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**NOTE:** See *Journal of researches into the natural history and geology of the countries visited during the voyage of H.M.S. Beagle round the world, under the Command of Capt. Fitz Roy, R.N.* 2d edition, F14. The extracts are from pp. 20-1 and pp. 24-5 respectively.

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LITERATURE:

MURRAY'S HOME AND COLONIAL LIBRARY- DARWIN'S JOURNAL.

This journal, by Charles Darwin, forms the twenty-second number of that very useful series of publication which Mr. Murray has for some time been issuing. The learned journalist accompanied the scientific expedition that was sent in year 1831 to explore the coasts of Southern America, and to report on the various phenomena concerning the zoological and geological history of these regions.

Mr. Darwin's account of these matters is clear and succinct. His narrative is easy and unembarrassed, and he conveys, in the manner of one completely master of his subject, his knowledge of conchology and botany of the different places which he visited. His descriptions of the physical aspect of these regions, and of the manners and peculiarities of their inhabitants, are peculiarly animated and amusing. As a specimen of the discomfort of their inns, we give his description of one which he met with in a journey from Rio Janeiro:-

"We left our miserable sleeping-place before sunrise. The road passed through a narrow sandy plain, lying between the sea and the interior salt lagoons. The number of beautiful fishing birds, such as egrets and cranes, and the succulent plants assuming most fantastical forms, gave to the scene an interest which it would not otherwise have possessed. The few stunted trees were loaded with parasitical plants, among which the beauty and delicious fragrance of some of the orchideæ were most to be admired. As the sun rose, the day became extremely hot, and the reflection of the light and heat from the white sand was very distressing. We dined at Mandetiba, the thermometer in the shade being 84. The beautiful view of the distant wooded hills, reflected in the perfectly calm water of an extensive lagoon, quite refreshed us. As the vinda [1] here was a very good one, and I have the pleasant, but rare remembrance, of an excellent dinner, I will be grateful and presently describe it, as the type of its class. These houses are often large, and are built of thick upright boughs interwoven, and afterwards plastered. They seldom have floors, and never glazed windows; but are generally pretty well roofed. Universally the front part is open, forming a kind of verandah, in which tables and benches are placed. The bed-rooms join on each side, and here the passenger may sleep as comfortably as he can, on a wooden platform, covered by a thin straw mat. The vinda stands in a courtyard, where the horses are fed. On first arriving, it was our custom to unsaddle the horses and give them their Indian corn; then, with a low bow, to ask the senhôr to do us the favour to give us something to eat.

'Anything you choose, sir,' was his usual answer.

For the few first times, vainly I thanked Providence for having guided us to so good a man.

The conversation proceeding, the case universally became deplorable.

'Any fish can you do us the favour of giving?'

'Oh! no, sir.'

'Any soup?'

'No, sir.'

'Any bread?'

'Oh! no, sir.'

'Any dried meat?'

'Oh! no, sir.'

If we were lucky, by waiting a couple of hours, we obtained fowls, rice, and farinha. It not unfrequently happened, that we were obliged to kill, with stones, the poultry for our own supper. When, thoroughly exhausted by fatigue and hunger, we timorously hinted that we should be glad of our meal, the pompous, and (though true) most unsatisfactory answer was, 'It will be ready when it is ready.'

If we had dared to remonstrate any further, we should have been told to proceed on our journey, as being too impertinent. The hosts are most ungracious and disagreeable in their manners; their houses and their persons are often filthily dirty; the want of the accommodation of forks, knives, and spoons is common; and I am sure no cottage or hovel in England could be found in a state so utterly destitute of every comfort. At Campos Novos, however, we fared sumptuously; having rice and fowls, biscuit, wine, and spirits, for dinner; coffee in the evening, and fish with coffee for breakfast. All this, with good food for the horses, only cost 2s. 6d. per head. Yet the host of this *vênda*, being asked if he knew anything of a whip which one of the party had lost, gruffly answered,

'How should I know? why did you not take care of it? I suppose the dogs have eaten it.'

[1] the Portuguese name for an inn.

We shall make another short extract in order to show the degradation to which the inhuman institution of slavery can reduce its victims:-

"While staying at this estate, I was very nearly being an eye-witness to one of those atrocious acts which can only take place in a slave country. Owing to a quarrel and a lawsuit, the owner was on the point of taking all the women and children from the male slaves, and selling them separately at the public auction at Rio. Interest, and not any feeling of compassion, prevented this act. Indeed, I do not believe the inhumanity of separating thirty families, who had lived together for many years, even occurred to the owner. Yet I will pledge myself, that in humanity and good feeling he was superior to the common run of men. It may be said there exists no limit to the blindness of interest and selfish habit. I may mention one very trifling anecdote, which at the time struck me more forcibly than any story of cruelty. I was crossing a ferry with a negro, who was uncommonly stupid. In endeavouring to make him understand, I talked loud, and made signs, in doing which I passed my hand near his face. He, I suppose, thought I was in a passion, and was going to strike him; for

instantly, with a frightened look and half-shut eyes, he dropped his hands. I shall never forget my feelings of surprise, disgust, and shame, at seeing a great powerful man afraid even to ward off a blow, directed, as he thought, at his face. This man had been trained to a degradation lower than the slavery of the most helpless animal.”