one of the vessels which carried out goods to the Cape de Verds, states the number of deaths by actual starvation to be 30,000 (population 100,000). He says “Capt. Hays of brig *Emma*, of Philadelphia, with a full cargo of provisions, assured me that the scene of wretchedness and desolation at St. Antonio, where he touched long enough to discharge 500 bbls of provisions was beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. The miserable inhabitants looked more like moving skeletons than living beings—their flesh was gone, their muscles seemed dried up, and they presented the appearance of only naked frames of men, which could scarcely be kept together. A pilot was despatched in a boat with some half dozen skeleton beings, to hail the first vessel that could be seen and beg of it to stop and sell them something to keep them alive for a few days longer; when the *Emma* hove in sight, and the entreaty pressed to stop and sell them some thing to eat. Capt. H. replied that he had nothing to sell, but that his vessel was loaded with provisions to give away and that he had come for the express purpose of affording relief to any of the Islanders who needed the gratuity.— They seemed incredulous at first, but when satisfied of the fact, they raised their hands in astonishment towards heaven, intimating that he must have been despatched from thence on an errand of mercy. Capt. H. states that they even attempted to follow him to the water’s edge, and there in attempting to give three cheers with all the little energy they possessed, they made a noise which seemed more like a sepulchral groan, than the voice of the living. Captain Hays was assured that almost every morning the dying and dead could be seen from the door of his informant, and that but a short time before a boy was seen cutting a piece of flesh from the carcass of a fellow creature, to lengthen out his own miserable existence, but was found soon after dead with the piece of flesh in his hand. I have often heard them say—“Americans kinder than our own country—we have two Kings but they no send provisions to keep us from starving—they fight one another to see who will govern—they care nothing about us,” &c. The rains have begun to fall in these Islands, and vegetation is coming forward rapidly, and the hope is cherished that something in a few months, may be obtained from the fruits of the earth to supply the wants of the people.

Nantucket Inquirer, Wed., March 9, 1833

Appendix 2f.

Except from: *Cave-man Had Active Still Operating in Pines*.

In carrying on their work [of demolition] the officers removed the following, which shows how extensive was the work the man was carrying on down in the ground:

About 100 gallons of liquor—or “shine”.

Two half-barrels.
About a bushel of barley.
A copper wash-boiler.
Three galvanized pails.
A three-burner kerosene stove.
A copper funnel with pipes attached.
A copper coil fastened to a large butter firkin.
A five-gallon kerosene can.
A tea-kettle.
A kerosene lamp.
Three funnels.
A number of gallon jars.
A part of a loaf of bread.
A can of corned beef.
A lot of old onions.
Two boxes of matches.
A coffee pot.
Some dishes.
A jar of salt.
A can of pepper.
A bag of flour.
A jar of vaseline.
Some face cream.
A razor.
A tooth-brush (not used as it was in a sealed case).
A tube of tooth-paste.
Several milk bottles, bearing the stamp of a Nantucket farm.
A gimlet.
Several tumblers.
Four lemons.
A man's belt.
A dirty shirt.
Three socks.
A three-foot rule.
A bundle of cotton wool.
A jack-knife.
A few potatoes.
The remains of various kinds of food.
An old cap.

And a miscellaneous array of articles that may, or may not, have been used by the fellow in connection with his distillery.

Inquirer and Mirror, July 30, 1932.