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I stood motionless upon the deck as my senses were assailed: the sharp, salt air caught in my nose and throat; the deep, rich tang of newly polished leather drifted up from my pristine luggage; acrid smoke snaked its way to my nostrils as the crew reacquainted themselves with one another after a protracted shore leave.



Sitting at the Captain's table, I held my glass of port to my lips and felt its sweetness roll across my tongue and warm my soul: a reassuring familiarity that would travel with me into the unknown.



We have had a long & rough pull to the vessel, but I am now seated in my own corner, snug & am listening to the wind roaring through the rigging with the same sort of feeling that I often have when sitting round a Christmas fire.
(Charles Darwin's diary)

