

greater power of improvement. Their only garment consists of a mantle made of Guanaco skin, with the wool outside; this they wear just thrown over their shoulders, leaving their persons as often exposed as covered. Their skin is of a dirty coppery red colour. . . . The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural and clicking sounds." Again, speaking of another tribe, he says: "These were the most abject and miserable creatures I anywhere beheld. On the east coast, the natives, as we have seen, have Guanaco cloaks, and on the west they possess seal-skins. Amongst these central tribes, the men generally have an otter-skin, or some small scrap about as large as a pocket-handkerchief, which is barely sufficient to cover their backs as low down as their loins. It is laced across the breast by strings, and according as the wind blows, it is shifted from side to side. . . . These poor wretches were stunted in their growth, their hideous faces bedaubed with white paint, their skins filthy and greasy, their hair entangled, their voices discordant, and their gestures violent. Viewing such men, one can hardly make oneself believe that they are fellow-creatures, and inhabitants of the same world.

At night five or six human beings, naked and scarcely protected from the wind and rain of this tempestuous climate, sleep on the wet ground, coiled up like animals. Whenever it is low water, winter or summer, night or day, they must rise to pick shell-fish from the rocks; and the women either dive to collect sea-eggs, or sit patiently in their canoes, and with a baited hair-line without any hook, jerk out little fish. If a seal is killed, or the floating carcass of a putrid

whale discovered, it is a feast, and such miserable food is assisted by a few tasteless berries and fungi." He also states that the different tribes when at war are cannibals, and also that when pressed by famine, as they often are, they kill and devour their old women before they kill their dogs, the reason given being, "Doggies catch otters, old women no." It was impossible to discover whether they had any idea of a future life or not. He had no reason to believe that they ever performed any sort of religious worship. Their nearest approach to a religious feeling seemed to be an idea of retributive punishment for wasting food, the elements themselves being the avenging agents. The different tribes have no government or chief, are hostile to one another, and speak different dialects. He concludes his description of these savages with the following remark:—"There is no reason to believe that the Fuegians decrease in number; therefore we must suppose that they enjoy a sufficient share of happiness of whatever kind it may be, to render life worth having. Nature by making habit omnipotent, and its effects hereditary, has fitted the Fuegian to the climate and the productions of his miserable country."

This voyage, however, was not all pleasure to Mr. Darwin. He mentions as the chief disadvantages several obvious losses, such as separation from the society of friends, one which he felt very keenly, though alleviated to some extent by a constant correspondence with his old master and dearest friend, Prof. Henslow, the want of room, seclusion, rest, and leisure, which "although at first not felt, tell heavily after a period." But worse than all, he suffered greatly from sea-sickness; and this, together with the worry and fatigue incidental to his long land excursions, was the probable cause of the dyspepsia to