

was too monotonous to write about. Walking, eating, and sleeping were the principle employments, interspersed occasionally with a kick up with our servants, or a slight difference of opinion with the Dobey who persisted in believing that six weeks were not a bit too long to keep a week's clothes!

Our journey back again was unruffled by any accident; all went on as smoothly as patent mangles, and, within four days of leaving the cold plains of Nuwera Ellia, we were sitting enjoying the comforts of "Epping," which, after knocking about as we had done, seemed a more complete paradise than ever. Even the coolies' lines and the tool-house appeared to be a sort of fairyland, and the niggars a-washing themselves, down by the pulping-house, looked, in the dim twilight, as though they were ever-so-many ebony elves, or dirty-water sprites.

Before closing this, I'll just send you a copy of some verses that I picked up whilst at Nuwera Ellia. I believe them to be founded on fact, and their truthfulness will make up for the badness of the poetry, which I don't think first-rate by any means.

A dew! a dew! as the frog said to the wet grass.

Ever your sincere cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN.

THE LIFE OF A BRICK.

Hurrah! for the Jungle, hurrah!
 Where we know neither sorrow nor strife;
 Hurrah! for the boys who live on hills,
 Away from the ills of this life.
 Oh! who would not be
 A brick like me,
 Unfettered and free,
 As the mountain streams around me;
 I sit at my door
 While the roll is call'd o'er,
 And I need not do more,
 For a couple of subs are found me.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Hurrah! for the life of a brick!

The month rolls away, and once more,
 In Kandy I make my salam;
 Get cash, play at billiards, and have a long jaw
 About Barbecue, Pulper, and Dam.
 This done, the next day
 I am blithe and gay,
 With none to say nay,
 And nothing to vex or to grieve me:
 In far less than four year
 I'm a reg'lar top sawyer,
 An out-and-out coffee lawyer,
 At least, so the green-horns believe me.
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Hurrah! for the life of a brick!

With rifle in hand I roam o'er
 The rocks and the woods, popping slick