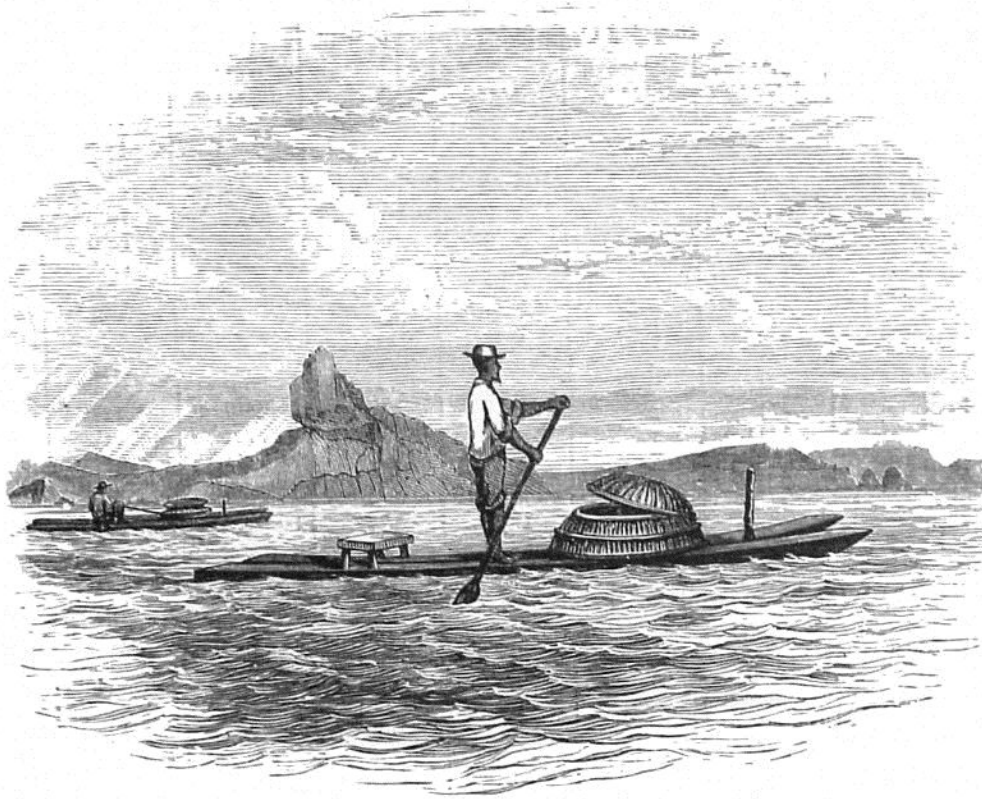


The weather for the last few days had been remarkably fine, with a pleasant light breeze. When we turned up on deck on the morning of the 16th, we were already at anchor in the beautiful bay of Funchal, and looking at the lovely garden-like island, full of anticipations of a week's ramble among the peaks and curvatures and the summer quintas of our friends—anticipations in which we were destined to be disappointed.



Catamaran, Fernando Noronha.