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LIFE IN THE JUNGLE

OR

LETTERS FROM A PLANTER,

TO HIS COUSIN IN LONDON,

WITH


A GLOSSARY.

BY

SAMPSON BROWN.

COLOMBO:

PRINTED AT THE HERALD PRESS.
1845.



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DEDICATION

TO THE

READER,

THE ONLY PERSON AT ALL

LIKELY TO KNOW OR CARE ANYTHING ABOUT THE MATTER.

THIS SMALL VOLUME

IS

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BY

THE AUTHOR.

LIFE IN THE JUNGLE

&c. &c.

LETTER I.

Colombo, April 1st, 1841.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I have scarcely a heart for letter-writing just now, but having promised to let you know at least once a month, of my progress in this, our adopted country, I must e'en to my task "with what appetite I may." I shall not attempt to give you an account of our voyage out, though perhaps my wife may. We've not got rid of our sea-sickness yet, and I often find myself holding on by the table at breakfast time. I once read of a lady who played a thunderstorm on the pianny, so beautiful nat'ral that she always and invariably turned the milk in the cupboard sour, and cousin I b'lieve it, for as soon as ever I begin to think over the scenes and the catastrophes of our voyage, so soon do I feel the motion of the ship again, and then d'rectly afterwards the nasty giddy qualmishness comes over me like a wet blanket. Our five months at sea may be described in a very few words, for it was a gale of wind one day, and a squall the next, and then another gale like the first, only worse. I can't help thinking of the sailor's bill of fare in the story-book; a biled piece of pork, and a roast piece of pork, a pig's head, and another piece of perk, a pig's feet and brains, and pork sassiges. So it was with us, blow, blow, blow, and when the wind didn't squall the children did. But here we are at last in spite of my dying at least half a dozen times at sea, and Mrs. Brown declares solemnly that even if I make myself a Nabob twenty times over she'll not go home until there's a good turnpike road, or a railway, right slap from this to Tower Hill,—the Borough would't do.

I dare say, now you'll be wanting to know what like of a place this same Colombo is, but I just can't tell you, for there's no such thing as moving about to look at things, while the weather's so cruel hot as it is here. Talk of the dog days in London! Why, cousin, if they are dog days I should like to know what these are,—elephant days at least. A sugar refiner's biling house in Whitechapel would be quite comparatively cool and agreeable to Colombo just now. I'm expecting to see my thermometer bile over and bust every hour.

There's not a breath of air all the day long; not a drop of rain, and all the trees look regularly done up: they won't move a twig or a leaf for love or money. The nights are as bad and there's no such thing as sleeping anyhow. You'll see how pale this writing is, well, its all owing to the heat, for the perspiration runs down my fingers on to the pen and regularly waters the ink. Oh! Smith, what would I give for a good deep mud-bath in the city Canal, or for a few hours nap in one of them nice, dark, cool cellars in Upper Thames street, where the waggin wheels roll over your head like peals of thunder, and where the light of the sun never enters but for a few minutes at twelve o'clock on midsummer day.

At present we are living, or rather dying, in a place most improperly called a "Rest House," for what with the heat, the musqueters, the black servants, and the comers in and goers out, we get no rest at all. After spending a restless, sleepless night, I rise to suffer from other torments. From day-break to sun-set our verendah and sitting-room are literally crammed with native dealers in all sorts of jimcrackery. They are as impudent, rich and roguish as our Whitechapel jews, only they tell a lie with far greater assurance. After all I think I would rather be cheated by one of these Moorish gentlemen than by a nasty dirty jew; it's some consolation too, to have paid one's money to an ebony Arab with eighteen yards of muslin round his head, set with precious stones; besides who knows but some of them may be the descendants of the far famed Haroun Al Raschid!

Returning from a stroll by the sea-side, a morning ago, I found my wife in the midst of about twenty of these turban'd gentry who had accommodated her, to the tune of twenty odd pounds, with a whole waggon-full of curiosities and nick-nacks. I was excessively disgusted at this but the Arabs were so very civil, that I paid them without grumbling and begged them to keep the change. Here's a list of the principal of Mrs. B's bargains: five work-boxes and dressing-dittos, of various sizes, eight ebony and cinnamon walking sticks, a pair of Elephant tusks, a monkey, two tortoises, a stuffed snake (these of course, are not to be met with in the jungle) a case of shells, a gross of ivory studs, twelve pairs of color'd slippers, nine straw hats, four ivory knives, three ebony letter-holders, a work-table, a dozen fans, four bundles of peacock's feathers, eighteen jars of sweetmeats and a quantity of precious stones, the latter bought very cheap. All these have to go into the jungle, a distance of about one hundred miles! in a country too where there are no railways or waggons, but where the roads are along the brinks of pre-

cipices and the carts of the size of workhouse wheel-barrows, drawn by bullocks not larger than full-grown tom-cats!!

Had I a mind to amuse you, I might write a whole chapter of disgusts with the things and people of this island, but it would only vex me. The most ridiculous custom I've met with is that of calling servants, *boys*, no matter what their age or size may be. I remember how astonished I was on landing, to hear our captain address what I thought an elderly native with grey locks, "Boy." Well, thinks I, if that grey-beard is a boy, I should just like to see one of your old men, that's what I should.

Patience is at a discount in India, and I who left the land of Cockaigne a perfect Job in temper, am now a very Jezebel's son. I don't know which is the most vexatious and annoying, the musquitoes, the heat or the servants. I am inclined to give the palm to the latter. You've no idea, cousin, what a rascally set they are: what with their laziness, their impudence, their lying and stealing, they are very pests. There ought to be a mission sent out expressly for the conversion of native servants to honesty and industry. I don't think there's anything so vexatious as a servant who has an imperfect knowledge of English. One who could not speak a word would be far better, for I should either make him understand me by signs, or through an interpreter. But with the former, not knowing how much English he is acquainted with, I am never sure if he understands what I am telling him: fancy my annoyance the other day, when, after spending full ten minutes in cautioning my boy not to be again absent without leave under pain of dismissal, the rascal grinned like a drunken hyena and said "yes, sir." I felt I could have annihilated him. The worst of it is that the blockheads never say they don't understand you, but prefer blunders and thrashings. It was only this morning that I read the same "boy" a lecture about my clothes, and told him they were wretchedly washed; the rascal grinned again and said "very well, sir;" and when I asked him if he understood me, he said "I not know." I think nothing of asking for a light and getting a knife, or of sending my servant to buy some article of dress, and getting for my money an immense basket of fruit.

We have been much disappointed with the living in this country. The meat is abominable, tough as leather and about as flavorless. Vegetables ditto. Poultry very small, but sometimes good. Fruit, which is the only eatable thing, we are warned against as unsafe. A pineapple reminds me of a cholera hospital! Curry is about the best thing after

all, for it doesn't require much labour to eat, and it can be made from almost any thing, only they make it so everlasting hot, that I can't take a glass of wine for a quarter of an hour after it.

Mrs. B. is very busy trying to learn the language. Our servant hired a teacher for her, but when he came I found he could not speak a word of English, so we had to pay another man to interpret what the teacher said, and that makes it rather slow work. My time is mostly spent in looking over my list of tools, &c., and in reading books on Coffee Planting. The thing seems simple enough with plenty of money. Nothing like golden tools. My agent had my land surveyed and paid for before my arrival, so that I shall go to work in a week or two. From what I hear, I calculate we must rough it a bit at first, for there's not a town within twenty-five miles of our location, and no road for five or six miles of the way. As I said to Mrs. B. last night, whatever shall we do with the children until our house is built. "Ah!" says she, "to be sure, what indeed! Why, we shall have 'em run away with by elephants, or serpents, or some other wild animals."—And when I looked round the room and saw the work-boxes, and the peacocks feathers, and the monkey a pulling off the head of the stuffed snake, my heart sank with me. A planter's life is no joke after all, cousin Smith, depend on it, particularly when you have two small children and a wife who has a taste for curiosities and nick-nacks.

April 6th. My agent has informed me that 50 coolies are hired. They have all received a part of their pay in advance and are ready to start at a day's notice, so hey! for the jungle, and adieu to this furnace of a place,—this stew-pan of humanity! I had an advertisement in the local papers here for a superintendant, and this morning about thirty candidates made their appearance, English, Portuguese and native. According to their own accounts, they were each and all perfect masters of the art of Coffee and Sugar Planting, and those engaging them would be certain to realize a considerable fortune under their able guidance. My agent, however, thought otherwise, and put a few home questions to them, which brought out the truth, that they knew nothing at all, practically, having been nearly all clerks dismissed from government employ. I was highly incensed at learning this, but they assured me that they knew quite as much, and were fully as competent as most of the "gentlemen planters" who were *managing* large estates. At last, however, we picked up

a man who had been in charge of some Cinnamon land, who understood some Singhalese, a little Malabar and still less English. He was a little dry Portugese fellow, with a knowing look and a ready tongue and as he brought a good character, I at once engaged him. You would laugh, Cousin, I am sure, if you saw this little monkey in trousers, and were told that his name was Leonardus Francisco Ludwig Tronck!

“Heavens! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame?”

We have been debating as to which of his names will be most convenient for common use. I voted for Francis, but my wife persists in calling him Mr. Trunk, and so Mr. Trunk it must be.

I find I shall require a little in the medical line, which never struck me before. But my friend here tells me that Jungle Fever must be expected at first, and indeed he says that the land would not be considered good if no cases of fever were to occur. It's rather a pleasant prospect, truly, particularly as he assures me that my land is most excellent. So pray, Smith, send me out by the first ship sailing, half a hundred weight of Quinine and two pipes of Port Wine, for I hear that is the best thing to take it in. Recollect that delay on your part may lose me all my coolies, not to mention Mrs. B. and the children.

Since writing the above, I've had a terrible shock. My wife came running in from the next room, in a dreadful state of excitement, reminding me of the tragedy lady at Richardson's show. “Oh! Sam,” said she, “what do you think!”—so says I, “what do you mean by thinking!”—“what do you think has happened!”—“Happened!” said I, “why I suppose that infernal monkey has been and choked the babby, or thrown one of the tortoises at Jemmy's head.”—“No, no,” replied Mrs. B., “it's neither, it's the things from the ship; come and see”—Well, while I was a thinking if it could be the mosquitoes that had eat 'em, or my gunpowder that had ignited and burnt them all, I got to the room, and there sure enough was the things. Would you believe it that the rascally sea-water had got in and spoilt everything of consequence of our clothes. There aint a single thing left fit for wear. There's all my shalley and figured satin-waiscoats regularly done up! At least two dozens of satin cravats of all colors; silk stockings without end. Some dozen of Mrs. B's. silk and sarsnet dresses. The children's embroidery frocks and their velvet caps with gold tassels, that

stood me in fourteen shillings a piece, and lastly, all my fancy ducks that couldn't have cost less than one and twenty shillings each! But there's no help for it. However, I'm determined not to be done out of my guinea ducks and satin waistcoats, and as I can't come upon Lloyds, or the captain or government, for their value, and can't go to church in 'em, I'm resolved to wear 'em out in the jungle and plant coffee in 'em out of spite.

April 9th.—I've just arranged to start for the hills the day after to-morrow by the mail-coach: so as there's lots of jim-crackery to be packed up I don't think you'll get any more from me just at present. However, I'll not forget you when we're up in the interior. And if we're not walked off by wild beasts, or birds of prey, or fever, before the next ship sails, why the chances are that I may give you a description of our journey up. We both send regards to all in London, and believe me,

Your affectionate, tho' distant, Cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER II.

Epping Bungalow, May 10th, 1841.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

As I promised in my last, before starting for this, I take up my pen to tell you our uprisings and downfallings, and I assure you we've seen a few since then. No doubt you'll want to know something about "Epping Bungalow," so here you have it. On first coming in sight of my land covered with large and gigantic, lofty trees, and thick with brushwood, I exclaimed, "How very like Epping Forest!" Mrs. B. agreed with me, so we determined to christen our clearing "Epping."—Bungalow is the asiatic, and I believe also the oriental, name for a small house or cottage, and although we have not even the walls of a house up yet, but merely a sort of a tent, still I call it our Bungalow. I am rather at a loss for the derivation of the word, but I am inclined to believe it arose from the *bungling*, hurried manner in which they are built, and from their being very *low*, for they're never more than a ground floor.

But I must tell you our adventures on the road. I said

in my last we were to come up by mail, and so we did. Our traps took thirteen carts, and a nice little job I had packing up! There was a box of straw to be got for the monkey, another for the tortoises, and innumerable slips of cloth to wrap the work-boxes in. The jewels we took with us, as also the walking sticks, and the children had the peacock's feathers to play with. After a dozen mishaps with the furniture, and the natives, and the bullocks, and having huge trunks placed upon Mrs. B's bonnet boxes, all was fairly started, and away we were off to bed, but not to quiet sleep. I passed the night in a feverish half doze. Our morrow's journey and all the hidden horrors of jungle-life flitted before my fretful imagination. I saw a splendend Coffee garden rise up in full blossom, from the ground. Hoes, rakes and pickaxes were working away in it by invisible hands. I tried to reach it, but I found deep ravines and mountain torrents in my way, and little fiends spreading fevers and maladies around. Then I was in a mail coach and the horses were galloping us down a precipice, rocks were tumbling about our ears, and my wife and children were clinging around me. "Brown, Brown!" shouted some voice, and "Brown, Brown" echoed from rock to rock. I started forward to seize the trunk of a tree, and lo! I found I had hold of the bed post with my wife by my side telling me in was four o'clock, and time to be dressing.

Well it was hurry, skurry and scramble for an entire hour, at the end of which we found ourselves groping about the steps of a carriage with wheels like those of a waggon. It was as dark as a coal-mine, and every thing had to be done by feel: the children and Mrs. B. were lugged in, and I scrambled over the wheels as fast as I could, for the horses were being put in. I left my luggage to the mercy of the coach niggers, for seeing that all was right appeared to be out of the question, and the horses were rearing and kicking in a dreadful manner. Just as all was ready a gun was fired from the batteries as a signal for us to start, and away we went at a furious rate, the carriage rolling from side to side like a drunken sailor. My wife grasped my arm till it was black and blue, and the children screamed most unmercifully. After the first start all went well enough and we had leisure to look around us: however I saw little that was interesting for the first half of our journey, it reminded me again of the "biled piece of pork and the roast piece of pork," for it was a paddy field and cocoanut trees, and a hut, and another paddy field and more cocoanut trees and then another hut. But on our leaving the half-way house after breakfast, the scene on all sides was truly grand and picturesque:

it beat Burford's Pennyram all to nothing at all. I guess he could'nt do better than take a trip out to Ceylon and paint some of the fine Pennyrams to be met with up here. I used to think Richmond Hill and Windsor Forest first chop things of the kind, and that there wasn't their equals anywhere, but bless you, they was nothing to the hills and woods here! It made Mrs. B. and the young ones scream to look down into some of the valleys, and we all the time rattling along a road close to the edge of about two thousand feet of perpendicular rock and bushes. I told my wife there was no fear at all, but to speak the truth I laid a tight hold of the carriage rails, and tried to whistle some popular airs, occasionally asking the driver how far we should fall if we made a slip, and how much more of that sort of road we had to go. But that was not the only annoyance: we had some of the most scampish cattle I ever remember to have met with. The horses were mostly strong and went on well when they did move, but the thing was to get them to start. They were full of all sorts of ridiculous tricks, quite disgusting. One horse had his legs tied while being put in; another would'nt wait till the traces were fastened. A third comical little chap had a knack of laying down occasionally in the road, plump in the mud; he was the most tiresome of the lot.

I said to the driver when he did this, "Why coachman, whatever in the world is that ridiculous horse a thinking of, to be a laying down here instead of waiting till he gets to his stall?"

"Why, Sir," says he "when this 'ere horse was a *poney* he used to act at Astley's and he had to sham Abraham and pretend to be shot at a stroke from his master, and so you see if I happen to touch him in the old place he thinks he's on the stage again, and must fall down and die. He's a clever animal that there, sir!" I however, differed from him, and thought it was a very silly horse not to know where he was after going up and down the road so often. I also thought that if the proprietors would have play-acting horses they ought at least to engage a clown or a pantaloon to drive 'em. We had no more horses after this, with the exception of one who had a knack of climbing his companion's neck, as though ascending an imaginary flight of stairs. I suppose he had been educated at Astley's too, and had been in the habit of getting up the ladder.

Well, cousin, we got at last to Kandy, the ancient capital of the Emperors of Ceylon—about 5 p. m. in the afternoon,

hot, hungry and tired. With some difficulty we groped our way to the house, or rather hut, prepared for us, and began an attack on rice and curry, without paying much attention to the how or the where, and indeed it's no use being over nice here. I've often heard that travellers see strange things, but I never thought of seeing what I have in one of the kitchens here. They remind me of the dog's-meat shops in Cow Cross, where they bile the poor old dead horses, only the Singalee kitchen is dirtier by a good deal. If old mother Squeers had lived in Ceylon she'd have saved the expense of the brimstone and treacle, and have made the school boys walk through her kitchen before breakfast, if that did not take away the poor things appetites they must have been cannibals.

I shall never forget the first night we spent in Kandy, not if I live to the age of old what's-his-name. On one side of our miserable hut was a Buddhist Temple with about half a dozen holy elephants in it, and what must the wretched heathens do but beat great drums, called Tom-toms, and blow a sort of Bagpipe all the blessed night long. It was their new year, so I suppose the elephants was a keeping their Christmas holidays. There never was such an unearthly noise as they kicked up, except perhaps in the incantation scene in Der Freeshootz. Sleep was out of the question, so I had the felicity of walking in the verandah during the night, occasionally going in to quiet the children. In the morning that nuisance was succeeded by another as bad, for on our other side was a nasty, little papistical chapel, and it being some great festival of the Romans they had a succession of singing all the day long, interspersed with a second edition of the Tom-toms and bagpipes, when the elephants had their dinner. Had it been fine I should have strolled out and sought quiet, but no, as if to try my temper it set in a regular soaking day. None of your April showers; none of your watering-pot sprinklings, but a regular Falls of Niagarum. It rained shower-baths. Half the tiles on our roof were broken, so we had a dozen or two of private water-spouts inside the house, which amused me during the day in placing pots, pans and cocoanut shells to catch the rain in. Fancy my situation! But you can't fancy anything half so full of despair. Dodging between the loose cattle in Smithfield on a rainy day, with pantaloons and pumps on, would have been comparatively an agreeable recreation! There was the chapel a singing, the drums and bagpipes a coaxing the six elephants to eat their broth, the rain a pouring like horse beans on the roof, with an occasional gust of wind taking

off another tile, my wife grumbling, the young ones crying and asking for dinner, the black servants hollowing like mad things, and I, poor "pill garlick," trying to keep our bed dry by sitting on it with an umbrella over my head.

On the third day after our arrival in Kandy I received an epistle from my superintendent, Mr. Trunk, and as it sets forth some of the difficulties of a Planter's Life, and is, moreover a curious specimen of Anglo-Portuguese literature I'll e'en give you a copy of it:—

Jungle, Tuesday.

HONER'D SIR,—May I take the freedom to state you these few lines and hoping you would excuse me. On the 29th instant after four days hence I was arrived at this Jungle to be commanding on your estate and hoping to find the Malabars and others all ready to me to commence my office on May 1st but to my excessive indignation no peoples is come and I am so perplexed Sir that vengeance itself is as nothing still I have no mens come and that is a very great botheration to me therefore will you have the goodness to inform to my notice how I may act: els that I may be able to procure some more Malabar and Cinghalee peoples by proper time and to keep it ready. Will you be accepted that I go some time and git the best mens because I am fraid we shall not git our lines or huts ready prepared to abode our labors in and that will also be a very great botheration and very crushing to me. Howbeit have you got the requirable impliments for the service of our branch, if are not ready to commence with our work, please send down to Colombo to bring on first opportunity, the principle thing are the tools &c., that we require to carry on operations for the present. If we do not git these it will put a bad stop on everything. I have never been in this place before, shall stop for 2 days for your answer and then go for labors if anything do not pervent me.

I remain to be Sir

Your most obdt. humble servant,

LEONARDUS FRANCISCO LUDWIG TRONCK.

Of course I told him to lose no time in procuring laborers, for the rains were coming fast upon us. In three days after our carts arrived and I was glad to make another start for the woods and leave our wretched abode, for which, by the bye, we had been paying at the rate of £5 a month! Away we went again, but this time along a safe road and in a quiet bullock carriage, called a hackery:

our long train of carts followed us reminding me of the Caravans going across the desert in the Arabian Nights. Nothing occurred worthy of notice beyond a few quarrels among the drivers, and now and then a stupid bullock insisting on laying down in the middle of the road. We stopped that night at a Rest House about half way, and started again at peep of day, fresh as larks, Mrs. B. and I much elated at the idea of being so near our "clearing." By noon we had gone over all the carriage road and came to a halt at a little bungalow where there was a newly cut pathway striking off into the forest and hilly country. Here we halted for rest and breakfast, if hard rice and tough buffalo flesh could be so called. But to us every thing was new, and the bare idea of eating in a real Indian hut was sufficient to have made us relish even a stewed top-boot, or a silk hat fricasseed. I even began to fancy myself a sort of modern Coffee Robinson Crusoe, and when I looked at my double barrel'd Manton, almost wished the natives would rise against me en masse. While endeavouring to gulph down our rice with the aid of a little brandy and water I received a note from my man Friday, alias Mr. Trunk, to the effect that a dwelling was prepared for me and that the bearer would act as guide. He had sent coolies without number for our traps, so loading them with our most precious moveables and starting them off, we jogged leisurely on, under the shade of thick, lofty forest trees, leaving the rest of our things for the next day. It would have been a subject for Rubens to have seen our little party tramping it along, the children carried by coolies, my wife loaded with the jewel box and bundle of walking sticks, while I perspired under the weight of a double barrel'd gun, a telescope, a flask of gunpowder, a writing case, a bottle of brandy and drinking horn, and a parcel of german sausages as a stand by. I had on a most picturesque suit of scarlet and yellow plaid, fancy gaiters, a shovel shaped black and white straw hat with a brim ample enough for a donkey race round it. With the above and a huge talipot leaf over my head I looked, as Sam Weller had it, "a reglar picter card." After a trudge of two miles over stones, streams, &c., and knocking our toes against stumps of trees all the way, we were glad to pull up under shade and lighten my brandy bottle with the aid of a little water from a brook. By the time we had made half a dozen such halts we came in sight of what appeared to be a roof, and in another minute descried Mr. Trunk, segar in mouth, and surrounded by thirty coolies. It was then, standing on an elevated piece of fallen rock,

that I took a sweeping survey of the dark forest before me, breaking out into the most exatic raptures at the prospect: it was then that I saw the striking likeness to Epping Forest, and it was then that the name of my estate was for ever decided!

In another five minutes we were all at the door of our "Bungalow" glad enough to be "at home," as my wife, woman-like immediately called it. What our Home is like, what "my Estate" is like, what the views are like, what my coolies are like, and in short what "Life in the Jungle" is like, I really must defer until I again take up my "grey goose quill" as Shakspeare has it. And so good bye, and when you've nothing better to do, just think of the Backwoods of Ceylon and

Your attached Cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN,

LETTER III.

Epping Bungalow, June 20th. 1841.

MY DEAR SMITH,

Since my last from this we've seen and done little or nothing, for what with the heavy rains and getting to rights a bit we've had quite enough to do in doors. Talk of rains indeed, I only wish some of you in old England could get a sight and a taste of one of the tropical showers. You'd think you had got the New River or the City Canal flying about your ears, and no mistake.

It doesn't seem to require any very extensive knowledge of architecture or engineering to erect the temporary Bungalow of a Coffee Planter, and yet Mr. Trunk has made a shocking mess of mine! Its architectural proportions are certainly of the Adam and Eve order, and consist of four unequal, crooked sides with a very unsightly roof, and a door that will not be persuaded on any account to come near the door-post. My walls are composed of green branches of trees stuck a foot or two into the ground, with the twigs and leaves left on them to keep out some of the wind, the roof is merely grass laid on pretty thickly, and affords an excellent and commodious retreat for rats and snakes of all sorts. The floor is the pure soil of the isle, which being of a fine bright red gives a nice tinge to our wearing apparel, particularly during the heavy rains. My superintendent had built or rather stuck the bungalow on the side of a hill which he had levelled to a certain extent, but not sufficiently to prevent every thing having a decided inclination to slide towards one end of our hut. The first few nights I found the floor so sloping that I was continually gliding towards the bottom part of the bed, and with my feet projecting beyond the mud-wall into the rain.

Another evil was that although our being on the side of a hill protected us from the wind, it at the same time caused us to be inundated by the mountain streams that came pouring down from the top. One day I really thought we were all going to be washed away. It was raining like mad and the water on our mud-floor was rising every minute. In my distress I called for Mr. Trunk, but he was not within hearing: then I sent for some coolies, and they would not stir out in the wet, so there was no time to lose. I had off coat and shoes and with spade and pickaxe cut a channel for the water, by which means the deluge was turned off. I used to think, and I dare say so used you, cousin, that an

indian jungle life, a sort of Paul and Virginia existence, was a most delightful and beautiful thing. And so perhaps, it is, with two young persons making love, like the above individuals, but when it comes down to a mere wife and two very small children, the thing is altered altogether and won't do.

What nonsense it is for those chaps on the stage to pretend to be so happy when acting an indian character, with their bear-skin jackets and oh-no-we-never-mention-ems, their fowling pieces and their clay houses. They appear to be so comfortable and snug, and sing such a lot of songs: but its all humbug! A week out here in the jungle would knock them up. Cooper too, in his American novels, makes one believe that the Cherrykeys and the Snatches, with their scalped heads, their tommy-hawks and their portable furniture, are the finest chaps in the world, and a great deal happier than the Lord Mayor of London with his glass coach and six, and his gold sword.

But how is it they make such a capital thing of a savage life, says you? Why, says I, because they tell you nothing about heavy showers of rain, having your curry and rice spoilt, or your bed wet, and never allude to such articles as sqalling children and a fidgetty wife; there aint any romance in them so they give them the go by. That's how they manage it. But I'll show all these writer chaps up, some of these odd days. You cockneys may think what you like about roughing it, and I know that I used to fancy I went through great hardships when I happened to be caught in a shower of rain in Epping Forest and had to stay all night in the nearest public-house with nothing but cold meat and country beer. But a shower of rain in Epping Forest is not be mentioned after the monsoon in the backwoods of Ceylon. Authors are clever chaps at description, but, believe me, roughing it in a book is one thing and roughing it in reality is another,

I have heard of a writer who used to travel and give an account of his voyaging without ever stirring from his house. He would go regularly round his study and give a chapter on every article he came to. Now why shouldn't I do the same, as I've not been further than the kitchen and the lines, and give an account of my discoveries?

As I told you before, our house is made of branches of trees twisted together. At first the leaves filled up the spaces between the sticks and kept out the wind and rain, but now that they are all dead and fallen off, there is some very extensive open-work about the walls, not a little enlarged by our confounded monkey who prefers going out by any way but the door. I have found it necessary to hang up all our

dresses, my wife's saris and my guinea ducks included, along the sides of our bungalow to keep out a little of the wet and cold, and I assure you they give it the appearance of the inside of a royal Persian Tent, although Mrs. Brown, who always will destroy my poetical and historical associations, declares it bears more resemblance to a clothier's shop in Houndsditch. One corner of about four square feet is parted off by boxes and portmanteaus for the children's nursery and my wife's dressing-room, which is really necessary, for Mr. Trunk and the coolies walk slap into our place whenever they choose, without so much as knocking at the door,

It has been dreadful work getting the children's clothes dried these rains, and as yet we've no one to do our washing: twice a week there's a terrible assemblage of small articles of dress of various shapes, strung up along the room, like reams of paper in a printer's office, and really it requires all my presence of mind to dodge between them without getting a wet face. The things would never dry were it not for the help of sundry bottles of hot water and my sleeping on them at night, which latter has given me a few twitches of rheumatism. But my wife's everlasting monkey causes me more trouble than everything else put together. I'm obliged to tie him up in a bag on washing days, or he'd play Thomas with the clothes, and then out of spite he amuses us all day with a quiet, subdued yell. It was but last week he scoured off with one of my open razors in his paws, but he was punished for his pains, for as he was flourishing it about on the roof it took off the tip of one of his ears. The rascal has been quieter since, and scampers off whenever he sees me going to shave.

My desk is in a corner near the door, where I transact all my estate business and give a daily audience to Mr. Trunk, who details to me the transactions of the past day, the state of the coolies, ditto of weather and the operations that should be pursued. On my first interview of this kind he detailed at full length the necessaries of a good estate, amongst them he said a *nursery* was the most important and should be begun immediately. Thinking that he was alluding to some building for my children I thanked him for considering their comfort, but said I meant to make shift with a corner of my bungalow. Pen and ink could not describe anything like Trunk's look on hearing this; I found out after beating about a little, that he alluded to a nursery of Coffee plants. His talking about the lines for coolies also bothered me a bit at first, for I could not imagine that lines was the name of their dwellings, and

only thought of lines to dry their clothes on. However, I am now pretty well up to all these things, and am likely to turn out a first rate planter, at least so says Mr. Trunk, and he must know a good planter from a bad one.

By great perseverance I have succeeded in getting in, with a gang of 60 coolies, about fifteen thousand seedings. Only fancy, cousin, fifteen thousand! Why, if they was grown big, and all in a row they'd go right from Crutched Friars to the London Docks. I've been calculating how much Coffee they'll give me at three pounds a tree and I find its a good lot. Twice have I been out in the pouring rain to see my young plants and they certainly do grow a bit. I had a chair tied upon poles and was carried by six men, with another to hold a talipot leaf over my head, for I dont care a dump how I expose myself, if it's only for example's sake. My telescope was slung by my side, and in my pocket along with memorandum-book, knife, string and compass, was a flat green bottle well corked and certainly as well filled. I fancy there are very few Planters who would have sailed forth in that way, and in that weather, but as I said I do not mind difficulties. In a few hours I did about a couple of days work. I first measured the principal plants and noted down their height with the day of the month, for these are things that demand precision: I then counted the whole of them to see if any had been stolen, knowing what shocking thieves the natives are, but found them all right. After this I made a general inspection of my coolies and their tools, under cover, and then trying to catch a glimpse of the distant mountains through the mizzling rain, I proceeded to the "Lines" and had a regular survey of them.

I don't think I can give you a better idea of Malabar lines than likening them to the roof of a long English barn taken off and placed on the ground. Deuce a bit of wall is there to them, and as for doors, windows and chimblies, they wouldn't have them if it was to save their lives. They get in and out at the ends, and the smoke oozes out wherever the snakes and the rats make holes for it in the roof. When I first saw my lines I thought to be sure they were built under ground and that only a part of the roof was visible above the earth. I managed to scramble in on my hands and knees and when inside, Oh! what a hogo assailed my nose. A dozen tanners, glue-makers and soap-boilers would have been perfumers' shops in comparison. I must confess I was shocked at the idea of human beings herding together in such a state of filth and discomfort, and immediately determined to build large and commodious houses for them as soon as the rains were gone.

The floor was of mud of course, and the only visible contents of the little cells were a roll of matting in one corner for a bed, three stones for a fireplace, a basket hanging from the roof with a few fruits and vegetables in it, upon which lay a child fast asleep, some earthen vessels for cooking and drinking, and a flat and a round stone for grinding up their curry stuffs. Two or three naked children round the fire in addition to the one in the basket, the wife stirring the curry pot with her fingers, and a little long nosed, wire tailed, snarling cur at the entrance completed the Tout Assembly, and a precious dirty, romantic, stinking, indian assembly it was, too. Glad enough was I to creep out of these wretched abodes, jump into my chair and turn homeward. The visit, however, did me some good; for it made me feel quite in paradise in my own comfortable hut. How little do we know, cousin, when we complain of our own discomforts and annoyances, of what thousands of our fellow-creatures are undergoing of. I would advise all grumbling and discontented persons to take a stroll through the world and just compare their own lot with that of many of their brother pilgrims of life, and depend upon it they'll go home again with quite a new rig-out of feelings. I know when I returned home after my visit to the lines, and found myself inside of Epping Bungalow I made sure I had got into Buckingham Palace by mistake.

By the next morning I had a plan for a new and improved set of buildings for my laborers, laid out on a large sheet of cartridge paper, and a very pretty place it seemed to be, although my wife did say that it looked like the inside of a work-box. There was to be no stint of room: every man was to have a sitting and sleeping-room to himself, and there was one general kitchen to the whole lot. The rooms were to be floored, with good stout walls, lofty, and strongly roofed: in short I meant them to be nice little bits of places something like the fishmongers alms-houses in Shoreditch. But when I came to show the thing to my man Friday he actually laughed at me and declared that if I built such a place I should not get a single cooly to sleep in it. I could scarcely credit this, but he assured me it was a fact.

"Why," said he, if they don't sleep close to where they cook, they'd perish with cold, and what Malabar do you think would ever live in a room that he could stand upright in. Then again you've made all the rooms ten feet square. Now our Malabars average five feet ten inches, and if their places exceed six feet in length they would not stay in them.

It would be no use giving them twenty dollars a month, if when they lie down they cannot touch one wall with their feet and another with their head. Your rooms, too, are boarded and how could they throw all their slops and messes on the floor? "No, no," continued Trunk, "that plan will never do. If you build such a place as that, your coolies would not stay a month with you."

I was obliged to give up my liberal scheme, and have since seen enough to convince me that he was right in his advice. What a precious set of black mortals they are to be sure!

I forgot to tell you that we are without servants. My Appoo came to me a few days ago with a face as long as from here to the Lines, and begged to be allowed a holiday to go and see his mother, for that she was "plenty sick," and he was her only son. The request seemed moderate enough and I gave him permission for a week, together with his month's pay and a little more in advance. A day or two afterwards master cookey wanted to go to some outlandish place or other, to see his sister married: but that would not do at all and I had to decline compliance. He wheedled me out of his month's pay however, which he said he wanted to send as a present to his sister, and Mrs. Brown added something out of her own pocket, besides a little finery for the girl to wear. The next morning breakfast did not make its appearance at the usual time, and I sang out for cookey, but no cookey replied; I called to Mr. Trunk, he was out in the "nursery" with all the coolies. There was nothing left for me, but to walk over to our kitchen, which I found as desolate and deserted as Robinson Crusoe's island. No cook, no fire, no nothing. All gone but the pots, and they were so black I couldn't see them. Here was a dreadful state of things! All of us ready for breakfast, and the children in particular. I broke the news to Mrs. B. as gently as I could, and we agreed that there was no help for it, but to light a fire, and do something for ourselves. But when it came to the *do* I found I could no more get a light than I could borrow one from the man in the moon. With a box of good Lucifers the thing's simple enough: its just a rub and a phiz and the fire's alight, but when your matches are all wet with rain, when flint and steel are unknown, and there's not a bit of sun to use a burning glass by, its another pair of shoes. At last I thought of my gun and in a minute I had a light, but the fire was a deuce of a job. The rascally cook had left all his firewood outside, and it had been raining a series of rivers all night long. There was no alternative,

but breaking up a deal clothes box and some of the walking sticks with which at the end of an hour I made about a pint of water luke-warm! It was a wretched time, what with burning my fingers, spilling the victuals, cracking the earthen pots, and dirtying a pair of my whitest ducks! How I anathemized the cook I leave you to guess: I can only say that if a tenth part of my wishes respecting the prosperity of him and his family had been fulfilled not one of the tribe should ever have cooked again in this world, but have tasted a curry hotter than capiscum or chillie could make it.

We have since had our meals cooked by two of our Malabars' wives but not liking our food smoked daily I am writing to my friend in Colombo to send up a cook and boy without delay. See if they humbug us! not if they each have a dozen mothers on the point of death, and twenty sisters about to marry.

The messenger is waiting for this so I will conclude by assuring you of our well-doing in the words of Mrs. Squeers. —“The Pigs is well, and the Boys is bobbish,”

Ever your Cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER IV.

Epping Bungalow, July 27th, 1841.

MY DEAR SMITH,

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have at last fairly commenced operations in the clearing line. With the help of my man Friday and some sixty Malabar and Singhalee mens, as the said person calls them, I have really astonished myself with what has been done: even Mrs. B, was not prepared for such dreadful havoc as we have caused amongst the trees and jungle. I'd give something to have a few of you cockneys out here on my clearing, just to show you what a few sharp axes will do. You'd see the ebony, and the sallymander, and the satin, and the ivory trees tumbling about your ears like so many bull-rushes in Romney marshes.

It's a terrible thing to undertake, is the clearing of some three hundred acres of heavy, dark, damp, forest land, and I know it made me quite down-hearted to think about it. I remember going early one morning a little way into my forest, and taking a peep round to see what sort of work was before me. I know I felt confoundedly staggered when I calculated the thickness of some of the trees, and recollected that I had only a dozen felling axes and two hand-saws, rather rusty. If you had come that way just then, you'd have caught your cousin Sampson sitting on an ant-hill with the tears in his eyes and the perspiration standing on his forehead. But faint heart never won—what is it, I forget, but you know all about it.

The first morning of clearing I was among my people pretty early, four hours after they had begun work. Guess my surprise at not finding a single tree down! When I spoke to Trunk about it he pulled away at his giant cigar and smiling, observed, that the whole of the hill on which I was standing would be down in a few hours. This was rather a riddle to me, but on my return in the afternoon when he and several of the people begged me to come from the spot, and seeing them all running away, I began to think that something alarming was about to come off, and therefore did as they desired, though in a very uneasy manner. As I said before, there was not one tree down, but I observed great numbers of them with deep slices in their sides. We all went to a field of tall grass, and in another minute a man who was working away at a big tree covered with branches, on the top of the hill, shouted out, and at the same moment the whole mass of foliage began to tremble in the air, bent

forwards towards the base of the hill, like a giant kicking the bucket, and, with a tremendous crash, toppled upon those before it which in turn cracked, groaned, and fell, smothering hundreds of others below them. Such a splintering and thundering I never heard, though it was only for a minute. Stunned and bewildered, I shut my eyes and stopped my ears verily believing that, as Trunk had technically said, "the hill was coming down" and that we were all going to be swallowed up alive in the rubbish, like so many walking Pompeiis. When I came to a bit, I looked, and sure enough Trunk was right; not a tree of all I had seen was left standing. Still I could not help thinking that the thing was an accident, and begged that some of the people would go and see if they had by mistake knocked down any of the trees on the neighbouring land. My fears were however, groundless, and I found that it was a common practice to notch all trees half way through and then felling the uppermost one bring down by it's weight all those below it. It's a noble sight, this same clearing. But what a burning shame to set fire to so much fine wood! Why, cousin, would you believe it, I've burnt up in one day,—twelve short hours,—as much timber as would work up into arm chairs, tables and bedsteads for the whole of Cheapside!

The weather here is most delightful just now: bright sunny days, and rather hottish at times. In the early part of the month it was close and heavy, the sky wearing the appearance of having been black-leaded all over, and then tried to be cleaned with Indian-rubber.

I don't much suppose I shall be very troubled with the gout while I'm coffee planting—what with walking all day long; and living upon anything but dainties. I recollect I used formerly to fancy that walking from the Minories to Bow Road or Shoreditch was no trifle, and often wondered it gave me so little appetite. But what's that to a stroll in the jungle for ten or a dozen hours a day, as I've been going it! Nothing at all, and I am all the better for tramping, both in health and spirits. I am sure my blood never circulated properly till I came out here, and that's why all the cockneys look so pale: their blood daren't come near the skin of their faces for fear of its catching cold. Let them hop about for a month or two amongst rocks, bushes, and streams, like Monsieur Gouffe the man-monkey at Astley's, or Sampson Brown, Coffee planter, and then see if their blood does'nt whiz through their veins in good style. As to eating, I'm half cannibal already, and never think about whether my meat is

well cooked or not. I expect soon to get to raw buffalo flesh and dry rice. Instead of thinking as formerly, if this or that will disagree with me, I fall to upon anything that comes to hand and leave the rest to dame Nature, who after all is our best and kindest physician. Why look at the Russians and the Swedes, don't they walk into the tallow-candles and whale-oil and yet you never hear of bilious pills being exported to Russia. The Tartars again live upon horse-flesh and sour goat's milk and the lord knows what besides, but who ever heard of a Tartar or a Arab a-going to drink the waters of Axle Chapel! And then the South Sea Island chaps are pretty well, considering they feed upon whale blubber, or sea-horses, or anything else that falls in their way; I fancy Morrison's Universal Medicines would have stood a very poor chance among them.

There was a time when I first located here, and when all our meat was gone, and there was no help for it but salt fish and dirty rice, that I'd have given the wealth of all the Indies to have been but next door to Williams's boiled beef shop in the Old Bailey, or if I could only have borrowed one of his hammy knives, or an unwashed beef-plate! But use has done wonders for me, and I wouldn't now exchange my coarse jungle-fare for the choicest dishes on an alderman's table, that I wouldn't. Exercise and cheerfulness are about the best sauces a man can have; they beat Doctor Kitchener's Zest quite to shame, and give a relish to your grub that all the French and Italian cooks couldn't manage not if they was to try till the year after next! Mind your cousin Sampson says that.

What a country this is for vermin, insects and other animals, to be sure! What with the ants, the rats, the musqueters, and the cockroaches we've been at no loss for company. A grocers shop in the very midst of summer, with twelve sugar-hogsheads just opened, is nothing at all compared to my bungalow on a fine, calm day. We've white ants, and black ants, and before long I dare say I shall meet with some sky-blue ants. We can't take a cup of tea, or a bit of bread, but we're sure to get a mouthful of some everlasting creeping things or other. But the white ants are the most outrageous chaps of all the lot: nothing comes amiss to them, let it be an oak chest, a pair of boots, or a silk dress. And a neighbour assures me on his voracity that they're not over particular with a copper-kettle, or a crow-bar, or a few pick-axes, if they happen to be rather sharp-set—I mean the ants, not the tools.

I think nothing of having a dozen rats scampering over me in the night, or of being nibbled a bit at the toes while asleep; and they're such whoppers! I recollect well before we had seen any of them about, Mrs. Brown woke me one night and whispered gently in my ear, "Brown," said she "the pigs is all got loose, and they're a getting on to the bed, look! what shall we do." Well I looked, and sure enough there was about a score of sharp, peaked heads a bobbing up and down as though they was all making curtseys; but after a bit I began to see they was no pigs at all but only rats, regular old grand-fathers, Deuce would they budge till I had flung all my clothes at them

I made the acquaintance, during one of my excursions, of an old Planter a Mr. Glibb, not above two miles distant, with only a small river and some trees between us. He has been located there for some years, and has an estate of two or three hundred acres just about coming into bearing. I hardly know yet what to make of him. Sometimes I fancy I don't like him, but then any acquaintance up here, is better than none. I am sure he's clever, though Mrs. B. says he doesn't think enough of what he says, and is apt to be rather fanciful in his descriptions of things. We shall see. He has a superintendant though, whom I don't half like, and as to my man Trunk, he vows to "retreive vengeance and perpetual botheration" upon him. He's a nasty, sneaky, canter, who thinks more about two-penny tracts than his master's coffee trees: my wonder is how such a clever fellow as Glibb keeps him. Why, he has got his coolies into such a beautiful state of perfection and righteousness that a Sunday ago, when his kitchen was a fire not one of them would carry a bucket of water, because it was a day of rest, and so the place was burned to the ground!

The very first time I set eyes on this promising youth (Obadiah we've christened him) he began by telling me, with a long whine, and a turn up of the eye, that "the Lord had been wery busy in them there parts." Thinking that he alluded to some great nob up here, I asked him how many acres his lordship had cleared, when he sat up such a howl of horror as made my blood run cold in my veins; and commenced a long story about clearing the vile jungle of the human heart, burning it in every unpleasant place, and procuring new plants of pious purity, that should give a plentiful crop of fine, blue plantation souls, and a lot more that was like so much Dutch—Greek to me. And that's just the way he goes on with his master's coolies!

In household affairs we jog in much about the same. Manage, and make shift, and no gumbling's the order of the day. Dried fish, rice, fowls not larger than larks, eggs, and tough buffalo flesh when we can get it, constitute our general fare.

I've got servants at last, who suit me pretty well considering, but I expect before long they'll be having some infernal relations dying or marrying.

The Singhalese fellows have an obominable habit of chewing a kind of nut like a nutmeg, together with a piece of plaster of Paris, and a nasty bitter leaf: these altogether stain their mouths and teeth a deep red, and cause them to be continually spitting about; no matter where they are, or who they are a talking to, between every four or five words it's a nasty squirt from the mouth, and then on they go again with a fresh dig at the nutmeg and plaster of Paris. I expect some of them will chew themselves into reg'lar images some of these days. The floor of our bungalow is a complete specimen of natural mosaic work—red spittle and yellow clay.

The young ones thrive like mushrooms in foggy weather. Jemmy's beginning to think about walking alone, and has a slight taste for pulling my books and papers about. Babby has commenced cutting teeth, which by-the bye, Cousin, if ever you should be blessed with any of these morsels of connubiality you'll find is a very interesting operation. Your wife will tell you that five or six hours' screaming during the night is nothing more than might be expected, and that the poor thing can't help it, which by the way is a slight truism. I expect I know what it is to walk up and down with a rather stoutish babby in my arms for two hours on the stretch, the night a sultry one, and our room very small and half filled with traps; at every four steps I'm obliged to turn, and the constant facing about makes me very giddy. What with that and the crying, and the heat, and the fatigue, hang me if I'm not so regularly bothered sometimes that I scarcely know who or where I am.

There's one comfort in being up here on the hills, we're away from those confounded, bloody-minded, musquitoes. But then we've the ants and the leeches to make up for them. It would frighten some people to see the leeches a walking about on their nasty little india-rubber tails in swampy ground, where they swarm as thick as lawyers or crows. I don't like them at all; they look like so many unhealthy, under-sized, black, darning needles!

Wearing leech gaiters over my trousers I manage pretty well, but poor Mrs, B, didn't she pay the piper the first time

she tried the uncleared jungle! Its true she put on two pairs of stockings, but, as I said, you might every bit as well try to keep off mosquitoes with a cabbage net. I warned her of the consequences; told her I was sure the leeches, if they didn't bite through, would crawl over the stockings and get right up her legs. "Nonsense, Brown," said she, "I'm quite sure the leeches won't do any thing of the sort, they wouldn't behave half so rudely." "Very well," says I, "wait and see" and sure enough we did see. Robertspere, after he had guiltytined the emperor of France and his family, didn't cut half such a sanguinary figure as my wife on her return home. It took me about an hour to pick the leeches, off her, and another to stop the bleeding, and my rice and curry getting cold all the time!

We've had a death in the family since my last. No less a personage than Jacko, the monkey, has dropped off the hooks, and I'm in a manner glad of it, for he's always been an annoyance to me. The rascal got monkey-tying about among some fallen timber and in springing from one trunk of a tree to another, he dragged down a heavy log which fell upon and killed him. Out of regard to my wife I buried him decently, and even wrote an Epitaph on his remains, in poetry, and painted it on a board over his grave. Here it is, and considering that I'm rather out of practice, it's not so very bad:

Here lays our monkey
Killed by a trunk, he
To jump over tried,
But it fell, and he died.

Mrs. B. wished me to make some alterations in it, but I always think these sort of things are nothing if they are not given just as they come, fresh from the heart, and after all I don't know how I could have expressed my feelings more naturally and forcibly, and that's half the battle in poetising, isn't it cousin? I consider its almost as good as the verses on the post-boy that was run over by his own post-shay;

Here Joe lays,
Kill'd by his shaise.

Only its not quite so short and graphic like I think of sending my lines to one of our Colonial papers, for Poets' Corner.* If I head my lines with a long passage from Horace or some

* It's quite as good as many of the "Sonnets" that appears now-a day and indeed far better than some, for there's feeling and sense in mine.—S. B.

other Greek, no matter how inapplicable it may be, they will certainly appear, and I shall be thought very learned. I once knew an Editor of a London Penny Paper who used to give some of the most splendid Greek and Latin quotations that you ever saw, and yet all the while didn't know one language from the other. But the secret was he'd a little pocket volume of quotations from classics, lying just inside his desk, and by the help of it he contrived to make his readers believe that he had been to a respectable school. Now and then he'd make an awful mistake by giving a wrong passage, something after the style of the country mason who chose as an epitaph for a horse that had been celebrated for his paces, the words "Resurgam in pace."

By-the-bye I have not told you that I am to have an European Superintendant like my neighbours, which will be a capital thing, and a little society for Mrs. B. and self. I can make nothing of my man Trunk in that way; he has not one idea to knock against the other, beyond Coffee Planting, and I hate to be always jaw, jaw, about the shop. Besides, as my wife says, he does smell so of tobacco and garlic, and will persist in smoking his detestable native segars which are nothing but dried rotten cabbage leaves rolled up into bundles about the size of German sausages, or pocket telescopes. My new fellow is to come up in a bullock cart that brings a fresh supply of tools, for I get through a precious lot somehow or other.

I must now bid you adieu, or as the Johnny Carpeaus say, pay my devours, till the next month's mail, when I shall no doubt be able to fill another sheet with my adventures and progress in planting. Our pickaninnies are getting on and promise to turn out capital planters in time; so I shall save superintendent's pay in about fourteen years' time, Mrs. B. unites with me in kind compliments and hoping you're the same,

I remain,

Your Coffee Cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN.

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LETTER VI

Epping Bungalow, September 20th, 1841.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

During the last month we've had some of the most delightful weather for operations, and I assure you I've not been idle. The forest trees have been tumbling about our ears like so many acorns, and I can't tell how many acres there are cleared already, but Mrs. B. says there's over so many. My new bungalow is progressing rapidly, and I fancy I shall astonish the natives when it's all finished and touched off. I don't mean to put any fancy work about it, for I can't bear gingerbread houses, but it shall be a regular good English dwelling, and for the sake of old recollections I mean have a street-door to it, with a brass knocker and bell, and a scraper on each side.

The plants in my "nursery" are getting on famously, I'm only afraid they'll be out of leading-strings before I'm ready for them. There's a lot of them under a thick clump of shady trees, that have run up to about three feet, and if I don't look sharp they'll be six before I've a single hole to put them into. If they do run up too fast I think of turning my goats and pigs among them to nibble their heads off a little and give them a check. I know the farmers at home do it with their wheat, and it answers very well, so why shouldn't it take with coffee?

We've been much disappointed with the fruits of the east which have always been described to both Mrs. Brown and myself as lovely and luscious beyond all imagination. I fancied that I should see beautiful tall trees loaded with sparkling gold and silver fruit such as those in the scenes at Astleys, but it's like the Cherry-keys and the snatches, all humbug. You must come out to the Orientals to know what they're like. It's true we get a Pine Apple for a half penny (by the bye I've not yet seen a Pine tree!) but what are they like! They're either essence of vinegar, or sugar'd turnips. There's a host of other fruit, big and little, sweet and sour, but they've all either skins like buffalo's hide, or stones as big as cricket-balls, or prickly stalks, or nasty unwholesome, little seeds that get between your teeth. And after all one's trouble not one of them as good as an English Gooseberry. I'd give all the fruit in the colony for a handful of white currants or a pottle of strawberries fresh from Covent-garden market, and think it a good bargain too.

I've been debating with Mrs. Brown and my man as to whether or not I shall keep a horse, for I find that as my cleared ground extends I've a goodish bit to walk over. Besides how am I to get into Kandy? Why I shouldn't be known as "*one of them planters*" if I didn't slip my feet into a pair of stirrups, flourish a huge whip, wear an immense slouch hat, a regged suit of check, muddy leech gaiters, and canvas shoes nicely tinged with cabook. If I don't go thus equipped now and then into Kandy, with huge knapsack on my saddle and a cigar in my mouth, I shouldn't be considered at all up to the mark. They both agreed that it was highly necessary for my respectability as a Landholder and a Planter, that I should possess an animal of some sort, though it matter'd not at all what description of thing it was: the mere fact of owning horse-flesh being quite sufficient in these days to entitle me to respect and secure my standing in the world of Coffee. I at once saw the force of all this reasoning, but how was I to act? I knew literally nothing about the value of horse-flesh, and still less of the *use* of it. I did remember, having once upon a time, a six-penny ride on a donkey at Gravesend, and I also had some indistinct and glimmering recollections of the saddle having slipped round with me, but no more! Being with neighbour Glib one day, I mentioned the circumstance to him, expressing my dislike to make a fool of myself: he at once concurred in my feelings and agreed that it would be an useless expense and a constant source of anxiety, besides there were no decent horses to be had in Ceylon. I thought that had settled the thing, but happening to remark some time afterwards that I had heard he had a horse for sale, I was not a little surprised when he replied "Ah now, if that's what you want, I'm your man. By Jingo, Sir, you'll not see a horse within any of the Presidencies that's so well worth your attention as mine. It really is a splendid thing, Sir Paces of an elephant, strong as a buffalo, temper of a rhinoceres! But mark, you, I don't want to sell him, though perhaps to oblige you, I might take an offer, Sir." Of course I thought his *Bucephalus must* be a splendid thing to make him change his story so soon, so it ended in my agreeing to have a trial of the animal on the following day by accompanying Glib to see a fine part of the country he had often spoken of. I went accordingly, laboring under the idea that to ride a spirited horse was the easiest thing imaginable. It was a tall, grey, bony animal, with a long wiry tail and nasty ears that would stick forwards like a unicorn's pair of horns. I did manage to go to the proper side of the beast,

but hang me if I didn't put my right, or rather my wrong, foot into the stirrup first. What a curious sort of sensation it is, to be sure, to be perched up a good six feet from the ground on a piece of smooth, shiney leather, and to feel one's self joggling about from side to side. I felt it was a most ridiculous position for the father of a family to be in, and even hinted at the propriety of our desisting from the journey. But then Glib would have laughed at me, and besides our sandwiches were cut and the brandy bottle was well filled, so away we started. My first act was to back my animal into a heap of pick-axes and mamootics, the sharp edges of which caused him to perform divers imitations of the mail coach horses, and me to lose my black and white straw hat. After this little feat we moved on very *quietly*, though Glib annoyed me much by wanting to trot; he might as well have requested me to stand upright in the saddle as they do at Astleys. We passed through what my companion said was "a heaven of a country," but to me it might as well have been Margate Sands, or Kennington Common, for it was one long blank and I saw nothing but my horses ears pricking up every moment, and the immense stones that lay scattered about our narrow path. I wished for a thousand things to happen and terminate my pleasureless ride; that a storm would come on; that Glib would be suddenly taken ill; that my horse would cast a shoe, or that his tail would drop off, but in vain: my misery was not over. Glib began cantering, and I was obliged to follow him or lose my way, perhaps fall in with cannibals. Away we went, tearing along as though a score of wild elephants were at our heels and Mahomet's Paradise in front; how I kept my seat I haven't the least idea, but I know that I felt as giddy and sick as though I were tied to the fans of a windmill, or to the paddle-wheels of the Great Western. Right glad was I when we halted, and under the shade of some fine, verdant trees, with a murmuring brook by our side, partook of a slight, but welcome repast. I think that's how the book-makers write it? Our way homewards was much pleasanter, the only further annoyance I experienced arose from my animal, (drat him,) switching forwards his long hard tail and giving me some most unmerciful floggings across the ancles.

The day's trip decided me on one point, which was that if I did get a horse it should be a poney with quiet ears and a short tail: and then if anything was to happen I should not have so far to fall, and if on riding into Kandy it came to a little cabook on my clothes, so far from signifying it

would at once remove any doubts as to my being "one of them Planters." So that's settled and I'm now writing to my Agent in Colombo to send me up a nice, quiet, short-legged animal.

The Ceylon Planters are all talking about Slave Trade, Coffee duties and the policy of the Whigs, and well they may, for these questions are of most vital importance to our Colony, indeed as far as I can see, to all the British Possessions. I'm a very poor scholar in Political Economy, but what little I do know has led me to the conclusion that Melbourne and Co. were just going to sacrifice us Colonists to curry favour with some few score of wealthy cotton-spinners and stocking-weavers who were kicking up a bobbery because they were afraid of having foreign competitors in the Brazilian market. "Down with monopoly" cries one set; "down with the Slave Trade and Slave Produce" shouts the others. I for one do not like monopoly in the strict sense of the word, but there are cases in which, for our protection as a nation, a sort of monopoly must be kept up. If monopoly is to be put down simply because it is monopoly, then all kinds of monopoly must be swept from the face of the earth, for one is as bad as the other, and therefore we must allow foreign ships to enter our carrying and coasting trade, and foreigners to engage in our fisheries, for the loss of those nurseries for our seamen from which we now man our fleets would be as nothing compared to the noble act of abolishing such a detestable thing as monopoly! But some people maintain that a monopoly of any article or trade ought only to be put down when the thing in which it exists would plainly be in a more favorable position without it, in other words that monopoly is only injurious when more suffer from it's existence than would from it's abolition.

Certainly it does seem rather contradictory in Jonny Bull to vote twenty millions for the freedom of the West India slaves one day and the next to go and encourage by law the slave-grown produce of a foreign country! I, for one, should like to make sure that the Brazillians would continue our treaty on the present terms after our admission of their produce. There are strong doubts about it. What a shindy the folks at home are kicking up about their trade of three millions and a half with Brazils to be sure! As if a far better and more honorable trade could not be driven elsewhere! But where, says you? Why, says I, look at the East Indies; there's a glorious field for British manufactures and British capital provided proper encouragement be only

given to the Sugar and Rum producers there. You'd have about a thousand millions of free blackey-moors, the Cowasjees and the Cursetjees and the Dammetjees and all the other Gs, sending you nice white sugar and pine-apple rum and taking back shiploads of tea-trays, slop-basins and cruet-stands in exchange. I haven't any Geography books handy to refer to for the population and demand for plated-wares in these Oriental countries, but I remember quite well reading in the Arabian Nights of the immense processions and feastings, and supper-parties, and dances that used to be a going on in the times of the old Califs of Bagdad and of the Forty Thieves, and of course things are not worse now a days when we're conquering and civilizing them, so what a demand there ought to be for Brummagem and Sheffield ware, and Staffordshire crockery!

Now, Cousin, you're quite at liberty to make whatever use you like of those remarks and observations of mine, in the way that may seem most useful to the commercial interest of our country. I don't mind if you send a copy of them to the Prime Minister for the Colonies, and also to the Royal Asiatic Society which I am sure would elect me a Honorary Member verbatim. Perhaps a copy might be sent to the "*Times*" as an original article by an influential East Indian Proprietor. But do just as you like.

A friend of mine told me the other day that a friend of his had thrown together some rather forcible reasons why protection should be given to those capitalists who had formed Estates in Ceylon on the strength of existing duties, in the shape of a Memorial to the Lords of the Treasury, which he had forwarded to the "*Chamber of Commerce*" of Colombo, far them to take in hand or not, just as they pleased. So for from acting in the matter, as you would have supposed, they hadn't the common civility to acknowledge the receipt of the Petition and letter accompanying it!! The reason of this is exposed to be because the framers of the Memorial were not of their body!

Let me hear from you shortly at length, telling me what the British Government at home are considered as likely to do about the Coffee duties. What effect do you think the approaching change of ministry will have in the matter? Not much to our advantage, I fear, for Peel is too much mixed up with spinners and weavers and the export trade, to be able to spoil the slave trade.

'Tis a great pity the Prime Minister's mother doesn't persuade him to buy some land here and form a Coffee Estate

(as all *our* officials have done, though perhaps you'll say that would be too *Colonial*.) We should then be pretty safe as regards a good protecting duty.

Mrs. B. and the young ones continue as well as can be expected from being boxed up without exercise during the rain, and vegetating upon rice and salt-fish which we are obliged to do when communication is cut off from Kandy. As for me I'm out all weathers and nothing comes amiss. I do believe I could lay down among the low jungle and nibble away like a quadruped or a rabbit, at the long rank grass. However, I mean to try rice while it holds out.

Your's always, as ever,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER VI.

Eppiny Bungalow, November 18th, 1841.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I take up my pen at a distance of two months from my last to give you the usual budget, though without having anything really of an interesting nature to communicate. Until the early part of this month we had incessant and heavy rains. I used to think that the hill we are on would have been washed into the vallies below! No operations out of doors, and but little within, so that I found nothing to tell you by the last mail, and therefore held my tongue. But at the best of times there is such a dreadful sameness in the life of a Planter that unless your coolies run away, or your lines are burnt down, or your servants rob you considerable, there is actually nothing to relate.

The change in the weather at the full moon was sudden and great, and I assure you acceptable. At the end of last month I received per bullock bandy a very choice consignment of goods intended for my own particular use, but found them so confoundedly mis-shapen and cracked that I returned the lot at the end of a couple of days, by the same bandy. This said consignment consisted of nothing more nor less than my long talked of European Superintendent. Oh! such an article. A long, lankey, perfumed and be jewelled cockney, who had come out as doctor to some ship and wished to locate in the island, but having no more idea of what labour consisted of, or what was necessary to be learnt, than his own moustachoes! Such a head of hair and such an imperial he had, and then his little low crowned glazed hat with a pink ribbon, his dirty striped shirt with splendid gold studs in it, and covered with snuff, his tiny velveteen coatee and its immense mother-o'pearl bottons, and a pair of tightly fitting moleskin pantaloons with hessian boots up to the knees! Altogether he was a unique! I'm quite sure that if Wombwell had but caught a glimpse of the strange being he'd have clapped him into his menagerie as a new species of human. The creature was deuced civil, indeed I thought too much so to Mrs. B. though she did not, and before he had been half an hour in the bungalow he began to address me in the most familiar manner, such as "My dear fellow," "My good Brown," and so forth. I gave him Trunk's room to sleep in, it was a nice large place in which we kept all the spades and pickaxes, with a strong door and a barred

window to it. Next morning Trunk came to our bungalow at about 8 o'clock and said that he could not set the peoples to work for that the tools were in the Europe gentlemans bed-room and he would not let any body to go in for them. I said it must be a mistake, and turned out to see what was really the matter. There were all my people, some sixty or seventy, in a crowd round the tool-house evidently much amused at something. I went to the window and looked in, and there saw my gentleman laying at full length on a couple of chests, with a black velvet cap, dressing gown and slippers on, and pulling away at an immense cheroot with his eyes fixed on the beams. "Ah! Brown," said he "good morning to your night cap. How's Mrs. B. this morning? I say what a row these niggers of yours have been kicking up at my door. I wish you'd speak to them, and send some one with a cup of Coffee to me." I told him we wanted the tools to begin the days work with, and my coolies were all standing idle for want of them. "Nonsense, my good fellow," was the cool reply, send them all to weed, can't you, or pick off the stones from the Coffee beds." It was in vain I expostulated and reasoned with the monster, he persisted that he never had left his room till 10 o'clock at the Hospitals, and he was not going to begin a new leaf now, begging me to give the coolies half a day's holyday for *his* sake! I begged of him as a favor, as a particular favor for Mrs. Brown's sake, to give only a dozen mamooties through the bars of the window, but not he, he was sure Mrs. B. didn't wish him to do any such thing, and that it was cruel and unfeeling to ask or wish people to begin work at such hours, in the middle of the night as it then was.

He had *his* way that morning but on the following day I gave him a note to my Colombo Agent, and told him I thought I should be able to realize an independance without his able assistance. At first the rascally fool persisted I was only joking him, and began to laugh and enjoy the fun of it. "Ah! ah! ah! what a deuced rum chap you are, Brown! Don't want me. Ah! ah! ah! capital joke. You'll kill me with laughing." I got him off at last, and deuced glad was I to be rid of such a torment. What a queer notion the folks in Colombo must have of the necessary qualifications for a Planter! However for the future I shall look out for myself and I advise others to do the same.

We have been getting on famously with my Bungalow, that is the Bungalow "*Epping Bungalow*," as is to be. The

weather has been nice and drying, the plaster and the white-wash is well set, the tiles are nearly ready, the verandahs ditto, and the iron scraper, the brass knocker, and the green paint are all on their way from Colombo. So there's every chance of our getting in ready for our Christmass dinner, and a rare English dinner I mean to have of it, too. It will be a long day though, Cousin, before I shall see such a snug kick up as we had in the Minories last year, Mrs. Brown is always talking about it now that the season is drawing near again, but I tell her its all stuff to go fretting oneself because you can't have just what you had a year ago: if that was to be the game universally played it would be a pretty good round game, and there would not be a smiling face from Tower Hill to the Cape of Good Hope and back again. No, no, I mean to make myself comfortable and happy come what may, and who may, and depend upon it every one has it in his power to a certain extent, if he will but use the means at his disposal in the right sort of way. Its true we shall have no blazing fire to cheer us, but there'll be a good blazing sun over our heads and it was not for that we should never enjoy our iced claret. We shall not have any cousins or brothers to partake of our cheer but there are all my coolies and I mean to give them a good tuck-out, and tell tuem why; that I like to see every one enjoying him or herself in a rational manner at this season of the year, but I'll have no drinking. I hate guzzling at all times but more particular on these occasions, I'm old fashioned enough to like keeping up ancient convivial customs, for Christmas is a time for grateful remembrances, and the best way to make the heart feel smooth and light, is to fill the stomach chock full of something nourishing: but I'm not oldfashioned enough to like seeing men seaking away like so many unclean, swizzling swine, as though every one of them had been expressly engaged on that occasion and for that day only, to burst themselves before midnight, or as if they had been a living for a month before on nothing but Red Herrings and Anchovy Paste, and was a going to live on more Red Herrings and Anchovy Paste for a month or two afterwards! I don't mean to say that I'd have very body sit on long wooden benches, singing of chapel hymns all day to warm themselves, but I'd have sober mirth and rational enjoyment diffused all about. It's a horrid, dreadful thing to see people getting drunk *because it's Christmas*, and the more so when it is not from ignorance. But there are lots at home who only know the holidays by the goings on at the time. I once heard a little boy ask his father what

Easter Sunday meant, and the answer the man gave was that it was the day before Greenwich Fair; there is no doubt he knew the day by no other means and would tell you that Christmas day was the day before "Boxing Day."

I have been taking some rather long strolls about the neighbouring vicinity of Epping during the late fine weather and have met with a few fine views and not a few adventures. I always make it a rule to go well armed both with pocket-pistols and gun, with dram bottle and powder flask. The latter has hitherto consisted of a tin oval case, but I have now substituted for it a horn one owing to the following circumstance. I was tramping along one day like a Yankee Pedler, with my usual accoutrements, and my aforesaid tin powder-flask slung by a leather belt to my back: the sun was grilling away at me, making my gun almost too hot to hold, when all of a sudden I bethought myself that the tin flask might get so heated as to explode the powder within and send it right through my back. It was a horrid idea; I put my hand behind me, and lo! the metal case was almost in a state of fusion! A few moments more and it *must* explode, and then the dynasty of the Browns would be ended for ever. What a fearful state of things! I tugged at the buckle of the strap but what with my nervousness and the leather having swelled I could do nothing,—the flask was becoming more dangerous every moment, I felt it through my clothes to be nearly in a red heat. I had only a blunt knife about me and it would not touch the leather. As a last resource I laid down on my back to keep the fatal case from the direct rays of the sun, but that I found dreadful work for my face, and I soon began to get very thirsty. Fortunately I had not lain long before my ears caught the murmuring of a small stream over pebbles and I immediately commenced a crawling movement towards it, still keeping on my back. I laid down in the rivulet for a good quarter of an hour, at the end of which time the powder-flask was tolerably well cooled and my feverish thirst quenched.

Another adventure happened thus:—I was returning home in the afternoon from one of my strolls, having been looking for game in vain, when all of a sudden I spied a dark mass of something crouched amongst the low jungle I gazed at it intently for some time, I could have sworn it had been an elephant: here was a chance for me? It was the very thing I had been longing to encounter, and yet strange to say at that precise moment I would rather have meet a wild cat or a monkey. I suppose my spirits were rather lowish. But

I have determined to have a crack at him, rather because he lay right in my way than from any desire to hurt the poor creature. So, as the safest plan, I resolved to climb one of the thickest trees and pick him out from above: but when I had got up amongst the branches it occurred in me that there was no one to hand up my gun. I was just on the point of descending for it when horror of horrors! the elephant began to move and twist his limbs about, uttering a long cry not unlike a yawn. My blood began to freeze in my veins for I had heard of the acute smell of the animal and he must find me out so near him, I was, however, soon relieved, for in another minute up jumped the sable figure of one of my own coolies who had been skulking there during the heat of the day. You'd have laughed if you had seen the nigger run when I called to him to help me down from the tree.

What a glorious thing, Cousin, is an hour of idleness! I mean downright sheer, idleness, after the body and mind have been regularly red-hot and ground to powder with wear and tear. None of your lounging up Cheapside about nine at night; none of your peeping through the bulastrades of London Bridge to which the Gravesend Steamers come in: none of your lolling out of the front attic window on Sunday morning, and spitting on the people going to Church in their best toggery. No, no, but a thorough good sprawl on your back under a Jack tree, in the backwoods of Ceylon, at eleven in the morning, after four hours hard work, a whole barow-full of curry and rice, and about a dozen cups of boiling coffee. That's the time of day, Cousin for a good think. I know I've thought and thought 'till I've a'most thought the head off my shoulders. Its astonishing what a many things do come across one's brain on such occasions! Sometimes I get a thinking about olden times and Crutched Friars, and of what a precious long way off I am from Auld Lang Syne. That I watch the ants a building up their clay steeples as big a most as the Obelisk in the London Road, and wonder when I shall have built up my fortune with coffee bags. After a bit I think what a cold frizzly slippery place London is, when we're all hot and shining with the beauties of everlasting nature blooming round us, and then perhaps I get a sting from a centipede or a red ant, which sends all my cogitations to old scratch. And yet sometimes I almost sigh for a week in the old place again, though in the depth of winter, for there's a kind of comfort even in a November fog. I fancy I feel my fingers nipped with cold,

and hear "baked taters all hot," and smell the roasted apples frizzling way on the old saucepanlid. And what a delightful thing it is to draw the curtains to at night, hug the blazing fire and make a supper of sprats and porter. There is also such a thing as getting up in the morning in the dark, with the windows iced over and your water frozen into a block in the basin, the pump in the same predicament, and you obliged to light a fire, prepare breakfast and get to the west-end all in one short hour. That's another pair of shoes.

During the fine weather I paid one or two visits to Glibb, and he has done the same to me: this is all very well because I pick up a few hints from him now and then about Planting, though I must confess I never feel quite certain if he is telling me exactly the real state of the case. A faithful picture of the interior of his bungalow would be an amusing study for those who have an idea of settling down quietly in the Jungle. As I said before, Glibb has been settled here some three or four years, and one would naturally look for things a little on the square. After tumbling over a ricketty, bottomless couch, two or three dogs, and a lot of tools with their edges uppermost, in the verandah, you find yourself in the principal room of his bungalow, a square place eight feet by ten. There are two other rooms, one for the tools and one for his bed and account books. There is a lamp suspended from the beam of the sitting-room, a cabin lamp, the same that served him on his voyage out some six years since, under the window is his old sea-chest covered with many coats of tar to keep off the white ants and in a corner of his sleeping-crib stands a small three sided wash-hand stand that looks very much as though it had travelled with the lamp and the sea chest. There is a real wooden table and two equally real chairs, one of which can actually be used with comfort, the other must be placed against the wall for support. A small table with drawers performs the office of a sideboard and celeret. These drawers are complete Noah's Arks: I've seen something of almost very description come out of them. I once found the contents of one of them to be, a lump of boiled pork wrapt in paper, a red herring, a loaf of bread very dry and hard, a box of worms for fishing, a tin of mange ointment, pruning knives, string, soap, tea, sugar, &c. &c. A thermometer was hanging in the doorway, the quicksilver had been lost from it a few months after his arrival, but it still hung on. His sea-cot, placed on boxes, was covered with papers, dirty clothes

and account books, and on the whole looked as though it had not been made up since the first night of his arrival in the Island. His crockery is on the same scale as his furniture: I have seen coffee come up in a wash-hand basin and drunk out of pewter pots.

Glibb and I have had some rather long chats about the natives and their moral character. They certainly are a most repelling race: there's no making anything of them as yet, and I doubt if we ever shall. The strongest of all their ignorant pedjudice is that of *caste*; a native of one particular caste will not marry into or associate with another and so the whole race of them is split into small factions. This is bad enough say you, but from what Glibb tells me of the state of European Society in the Island, there must be some thing equally bad amongst them. *The white man's caste* rages as widely and deeply as that of the Buddhist and is far more blameable seeing that we ought to be above all such unchristian, unmanly, pedjudices, both from our education and faith. But so it is, in Ceylon you find the Burgher caste, the Civil caste, the Military caste, and the Mercantile caste, all little worlds distinct from each other, travelling in different spears. They would not dine with each other, I suppose, if their existence depended on it. The Civilians turn up their noses at all not of their order, the Merchants despise and laugh at the Civilians and Military, the latter think they are the finest chaps alive, while the poor Burghers got the cold shoulder from all. But this in the very constitution of *Colonial* Society, and will not, I fancy, be eradicated until that constitution ceases to be purely *Colonial*. Perhaps, however, you don't know the literal meaning of the word *Colonial*? Well then, whenever a settler gets hold of a queer stick of a tool, a mis-happen ill-made thing, he calls it a *Colonial* tool, or whenever anything gets out of its proper place or is made use of for a purpose it was never intended for, he dubs it a *Colonial* shift.

I've been giving some very serious thoughts towards the subject of missions and converting the heathen, but must confess am very much puzzled to know what's what. Do you remember, cousin, going with me one monday to Exeter Hall to hear some speeches about slavery and heathens and that like, and seeing at the door two immense boards with the pictures of great curly headed blackmoors, kneeling in cast-iron chains with deep gashes across their backs as though their masters had been carving rump-steaks out of them for breakfast, and over them was written in letters half the size

of the niggers "We are all bretheren." I recollect coming away that day in the full belief that all blacks wore chains, and were flogged, and were ready to be christians directly you sent them Bibles and Prayer Books, and I felt quite fond of them and think I should have turned Missionary on the spot if I hadn't been just then courting Mrs. B. But I must confess I dont feel quite so fraternally towards the dark race as I did at home, perhaps it's because they're not flogged and dont go about in chains. though as Glibbs man, Obadiah, says, they've far heavier chains round their souls, regular men-of-wars cables, and they're precious difficult to knock off too I can't account for the little success in christian making out here, I expected to have converted a score myself by this time and brought out for the purpose a complete museum of books, and box full of Tracts.

But the chaps can't read my books and so they're of no use. I am now trying what some Singhalese tracts will do for them. I gave them two a piece all round last Saturday night to read on the next day: but what was my disappointment on walking out very early in the morning to find they had every man-jack of 'em turned their tracts into *Kites* and were flying them in the air! This was certainly a damper to my zeal.

I have now spun out my paper to about the usual length and must come to a wind-up till next mail, for I've lots of work before me, what with burning off, and holing ready for planting.

Your's truly,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER VII.

Epping Bungalow, December 10th, 1841.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

We have nearly got through our periodical rains. It's more *showery* than anything else, with now and then a dash of sun shine just to take the chill off. Tisn't exactly the right time for my best white ducks, and I have known nicer weather for silk stocking and pumps, for to tell you the plain honest truth the vicinity of my Bungalow is rather in that particular state which in Crutched Friars, we should designate sloppy.

However, I continue to run all sorts of risks, and to expose myself as much as ever, reckless of the consequences, for this is the very time to get the young plants stuck into the ground. I am out at all times and in all weathers with my chair and my talipot umbrella, and you'd hardly believe what an effect it has on my people: they are a lazy set of vagabonds, as impudent as crows and as cunning as foxes. You cant fancy, Cousin, what tricks they try to play off upon me, but thanks to my natural acuteness and a little of Trunk's experience I contrive to bother them pretty well. I can assure you it requires all my eyes to prevent the blackies from skulking, for which they have a peculiar *puncheon*. If I happen to stand still meditating for about five minutes at least one quarter of my coolies will have vanished when I turn round; on moving on a little I discover them all hard at work chewing plaster of paris and beetles, the wretches, behind some of the big trees! A few of the fat dumpy chaps will be a squatting down like so many toads under the brushwood: and others, the long lanky fellows, will be standing bolt upright, stiff as kitchen pokers, behind the trunks of trees, from which, at a distance, it is impossible to distinguish them, being exactly of the some color; my only chance of detecting them is by catching a glimpse of the whites of their eyes. Another annoyance is when you come and find them all chopping away at the rate of about four strokes a minute and you sing out to them "Po! Po!" or "faster;" the nearest scoundrel takes up your note and passes it on mockingly, to his neighbour who in turn re-echoes it and so in turn it goes along the whole line, "Po! Po!! Po!!!" like a running fire of sharpshooters, but deuce a bit quicker do any of the fellows move.

I expect to get in at least ten thousand plants before the rains are over, which will be pretty well considering the short time I've been at clearing. But next season I shall have a tremendous lot of ground and plants ready: my only fear is of overstocking the home market when my crops come in.

I cannot say that I have been quite so successful with my farm yard, but I can account for that in a variety of ways. My goats get loose and nibble off the tops of the coffee plants as well of my vegetables in the kitchen garden, and the young kids of course get all the milk. The fowls certainly do lay eggs though anywhere but in the right place, and they might therefore just as well amuse themselves by laying brick-bats. I've above thirty large cocks and hens and yet I never can get more than one or two fresh eggs a week, while my coolies and servants, odd enough, almost live on eggs and egg-curry though they don't keep poultry. I've had several broods of young ducks but what with wild cats, snakes, rats and the people, they have all disappeared. I tried to hatch some fowl eggs but never succeeded, and I afterwards found out that my servant had steeped all the eggs in boiling water before placing them under the hens. One poor wretch of a fowl sat for two months, and at last came off and died in disgust. The reason of all this was that my cook's brother's son supplied me with meat and poultry and therefore it was not to his interest that I should succeed in rearing my own fowls.

I think I told you in a former letter of my equestrian performances and of the disgusting result of the same. Since that time I have had a strong, I may say, indeed, a powerful desire, a sort of a hankering for an animal of some sort or other in which Mrs. B. joined me with many arguments. How could I go into Kandy? How could I see the neighbouring estates and the surrounding scenery? How, in fact, could I take up my position, yes, that's the right word, my proper position, without a horse?

How indeed! I began at last to wonder how I had gone on so long in such an ungentlemanly state and how I had contrived to eat my food, and perform all the other ordinary functions of life, without a horse! After a deal of hunting about and some little jockeying I managed to pick up a beautiful, strong little poney, with a nice short, snug tail and ditto legs! I assure you altogether a picture of a poney and what's more a bargain,

He took me up to my clearing famously and even trotted

me over to Glibb's location without any accident. Coming back however, from one of my excursions one day and meeting a traveller on horseback I found to my great annoyance that "Pigtail" my poney, would persist in turning back and following the stranger! I pulled at the reins till my arms ached again and I made "Pigtail" black in the face; but all in vain, go back he would. You can have no idea how disgusted I was, and when the stranger turned round and smiled at my dilemma I felt as though I could have crawled and hid myself under the saddle, boots, hat and all!!

As a last resource I dismounted, tied my animal to a tree and when the traveller was fairly out of sight, got on again, and turned my poney's head once more towards Epping. If this was a habit of "Pigtail" it would prove rather a pleasant prospect for me whenever I went into Kandy for I should be sure to meet dozens of riders coming out, and of course have to go as many different roads. To prove this I tried my luck a week afterwards, and sure enough it was just the same: round went "Pigtail" after the very first horse we met! There was no help for it but for me to get off whenever I saw a rider coming, and hold my poney until the other had gone a good way along the road. As a matter of course this makes my ride into Kandy and back again rather a longish one, and on a rainy day particularly unpleasant and disagreeable.

A few days ago I discovered an entirely new and original trait in my poney's character which is a most ridiculous infatuation for laying down splash in every stream or rivulet he comes to. It does not at all signify whether he has to cross the water or not: if it's anywhere near his road he goes straight to it, and comfortably rolls in it, clean or dirty as it may be, without the least reference to his rider's ideas on the subject. As it would be extremely inconvenient to get a roll in a duck-pond just before reaching the capital of Ceylon, when attired in my holiday suit, I have been practising dismounting without stopping the poney, in which I have succeeded tolerably well, so that now when we come in sight of a stream or a pond and "Pigtail" makes for it at a trot, I slip off on the sly, wait till he has had his bath and then, after wiping the saddle, mount and pursue my journey as though nothing whatever had happened.

Glibb consoles me by saying that speculators in horse-flesh must expect some of these sort of things and a good many worse too, for that every horse and every poney as well as every other human being has his weakness, and how much better it is to play such innocent freaks as "Pigtail" does

than to bolt off with you at the rate of sixty miles an hour and never ask if you have any desire to stop until you are half way down a precipice, or to rear and plunge just as you have got one foot in the stirrup and you are thinking it's all right, instead of which you find it's all wrong! The very mention of such tricks makes me shudder, and I now begin to look upon little "Pigtail" as a sort of a "ne plus ultra" on four legs.

By the bye this sunny-showery weather is just the very thing for the estates in bearing: it brings on their crops quite wonderful. There is just enough sunshine till 12 a. m. in the morning to dry their cleaned coffee, and to ripen the ungathered, and then after that time it does come on to thunder and lighten like a madman, still even that does good to the unripe berries. So that nearly all the coffee folks up here aways, which means every body, are up to their ears and eyes in bustle and business. Indeed I know Planters who confess that they only expect to gather a bag or two this season and who have yet been in a state of the greatest possible excitement for the last two months: they are now positively not to be seen by any but their most intimate friends. One of these excitable gentry I hear has taken his bed into the curing house, so as to be able to rise in the night and see how his blue "Plantation" gets on! I fully expect that some of these chaps will commit suicide when their estates get into full bearing; mistake themselves for bags of Coffee, and walk right slap into their peeling-mills, and then politely request to be well winnowed, picked, bagged and marked "Pea berry!"

Now I dare to say, Cousin, that you would like to know how we pass our Sundays up here aways. Quiet enough I can assure you. We have no Gravesend steamers to tempt us, no "White Condick" to lead us astray, we have nothing but our own natural resources for our edification. I tell you what it is Smith, we have got lovely, virgin, nature up here, spic and span bran new nature, and if a chap cant be happy with some of the most tip top scenery in the world to look at, with a rather youngish wife by his side and two small progenies cutting about like mad, why I wish him back among the dirt and smoke and noise of the Minories again, thats all. As for me, Cousin, I assure you I quite glorify in the very name of Saturday night, bringing as it does the knowledge that I can lay in bed the next morning for an extra half hour if I like. And then to sit over ones Sunday breakfast, with eggs coffee and toast

before you and think about Sunday in London: why you only want the "Sunday Times" or the "Bell's Weekly" to make one fancy you hear the very Church bells a ringing! You have no idea, Cousin, what a splendacious thing it is to sit right in front of your Bungalow on a fine cool, clear, sunshiney Sunday morning, with a view before you that beats all the Theatres to nothing; to see the great grey mountains, and the dark green vallies below, grizly with forests, stretching further than the eye can reach, to hear the many torrents that are hid from view, jumping like lambs from rock to rock, and then to think that you are the only white family for miles and miles!

But you have a slight idea of what a beautiful thing it is to hear a fine old organ in a fine old church, with the voices of the little chizzy boys in their grey shorts joining in, all in one tune. And then there is the old grey headed parson, and the shiney-faced, merry looking clerk, and the fat old beadle, the tall mahogganey pews with red curtains and soft cushions for wealthy piety, the hard wooden benches for christian poverty, the smell of lavender water and the rustling of silk dresses. Now all that is what I call Religion, and I love it. Give me a regular old parish church with folding doors and painted windows, and a couple of cracked bells and lots of mouldy gravestones round it and then I know I'm all right. Of course church is out of the question here for there is scarcely such a thing as a steeple in the island, still I make a point of knocking off all kinds of jobs directly after breakfast, getting the children and the bungalow nicely cleaned up and every thing right and straight. Then we get our chairs and a table out in front of the house under a clump of trees. Mr. Trunk joins us, I read the prayers and he the answers, for I stiek to the good old book from home in spite of Obadiah who says that all prayer should be extemporaneous and not put in print.

It would do your kind heart good, friend Smith, if you could only see us having of service and just hear our voices echoing among the rocks and the trees a singing of the morning hymn, and finishing up with "Home, sweet Home!" as we always do. I assure you it makes me feel like the old Patriarchs, and I go to work again on Monday morning as fresh and as strong as a Giant, for I know that I've done my duty: depend on it, being in the Jungle and having no church to go to is a port sort of excuse for breaking the Sabbath in all manner of ways, and friend Glibb will find it out some of these odd weeks. It's really absolutely shock-

ing to think how he spends his Sundays with his gun and his dogs, cracking away at buffalows, or tom-tits or snakes! As I often tell him, what can we expect of the natives if we set them such a bad example in one of our very principal and particular religious institutions? It gives them a handle that regularly bothers our Missionaries. I only wonder how Glibbs coffee trees grow at all with such goings on!

I'm desired and requested by Mrs. Brown to wish you all a merry Christmas, though it has not as yet arrived. Let us know how you enjoy yourselves these holidays and tell us what Pantomines are acting at the big houses if it's only for the amusement of the children. Regards to all friends.

Your's Constantly,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER VIII.

Epping Bungalow, February 15, 1842.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

During the last two months us planters have been making a deuce of a bobbery in Ceylon. Our meetings and speechifications have completely taken the shine out of the Legislative councillors, to say nothing of the late Chamber of Commerce, as was. It just shews you, cousin, how often great things turn up out of little ones, as the Oak tree observed to the Acorn, for if the bullocks had not taken it into their heads to die off rather quick, bandy-hire would not have riz, and if that had not happened Ceylon might have whistled for a Agricultural Society. But the bulls did die and consequently there is at the present moment a Ceylon Agricultural Society. There was a cruel lot of *them planters* went into Kandy to get up the thing last month: Glibb was one of them and I should have given them my support too, only our eldest took to cutting his double teeth the night before, and Mrs. Brown would not so much as hear of my leaving her at such a dangerous, not to say critical period. However a day or two afterwards I had it all from Glibb who was still hoarse from the effects of his long speech. There was a flaming account in our papers too, with all the speeches spoken, aud unspoken, a copy of which I sent you last overland. I could not help laughing at the difference between Glibb's account and that which appeared in print. Some of the able and talented orators actually read their speeches from sheets of foolscap; another gifted individual had got his say by heart after a hard study of a week, while one or two who came red-hot and brimfull of eloquence, found when it was their turn that the words did not flow so readily as they expected, and sat down, feeling any thing but comfortable and happy. One unfortunate planter who had composed and learnt a most brilliant and lucid harangue upon a resolution which he was to move, found to his confusion that the committee had that morning given his motion to another party and left him to second some insignificant matter to which his composition had not the most remote reference: his speech was therefore lost to posterity; and it was not to be expected that he should make a second one after such treatment and at so short a notice! Well the thing is all settled, and, for the present, going a head. They have got a Patron, and a President, and two Vices and a Secretary and Treasurer and all those

sort of mysterious persons; and then they are to build a kind of a little British Museum with a kitchen garden behind it in which the committee are to work every morning from six till nine with spades, rakes, and hoes of a peculiar make in order to improve the natives in the science of agriculture. In short they are going to do ever so much and all with about three hundreds pounds. They rather remind me of the little boy who having sixpence to spend strutted boldly into a large toy shop asking the price of some of the most expensive things, and when he was told that a drum was five shillings, and a horse half a guinea, he ended with saying "then please let me have a bundle of Waterloo crackers." For the credit of our colony I hope the Society may not prove "a bundle of crackers." nor end in smoke.

I was a long time thinking whether or not I should come forward and clap down my name, but the five pound entrance fee for proprietors, frightened me. At last, however, I wrote to the secretary and requested him to put my name down amongst the one pounders, in consideration of my being a family-man: a week after I got a reply, of which this is a fact similar.

S. BROWN, Esq.

Kandy, 11th February, 1842.

SIR,

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 4th, desiring that your name should be enrolled among the original members of the "Ceylon Agricultural Society" and expecting that because you are a family man, although a landed proprietor, your entrance fee should be no more than one pound!

I am sorry to be obliged, in my official capacity, to declare to you that the thing is impossible, and if I might be allowed to venture my individual opinion upon the nature of your *modest* request I fear I might give offence, nevertheless, Mr. Brown, permit me to remark that before you pleaded as an excuse for not contributing as much as other proprietors of Estates, your being a family man, you ought to have recollected that it is on record that you allow Mrs. Brown to indulge in many extravagances which are of no use either to herself or to society, and that "because the Arabs are so very civil," you pay them for all the trumpery your wife chooses to buy without grumbling and beg of them to "keep the change": this looks all very grand, and I have no doubt you persuaded yourself at the time that you were acting very magnanimously before all these Arabs.

I am not disposed to quarrel with you, Mr. Brown, for acting thus liberally but when I see twenty pound paid for "a monkey, a stuffed snake, four bundles of Peacock's feathers and such like absurdities!" I feel rather sore at your depreciating the importance that might attach itself by your belonging to the society of which I am the Secretary and Treasurer.

I remain &c. &c.

CORNELIUS WIGGINS,
S. AND T.

This, as you may suppose, put my Brown blood on the bile, and you know me, cousin, well enough to know that I should not quietly stomach that sort of writing, so I sent him off a regular stinger of which here is another fact similar.

To

CORNELIUS WIGGINS Esq.
S. AND T.

Sir,

Yours of yesterday is just come in and I think it better for us both, as well as to the interest of society at large that I immediately express my unmitigated contempt for the man who can, as you have done, harrow up another's feelings by thus remarking upon that other person's private and I may say domestic affairs.

I care not a ounce of Coffee whether I am admitted a member of your Society or not, but I must say I am sorry you do not perceive the loss you will incur by my absence. Perhaps, Mr. Wiggins, you are not aware that Mrs. B's nephew is assistant Secretary to the "Mile end and Bow Market-Gardener's association" and that consequently I could have given you much valuable assistance in the management of your duties as Secretary and Treasurer. In my own person too, is concentrated a great field of experience not only *Horticultural* and *Agricultural*, but also *Floricultural* and all the other *Oorals*, for I once had a garden of my own in the Minories and lodged at a Fruiterer's and Seedsman's. In addition to this, Sir, I should have thought that the many novel systems and modes of cultivating agriculture which every body knows I have introduced on my Estate, would alone have induced your Committee to have simultaneously voted me an honorary member without fee or anything else! But as you appear not only unawares but unconscious of your own benefit

why all I can say Mr. Wiggins is that I am very sorry for you all, Chairman, Patron and Vices included.—consequently,

I remain.

Your obedient servant,

SAMPSON BROWN,

Planter,

P. S.—Mrs. Brown tells me to say in Italics that she is so *Degouty*, as the foreigners says, that she wont let me change my determination of giving you up, not if you was all of you to come dressed out in your full uniform, and go down on your knees in a row before our bungalow. The Browns have said it, and the Browns *are* brown right through to the very back-bone, and out again on the other side.

S. B.

I expect, cousin, this was a qui-eat-us to the committee and regularly bothered them, for I have heard not a word from the S. and T since. I only hope they wont take it to heart too much and not do anything rash: for I “meant it friendly,” as our papers say whenever they have been touching up the Government on an old piece of raw.

And now suppose we come back to ourselves and the bungalow. It was all finished by the end of December and we took up our quarters in it on Christmas Eve. You have no sort of idea, cousin, how rural and home-like it looks; you might fancy almost that you was in the Bow or Whitechapel road when you have scraped your boots at the iron scraper, and have got the brass knocker in your hand, with the green paint staring you right full in the face.

It really is a complete essence of a bungalow such as is no wheres to be seen off Epping, unless it is in a Theatre or a picture-book. There is a front parlor with bow-winders, and a fire-place for squally nights, by which you may sit and sip mulled port and listen to the wind and the elephants and the buffaloes a singing overtures. There is a back parlor for the hot shiney weather when it makes one perspire even to look at the empty fire-place; a dining room and a nursery with double walls of extra thickness; two bedrooms, with all the requisite &c. necessary for an Englishman’s comfort, such as water laid on to the bath-rooms and kitchen, nice little cupboards flush with the walls instead of Admirers to knock your head against in the dark, and carpets in the bed-rooms. But my *summum bonem*, or tip-top place, is the kitchen, built away from the bungalow, and fitted

up on the plan of Edwards's boiled-beef shop in the old Bailey; there is a wash-house too behind it. I have had the building made in the shape of a antiquated castle with turrets and towers and all proper for shooting from, and then to make the thing more complete and deceptive, placed between every turret and through each loop-hole the mouth of one of Day and Martin's blacking bottles, and you cant think cousin, how natural they look like the mouths of cannons loaded to the brim! I shall never forget Mrs. B's astonishment and fear when I first took her to see it. She would have it they were all guns, and begged me for the sake of the children to remove them. Even when I had shown her one and after she had peeped into all the bottles to see that there was really no powder or shot in them, she still declared that an accident might happen, and that they were so like real guns that with the kitchen fire under them she was quite sure they would go off! There is a flag-staff at one corner, rather thick to be sure, for it is made to act as a chimney: on the top of it is a figure of Mars in full uniform, and when you get a sight of him amidst the smoke, grinning and frowning by turns, you can fancy him saying "I should just like to catch any of you coming up here, my bucks.", The inside of our kitchen really looked beautiful for about a week, but no longer; by this time it is not the same place. Oh! these villainous, black-guard, scoundrels of natives! talk of improving them, indeed! They have nearly broken my wife's heart, as well as all our best pink and gold breakfast set; there are just two cups left out of twenty-four, so the children are obliged to drink out of the milk pot and the slop-basin. Then the wretches persist in using our nice, new cooking utensils for every thing but what they were intended by the tin-man and iron-monger, though Mrs. B. and self drilled them all in for a whole week till we were quite exhausted. For instance, cousin, they think nothing of cooking a stew, or boiling potatoes, or the dog's food in our best brass tea-kettle and then filling it for tea with perhaps the *chance* of a rinse out.

I one day found to my horror, our patent saucepan with divisions in it, for steaming potatoes, and cabbages and green peas at the same time, lying in the pig's sty where it had evidently been carried with their wash for dinner! my cook is quite astonished that I wont let him cut sticks with a carving knife, hammer a nail in the wall with the meat jack or keep his dirty clothes in the Dutch-oven! If you add to these miseries their trimming the lamps on Mrs. B's bran

new ironing-beard, trussing a fowl with the Ayah's long hair-pins worn thin with constant use, and boiling a custard pudding in a flower-pot bringing it up to the table pot and all, when he had a few friends to dinner; I think, Smith, you will say that even a quaker could not stand it quietly, but would rather consider it a duty he owed to mankind to let fly at them in the softest and tenderest places. Our man-washer-women, or dobeys as they are called, are enough to ruin any ones temper. How they do help the tailor's and calico manufacturers and the needle and thread makers to be sure, with pounding up our clothes on pieces of rock. Soap they never dream of using, nothing but muddy water, and they hang away with your things on their stone washing-tubs till they start every thread and stitch. But the ruination of the thing is when they bring me home shirts with the collars and sleeves knocked off, socks without feet and jackets and waistcoats that were evidently made for a person weighing about twenty stone. Mrs. Brown too, is often shocked at finding when dressed, that she has on a gown reaching not much below her knees. Our lovely damask finger-napkins have shrunk so much in the washing that there are not more than three or four that will wipe above two fingers at a time. We have lately discovered that if the rascals lose an article they will without hesitation cut another in two pieces to make up the right number! What figures my five guinea table-cloths cut! These have grown less and less every wash and we now use them as finger napkins and towels, and they are rather small for even these purposes.

I must cut short for the present, and leave my other troubles for the next packet. So except Mrs. B's and my kind wishes from

Your sincere cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER IX.

Epping Bungalow, April 18, 1842.

DEAR SMITH,

The Coffee season or harvest is now nearly over with the old estates and a rare busy time some of them have had. I've been to see ever so many of 'em and expect have pick'd up a wrinkle or two. The thing that took my fancy most on the estates was what they call a Pulper, for clearing the coffee from the husk. It's nothing more nor less than a great Nutmeg-grater, just such a one as you'd fancy Gog and Magog would use when mixing their bowls of Negus on Lord Mayor's Day; and it's rare fun to see how it tumbles out the clean white-skinned coffee. The little estates do all this work by hand, but the big-uns have got all manners of machinery to help'em and even then they can't get on fast enough.

It's a pretty sight to be sure, is a large Plantation of Coffee in the middle of crop time. The superintendents swear and perspire like butchers, and the coolies, men women and children cut about with their loads like mad people, as though their baskets were red-hot and the sooner they got rid of them the better. Some few of the Planters have got into what the Yankees call "an everlasting fix" with their works. One or two had built their stores with green wood and the consequence is that the beams and pillars have shrunk and warp'd so beautiful that what was once a square building has become an octogan one, while the roof has got as many ins and outs as the top of Westminster Abbey. Then again one erects a windmill on a spot where there's never a breath of wind all through crop time, whilst another sinks a few thousands in a water-wheel and only finds out when its too late, that one thing is wanting—enough water to turn it!

I've a noble stream upon Epping, and if I dont knock up a pretty bit of machinery that shall not only clean and dry all my crop, but wash all our clothes and the children too on saturday night, why my name's not Sampson Brown—I shall consider that I'm somebody else.

For ever so long past both Mrs. B. and myself have been working away like Pulpers at the skin of the native tongue: in unprofessional words we've been a studying Cinghalee. My wife had given it up as hopeless but a friend long in the island, told us lately that unless I understood the language I ought to forbid the servants teaching it to the children as they would be sure by means of it, to distill all

sorts of wickedness into their minds. Now it's out of the question to prevent the young'uns picking up the black gibberish, and so as the only means left we're learning it before they can. There's a disadvantage though in understanding all that's said, for the niggers abuse their masters like pick-pockets if they're offended, and in my case I'm sure that a variety of broken heads will be the result.

Upon my word, Smith, it requires all one's patience, and all one's perseverance, and all one's every thing else to do anything with this villanous language. It's the most ridiculous and confounded affair I ever came across. Latin's a fool to it; the writing on the grocers teachests and the doctors show-bottles is far more readable than this stuff. The letters bother me: they've such an everlasting lot of turns and twists in'em that I'm sure to make one large ink blot whenever I try to write. I dont know how to describe the alphabet to you, unless you were to imagine a whole lot of gouty shoes, old-fashioned tea-pots and flat irons, with here and there a door knocker or a watch spring all placed in a row: you might then get some sort of an idea of what it's like.

There's been a great talk out here of late, of a universal remedy for everything at all times. The most singular thing about it is that it should be made of two such common and indeed well known things as Brandy and Salt! and nothing else. To think that we should all of us have been a drinking of Brandy and water, and a eating of salt herrings for the last eighteen hundred years, and yet that it should never have occurred to any of us that those two kinds of food contained in them a sort of elixir of life! It's found out at last and we can now do without doctors.

There's been a book written about it and the author assures us that so entirely will it supersede the medical profession that many eminent physicians committed suicide on hearing of its success, whilst others about as sensible, tried to buy up all the Brandy and Salt.

Well, my quinine and Port wine will be useless now: the latter may do to mull on cold rainy nights, though. I had some difficulty in getting my chaps to swallow the strong mixture at first, but luckily thought that if the Brandy only was swallowed and the Salt rubbed in externally it could not make much difference in its effect and would be much more pleasing to the taste. The result proved me to be right and it was astonishing what powerful doses my coolies stood. I could not have believed it.

The number of fever and cholera cases increased rapidly

about this time but that of course had nothing to do with the remedy. There they were on a morning, a dozen at a time, lying at full length and chattering away like tipsy men while a whole mob of blackies stood over them, rubbing in the dirty salt as though they were to be pickled on the spot and were wanted for immediate exportation.

Even my invulnerable Trunk who had never had so much as a headache since he was born, has had a slight touch of something or other, and was compelled to come to me for relief. I intend to note down all my cases and send them in to some of the Royal Academies at home.

There's no accounting for tastes that's quite certain, whether its in coffee planting or anything else, but there are some ideas that I can't put my signature to, not any way you can place it. Perhaps there's nothing men's minds differ in so much as regarding the sort of woman they'd choose for a wife. Some are shocked at the thought of a woman talking latin or greek, or knowing the difference between political and domestic economy. Others again cant a-bear their wives to know anything about puddings and pies and Irish stews, but would like them to play tunes on the guitar and harp, paint butterflies wings and blackbeetles all day long, and talk in a whisper about nothing, till bed-time. And then some, after the French fashion, would have their wives second selves in right earnest; make them keep accounts, blow up the clerks and servants, go a hunting, draw the long-bow, &c., and a lot of other herculeaneum exercises too numerous to mention on paper. I have been led to make these observations by a talk with Mrs. B. a day or two ago about some lady planters who have regularly taken to the jungle as well as taken an oath not to talk about anything but coffee until their estates have repaid their cost, a rather uncertain period, by the bye. Mrs. B. like myself, dont hold by these goings on at all, and maintains that the only part of an estate which a woman has any business with, is the *Nursery*. She says its absolutely horrid to see ladies in great straw-hats and leech-gaiters, measuring out rice and blowing up bandy drivers. It's quite as revolting as the revolt of the Harem at Drury Lane, where all the women was turned into soldiers, for where's the difference between hol-lering out "Right about, face, wheel" and "Come you Can-ghany there, look after those idlers, confound you, or I'll stop your pay." Tell you what, cousin, if ever I catch my wife only just peeping into the tool-house, or looking over my check-lists, I'll make her do such a day's work as she'll

not forget in a hurry. The truth is I've read Montgomery's poem of "Woman the Angel of Life," and leech-gaiters and jungle boots so completely upset all my notions of an "Angel of Life" that I can't connect the one with the other any how. Such things are enough to knock all the poetry out of sixteen folio editions of Shakespear.

Writing about women and wives brings me to the description of a Cinghalee wedding we were at a week ago. I'd have given a trifle if you could have been there too, for my account of it cannot give you a true idea of what these things really are. It was a marriage between our cook and my wife's ayah or waiting woman, and being desirous of seeing all novelties we gladly accepted their invite on the occasion, which was in these words.

"Mr. Abraham Silva will be honor'd by your honor's service to his Nuptials and to a Faint at one o'clock at his uncles house on the day after to-morrow."

The "*faint*" puzzled us a bit until we found that it was meant for Tiffin or Lunch. The affair was to come off at a village not far distant from Epping so we got a Bullock Hackery or Tax-cart and started off, leaving the children and servants to their destiny, first putting out every atom of light in the house thereby preventing two common accidents,—burning the children up to cinders, and pouring kettles of boiling water over them. Our journey was anything but pleasant for the road was very rough and stony, the Hackery had no springs, and the bullock, would persist in seeing what was going on in the neighbouring Paddy fields, so that it was a succession of bumps, jumps, rushes up steep banks and darts back again. I laughed at it all, but Mrs. B. had got on her second best gown and new ribbons upon her bonnet, and consequently looked very serious, to say nothing else. The marriage took place in Portuguese in a chapel about the size of my tool-house. The Bride was so covered with gold tinsel and mock jewellery that we did not know her again: not an inch of her long robe but was covered with shining things, and she seemed to bend under the weight of it all. You'll smile when I tell you she wore white satin shoes and white silk stockings: a wreath of artificial flowers trimmed her skirt and in her black hair were stuck a dozen or two of gilt meat-skewers with pearls at the end. She did not forget an ivory fan and a silken reticule and on the whole reminded me of a Bartemly-fair queen, only a great deal too ugly. From the chapel we went to the "Faint," our bullock taking the lead whether we liked it or not. When we got to the bride-groom's house

several women rushed out as mad as though the place was on fire and began spreading strips of white cloth from our carriages to the door, Mrs. B. however, would not tread on these for fear of soiling them. As soon as we got out a gun had to be fired, but as it wouldn't go off we were obliged to stand grilling away in the sun at a terrible rate. The gun was tried by a dozen people and in as many different ways, but unsuccessfully; some added more powder, some blew in at the touch hole, one chipped the flint with a chopper and one at last succeeded by applying a lighted stick to the priming; and a deuce of a pop it gave, making us all blink and wink, and frightening half the bullocks out of their carts. Into the house we all squeezed, some twenty or thirty of us, for whom there may have been about six chairs. The bride was watered all over with scented stuff, and had a shower of colored paper cut small, poured over her, and after waiting about one hour Tiffin was brought in, the bridegroom looking very hot and shiney, no doubt having just done the cooking. There was no lack of eatables such as they were, but I saw Mrs. B. several times make most horrible faces at something in her mouth and then quietly convey it under the table. I sat next the Bride who made an effort to do *Europe muster* and eat with knife and fork, but what with her nervousness and the bits of glass all over her it wouldn't do: so out of compassion to her I took a spoon and fed her as well as I could. After Tiffin there was dancing and guns, and fireworks and lots of nasty lamps blazing away when evening came on, which was the signal for our departure. It felt very queer to shake hands with our own servants, but it is the custom, and so after wishing them all sorts of happiness, we tried the Bullock once more, and fortunately by the help of torches, arrived safely at the Bungalow in time for a christian meal, finding the children neither boiled nor roasted.

In reply to your enquiries as to the progress and appearance of my young plants I can only repeat what every body tells me, that they look better than any others on the island. Every body that pays me a visit is in raptures with the vigor and size of my Dollar Trees though I must confess I have occasionally heard, through Trunk, that some of these same gentry have given a different opinion to others. A planter really has a good many difficulties and crosses to contend against, what with his coolies, and his nurseries, and his boundaries, the weather and the weeds. These weeds give me as much trouble as every thing else put together

except the lazy coolies and they stand A. I on the vexation list. Confound the weeds says I: just as I have gone over my ground with a strong force and fancy that I have bothered the weeds entirely, up they come again, twice as thick as before and it has all to be done over again. They thrive in all places and all weathers, rain or no rain its just the same to them. They require no shade, no manuring, no transplanting, no watering, no nothing: the more you knock'em about the better they get on, while my coffee plants on the contrary, wither and die off if I only snap a twig off one of 'em. Trunk tells me that I've got about as good a set of coolies as any planter in the island, if that's true some of them must have a rather queer lot. Why I'm often obliged to use persuasive language to induce my fellows to move at all, to request them as a particular favor to have the kindness to weed a few more plants, or dig another hole or two. To be worse than that they must compel their master to do their work for them. And yet these coast chaps are often finely limbed and strongly put together: some of'em look perfect models, as though they could work on for twenty-four hours at a stretch and then regret that they had to leave off. What nonsense those authors do put in books to be sure, about the Orientals: they talk of the graceful dignity of the common people, in all their movements; of the harmony and poetry of their dress and easy step. Dignity and Poetry, forsooth! Egad, Cousin, if these authors had to pay for the easy air and graceful, measured step as they call it, at the rate of four or five fanums a day they'd pretty soon forget all the poetry of the thing and find another name for their snail's crawl! It just shows what romance and humbug distance will throw over a thing, and how often reality burkes one's fancy. I used to think when looking in the picter shops, that the Palm Trees were the most romantic and beautiful things in all the vegetable creation, but since I took shelter under some of them in a squall of rain and wind, and received half a dozen of huge cocoanuts and dried leaves on my head and shoulders, I have taken quite a different view of them, and wonder how I ever could have thought them beautiful! Still I dont like a grumbler, and think we should all try and put a good face on everything: for after all there are very few troubles we may not master with a good heart. I never meet with a difficulty or a vexation now but what I recall the words of a friend in reply to some of my grumblings:—"You complain of the troubles you encounter daily" said he. "Bah! compare the troubles

of the world to those of our own creation, the troubles of our own passions and evil dispositions, of our folly, our temper, our waywardness; compare them to these and they sink to less than nothing." And so they do by Jingo!

By the bye I must'nt forget to tell you that during the last fortnight there have been all sorts of rumours of wars and rebellions afloat. What with one tale and another there's no getting at the truth, but its very certain that the niggars are up to some dodge. My chaps are all coast men and are hated by the Cinghalese, which is a comfort and on the whole pleasing to contemplate, seeing that we all stand a chance of having our throats cut on the same night. Trunk came out from Kandy one evening with a face as long as a pick-axe and declared that the military were ordered out to meet the rebels who had got a king of their own and were coming up from some unknown district in immense numbers: the next morning Glibb wrote me asking if I had seen any of the rebels and advising me to set guards round my house, for they would surely pay me a visit: the same day my people saw great numbers of natives going past our road all with guns on their shoulders, so that there was every prospect of some business in a short time. All the arms I muster are a double barrell'd manton, two muskets, a fowling piece (rusty and unsafe) a brace of pistols and an old theatrical sword! This is my armoury! a pretty figure I shall cut if two or three hundred black rascals surround us at night when there's no seeing them. Why I might as well have half a dozen squirts. As Mrs. Twigg remarked, "what's an umberella against a shower of shot." What indeed! The comfort of the thing is that the chaps are sure to attack us unfortunate Planters first as they expect us to have money for our coolies' pay. I'd give something if all the empty blacking-bottles on my cook-house were real honey-fidey cannons chock full of red hot shot and other missives and Mrs. B. would n't much mind if they was, neither. As yet there's been no danger but lots of fear. Glibb and I send to each other daily to know if either have had their throats cut. No one thinks of going out after dark, when my guard is set for the night and my guns fresh primed, for we may as well have a pop before we kick the bucket. Even in the day time it's anything but pleasant to go away into the un-cleared forest alone: I get many a fright, mistaking the stump of a tree for a rebel crouching down to have a good aim at me, or the rustling of the branches for a body of them going to surround me. One morning a wild pig cross-

ed my path and I made sure it was no less than the rebel king himself coming to meet me in single combat. I wasn't a bit afraid but the suddenness of the thing was so great that I turned tail and did n't stop until I got to my Lines. It's astonishing what a man will do in the excitement of the moment!

I hit upon a capital scheme a day or two ago, which was to stick up a notice in Singhalese at the end of my road telling the rebels that it was no use their coming to my Bungalow for I had gone into Kandy and taken everything with me except forty spring-guns with percussion caps and double barrels, which were placed about my premises at convenient and irregular distances. I expect that will settle the thing.

And now, Cousin, farewell, till next month when I hope to be still alive and able to sign,

Your sincere Cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER X.

Epping Bungalow, June 10, 1843.

DEAR SMITH,

Well Cousin, thank goodness here we all are with the hair safe on our heads, neither grilled for breakfast, nor curried for Boodoo's supper, and what's more I don't think we are likely to be wanted for any thing of the sort. Trunk vows that our preservation from the rebels is entirely owing to the Brandy and Salt which we all partook of so freely of late; if this really be the case why we had better go on with the pickling until all the rascally Kandyans are hung up. I am inclined, however, to lay our safety to my notice about the spring-guns, in which Mrs. B. and Glibb join. At any rate there appears to be no immediate danger, whatever fear there may be. It has been an anxious time for all of us in the Backwoods, I can assure you, though the Colombo people pretended to laugh at it all and called us old women. But then people are so confoundedly cool, and collected, and brave, and know all about it so well, when they are safe out of harms way. I have now some sort of notion of what the Pioneers and the last of the Mohicans had to go through before Cooper thought proper to bring them to chapter the last. Ever since my last letter I have been gun in hand, bobbing about amongst the bushes, peeping from behind trees or round the corner of the Tool-house and indulging myself with flashes in the pan at my own or Trunk's shadow, till at last I have become a regular old thingum-abob,—a blue-stocking or leather-stocking—its all the same; except that I have not killed quite as many Indians as he did, nor do I expose myself in such a ridiculous manner as Cooper says the hunter did, though by the bye I don't believe all that.

There have been lots of rebels caught by enterprising officers and civilians, and such was the ardour and zeal of these fine young chaps that they could not be persuaded any how to wait for day-light, but must needs rush upon the enemy at the dread hour of midnight and capture them in the midst of their rebellious dreams. The prisoners are, I hear, all old men, and were armed, when taken, with betel-crackers and Kandian sticks. One of them I got a sight of. Such an old goat! With a small balloon on his head for a hat, two things as big as sauce-pan lids on his fingers, covered with pearls and other precious stones, and about enough white cloth wrapped round his stomach to have clad all the

girls of the Crutched Friars Sunday School! I made sure he had got the Dropsies, but Glibb tells me he wears it to shew his rank. Fancy, cousin, a man's dignity depending on the size of his body. Why the ignorant scoundrels would have made our Daniel Lambert a king at once, without asking any questions. Lor! if our little Victoria, God bless her, had to dress out in this way in proportion to her rank, what a bustle she'd want, by Jingo!

The rains coming on again have swamped what few rebels were left, and the natives are all sticking to the paddy-fields up to their eyes in mud. It just has been a raining and no mistake. What do you think of five inches and a half falling on one estate within twelve hours? Would not that do for the East London water-works? I expect it has *done* for some few bungalows and gardens. Glibb tells me on his honor, that any one wanting to furnish a house might do so just now with the greatest ease and economy by merely waiting on the banks of one of the large rivers near here and with a line and hook drawing a-shore such articles as he required from out of the immense quantities of furniture, that is daily floating down, and which has been swept away, houses and all, by the heavy rains.

Epping—the beautiful, the romantic Epping, has been rather what we used to call wishy-washy for the last two or three weeks. Every thing and every body looks miserable but the ducks. Swarms of flies, beetles and ants are driven into the house eating up what few things are left of our months provisions. It is dangerous to open one's mouth in the evening for fear of having it filled with gnats; our shoes are chock full of frogs and cockroaches, and as to the sugar basin there is more red ants, white ants and black ants in it than any thing else. My chair and talipot leaf has been in great requisition, and Mrs. Brown astonishes the natives by her promenades in a pair of patent pattens. The children are never suffered outside the house and all my flannel coatees have been conjured into shawls and tippetts for them. I have heard it said that when people gets melloncolly and miserable they takes to write poetry, but its not so with me. A shower of rain puts all my poetical flame out, besides who the deuce is to be sentimental with two noisy children in the house, and a score of blackees jabbering outside, with the rain peppering away on the roof, as though there was a patent shot manufactory working away up in the clouds, without any flooring to it. I have made one or two attempts when the children were swallowing their pap, the niggers

taking cheroots, and the shot making suspended, and if some people as I could name had wrote them they would have been in black and white long ago. But you wont catch me a doing any thing half so ridiculous and so dont expect it. Verses dont pay, as many a one has found to his cost. If a man must print why let him. I'd just give him this bit of advice though: let him submit his production to some friend's curtailment which will probably reduce it to about one half its original size: he should then knock off a further fifty per cent and when this is really struck off by the printer let him gather around all who wish him well: let him place the clean, nicely pressed copies before him, snuff the candles, stir the fire and then place the aforesaid printed copies in the very midst of the flames. I can vouch for this operation saving his authorship form much anxiety and annoyance, and the world in general from a fit of yawning.

We had a most annoying though rather serious adventure, in the early part of this month: no less than a burglary, a regular right down Jack Sheppard affair and no mistake.

It was a blowey, rainey night—such a night as had far better be spent by a good coal fire than on Epping plains or Blackheath: the weather was a moaning and groaning outside as though it had got the *cholera* and was asking for some more Brandy and Salt; a shepherd's dog would have caught cold in the head on such a night. Mrs. B. had joined me in a tumbler of hot Punch, stuffed all sorts of indescribable wearing apparel into the cracks and crevices to keep out "that horrid land wind," and in short we had made ourselves comfortable for the night. We did not sleep very lightly, for a stiff day's work and a stiffer glass of Punch require no feather beds. But I was awoke, far in the night it must have been, by my wife nudging me on the arm, pulling my nose, and then pointing to a part of the ceiling. What did I see but my suit of clothes, boots and all, gently ascending the wall and making their exit through a hole in the roof. Next followed my wife's gown, petticoat and list slippers with her bustle bringing up the rear: all passing through the same opening. I was on the point of laughing outright when behold my favorite macintosh and indian-rubber goloshes began a slow movement towards the mysterious spot: there was no standing this and not knowing but what Mrs. B. and myself might be required to crawl up the wall, and have a hop on the roofs, I motioned my frightened wife to lie still and was just going to pull out my pocket pistol when my eye was caught by another performance on the floor.

The whole of our spare boots and shoes were walking away as nimbly, as though they were then in use by Captain Barclay, on one of his playful promenades of a thousand miles; they disappeared suddenly through a hole in the floor and there I saw—what do you think?—why a large cooking chattie, the very chattie that had a few hours before boiled my soup; I could swear to this, for it had a chip out on one side. It was turned upside down, with several holes made in the bottom, through two of which I distinctly saw as many eyes. I knew those eyes too: they were the property of my cook. No body else had such white, shiney, lucifer eyes, they made me wink and blink to look at them. Without asking him what the deuce he was a going to do with so many boots and shoes, as Mrs. B. the next morning said I ought to have done as his reply would have identified him, I let fly at the soup chattie with one of my poppers and sent it all to smithereens, the contents of it of course vanishing like smoke. The report brought a whole regiment of my coolies, Trunk at their head, but without waiting for them, I gave chase as soon as I could open the door in the hopes of finding cookey badly wounded, but after divers tumbles and cuts and bruises, I was obliged to give in and come back with my feet full of thorns. The cook house was my next search, but no cookey was there neither was his deputy, so that my mind was at once made up on that point. I was right too about the soup chattie; it was no where to be found but the pieces in the hole in the floor savored strongly of Mulligatauney. I had hit the scoundrel, for there were red drops about the outside but in the morning, when I hoped to have traced him by them, not a spot was to be seen: some confederate had washed them all away. This is how the Jack Shephards of the East go to work. Locks, bars and iron shutters are just no use at all, for in half an hour they will undermine your wall, come up in the inside, tie your clothes to strings let down from a hole in the roof and while some are flying away through the air, others are disappearing into the bowels of the earth! Glibb assures us that some of these scoundrels once lifted him out of bed, took the bedstead to pieces and walked it off by way of the key-hole, for he never discovered any other holes in the room!! My rascally cook had the impudence to send for his clothes saying that he was ill and must go to his country. I desired him to come and fetch them and bring me a new soup-chattie. His name was Baba; an unlucky one, and I am convinced that he must

be a descendant of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. He was too much of a grinner to be sound at heart, and his bows were far too humble for an honest man. Honesty, thorough honesty, is not to be met with amongst the natives, but there are shades of it, and you may depend the lower a fellow bows, the greater rascal he is.

You asked me, cousin, in your last, if there is nothing that will improve these poor natives. I have been thinking about it and I really don't see that there is any thing which has a chance of doing it. I know Brandy and Salt wont. Tracts they make kites of. I am pretty sure steam will be of no use at all, and as to the big, fiery, drop-of-water telescope at the Adelaide Gallery, or the Reform Bill, they have had no more effect than a bottle of Soothing Syrup, would, upon the Lions and Tigers at feeding time. If any thing at all will do it its that new plan for salting meat in a minute and a quarter, by taking a whole bullock, pumping out all the blood and air and stuff, and then sending in by a steam squirt a whole lot of electrical gas well salted. The pickling is instaneous, and I really think if the Singhalese could be pumped out in this way, and be fitted up with some new sort of gassey stuff or other, it would answer. One or two of them might blow up at first, but it would quite change their nature and that must be doing good, besides they'd get used to it in time. Philosophers say the people will become accustomed to any thing in time. I wish some of those fine scientific chaps that understand all about every thing, would come out to the Epping Estate and just try their hands with my coolies: See if ever any of them would get accustomed to a good day's work! And yet the Malabar coolies are a wonderful deal more workable than the Singhalese. I cant understand why it is so, unless its their hair? The coast chaps shave their heads as clean as mile-stones. These fellows are a sight more cunning as well as industrious, and will play a trick upon "white-man" whenever they can. Here's a sample. I used to measure off their days work at weeding with a long bamboo, and went on for a time well enough, but fancying at last that the work done began to look very scant, I took a peep at the bamboo and on measuring *it* found that it had lost at least a couple of feet! The rascals must have sliced off a little bit every morning, though Trunk persists to this day, that it had shrunk with repeated showers of rain. The men are mustered twice a day for work, when the superintendent calls over the names, but even this is open to their rascality, for

if a cooly be playing truant, his neighbour will answer for him. I am not safe even in counting, for I verily believe that one or two of them after being ticked, slip round to the other end of the rank and get counted over again, and the black fellows are all so much alike, that I never can tell one from another.

As I said before the weather is most particularly cool and moist: Rain all day long except at night, when one cant go out. The coolies do nothing but chew an extra allowance of Plaster of Paris and quarrel. Trunk puffs away at cheroots of double the usual length. The servants crouch round the kitchen fire, doubling themselves up as none but blackey moors can, and say "plenty bad got." The children are kept in bed as long as they will stay there, being short of day clothes. Mrs. Brown wishes she was back in the minories again, while I have to face every thing; do servant of all work, or else starve. Nurse the children to sleep or else make horrible faces to keep them awake till the pap comes. There's no cook shops here where you can send and get a meal on banyan days: no friend's that you can just drop in upon at the lucky hour of dinner, for Glibb is rather too far for a thing of that sort. But you will accuse me of turning grumbler if I go on much at this rate. Not a bit of it. I can laugh at every thing with nothing but rice and water before me, and to show you that I am not one of those rusty-blooded chaps that are born with crape hat-bands round their hearts, I will just give you my ideas of the ills and comforts of a Planter's "Life in the Jungle." There are always two ways of looking at a thing and I prefer the most cheerfulest! I am like the cats, cousin, would rather go on the sunny side of the way if its possible, any hows at all. If its not possible then, I persuade myself that I am there, and that's much about the same thing.

Here you have the disagreeables and the attendant advantages of a Jungle Life.

- 1.—You are away from Society: your wife enjoys no tea parties and yourself no convivial meetings.

But

You run no risk of quarrelsome neighbours: escape all scandal and rise without head-aches.

- 2.—There is no possibility of going out to spend the evening unless it is with the Jackalls or Boa Constructors.

But

A planter can always find amusement at home though there be no Cider Cellars near: when he has written up his Day Book and Journal and checked his coolies' list, he can either stand on his head in the corner, to amuse the children, or he may rock them to sleep.

- 3.—There are no shops near at hand where he can get butter, cheese, meat, bread &c.

But

He can lay in a good stock of preserved provisions, if he can afford it; if not he can go without them, and swear that his rice and salt fish is rump steaks and oyster sauce, and that he is the Lord Mayor of London.

- 4.—Its terrible work during the rainy months when there are not less than half a dozen patent shott manufactories working away on the roof, and that for whole weeks at a time. True enough,

But

There's a good roof on the Bungalow and one can just stay at home: that's better than getting up in the morning and finding the pump frozen and no water in the house for breakfast, the back kitchen under water and the coal-cellar full of snow.

- 5.—You are away from Medical Assistance,

But

That is a reason why you should take care of your health, and you also run no risk of being poisoned by shop-boys giving the wrong medicines, or the doctor mistaking your case.

- 6.—The life of a Planter is a confoundedly monotonous one after all, regular mill-horse work; it may be at times,

But

Your servants and coolies generally contrive to diversify your life, with a variety of little incidents which are to the temper, what Kitchener's zest is to the stomach. Either the Cook and Appoo get sick just as you have asked a few friends to come and take pot luck; or the Ayah leaves the day before the children sicken for the Measles, or you find all your rice and

salt fish are gone about the middle of the rains and have to *rough it* on preserved Salmon, Tart Fruits, and Le Mann's Biscuits, or better still your coolies strike for more pay just when you want a large number of young plants put out. All these are refreshers to the sluggish every-day life of a Planter, and are as necessary as Oysters and Porter after the Theatre. In real interest and excitement these domestic interludes beat Shakespeare all to nothing.

I might go on in this way for a week, but think that I have given you instances enough for the purpose.

These rainy days by the bye have helped us on wonderfully with the native language. I am quite astonished at the progress I make, and my wife is nearly as forward myself. I feel as though as I could speak all the languages of the east, Latin included, I will be hanged if I don't go home overland when I have made my fortune, if its only to have a jaw with some of the old mummies in Egypt, and translate Fairer's spelling books on the Obelisks and Sourcoffeeguts.

I continue to expose myself in all sorts of weathers with my old companion, the talipot-leaf, in spite of Mrs. B's. remonstrances about "that horrid land-wind:" thanks to my own precautions though on the head of flannel, india-rubber goloshes, water-proof caps, &c. I continue much the same as usual, I really cannot admit what many maintain, that this is an unhealthy climate. If it was, how could I expose myself, as I do, at all hours, and all seasons? Hot and cold; wet and dry is all as one to me. I mean to say the climate is nothing. Its the sour claret and wishy-washy beer as does the mischief. Why there was a case the other day of some soldiers dying of Dysentery, and people directly began to say "ah! this is a terrible climate! look how its carrying them off!"—I know one of the men had been indulging in food and drank dreadful. He ate two pounds of under-done pork at dinner, six pine-apples after it, with a pot of low rot-gut beer, and then walked into three dozen oysters and a lot of arrack. Poor fellow! he died the next day. What a dreadful climate!!

Our young Superintendents too, have much cause of complaint against this murderous climate. Very few of them escape an attack of Jungle Fever and yet they are extremely cautious and considerate. They only sit up till day-break in the morning jollyfying a bit, and then perhaps start to their locations, some twenty miles distant; a heavy fog, and sometimes rain for an hour or two; and then the noon-day sun

in all its glory. But they must push on, though their heads do ache and throb, for its their busy time. Well, they are hot and thirsty so they stop at the next brook of icy-cold water, dabble in it with their feet, wash their faces and take a good hearty draught of it. They emerge once more into the sun and get home regularly done up. Next day they are all laid up and soon after, one of the party dies. Oh! it is a shocking murderous climate!?

Some of those authors in books are pleased to call this "the Eden of the Eastern wave," and others by way of a change, "the Paradise of the East," which is of course quite a different sort of thing. Its really very kind of people to invent these pretty little names, but for ordinary purposes I fancy that the usual one of Ceylon will answer just as well. At any rate "Ceylon cinnamon" is handier for a Price Current than "Taprobanic cinnamon," and "Ceylon coffee" more commercial and handier for the bags, than "Eden of the Eastern wave coffee."—I have no sort of idea what like of a country Eden was, but if it bore any resemblance to this, the interior of it may have been pretty well, bating the rains, but the most of it must have been a deuced hot, sandy, serubby, Irish-bog sort of a place to live in: not a bit better than Romney Marshes in the dog-days, and Battersea fields in the winter, after a thaw.

Just as I am about to close my letter, Trunk tells me, that the only path left open from this by the rains has just been flooded and covered with trees, and I suppose Furniture, by Glibb's account. We shall get some fishing at any rate: No more rice, no more meat, no more clothes from Dobey, no more nothing, till the flood finds a vent in the "Eastern Wave." When this will get to the Post Office is more than I can say just at present: but I'll keep it open and give you "the latest intelligence from Epping.

June 15th I am at last able to send this off to Kandy, As I said I would before, I went out to haul up some furniture from the flooded rivers, but deuce of a thing could I see, not so much as a foot stool! Though there certainly was plenty of wood floating about, enough to have set up an Oxford street upholsterer in trade. I suppose there are no clearings, where this stream comes from.

We have been kept awake for the last few nights in a most mysterious manner. A stamping noise on the bricks of the Verandah began just after we got to bed, and kept

on till about midnight. It was like half a dozen giants knocking their boot-heels to keep their feet warm. Mrs. B. would not hear of my going out for fear of "that horrid land wind," and it *was* a queerish night. Next morning I found the bricks under our window were stamped and ground up to little bits, but no one, not even Trunk, could think what it was. Well, the next night, just at the same time, stamp, stamp, went the giants feet again and once more my wife insisted that bricks cost less than a cold. The third night I set a watch in the Tool-house of Trunk and ten coolies, giving each a token of warm stuff to keep out the cold and the "Yakaas," as they call old Bogey here, the giants found their toes chilly as usual, and at the very same time, but though I listened and listened, expecting every moment to hear a bloody struggle between Trunk's band and the enemy, not a sound was heard; but the heavy, elephant stamp, which this time seemed to be louder than before, as if in mockery and derision of us all: the warm stuff had made my rascally body-guard too comfortable. This wont do though, thinks I; the annoyance must be stopped even though my visitor should turn out to be Gog and Magog's grandfather. So I opened the window and shutter, as gently as possible, took up my old fowling-piece and slipt it out, knocking over our only light in the act, stamp, stamp, went the giants. Ah! Ah! my bucks I said to myself I see you both by that flash of lightning, and shutting my eyes so as to fire impartially I gave them the whole contents of the gun.

A loud cry followed the discharge and then a heavy fall. My wife screamed fire! I shouted, I *have* fired. The children chimed in like good 'uns, Trunk rushed out of the Tool-house, with his ten coolies, armed with——lights; and by their help I discovered my fallen enemy.

Goodness Gracious! Why, my dear, it's not Magog's grandfather after all if I have n't gone and shot poor Pig-tail! Drat the poney! what could have induced him to come into the verandah at night?

However, he was not seriously wounded, and when he was taken into his stable, I found out the reason of his leaving it for the house. The rain was pouring in at the roof and he did not fancy catching cold. That animal has got as much intellect as a good many men, by Jingo!

You see, Cousin, the life of a Planter is not quite so devoid of interest and excitement as some imagine. It's in

human nature to love a little variety, even though ourselves have to pay the piper, just as little boys prefer pricking themselves amongst the thorns of the hedges, to walking quietly along the paths.

My coolie is waiting, so I must at last conclude, hoping to send a budget of fair weather news by next mail or so, from.

Your distant Cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER XI.

Epping Bungalow, November 12th 1842.

DEAR COUSIN,

It's now five long months since I wrote, and it does not seem more than five days so busy have I been. What with weeding and planting, and getting pulpers made and a store for my coming crop, I've not had a moment to spare, you've no idea cousin, what wear and tear of mind as well as of body all this preparation causes, I can't fancy any thing like it unless it be the bustle and skurry among the Doctors just before the Queen's confinement. If coffee drinkers at home only knew half of what us Planters have to go through, or what "Life in the jungle's" like, I'am sure they'd give an extra sixpence a pound for the coffee just to send us out a few little comforts.

I've a small patch of plants bought a year old from natives, that are well forward and will enable me to talk about "my crop" as knowingly as Gents with a hundred acres. Well it did look pretty though, them trees, when they first burst forth in all the beauteous vigor of virgin blossom I suppose I may have stood a good hour or two at the door looking at them all covered with white silver flowers like a field of soap-suds, or a mob of little old men in powdered wigs. Already I seemed to see whole fleets of ships waiting to convey my crops: and then I had a vision of the London Dock Warehouse piled up with bags all marked "Epping." In the very midst of my dreams up comes Mrs. Brown and as usual knocks down all my castles.

"Lord Brown" says she, "why how it has been a snowing in the night, to be sure. There's that litter of young pigs left out will all be friz to death, and the mustard and cress too."

Nothing but touching the Coffee bushes would persuade her that it was n't snow, and then so delighted was she with the blossom that it was as much as I could do to prevent her from cutting boughs off to stick in her glass in the Drawing room!!

The smell of the Coffee blossom is delicious; Odour Cologne's nothing at all to it. It gave me quite a poetical turn and I immediately wrote down the following lines which some people would have been vain enough to have sent to the Newspapers. I give them to you in the strictest confidence on the understanding that you are *not* to go sending them to any of the London papers: and so mind.

TO THE COFFEE TREE IN FULL BLOSSOM.

'T is pleasant to see the morning breezes,
 A-blowing over the Coffee Treeses
 When they are all covered with blossoms, for these is
 More perfumy far to our nasal noses
 Than a acre of Covent Garden roses
 'T is a beautiful draught the juice of the berry
 Made with hot milk, and I love it werry
 Much better than Beer, or Grog or Sherry.
 The Gods and their Ribs when feasting aloft
 By Homer the Poet we're told,
 Ate Ambrosia divine, while Nectar they quaffed
 To each other in goblets of gold.
 But had Homer lived in this temperance day,
 Their Godships I'm certain that he
 Would counsel to fling all their Nectar away
 And drink the soft juice of the "Pea."

I have read these to Glibb and Trunk and both say they are real poetry. Trunk even shed tears at the mention of Beer and Grog, Glibb protested I ought to add a stave about Tea, so I just run off another line or two.

Confound old Commissioner Lin and his tea,
 I wish he were drown'd in a Butt of Bohea.
 Confound that old woman, the first one who boiled it,
 I wish she had burnt her old finger and spoiled it;
 It's nothing but sloe-leaves dried upon copper,
 I'm sure it is guzzle that's very improper.
 See what the Foo-los are,—shut in by jalices,
 With tea-cups for boots and huge tea-pots for palaces!
 Just look at their Pigtails! they're grown from black tea,
 And their Cheshire-cheese faces, the effects of Bohea!
 Laborie is *my* man 'gainst Commissioner Lin:
 "Plantation" for ever, and no "Hyson skin."

A few thousands of these distributed actively amongst the most elderly ladies in England would cut up the Tea-trade effectually. Indeed so many conyerts are there already from the cause of Gun-powder and Pekoe that some of the soft sex are numbered amongst us as Coffee Planters!! I think I mentioned this before but I may as well add that report says their estates are about the best cultivated of the lot.

Did I tell you Cousin that the brother of the Secretary of the Norton Folgate Statistical Society had written to me begging for information respecting the planting Interest of this Island? I gave him such answers to his questions as I was able and a precious lot of 'em there was too. I should'nt at all wonder if he goes and makes a whole book of it and claps in his name. We'll see. The paper was headed.

"STATISTICS OF COFFEE PLANTING AND COFFEE PLANTERS."

Number.—There may be somewhere about one hundred and eighty-nine Coffee Estates in Ceylon more or less, upon which there may be located about five hundred and twenty European planters giving an average of two and three quarters to each property. Not one sixth are conducted by the principals and even then they are not always managed on very good *principles*, the principal point being getting the money spent. If the above numbers are not correct it is no fault of mine.

Habits of the Planters.—You should attend a meeting of the "Ceylon Agricultural" to get a specimen of their *habits*. You'd swear there had been a masquerade the night before and that they were seeing how their clothes looked by daylight. It is reckoned that of the five hundred and twenty planters, four hundred wear broad brimmed hats, sixty use narrow brims, and the rest caps of all shapes. The proportion of those who wear plaid clothes are four hundred against one hundred and twenty drabs and whites. Seventy five wear leech gaiters of different material to their trousers. Two hundred and ten wear three shirts a week, the rest vary from ten a week to one in ten days. Twenty six per cent use umbrellas and eleven per cent wear white and coloured cotton gloves,

Physical Condition.—Colomel, Castor oil, and Epsom salts are to be met with in most Bungalows. Blue Pills are in great favor and "some of them Planters" have recourse to them every monday morning.

Food, &c.—Rice and salt-fish are preferred when better fare cannot be had. When the rivers are swollen there are but few hams in cut, salmon and oysters get scarce and preserved joints are cut entirely. The falling off in these is made up

by extra quantities of Cheroots and brandy and water. The Malabars swallow immense heaps of rice and when the estate is weedy they stick in all manner of grass and stuff. If the land is kept well cleaned they come rather badly off.

Domestic Economy.—Haven't got any.

Health. Pretty well considering, Jungle Jack, as the Fever is called here, pays 'em a visit now and then, but that is thought nothing of, for they get their heads shaved, and by keeping it close it sends out an extra crop of hair about the face which is rather an advantage as Italian mustachoes and Brigandish Imperials are being extensively cultivated. The only particular disease that Planters dread in the Natives is laziness: for that there is no medicine.

Prospects of the Planters.—Those whose Bungalows are built upon Hills like mine, have remarkably fine prospects. But many of them are so jumbled amongst rocks and trees, that for view one might just as well be peeping out of the back windows of the East India Warehouse in Leadenhall Street.

General Remarks.—It is estimated that about seven per cent of the Superintendents are satisfied with their employ, and live in happy contentment, and that eleven and a half per cent of the proprietors &c., are pleased with their Superintendents. Two per cent of the Planters have cleared and planted as much as they expected in a given time; and rumour speaks of one Planter—a sort of *rara avis* or Black Swan, who actually exceeded all his calculations, but I never met any one who ever saw such a person and therefore live in doubt. Of the five hundred and twenty actually and directly engaged in Coffee Planting five hundred and six smoke Cheroots, and it is believed that the remaining fourteen abstain with a view of being thought "*rum chaps.*"

It is a remarkable fact and one worthy of record that not more than one per cent of the planters have entered the bonds of matrimony, all the rest remaining in a state of single blessedness! Philosophy and science have in vain attempted to explain this singularity. Glibb says it is owing to their getting sick of the "nursery" when commencing an estate but I am rather inclined to attribute it to a far deeper, a more mysterious cause:—I believe it to be something in the *Rice*, and it is well known that immense quantities of this article are swallowed by Planters.

The above will be found a most complete summing up of the race of Planters: a sort of *multum in Parvo* and I should not at all wonder at its being printed amongst the Parliamentary reports, for the nation at home must be much interested in us Coffee Planters and extremely anxious about our goings on, or the Norton Folgate chaps wouldn't have written out about us, that's clear.

I think it was in September last, quite at the latter end of it, that I agreed to join Glibb on an Elephant excursion to some unknown Province of the interior. He had often bothered me about going and painted up the fun of the thing in such glowing colors, and made the thing look so ridiculously easy that all my scruples vanished, as the Apothecary said when his patient swallowed the weights instead of the physic as the safest of the two. Mrs. B. as you may be sure, tried all she could to divert me and went on about getting rheumatiz, sleeping in wet clothes, being out in the night air and having one's face twisted by the moon, besides being trod into tooth-powder by rogue elephants or trampled into force-meat balls for the use of the junior branches of the family. All of these were of course unpleasant enough to think about if I choose to think at all: but I did not and therefore determin'd to go and bring home whole rows of Elephants' teeth, and tails by the score. I could'nt at all understand why Glibb made it out such a wonderful thing to shoot an Elephant! Had he boasted of knocking off one of their teeth or the tip of a tail with his rifle I could have believed it to have been something to talk of. But to vaunt about shooting an Elephant! Pooh! why one might as well boast of putting a shot into Westminster Abbey or of hitting the London Docks or the Mansion House! I should rather think that after killing as many sparrows as I've done on Battersea Fields I could manage to bring down an elephant or two at any rate.

Well we determined upon going, and vast preparations were set on foot for at least a fortnight previous to starting. Every thing partaking of the nature and properties of lead was converted into bullets, not forgetting Mrs. Brown's large leaden pin-cushion: and many a burn did I get from the liquid metal. I practised with my rifle night and morning converting an empty beer cask into an imaginary Elephant, and so expert did I become and so fearless of all consequences that I could with ease put my bullet into the bung hole, which was supposed to be the elephants' eye, at a distance of a good many yards. A fortnight's stock of all sorts of pre-

served thingumbobs, wine, beer, and brandy was laid in chiefly by myself, and it was settled that our horses were to be sent on ahead of us and that I should call for Glibb in a bullock cart with the traps and then travel on together as far as the bandy road would allow us when coolies were to take on the stores and we were to take on the horses. The day at last came for my departure. Trunk had his orders about the work and Mrs. B. was to go round every day and see all right. A guard of coolies was to sleep in the dining-room and some old aunt or female cousin of Trunk's came out from Kandy on purpose to keep my wife company. All seemed square and right on Epping when I crep into the bullock-cart about four p. m. in the afternoon amidst a whole catacomb of baskets with huge padlocks, sharp edged tin boxes and sundry bundles of bedding. Away went the bullocks at a pace only known to themselves: up went one wheel over a bank, and then up went the other wheel over an ant hill, and just as I was waving my checked straw hat as a parting adieu to Mrs. B. and the young 'uns down came an immense basket and two tin boxes upon me, forcing a large brass padlock right into the hollow of my ear while the corners of the boxes tickled me under the ribs and made several attempts at the contents of my pockets. Another jolt and my hat was knocked clean over my eyes and both my arms fairly pinned down to my side by a fresh supply of provision baskets. In vain I hollowed to the driver: he was so intent upon his cattle that all the reply he gave was to salute them by their names of "Muck, Muck" "Peter, Peter," and a pretty considerable muck I was in. After a good jumbling and pounding amidst hard substances I got released and at the end of an hour had the traps in something like order again. It was a lonely road to Glibb's and the sun had set long before I got there. It was a beautiful sight that sunset and I should have gone on admiring it until I reached my friend's had not my attention been taken by two ill-looking fellows with great shaggy beards and slouched hats following close behind the bandy and talking together. The more I looked at them the closer they came and I made up my mind that they were two of the late rebels going to serve me out for frightening them all with my spring-guns. To mend the matter my fire-arms were so well packed that there was no getting at them without half unloading the bandy, my large pruning knife was in one of the big baskets and the only weapon of any sort about me was a small blunt single-bladed pen-knife, very short in the

handle and difficult to open. I did open it however, for even that was better than nothing, at least it seemed so to me, and I grasped the short handle so tightly that I almost drew blood from my fingers and loosened the rusty blade. The dusky rascal were still close to me, and evening was setting fast in. I'd have given half of my estate for a good cattie or a felling axe, and the other half to have been safe at Glibb's. All my romantic ideas of engaging a whole crowd of blackeys in single and mortal combat had fled, and I fancy that the veriest hero that ever scragged a Giant or a Dragon would have felt pretty queer had he found himself cooped up in a bullock-bandy with no weapon but a single-bladed pen-knife. For after all these fine fellows that used to go about releasing young damsels out of pure friendship and sacking castles in the cause of humanity, generally took care to be well cased in a good suit of bullet-proof brass or copper, and well mounted on coal-black steeds that were never happy but when trampling on fiery Dragons. Why any body would be a hero on those conditions, but come to find all the odds against you and none for you, I rather think Saint George himself would have felt queerish a bit as did Sampson Brown, coffee planter on the 27th of September last. As the two blacks came to me I inwardly sent Glibb to the bottom of the ocean for inveigling me on such an expedition and wished that all the elephants had emigrated to New Zealand in the previous spring. At that very moment we came in sight of Glibb's bungalow on a rising ground, and to my delight I found that my two persecutors were his own coolies sent by him to help the bandy up the hill!

After packing away his few traps, and they were few enough, we started by moonlight for our first halting place which we reached by three in the morning. Glibb slept like a cat the whole way but the recollection of the two ill-looking fellows and the strangeness of scene around kept me wide awake. I was glad enough to get an hour's rest and a quiet meal at a village previous to pushing on with two fresh bullocks. That day and the next night was spent in smoking sheroots, sipping brandy-pawney and hearing Glibb's account of his sporting adventures. By his making out he must be a devil of a fellow with his gun: the only wonder is that the whole race of buffaloes and elephants has not been long since exterminated. On the evening of the third day we came up with our steeds and coolies; the former we found nearly starved and the latter drunk, so there was no going further that night,—a circumstance which induced me to forgive my

horse-keeper and coolies and to consider inebriety as a peculiar sort of virtue, since they compelled us to take a good night's repose.

A pretty job we had in the morning to collect our stores and our people, and then to persuade the latter to carry the former. Our rascal swore that my double-barrel'd gun was a load of itself, and another was so enraptured with the look and feel of my tin dressing-case that he declined allowing any other package to divide attentions. Glibb however, had a peculiar way of over-persuading these chaps: he lashed the baskets and boxes to their backs and then started them off two by two before us keeping them just within reach of his hunting whip. At noon we pulled up, tiffed off preserved lobsters, captain's biscuits and Scotch Ale; and then started afresh about, an hour after our string of coolies, intending to overtake them before halting for the night. On our way Glibb persuaded me to turn from our destination and take up our quarters with an old friend near at hand, and then join the people next morning. The chance of seeing a new estate and making a fresh acquaintance made me jog on merrily enough Glibb's couple of mile turned out to be as many leagues, and regular good old fashioned leagues too. What then was our disgust, particularly mine, to find the Bungalow empty, most horribly empty. There was a sleepy-looking Canghai in the kitchen and plenty of mamoties and pickaxes in the bed room, but deuce a thing in the shape of provisions. Master had gone to Kandy and left the cupboards cleaned out. To comfort us the old Malabar said there was plenty of good rice in the Lines! Rice! dry and flavorless as oat husks and nothing but water to wash it down. Glibb told him to boil some and we then sallied out in the hope of discovering some eatable thing to flavor our wretched fare with. At the extremity of a long pole I discovered what seemed to be a scare-crow; the ghost of a bird stuck on stilts: but it was actually a fowl alive and it hopped up into a nasty prickly tree where there was no following it, and there flapped its long wiry wings as if in very mockery of us. Our guns were with the coolies, so the odds were against us. Some yards further we started a fine, fat, merry looking little pig, but he was as averse to a close acquaintance with us as the wretch of a fowl, and started off-wagging his tail and squeaking as much as to say "dont you wish you may catch me?" We gave him chase till we were both as hot and as red as capsicums; but catching him appeared out of the question; so we had another peep at the

small fowl. There it sat nodding its head and chirping, evidently in a pleasant dream: I had never got up a tree since a boy, but Glibb by the help of my back got upon a bough reckless of the thorns and red ants, and made slow way towards the drowsy bird. Fancy my indignation at discovering Piggey peeping at us through the underwood with a real human grin upon his little snout. I made another dart after him and was rewarded with a fall and scratched face for my pains. Glibb was close to the rooster, but afraid to venture put so far called for me to hand him up a stick, I got into the body of the tree, after crawling over a score of pincushions, and to my great delight saw the bird fall by a blow from the stick. We were soon down, light hearted at the prospect of a meal of some sort, and made a rush to where the fowl had fallen. But Oh! horrors, some twenty yards off we saw, amidst the dust of twilight, the little fiend of a Pig scampering away with the prize in his mouth. The drollery of the thing overcame our hungry indignation and we both indulged in a hearty laugh. It was a dry meal that night but the recollection of the scamp of a pig, drove away half our disappointment; and I think on the whole that I never sat down to a more uninteresting and yet merry meal than on this occasion.

Our bed was a heap of gunny-bags which, added to our hunger, made, us early risers, and off we went right glad to get our caravacera and make a Christian meal. Glibb could persuade me no more to make deviations from the road away from our stores, and from the day we never lost sight of our Deputy Commissariat General. If all Commissariats were as well looked after as ours. I fancy it would not be amiss.

Many a native village was passed, and many an ugly stream was crossed or forded, and many a flash in the pan had we at flights of parrots or scampering herds of monkeys and squirrels. The villages generally consisted of four or five huts; one headman's; one an arrack shop, and two containing about eight men and women, and from thirty to forty children. Their only occupations I could ever discover consisted of eating cocoanuts, chewing plaster of Paris, drinking arrack, smoking and sleeping. The women occasionally twisted up a rush mat and pounded the family rice, but nothing else save to whallop the children when they could n't carry heavy chatties of water on their little heads, or allowed the dogs to steal the boiling hot rice out of the pot.

On the banks of a small, but rapid and stoney stream, half hid amongst trees and shrubs, stood a curiously shaped

dirty building, something like what I have seen at theatres, only not so new and fine: a sort of second-hand Temple or a Nabob's palace in reduced circumstances.

"There" said Glibb, pulling up his horse and pointing to the heap of black stone and mortar "there's a splendid edifice for you Brown! Aint that something like?"

"Something like what?" replied I.

"Why you unromantic fellow isn't it like a Oriental Temple? "It's very like a large tombstone out of repair" said I. "But what is it?"

"Why it's a Temple to Bramah."

"No," exclaimed I, "is it though!"

Fact! "said he as he passed through the stream.

Well thought I if they go a building places of worship to that old Brummagem locksmith and pencil-maker, Bramah, I wonder what they'd make of Rundell and Bridge the Queen's goldsmiths? But this is a strange country and travellers see strange things.

It was on the following day at noon that we stayed behind our people to enjoy a bathe in a beautiful shaded river. The sun was getting pretty warmish and the water looked so cool and enticing that in we both went leaving our clothes on a bush close by. We had n't been in long before Glibb jumped on shore vowing that he felt a crocodile nibbling him. I was n't long following you may be sure and getting a stick a piece we crept along some distance in search of the enemy. When we returned we found all our clothes had vanished save Glibb's shirt and stockings and my hat and pocket-handkerchief! There was a pretty mess. We could see no footmarks near, nor was a single human in sight so that the monkeys or the crocodiles must have been the thieves. You can have no idea what ridiculous figures we cut on our horses: Glibb in his shirt with his stockings would round his head, and I with my white broad brimmed hat and nought but my silk handkerchief round my waist! Our coolies laughed tremendous when we rode up in this primitive state, and we were fain to join in, for anger was out of the question. It was some time before we recovered from our grilling, being skin burnt from head to toe. Of course our clothes never turned up, though we scoured the woods for them.

We kept quiet for some days before venturing on the road again. The scene of our exploits was not far distant and our hearts beat high with hope and all that sort of thing. It was a fine, clear morning, a few days afterwards, that we entered a dense wood, some distance ahead of our coolies,

gun on shoulder. Glibb had been sighing for an adventure the previous night, and egad we fell in with one sure enough. He was riding by my side whistling as usual, when all of a sudden he pulled up quite sharp like, and motioned to me to do the same. Seeing him look to the priming of his gun, of course I did the same, though without knowing why, and in the act lost half of the powder.

"An Elephant, by Jingo! "exclaimed he," and a rogue too, or I'm a fool. Now mind your eye Sampson."

"To be sure," said I, "If I can, but I say Glibb what's our chance if we miss him?"

"Miss him be hang'd" was the reply "we had better not, or we shall be trampled into human jam, guns and all."

To Glibb's query as to my being ready, I faintly replied yes, and fixed my eyes on a tree suitable for a climb. We dismounted, tied up our beasts, advanced a yard or two and there sure enough he was in all the terrible majesty of nature, frowning a horrid defiance on us. I tugged at Glibb's arm and whispered inaudibly "let us go back," but deuce a bit, he told me to follow his fire and make sure of my game, for either the elephant or us must perish! He fired, so did I, pulling the trigger dreadfully hard. I heard a roar like ten thousand Jackasses and in the—*enthusiasm* of the moment I flung my weapon towards the foe and made for a tree, no doubt for the purpose of tearing it up by the roots, for Glibb found me hugging it most closely. "We've done his business!" were the joyful sounds that like music woke me from my mad purpose against the tree. Glancing towards the spot I saw with triumph and delight the dreaded object of our sport prostrate on the ground.

"Hallo!" said I, "why what the deuce! he's been knighted surely: he's got the collar and chain on!"

"By Jingo, Sir,!" exclaimed Glibb, "here's a pretty go!—" and at that moment up came a whole crowd of coolies, canganies, &c., who started first at us and then at the dead beast and then at each other, till they all began to grin like so many monkeys.

"Confound it all" muttered Glibb, "I see; we've killed a Government working Elephant. A tame'un instead of a rogue!"

That day's sport proved to be one of the dearest ever seen by Glibb or myself. The elephant was valued at £200 and the whole affair so completely disgusted us that we oiled our guns loaded our coolies and turned tail without a single Tail ex-

cept those belonging to our horses. Our return was unchequered by any hair-breadth escapes if I except a very narrow escape from being quite out of Captain's Biscuits: they did last out, however, by dint of good Commissariatship.

Oh! how doubly beautiful did Epping appear on my return. How delicious our food tasted off clean plates and a white table-cloth! How perfumy the very atmosphere seemed, fragrant with Trunk's giant sheroots. And above all how delightful to hear once more "the music of sweet woman's voice" as somebody somewhere says. But it's time to conclude this long yarn and so farewell Cousin: when I may again take pen in hand I know not; for I've lots of work before me, but be assured that whenever I do I shall subscribe myself, and when I do not write, shall still remain

Your Trustful Cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER XII.

Epping Bungalow, 14th, November 1843.

DEAR COUSIN,

Doesn't it appear centuries ago since I last wrote to you? It really seems to me as if my last were written at about the breaking out of the French Revolution or the discovery of the reformation. But I find it isn't more than twelve months ago, and yet such a heap of events, let alone the heaps of Coffee, have been squeezed into those months that they all seem to have been small ages running alone on their own account. It would require a good sized well bound book to hold all that has been a going on at Epping within the last twelve months: to tell all I have got through, all that Mrs. Brown has said, a half of what Trunk has done, and a quarter of what the children have been up to. Why the Boys have cut enough teeth to set up two or three Dentists shops, to say nothing of the fingers they've cut.

It's quite as well that Coffee does keep in pretty good demand or the crops I'm sending home would have a dreadful effect on the markets. Your Mincing Lane reports have been of immense interest of late, particularly in the neighbourhood of Kandy, and Glibb tells me that service is seldom if ever performed on the Sunday after the arrival of the Overland Mail for that a congregation is not to be had!

In return for your "Brokers Reports" I'll just send you something equally interesting in the shape of an "*Epping Price Current.*"

Epping Bungalow, 31st October, 1843.

"Since the cold foggy mornings set in there has been a great and encreasing demand for Cumblies and Patna Blankets. A considerable number of missing tools have been enquired after, and some brown worsted gloves belonging to Trunk have changed hands at an encreased rate. Leeches have decidedly been *looking up* particularly in the weedy paths, and gaiters of the ordinary colory kind have been asked for. Mamoties and Coontanies have hung heavily on hand during the month, and although Trunk has been using terrible language all day, and the miners blasting from morning till night, rocks have been moved with great difficulty: several lazy coolies have excited some attention, and Superintendents generally feel more confidence in No. 4 cheroots. consequently the ordinary Kandian kind is getting neglected. Pale Brandy of 1795 is now prefered to the more colory qualities, and Geneva is not looked at. T. B.

P. S.—Mrs. B.'s darning needles have been moving with briskness, and the "Spanish Needle" which in the early part of the month was unusually low has within the past week risen rapidly, and will no doubt be more looked after."

Since my expedition after the Elephants, I have kept pretty quiet at Epping, popping into Kandy every now and then to look after rupees and supplies: the only thing that varies the sameness of all this, except "Pigtail" going in without rolling in all the streams, is a visit from some of those Planters. It is truly surprising with what different eyes they view my bit of Coffee. Some say I have planted too close; some that the bushes are not near enough together, and that I ought to quincunx them; others again pronounce them topped too low, while just as many declare that they would have been as strong again had I topped them six inches lower! One Planter says that my soil is just the thing, and free from stones, and next day I am told that if it were not for the rocks on my ground, the bushes would not look half so well. However, I and Mrs. B. are quite satisfied with what has been done, and that is the main point after all. Our *works* are going a-head famously and quite as forward as any ever were yet in this island, that is to say our water-wheel will be just about finished as the last bag of Coffee goes off the estate. Never mind, there it is, and if I can only secure sufficient water next season, of which there are doubts, I shall go on swimmingly. My store has been well covered with tin plates, and would be perfectly water-proof were it not for the nail-holes, which being somewhat larger than the nails themselves, admit the rain in about twenty thousand places. But this will be easily remedied for I shall cover the whole over with felt, and give that a coating of pitch, and then it will be very strange if any damp gets through all that. On the whole I fancy I have done very well considering all the difficulties and dangers I've had to encounter and doubt not, if my bushes continue to look as well as they do now, that I am on the high road to,—not fortune, but an honest independence: aye, that's the word. There's no such things now-a-days as *Fortunes* of any kind except mis-fortunes and you have not far to go for them if you look out sharp. *Fortunes* went out of fashion along with the Fiery Dragons, the Three-headed Giants and those suspicious young ladies, the Fairies. I suppose it was Steam-engines and Railroads as frightened them away: where they are all gone to goodness knows, but Mrs. Brown thinks they must be getting a living

by acting in Richardson's show. Talking about acting reminds me of a treat we had in that line a short time ago. You'd hardly imagine we could get up theatricals on an estate, I dare say! We did, though: and it was as good as any play I ever saw, except some of Shakespere's.

It happened to be at the time of a malabar festival when Mrs. Brown and I and Glibb and a lot more were asked to dine with a Planter friend not very far off from Epping: anything is a change to a Backwoodsman, and though my wife was in a quandary about leaving the children alone for so many hours for fear the people should curry them for supper, we were glad to accept the invite, and away we went.

There was nothing very peculiar about the dinner, it being just such a dinner as Planters always give: the mutton was of course underdone, and the ham boiled quite hard; the greens were as usual cold and the chicken cutlets were fried in cocoanut oil. Still all went along swimmingly and by the time the meal was half over, fresh supplies of guests began to arrive, more coffee baskets and bushel-measures were produced for seats and more beer and champagne flew about. Long before curry came on table we were "pretty considerably jambed:" our arms had not room for action, (it was well there was no more carving) and though big drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead, I could not get my pocket handkerchief near it.

Going into the verandah to coffee, was like getting into the tenth heaven. It was a beautiful, moonlight night: clear as champagne, and so cool you seemed to be a-breathing iced soda-water. It was here we were told that the estate coolies had prepared theatrical entertainment for us, and away we all marched to the large coffee-store by the little river in the valley. This said store was a long, heavy looking, brick-pillar'd building, a sort of aristocratical barn or gentlemanly cow-shed, cool and spacious, with seats of all sorts along one end and at the other the sable performers were in active rehearsal. Pumpkin lanthorns, and water-melon chandeliers were shedding a refulgent radiance above and around our admiring heads. Some discontented spirits whispered that the cocoanut oil smelt stroagly and that the bushel-measures on which they sat were uncomfortable, particularly those with the handles upwards, but they passed unheeded as they deserved by those who were away from the light and were seated on bags of rice and coffee in parchment. The spaces between the brick pillars which were festooned with flowers, cocoanut leaves, fruit, and cumblies were thronged with the malabar

part of the audience, men, women, and children, some squatting, some laying at full length, others standing, but all jabbering away at a fifty-female-power and evidently delighted with the whole affair. At last, amidst a general beating of tom-toms and screeching of native whistles, up went the curtain. This said curtain was composed of an equal mixture of greasy grey-clothes and coarse cumblies, with a neat border of Malabar handkerchiefs and Turkey-reds with an old mamotie at each corner to keep it in its place.

The curiosity and attention of all, particularly of the black audience, were now extreme, and nothing was heard but the chewing of beetle and the sputtering of oil in some refractory pumpkin.

But how shall I describe a play when there was no plot, no regular dialogue and no understanding a good deal of what was said? As far as I could see and understand, the performance was intended as a satire on Coffee Planters, rather a bold stroke for Malabar coolies! Certainly what was made out was well put together and there was no mistaking many of the sarcastic and faithful pictures these half-naked fellows drew of "Life on a Coffee estate." A great deal of the dialogue was of course in the Malabar language, but it was pretty thickly interspersed with anglicisms which they must have picked up from their masters. There was one thumping big fellow, huge enough for a coal-heaver and as black, who personated the white man and did "master." And capitally well he did it too. He was clad in a complete jungle suit, with broad brimmed hat and leech gaiters all complete. The only part that was not quite the thing were his boots: these were too small and were forced on to the feet with the heels sticking out behind so that the poor devil actually walked on tip-toe. Still he contrived to do the great man and as he sat at full length in an easy chair, with his hat cocked on one side, a cigar in his mouth, a cane in his hand, tapping the floor with his boot-heels and bawling out for "more brandy and water," he really was not a bad muster of, at any rate *some* of, those Planters. The rascal called up his canghany and coolies with all the dignity of a Police Magistrate, ran over their names and at the least sign of noise swore at them in real English style and ordered the canghany to stop a day's pay finishing up with more brandy and water and more cheroots. All the time this was going on, the cooly audience were in extacies, and I could see many a laughing, shining eye turned first towards us and then to the mock-planter evidently to see how we took the joke. It was taken well enough

for we all laughed heartily, save one or two raw hands with cigars in their mouths, who thought the coolies were coming it rather too strong, and ought not to be allowed such liberties.

At last after some funny sort of dancing on their heads, walking about on all parts of their body except their feet, and doing all sorts of impossibilities, the curtain fell; we of course took our way home by moonlight, right glad to get out of the heat, but we heard afterwards that dancing and music and cigars and brandy and water, were kept up till the checklist was called over the following morning.

Now after this, cousin, I fancy you'll admit the natives can get up a Vordeyville or a fate-shampeter just every bit as well as their white masters?

I think it was a few days after the theatrical affair that I had a lesson in hair-cutting. There are no barbers' or hair-cutters' shops in Kandy, but generally every village and every gang of coolies has its perrequier attached to it. Well, my hair was getting long, and no wonder, seeing that it was long since it was cut; there was no village near to send to, but I found out from the never failing Trank that there was such a person as a cutter of hair in the Malabar lines. The fellow came, a long boney, moustachod, fiery-eyed son of darkness, with a pair of scissors in his hand huge enough for sheep-shearing. The clipping began, after having my arms pinioned by something like thirty yards of sheeting wound round me. With every "click" of the steel down came a pretty good bundle of hair, and in about five minutes I was literally smothered in it. I began to think that my crop had been much more extensive than I had any idea of, and contented myself with cautioning the giant not to snip too close, but I might as well have desired him to have sung an Italian ballad; he went on chewing beetle and snipping at a fearful rate. At length after a little polishing and finishing and when my head began to feel delightfully cool, the fellow whisked off the thirty yards of sheeting, grinned, made salam to the ground and vanished. I went in to the next room, to the long mirror and what did I see! Horrible vision. My auburn tresses were gone. The wretched Mahometan had clipped me as close as a convict! No wonder I felt deucedly cool about the head, for it was almost as bare and as smooth as the top of Aldgate Pump in frosty weather. All that the villain had left was one long, unnatural tuft, at the very tip of the crown, just like a bit of dirty brown worsted, such as is worn by the Pantaloon at Astley's, and as the wind blew, this kept bobbing about and tickling my head in a most unpleasant manner. When Mrs.

Brown saw me she made sure that I had had some dreadful disease in the head since breakfast, or that I had renounced christianity and was going to start a Sir-Agglio on Epping. However I soon convinced her of my perfect innocence on this head, and to settle the Turkishness of the thing cut off the bit of worsted and clapped on a velvet smoking cap. I never could find out if the fellow cut my hair in joke or in earnest ignorance, but I took pretty good care not to have a Malabar hair-cutter again, and never to have the operation performed out of sight of a looking-glass. I was in a dreadful stew lest this pruning of my head should act like the topping of Coffee bushes and throw out a strong blossom of hair about my face. For some days I looked in the glass every morning on waking expecting to find that I had got a double sett of eye-brows or a huge imperial on the tip of my nose! Thanks, however, to my vigorous constitution, none of these disasters occurred and my hair continued to grow in its proper and natural locality.

There was much talk during all January and the early part of February of the approaching general meeting of the Ceylon Agricultural Society in Kandy. It is not often that I attend to these sort of things, particularly after the rather shabby treatment I once received at their hands; but waiving all feelings on this score. I got Trunk to attend and take notes of the affair. I desired him particularly not to pay attention to the *preliminary proceedings*, which means all the quarrelling, but to stick to the scientific and practical part of them, and his doing so will account for the brevity and concision of the report.

The meeting was, of course, most numerous and respectably attended; who ever heard of a meeting that was not? White leech—gaiters were more prevalent than their colored brethren, fancy dustman's hats, with small children's quilts appended behind them were pretty numerous, and several first chop planters from Ambegammaoa brought their first crop, peeled and winnowed, in their waistcoat pockets.

The V. P. and the S. and T. having shaken hands with the meeting, took their seats and proceeded to business. When the *preliminary proceedings* had terminated, the Philosophical discussions commenced by the V. P. reading a paper contributed by a gentleman high in office on "The best and most effectual mode of purchasing land." The method alluded to was first to ascertain what new line of road was likely to be opened through any given portion of the country, and having made pretty sure of that, to apply for and purchase all the

good forest on both sides of the line that was to be. Land bought in this way for five shillings the acre would shortly after be worth as many pounds without expending a single farthing upon it. The writer could safely recommend this procedure, having tried it pretty successfully himself.

A paper was next read on the advantages to be derived from thorough draining, which drew from the V. P. the trite remark that there had been a long and most effectual drain on the funds of the Society without the production of any visible good.

A member of the name of Squeery next read a very clear composition treating upon an improved system of working a Coffee or Sugar Estate with the least possible amount of funds. His plan was to keep a well paid Agent in the low-country, offer high wages to laborers, and of course secure great numbers at all times. By the end of the month great fault is to be found with the coolies, which ends in their being discharged, minus their pay, and a fresh lot is sent up by the Colombo Agent. As a matter of course the blackguards go to the District Judge and he issues summonses which must be attended to; in the mean time fresh labor is secured which in due course is disposed of as the last; so that cases multiply exceedingly. But mark the result! By a wise law of nature it takes an ordinary District Judge at least three years to decide a case of this kind; should he however be so foolish as to settle the thing in two, you can appeal, which will give you two more. Now by the time the first of these cases are decided you are getting in a crop, and the proceeds of it enables you to meet the many claims against the whole for labor in past years. So that the sum actually required to be spent in the first instance need be but trifling if these practical hints were acted upon.

The reader sat down amidst great excitement, and it was decided that the essay be printed for general distribution except amongst the native population.

Mr. Barberkew next proceeded to offer some temporary remarks upon the modern science of vegetable chemistry. This splendid science he took to mean the well physicing of the soil, not exactly with Epsom Salts and Castor oil, but with materials far more subtle. He had read much of Alluvial deposits, but was not sure if they had any connection with the deposits of the Ceylon and Western Banks. Modern research had discovered that iron entered intimately into the composition of nearly all vegetation. Now it was quite clear that with the immense traffic on the Kandy and Colombo

roads, there must be a great quantity of iron worn away from bandy-wheels, and he really thought that it would be well worth while to collect the mud from the Colombo road and try its effects on coffee land.

Mr. Pulpinghous begged to observe that he differed entirely from his friend, who had evidently stumbled on some mare's eggs. He had broken scores of branches of coffee trees, and had never once seen a vestige of iron in them. He should much like his friend to inform him, as he no doubt could and would, how many old, worn out, coffee stumps it would take by the new science, to make a good, square-headed ten penny nail.

Mr. Barberkew was not then prepared to make the calculation and so proceeded in his lecture.

Oxides were of immense value to most soils, and it might be worth while to appoint a committee to wait upon the Kandy butchers, and ascertain the value they attached to their Ox-hides. Silicates imparted great fertility to nearly all lands, and in fact were better than any manure. Now if Silly-kates were thus valuable he did not see why Silly Billys should not be equally so. In this case what an immense mine of wealth was opened to Ceylon! Thousands of individuals, who if they lived to the age of old what's-his-name would never benefit the island in the least, might be turned to some account after their decease, if properly mixed with the soil. The Trap rocks when decomposed were believed to have a very sensible effect on vegetation, but he left any lengthy discussion on this point to others better versed in the matter. He would merely remark that it would be perhaps as well if a few experiments were tried by such members, who had any old rat-traps by them.

Mr. Peeberry wished much to know if this theory had any connection with the religious order of *Trappists*, Mr. Barberkew thought it had, as those gentlemen were well known as wholesale *planters*, and certainly remarkably well up to trap.

A member whose name did not *perspire** introduced to the notice of the meeting a machine of his own invention, something on the plan of a *Camera Obscura*, but which from its effects he styled the *Camera Lucida*. If this glass were placed on an elevated spot, it would enable the possessor to *take in* the whole of any estate in its true dimensions, and thus prevent the proprietor from being *taken in*. It had been used by many gentlemen owning coffee estates, and they one and all

* Trunk must have mis-spelt the word.—S. B.

had declared that though they each imagined they had some 300 acres planted, yet when looking at their properties through his *Lucida* they found the quantity of acres immediately dwindle down to about 150. This might be a rather disagreeable truth to arrive at, and some landed proprietors might possibly decline the use of the instrument, but for many reasons it could not but prove an acquisition for those who wished for the truth, and nothing but the truth.

The above invention created an immense stir and much uneasiness amongst the gentlemen present, and it was passed about for examination. The general belief, however, seemed to be that it could not be brought to act with fidelity in any rocky or uneven ground however well it might do for *Flats*.

These are all the particulars worth *noting*, the rest being worth *nothing*, in the opinion of my trusty Trunk, and the General Meeting broke up after the usual concluding preliminaries.

It is certainly very gratifying to behold an infant Society like this, getting along at such rail-road paces: shaking off its leading strings, disdaining the hand of its nurse, rejecting the pap-spoon with scorn, and calling out for strong meats and fermented beverage! So it is, and though Glibb sarcastically observed that it most certainly would *go alone* very soon, my faith in it is unshaken, and I look forward to the happy time when by its Agricultural and Horticultural instrumentality scarlet runners will be as plentiful in Kandy as the new Police Peons, cauliflowers as common as any other flowers, with cabbages enough to satisfy all the known tailors in the world, and small salads flourishing at every bungalow door, in every old worn-out boot and in every broken blacking bottle.

Of course you've read in your London newspapers about the distressed and hard up young female shirt-makers: how thousands of 'em are starving every day and are buried along with the shirts, and how it has been calculated by a machine made expressly for the purpose, that for every six dozen shirts stitched a young woman is killed. Well all this is shocking enough, to be sure! I've read it all to Glibb and he swears that the Ceylon Planters ought to get up a humane benevolent "Joint Stock Shirt-maker importation Company" if its only for the sake of their clothes being put into order. He says he'd take a couple of 'em himself and some of those planters would put their names down for twice as many.

The subject was such a touching one that I took up my pen and knocked off the following stanzas which I give to you in all their native purity:

THE SONG OF THE CLOTHES.

Work, work, work,
 With the mamotie, cattie and axe;
 Work, work, work,
 Till the clothes are all worn off our backs.
 Oh! where are those shirt-making Mollys,
 Whom the newspapers tell of, of late,
 You Marys and Sarahs and Dollys
 That are in such a terrible state.

Work, work, work,
 With mamotie, cattie and axe;
 Work, work, work,
 We hav'nt a rag to our backs.

If the newspaper tales are not chaff,
 You are stitching your fingers away,
 In making a shirt and a half
 For thruppence three fardens a day.
 Only see what a state we are in,
 We aint got no clothes to put on,
 Don't you think it's a shame and a sin?
 Then come out by scores to Ceylon!

Work, work, work,
 With mamotie, cattie and axe;
 Work, work, work,
 We aint got no clothes on our backs.

Each shirt has been stretched so capacious,
 In trying to thump out the dirt,
 That I'm sure you would say "Oh! good gracious!
 "It looks more like a sack than a shirt."
 My jackets have all lost their collars,
 My trousers are gone at the knees;
 And it costs me a couple of dollars,
 For repairs every time that I sneeze.

Work, work, work,
 With mamotie, cattie and axe;
 Work, work, work,
 We have n't a stitch to our backs.

Oh! fly on the light wings of Cupid,
 There are ships always coming this way,
 Don't hang down your heads and look stupid
 We cant wait a week, nor a day.
 And mind when you're coming you lay in,
 A stock of threads, needles and pins,
 And we'll see if there's truth in the saying,
 That with marriage our trouble begins.

Work, work, work,
 With mamotie, cattie and axe;
 Work, work, work,
 We'll soon get good clothes on our backs.

Having got thus far, Cousin, I think I must bring my letter to a close, for I've really nothing more to communicate worth your reading. Being now pretty well settled down as a Planter, with all my land planted, all my roads made, and all my works nearly completed, my life is getting rather monotonous and uninteresting at any rate to others. If I want adventures or fever, I must go and seek them in the Veddah country, for they are not to be met with on Epping.

I had a good mind to take a run up to Nuwera Ellia some time since, but was dissuaded by Mrs. B. Glibb however rode up one moonlight night, stayed a day there and returned on the following night, disgusted with it's gloomy coldness and the toughness of the beef. He got such a thorough chill throughout his system that he declares he has not felt warm since, though he has sat out in the sun at midday for the last two weeks in the vain hope of getting thawed. He confesses that the ride up was a great treat from its wild, romantic beauty, and gave me a most glowing description of some splendid water-falls dashing over the rocks in the moonlight like so many little scampering, glittering fairies, and then hiding themselves under huge stones, and again popping up their sparkling heads to have another look at the stars, which seemed like so many reflections of themselves in the blue sky above.

No doubt a lover of fine scenery would gladly forgive the climate of Nuwera Ellia for its sloppy chilliness, and the bullocks for their sinewy texture: he would consider the steepness of the passes compensated for by the prospects to be had from them. The invalid, too, would doubtless forget both roads and food in the enjoyment of a renovating, bracing tempe-

ature, and certainly it is not a little important to an "isle of the eastern wave" to possess such a health-giving sanitarium.

May the time be far distant when any of the Epping folk are compelled to visit it say I, and having said so much I'll just knock off for to-day, and most likely for a good many days. Mrs. Brown joins me in all sorts of remembrances, and among them do not fail to remember that I am and always mean to be,

Your Trusty Cousin,

SAMPSON BROWN.

LETTER XIII.

Epping Bungalow, March 20th, 1844.

MY DEAR COUSIN SMITH,

Important events have come to pass since I last had the pleasure of scribbling to you. After what I had previously said you will no doubt be somewhat surprized to hear that the Browns has actually been up to the chilly regions and breathed the icy atmosphere of Nuwera Ellia: well, its a fact. Dont fancy however that any thing like sickness drove us up, if you do you'll be dreadfully mistaken. It was a fancy of my wife's and I must confess that I had a little curiosity to see how the place felt, for every one has been talking about it and one appears so heathenish not to be able to have one's own say about the matter. The affair however did not come off without a deal of planning contriving and arranging, and afterwards lots of packing stowing away and all sorts of botheration. Oh! the delight of having to move a whole family in this blessed place! No one can have any sort of idea of the thing until he has fairly tried his hand at it, as I have. My elephant excursion with Glibb was bad enough, but Lor! that was a mere stroll down the minories compared to our journey to the hills.

It took us a good month to collect necessaries for the journey and the stay there and nearly another month to start them off and get them there so that it was well into January before we could think of making a start. During the preparations I rode several times over to Glibb and one or two other friends further off, who had been up to Nuwera Ellia, in order to glean from them some information about the road, the rest houses and the place itself. But some how or other they did, n't at all agree in their account and I frequently came back with other less distinct notions of how we were ever to get there than when I went. In fact I could, n't sometimes tell when they were joking and when serious though I flatter myself I am tolerably well up to a move or two. Glibb in discribing the exhilarating effects of the rarified atmosphere of the hilly regions declared positively that he had known horses aye and even ponies of about the size of "Pigtail" so excited and intoxicated by the change as to have fairly leapt over the precipices along the brinks of which the road lies! Dreadful fate for the rider! And what was the effect of all this on the human frame? Glibb declared it was the same, but that, of course men had too

much reason left to make such hassles of themselves as the horses did. Well thinks I if this does n't whallop the laughing gass all to smoke I dont know what's what. The only alternative appeared to be to have a couple of coolies at the head of every animal. One planter vowed that land slips were quite common along that line of country and whole families were now and then buried alive! Another friend said the road was only just wide enough for one bandy and when two met which sometimes happened, that one of them had to be lifted over the other. This, however, might be prevented I found and made a note of it in my pocket book, by learning the day on which it was customary for travellers to go upwards and vice versa, these rules being absolutely necessary, and very good proper rules they are too. I was cautioned about taking up plenty of food for the horses, for that nothing could be got there and animals sometimes became so ravenously hungry that they have been known to break loose in the night time and devour all their horse-keepers! there was even a case on record where a gentleman was fairly eaten up in his bed by two small Pegu Ponies and nothing but his flannel waistcoat left to tell the tale!! I immediately determined to send off an extra bandy-load of Gram and Paddy to avert such a fearful fate. I made my wife acquainted with a part only of all this information giving a milder colouring to the narrative, but even that was quite enough to put her into a stew and I believe that if all the grub and the clothes hadn't gone off, our excursion would not have gone on and I shouldn't have had to write this letter.

You'd have laughed cousin, I'm sure, to have seen all the extra precautions we took to insure our getting to Nuwera Ellia with whole skins, but there was actually no help for it. Who the plague was a going to be destroyed alive if he could prevent it.

There was bullocks to be got that would n't back or turn round even if you wanted them. Ponies that would n't shie on any account whatever, and good strong coolies to lay a tight hold of their heads like a blacksmith's vice: when these were all procured there came the final putting together of blankets, hats, cold hams, whips, wine, biscuits, beer, flannel things for the children, Mrs. B's canvass boots and lots of syrup of squills and hippeque-hanna for coughs.

The day for our departure came at last as all days do come. Every thing was left pretty snug on Epping. The coolies were to have a day's holiday to see us off and another holiday

when we came back. I mounted Pigtail as valiantly as a Captain of Life Guards, Mrs. B. and the boys got into a Poney cart, and the Ayah and the blankets and the boots and the syrup of squills was all bundled into a Bullock Hackery. Off we went at a good rattling pace, for my road has been wonderfully improved of late and you might play at Bowls a'most on it, and except a little bother with the Hackery bullocks which would run up all the banks, and the Poney in the cart pricking up his ears in rather a suspicious sort of a way, and Pigtail shying at a Butterfly (drat him) all went on well enough and we found ourselves by the evening at the first Rest house on the much dreaded road to Nuwera Ellia, and a nice, snug, clean, English roadside-Inn sort of a place it was too. No oriental stuff and nonsense about it, but so tidy and clean in every part from the tea trays on the sideboards to the boards of the floor that one was bothered to know where to spit. The Landlord too, Mr. Older, was just like his furniture, strong built and well cleaned: you could almost have sworn that his face had been polished with the very same piece of bees wax as the dining table. You could see he knew what a glass of good beer was: he was in fact a walking epitome of *Brown stout*. The first thing we did was to order dinner and while Mrs. B. stowed away the children for the night, I went and looked after the Ponies. Dinner time came and there was the big table a groaning away with the weight of boiled beef, roast ducks, devil'd chickens and a dozen of other luxuries with good old fashioned decanters at the corners and a little regiment of Ale and Porter under the sideboard and enough glass and chiney on it to have set up a small shop. Mine host was in regular trim, with a clean white napkin under his arm, reminding you for all the world of Bucklersbury or of Edwards's boiled beef shop, and as he rubbed his hands and smiled, he seemed to say "There's your dinner, Sir, and here am I."

There was a whole heap of young chaps outside in the verandah, some of them taking a peep in now and then to get just a sniff of the hot joints, while some of them looked the other way in sheer desperation.

There was only us two to partake of the good things dished up, which really seemed out of all reason, and when Mr. Older said, "I hopes you likes your dinner, Sir?" in a tone that evidently meant you dont know what's what if you dont, I couldn't help expressing my regret that he had served up such a heap of stuff for us.

"Lor blesh yer Sir" "was the reply "why them there joints will be dished, every man jack of 'em by to-morrow, Sir, and the bones polished off as clean and as white as knife-handles! There's lots of young fellers a coming this way to walk off with the grub. There aint never no waste here Sir, I can tell you. Look at all them outside, Sir! why they're only waiting for the word of command to sett-to on the whittles."

"Well, but," says I, "why not let them come in at once and join our party? It will save time."

"Praps it might, Sir "replied the host," but it would n't save my meat. Blesh yer Sir! you should just see some of them Planters eat after a ride! It would astonish you a bit. Why if I was to let them loose just now on these here hot joints they'd finish 'em all off slap. Hot meat Sir, goes down like new bread and butter and I am always obliged to let in the young chaps when the meats got chilled a bit and the fat's greasy and thick, and hangs about the teeth. Meat quite cold I find's about as bad as hot meat, but if you take it just at the right nick of time, Sir, it's astonishing how soon you may skewer up half a score of Planters!"

There was no doubt some moral Philosophy in all this, so assenting to what had been said I took a glass of beer with mine host and we soon after made room for the consumers of chilled joints, and retired to our beds.

In the morning there was just the same packing and saddling and blowing up as there had been the day before at Epping with the additional nuisance of being in a strange place and not knowing where to find all your people. At last, however, we made a fair start, got the animals and the carriages across the river in good style and away we went. Coming visibly to some rather queerish bits of narrow, steep roads, my wife insisted on my having the two coolies to hold "Pig-tails" head and two more to their cart and in this plight we passed over some of the most terrific ground known since Napoleon passed the Alps. We halted in the middle of the day and at 2 p. m. pushed on again quietly, and quietly was a very necessary part of the arrangement I assure you, for any thing like nonsense or gammon on the part of our cattle would have been the death warrant of the whole of the Brown dye-nasty and a very nasty die we should have made of it! There was lots of bridges without sides to 'em and plenty of sharp turns in the narrow roads with edges that crumbled

away like rotten—stone when you went too near, and deuce a stump or a stone was there to keep you from rolling down into some coffee estate if you made a false step. Thanks to our good fortune nothing occurred worthy of notice and we got safe and sound to the last Rest-house at the foot of the great Pass. There lay the Pass right before us with the road up it for all the world like a gigantic corkscrew and behind us was the road we had come stretching for many a weary mile, twisting and turning round the hills like a monstrous snake glistening in the setting sun. It was a lovely sight to be sure at the door of that lonely rest-house, with the big dark mountains frowning over you, and the roar of the many waterfalls around dashing away into the distance, fainter and softer till they all met merrily together in the green valley below, through which they ran smoothly and softly over pebbles and over grass. The smoke of the scattered villages curled slowly upwards, and was the only sign of human life: not a voice was heard save of the solitary wood-bird, and at last that gave place to the lower hum of tiny insects. At a later hour down in a deep, dark valley where not long since had stood a piece of forest, stott-limbed and many leaved, there were a thousand smouldering fires smoking and sparkling away as the midnight air fanned the red masses into fresh life, as though they were the ghosts of the forest kings vowing to have one more struggle ere they passed away. And then the cool breeze freshened, and the fires grew hotter and redder, looking like the two thousand glaring eyes of a thousand fierce old giants disturbed from their mountain haunts by the busy hand of restless, pigmy man. The deep hush is at last broken by a sound, a cry—t'is my wife! I rush into the rest-house and find that one of the children had fallen out of bed between it and the wall. The syrup of squills was in instant demand but not to be found amidst the heaps of things about us, so I had recourse to the old remedy of brandy and salt.

After dreaming all sorts of dreams about all sorts of dangerous passes I awoke in the morning, turned out all hands, bundled in the traps, swallowed a basin of hot blacking paid for under the name of coffee, and away we went again with many an anxious foreboding of our journey up "the pass." I was most agreeably surprised to find that "Pigtail" showed no signs of rushing in the excitement of the moment over the precipices as Glibb had prophesied, but I supposed that we were not then at a sufficient height. Land-slips we had seen nothing of and I fervently hoped we should not as they

would considerably spoil the pleasure of the day. When we had gone about half way up as I fancied, I got off my poney and walked, determining no longer to risk a dash into futurity, particularly as I noticed Pigtail getting fidgetty. But we couldn't at that time have been more than a third of the way up: on and on we went, there seemed to be no end of the turnings, and so dull and dreary every thing began to grow that I fancied we must have passed Nuwera Ellia, and got into undiscovered lands. Such melancholy looking trees, and the rocks too! as Mrs. Brown justly remarked, they all wanted a good scrubbing-bush about them; and so they did. It appeared to me that they had been a sending up all their old worn out scraggy trees from the low country for the benefit of their constitutions. There they was, and there they stood, like a old lot of Greenwich Pensioners out at the elbows. Some of 'em had evidently had attacks of liver from the abcesses in their sides: others were troubled with spinal complaints, gone in the back, but most of 'em were consumptive and had run up tall, thin asthmatical old fellows, you could fancy as the wind whistled amongst 'em that you heard them cough and wheeze. Precious cold they looked! many of them to keep themselves warm a-bit, had been a putting on aprons, not of leaves for they hadn't any to spare, but of thin dirty moss for all the world like horse-hair: every now and then a gleam of the sun would peep down upon some of them, forcing a way through the tops of the mountains over head, and then you could see their few brown-paper leaves a dancing and shining, almost laughing indeed, just as though they thought a bit of warm sunshine the most capital fun in the world. I've read in the story books of Magicians turning leaves into money, and up here the leaves looked as though they had been hocuss pocussed into penny-pieces, so coppery and cankerly did they all appear.

We had passed a hut or two called a village, which I learnt was actually half way up the pass, and the day began to wane, and the scene began to change. Rocks and water-falls gave way to stony hillocks and icy-cold rivulets, and the poor, old, broken down trees began to pick up a bit, evidently all the better for the change of climate: they seemed to be getting straighter, and around their roots lots of little, tiny, old-looking trees were peeping up, small fellows that would no doubt have grown up like the rest if it hadn't been so cruel cold.

The turns and twists in the pass however continued as many as ever, and it was coming round one of these that my eye caught sight of a mysterious creature a long way a-head of us. I at once called a halt and pointed out the dreaded object to my wife. It was a black, shaggy animal like a Bear, evidently on its hind legs and moving slowly towards us, rolling something before it. Mrs. B. wanted to turn back or else to tie the children on the tops of trees till the monster had passed by, but I seized my gun and sent some of the coolies on a-head, thinking that while the Bear was devouring them I could the better destroy him. I suppose they didn't see the animal, for they went on quite unconcerned: while I cocked my gun Mrs. B. got behind the ponies and I advanced as bold as any thing, determined to kill the monster or die in the attempt. It was now getting quite near: my coolies on before hid it from my sight, but I could plainly hear it grinding its teeth with rage. The coolies met it, I lifted my gun to my shoulder, and almost shut my eyes for I expected to see one of them at least torn limb from limb. They have passed it unhurt! Goodness Gracious! Why Mrs. Brown, it's only a black man with a wheel-barrow! To our great relief it proved to be a Caffre negro employed in mending the road: he had on a huge shaggy great coat and a low greasy cap, and really on the whole didn't look unlike a Bear. The sound I had taken for the grinding of his teeth was the creaking of the wheel-barrow which wanted greasing. To pretend to have been aiming at a bird, to call back the people, and to proceed on our way was the work of a few minutes and once more we pushed merrily on.

We soon after came to more of these Caffres and then to their huts, wretched looking hovels with a low broken fence round them, an old woman in the garden trying to find something growing in it, a dog that looked like a squirrel at the door and a couple of half starved fowls pecking at pebbles in the road. The whole scene reminded me of the Exiles of Siberia.

These passed and we began to descend which was a great relief to us all, and in a few more minutes we caught sight of the plains of Newera Ellia which to me looked very like Blackheath in the month of March, with a lot of old broomsticks about it, wrong ends upwards. However the white cottages and smoking chimbleys looked pleasant enough: but the road we were going! Oh! what a tumble and jolting our carriages got. I really thought the children and the bandies would all have gone to pieces together. Huge lumps of rock were sticking up in all directions.

right in the middle of our road, just for all the world like the ends of so many gravestones. I began to fancy at last that we were going over the ruins of some old antient city that had been swallowed up by a earthquake, all but the tops of the stone doorways and the marble staircases which had stuck by the way. I've often heard of the Tombs of all the Capulets and these surely must be the tombstones. By the time we reached our Cottage every piece of iron work about our bandies were loosened with the jolting, as well as the ponies shoes.

I hardly know how to describe our Cottage to you. It had only two rooms which seemed to have been built on the plan of the new cells at Newgate used for solitary confinement, where the prisoner can sit on his stone sofa and without moving, reach his pitcher of water from the farthest corner of the room. There was a tiny doll's window at one end of our sitting cell, and a nice little baby's fireplace at the other end and you could open the little window with one hand and poke the little fire with the other, as easy as possible which was all very convenient as far as it went, but mighty unpleasant when the Children, and the Ayah, and ourselves, and the Beer, and the Hams, and the Boots, and the Syrup of Squills, came to be stowed away in it. The sleeping cell was a trifle larger, but as there was no store-room in the place we had to fill it with all sorts of things, whilst the passage from the kitchen was choked up with harness, paddy, gram, kegs of oil, tin boxes with sharp edges, &c., &c., so that on the whole our place was truly one of confinement, and many a broken shin did we get from the oil kegs and the tin boxes. Any one to have paid us a visit just then would have imagined that the greater part of our house had been burnt down and that we had crammed all the furniture, &c., into the only two rooms left by the fire.

However things settled down in time, and room was soon made by sticking up lids of boxes for shelves, and hanging some half a mile of coir line to thredde the boots and the hams, and the hats upon, and in a few days our room began to look like a small, very small broker's shop doing a large stroke of business.

We soon got into a regular system of living, and began to know the days of the week by the meat; Sunday and Wednesday was typified by beef of all sorts of hardness; the other days pork ruled the roast, whilst at all times bread harder than either the beef or the pork, was to be had by walking half a mile for it.

But a good journey on foot before meal-time set all these things to rights, and made the meat seem fresh from Leadenhall and the bread just out of Leman's oven. What's the use of going up to these places to sit moping over a fire, or to crawl out wrapped in furs and flannels, rubbing one's hands and muttering how devilish cold it is!—You might just as well stay down below. Here are we as hearty and well as the day we left home, with a regular new lease that will last us till next time.

It's little I have to tell you, Cousin, of our life at Newera Ellia: it was too monotonous to write about. Walking, eating and sleeping were the principal 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 Newera 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 Newera 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 the 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 salaam;
 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 grieve me:
 In far less than four year
 In 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
 At elephants, elk, deer or boar,
 It matters not what to a Brick,
 With my friends I sup,
 And all night keep it up,
 Firing shots now and then through the ceiling;
 'Till the cocks early crow,
 When homeward we go,
 Impress'd with a deep Brickish feeling.
 Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Hurrah! for the life of a Brick!

With frame all shattered and worn,
 With fever and thirst and pain :
 His once bright eye of it's brightness shorn,
 He hies to Newer Ellia's plain.
 The cool, fresh air,
 That is blowing there,
 Breathes health, but not for him ;
 In slow decay
 His strength gives way,
 And his sight grows faint and dim.
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !
 He lives to the last like a Brick !

" Dont forget to write my mother,"
 To a friend, he faintly sigh'd,
 " Tell her to kiss my little brother,
 " And where and how I died.
 " Now Jack, you know,
 " You must bury me precious low,
 " For it's jolly cold up here !
 " Here.....give me a drink ;
 " I say.....old chap.....d'ye think
 " There 'll be.....a good crop.....this year ?"
 Hush ! Hush ! Hush !
 He has died the death of a Brick !

A GLOSSARY.

FOR JUNGLE USE.

BRICKS.—In the Minorities and most other parts of civilized Europe, this is the name of square bits of burnt clay, used for building houses &c., but out here the word has quite another meaning. It signifies "*slap-up chaps*," "*fast goers*," "*trumps*," "*rum spirits*," "*crack hands*," &c. &c. To entitle you to the name you must stick at nothing and care for about as little. If you are returning from Kandy, instead of going by the vulgar, ordinary road you must dash into every stream or torrent you come near and get wet through even though you go out of your way in doing so. When you get home don't change your clothes, but lay down on a couple of chairs in the verandah, and smoke sheroots till you are as dry as—a Brick. If a party of this class pay a neighbour a visit and don't find him at home and therefore can't get at the Brandy and Cigars, they must break open his side-board or store-room with a Cattie, jollify for an hour or two, and finish off by flinging stones at the Decanters until they break off their necks. Bricks are sometimes known under the Soo-brickey of "*Ambagamma Lads*," and "*Knuckles Boys*."

PLANTING.—is supposed by many simple minded folks to consist in making little holes in the ground and sticking coffee plants into them! Not a bit of it. Planting means hum-bugging, gammoning, chaffing, &c. A raw hand fresh from the low country is sure to get *planted* to his heart's content. Griffins are sometimes so completely bothered that they begin to fancy they have got into the Cannibal Islands, or the Arabian Nights.

BED TIME.—signifies at Epping somewhere between 8 and 9 P. M. in the evening. "Bricks" will not allow themselves to be fettered by any such antiquated rules or hours. When they have no tendency to roam they keep it up with songs and sheroots till all hours of the morning. But generally speaking they make little friendly tours to neighbouring estates on moon-light nights, knock up the inmates, call for Brandy-pawney and Sheroots, and then pass on to the next estate, reaching home just in time to turn out the coolies. These little excursions have a most enlivening effect on the spirits, and wonderfully assists the morning's operations.

JUNGLE FARE.—Hams, Humps, Rumps, Tongues, Fitches of Bacon, Salmon, Grouse-soup and Green Peas in Tins, Captains, Biscuits, Pine Cheeses, Pale Ale, ditto Brandy, and Brown Stout. The above names are used only by low country and low bred people. "Bricks" classify them all under the more comprehensive and expressive term of "Curry and Rice."

JUNGLE FASHIONS.—The most recent and taking novelty in the jungle world is a sort of light robe, something between a Spanish Cloak and a Roman Tunic. The construction of this is remarkably simple. It is made by taking a sharp cattie or a pruning-knife, and with it removing the sleeves of any ordinary jungle-coat. This process gives the garb a peculiar airy appearance. Waistcoats after being once washed are now generally worn quite open in front it being found by most planters utterly impossible, and indeed useless to have the buttons replaced. A new and rather ingenious kind of Leech Gaiter has lately attracted much notice. It consists of the lower half of the legs of an old worn-out pair of Trousers the upper part of which being tied firmly over the knee with coir yarn, the lower end is neatly tucked into the boots or shoes, as the case may be. It has all the outward appearance of a Gaiter and so completely are the oldest leeches deceived by it that they never dream of obtruding within the boot or shoe.

A PULPER—is thought to be an essential on all estates in bearing, and usually consists of a compound of the following articles:—a wooden coal-scuttle on the top, a large nutmeg-grater in the middle, and a cinder-seive at the bottom, worked just like a mangle or a hurdy-gurdy. To enumerate all the varieties of this compound machine would be to give a list of every superintendant in the Island. Nobody was ever yet known to be satisfied with the working of his Pulper. If the coal-scuttle is all right the nutmeg-grater is sure to be all wrong, and if it is n't them the cinder-seive is out of order. I believe a Pulper to be the Planter's evil genius.

A CRACK ESTATE.—Any property on which at least £10,000 have been spent. It is not at all necessary that the Proprietor should have any idea as to where the cash has gone to, or know how many acres are planted, but there *must* be five-barred gates and turnstiles at all the different entrances, gravel and turf walks, Chinese Bridges and Egyptian Fences, with a costly Bungalow in the Elizabethan or Gothic style, and a store as big and as strong as a county Jail.

SUPERINTENDENT.—In all other parts of the habitable world but Ceylon, a Superintendent of a Coffee estate would signify nothing more than an individual acquainted with the different processes of Clearing, Planting, Cropping &c., &c. Here however, in this “rising and flourishing Colony,”—this “Eden of the eastern wave” the term is far more comprehensive, for it means Sailors, Soldiers, Lawyers, Professors, Clerks, Schoolmasters, runaway Apprentices, Mechanics, &c., &c. in fact anything you please. In most other callings an apprenticeship is considered necessary before taking charge of expensive operations, but by a beautiful ordination of kind, motherly nature expressly concocted for the immediate wants of this “rising Colony,” planting in Ceylon requires no such servitude, no such foolish waste of time: members of any of the above callings no sooner set their feet on our sweet “Isle of the eastern wave” than they are qualified as superintendents, the only question asked being the amount of salary. This rapid transmutation can only be equalled by the Philosopher’s stone.

TITLE DEED.—A document of very simple construction in the eyes of the vulgar many. Planters at one time laboured under the silly delusion that they were to have possession of Titles on payment of the price of the land bought. Government Agents, however, and Colonial Secretaries perceived in their superior and unfathomable wisdom that to allow such a system would tend to render these documents far too common and their own importance less appreciated: they, therefore, drew up the following scale which has been acted on in all Government offices ever since.

1 Purchase equal to	1 Immediate Payment.
1 Immediate Payment	13 Applications.
39 Applications	1 Interview with Government Agent.
3 Interviews	1 Memorial to Governor.
2 Memorials or 4 years	1 Title Deed.

ERRATA,

- Page 23, line 5 from bottom, for "*every*" read "*a very*,"
" 24, " 1, for "*in*" read "*on*."
" — " 18, for "*monkeytying*" read "*monkeyfying*."
" 35, " 20, for "*it was not*" read "*if it were not*."
" — " 32, for "*seaking*" read "*soaking*."
" 37, " 22, for "*to which*" read "*to watch*."
" — " 35, for "*that I watch*" read "*then I watch*."
" 38, " 37, for "*very*" read "*a very*."
" 43, " 9, for "*an*" read "*at*."
" 45, " 3 from bottom, for "*port*" read "*poor*."
" 52, " 12, for "*hang*" read "*bang*."
" 63, " 15, for "*form*" read "*from*."
" 80, " 16 for "*dust*" read "*dusk*."
" 82, " 10 from bottom, for "*started*" read "*stood*."
" 84, " 9, for "*seen*" read "*seem*."