

## TEA AND SCANDAL.

Tea! Tea! only Tea! (Parody on *Thee! Thee! only Thee!* by T. Moore.)

The dawn of the morn, the daylight's sinking,  
Five's cosy hour shall find me drinking  
Of Tea, Tea, only Tea!  
When friends are met, and cups go round,  
And scandals fresh have all enchanted,  
When butter'd toast is bravely browned,  
My soul, like Stiggin's is haunted  
By Tea, Tea, only Tea!

When crispy curls the breakfast bacon,  
Coffee by me shall be forsaken,  
For Tea, Tea, only Tea!  
Like ocean, which by light or dark,  
Gulps down the rivers, resting never,  
The cup that cheers when cares do cark  
I sip or sing of, dotting ever  
On Tea, Tea, only Tea!

I have no joy but of its bringing,  
And nerves themselves seem nice when springing  
From Tea, Tea, only Tea!  
Tea's spell there's naught on earth can break  
(Though Tea-cups can alas! be broken);  
Bohea the toper's scorn may wake;  
By me for aye the praise be spoken  
Of Tea, Tea, only Tea!—[*Punch*, June 7th, 1884.]

I have at last, after much hunting and enquiry found the wonderful letter to a friend against the use of Tea, by John Wesley, to which Walter Besant refers in his 'London.' It is too long to give here, but I hope to send it to you separately for the *T. A.* some time. Meanwhile I give you one result of it: Adam Clarke, L.L.D. in a letter to a Preacher in 1812 thus writes:—"Shun tea drinking visits; these in general, murder time and can answer no good purpose either to your body or soul. If you go out this way at any time, let it be only where you have every reason to believe your visit is likely to be useful to the souls of the people. But it is likely to be very useful where there is a large party! Thirty years ago I met with Mr. Wesley's letter on tea. I read it and resolved from that hour to drink no more of the juice of that herb till I could answer his arguments and objections. I have seen that tract but once since, yet from that day until now I have not drank a cup of Tea or Coffee. For these things I mostly found a substitute in the morning, and when I could not I cheerfully went without breakfast; and in their place I never took anything in the evening. By this line of conduct I have not only joined hands with God to preserve a feeble constitution, but I can demonstrate that I have actually saved whole years of time, which otherwise must have been irrecoverably lost, and—perhaps my soul with them, for I have often had occasion to observe that tea-drinking visits open the flood-gates of various temptations. How can those exclaim against needless self-indulgence and waste of time who go out on such occasions in the evenings! It is a mystery to me which I never wish to be able to unravel, how men can act in this way, and preach afterwards! I have often wondered that this matter is never spoken of to the young preachers when they are admitted. But who can with propriety warn them against this evil? only those who are guiltless; and where are they? Alas! alas! do not we make a great outcry against evils, however discreditable to us as Christians and ministers, which are in themselves and in their consequences of little moment in comparison of this epidemic and dangerous disorder? But if our own conduct in this respect reproach us, should we, while honest men withhold the word of caution and advice from our brother?"

Writing like the above tends to do more harm than good, I should say, and bears out what George R. Sims complains of in his *Ballads of Babylon* under the title of

## THE DRINKER'S DIRGE.

There's death in the Teapot, there's death in the jug;  
Try a drain of cold water, death lurks in the mug.  
No drink unfermented from danger is free,  
There are death and disease in Milk, Water, and Tea.

From the lead that in "waters" is lurking I shrink—  
Oh, tell me, good doctors, what, what can I drink?  
From the worship of Bacchus a convert I'd be,  
Yet you bid me beware of Milk, Water and Tea.

How a total-abstainer's to live isn't clear,  
For his conscience forbids him Wine, Spirits and Beer,  
And science commands us from death he should flee  
From those poisonous liquids, Milk, Water and Tea.

In trying from all things our lips to debar,  
Hasn't science just galloped his hobby too far?  
Let the nervous go thirsting, they shan't frighten me  
With this nonsense concerning Milk, Water and Tea.

Since quoting that wretched man, Walsh, last week, I find that he has cribbed another part of his book from "The Art of Tea and Tea Blending," published by Whittingham & Co. I need not give you samples as they are of the same bold, untwisted quality as the last break. But here are some other amusing extracts which almost look like his own composition. At p. 38 he says:—"By botanists it is termed *Thea*, this last name being adopted by Linnæus for the sake of its Greek orthography being exactly that of *Oea*—a Goddess—a coincidence doubtless quite acceptable to those who use and enjoy the beverage as it deserves." *Oea* is the nearest approach the American compositors could make to the Greek form *Thea* (*Θεα*).

Again at p. 117 he says:—"Ceylon teas derive their trade names from the estates or plantations on which they are grown, being classed commercially as 'Loocanduris,' 'Matagalas,' 'Ruanwallas,' 'Kandaloyas,' (sic!); 'Rakuwana,' 'Madulsuma,' the finest being produced in the districts of Dimbula and Dolosbage."

On Tuesday I took my children down to Amersham for a spring-flower hunt. The balmy air was delicious, and we were amply rewarded by armfuls of wild-hyacinth or blue-bell, yellow archangel or weasel-snout, bugle, cuckoo-flower, greater stitch-wort, violet, &c., &c., and sweet woodruff. Of this last Anne Pratt says:—"Dr. Wallich says that its flowers, infused in water, make a tea far superior to the Chinese teas." In Amersham village I saw advertised two new Ceylon teas—*Palmyra* and *Saltwater*! Close to the Railway at Wembley Park we saw that the rival to the Eiffel Tower had reached its first stage.

The only indication that I have as yet discovered as to Shakespeare drinking Tea is in *Julius Caesar*, Act I Sec. III., where Cassius says—evidently referring to Tea-leaves and Etna—"Why you shall find that heaven hath infused them with these spirits." No doubt I shall find many more such references.

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REPLIES:—(23,579) GEMS (to Ceylon).—Beryl is the name of a family of mineral crystals, otherwise named in several varieties, according to colour, as under, and they are all the same stone:—Transparent and bluish (beryl) are the most numerous; not very highly valuable; sea-green (aquamarine), if large, are of considerable value; deep-green (the emerald) are very valuable, some priceless. No red ones are known.—EMERALD ISLE.—Ibid.

## COFFEE AND CACAO IN JAVA.

The report of the Company Wonomerto mentions that the coffee cultivation suffered much from insects, but the cocoa cultivation has a more favourable prospect, and will therefore be extended. The balance-sheet was approved, but no profit and loss account can be produced as yet. A proposal to issue a 6 per cent bonded loan was adopted. The Deli-Batavia Company will pay 10 per cent, and the Senambah Company 6.4-10 per cent dividend.—*L. and C. Express*.