

COFFEE.

CEYLON COFFEE PRICES AND EXPORTS AND CORRESPONDING VALUES OF RUPEE FOR 24 YEARS.— We received the other day a return furnished officially by Messrs. Lewis & Peat of the average prices per cwt. of Middling Plantation Ceylon Coffee in Feb. and Oct. for the past 24 years. This is very interesting as well as reliable; but to make the return more useful, we have added to it the total export of plantation Coffee on each year and through the aid of Banking friends we have also been able to fill in the approximate value of the rupee for February and October in each year. The result is a useful little table for reference from which it will be seen that the price of Coffee at least, does not fall in correspondence with exchange:—

The following are the variations in value of Middling Plantation Ceylon Coffee in London for the years 1870 to 1893; also the Exports of the same from Ceylon and the approximate value of the Rupee:—

Year.	M.P. Ceylon Coffee Exports. cwt.	Average price per cwt. Feb.	Approximate value of Rupee. Feb.	Average price per cwt. Oct.	Approximate value of Rupee. Oct.
1870	885,728	76/	1/11	66/	1/11
1871	814,710	71/	1/11	75/	1/11
1872	576,878	81/6	1/11½	84/	1/11
1873	860,366	95/	1/10½	120/	1/10½
1874	509,329	135/	1/10½	118/	1/9½
1875	873,654	104/	1/9½	116/	1/9½
1876	603,929	111/	1/8½	115/	1/8½
1877	850,911	114/	1/10	111/	1/9
1878	570,952	109/	1/8½	110/	1/7½
1879	774,774	100/	1/6½	98/	1/8½
1880	611,000	101/	1/7½	87/	1/7½
1881	414,365	89/	1/7½	73/	1/7½
1882	526,688	72/	1/7½	68/	1/7½
1883	248,557	82/	1/7½	80/	1/7½
1884	299,681	75/	1/7½	67/	1/7½
1885	288,824	66/	1/6½	67/	1/5½
1886	209,112	66/	1/5½	75/	1/5½
1887	1677,82	£0/	1/5½	96/	1/4½
1888	127,112	84/	1/4½	92/	1/4½
1889	76,416	93/	1/4½	102/	1/4½
1890	81,334	105/	1/4½	107/	1/6½
1891	82,324	112/	1/5½	92/	1/4½
1892	39,013	107/	1/3½	108/	1/2½
1893	52,000	110/	1/2½	103/	1/3½

TEA AND SCANDAL.

Changing houses in London with all the accompanying worries is not conducive to correspondence, so my communications under the above title have not appeared in your columns lately, much no doubt to the grief of your readers. I shall try to make reparation this week though I cannot do more than send one extract, I fear. It was "written and composed by Mr. Dibdin, and sung by him in his new entertainment called 'A Tour to the Land's End' and is named

THE TEA TABLE.

1

The inquest is set, for the tea-things they call,  
Miss Crab gave the kind invitation.  
Miss Verjuice, Miss Razor, Miss Spleen and Miss Tiff,  
Miss Hartshorn, Miss Scowl, and Miss Mump, and Miss Miff,  
Miss Cholice, Miss Ncse, and Miss Nerves, and Miss Gall,

As a jury deliberate in grand consultation,  
Not over such stuff as the affairs of the nation,  
But over their neighbours' reputation.

Silence!—You declare by your forewoman that you will without hesitation, fear or favour, rent, tear,

split, tatter, fritter, transmogrify, torture and disjoint the reputations indifferently of friends, foes, strangers, neighbours, young, old, rich, poor, married, single, handsome, ugly, short or tall, and that you return an account of all their vices, absurdities, failings; caprices, follies, foibles, faults, weakness, attachments, hobby horses, wanderings and back-slidings with (sic!) hesitation, fear, favour, partiality or affection as aforesaid. And this you by your forewomen say and so say you all:—

Take the oath, kiss the cup. And thus at each sup.  
Take the oath, kiss the cup. And thus at each sup.  
As of folly and folly and whim and caprice make a handle,

While round go the muffin, the tea, and the scandal.

2

Like a torrent let loose now away go their tongues,  
Swift as winds and as light as a feather,  
New bonnets, the opera, \*bath, waters, the hour,  
The auctions, the nations, the beasts in the Tower.  
And as in succession they stretch out their lungs,  
The country, black pins, Matadores, and the weather,  
In glorious confusion they jumble together,  
And scandal let go to the end of its tether.

How d'ye like your tea? Vastly good. Where do you buy it? I buy it at Congo's. Oh yes I recollect the people that broke. Sad business that of the wife, shocking woman for intrigues. I knew her from a girl. Always as amorous as a cat upon pantiles. And it is impossible to find her out, she has as many wigs as would serve to disguise a highwayman between Hounslow and Bagshot. Sad example for the daughter, great pity, pretty girl. Pretty? why lord Maam she's flat-footed and hopper-hipped. Sad things for the father if you will.—Very true.—But lord Maam, what can you expect from such people, no fashion, no life. The fellow was porter to an oil shop, used to carry out train-oil, pickel herrings, zoodditty, match and wax flambeaux.—I'll tell you a comical circumstance—No! true, well that's delightful, he, he, ha!

Thus they sip and they sip, Have their friends on the hip,

And of foibles and faults and caprices make a handle,

While round go the muffins, the tea, and the scandal.

3

The tea is removed, and now grave and demure,  
The case bottles are ranged so judicious,  
Noyau Ratifie ala Teinture Vermelle,  
Eau d'ore, de mille fleurs, fleur de lis, sans Parclle,  
And every scarce and expensive liquer,  
They sip and they sip and each sip find de-

licious,  
Till they get rather whimsical, queer, and capricious,

And their tongues if 't possible grow more malicious.

Dear me, I don't know what I was thinking of.— I have a sort of a vertigo.—Only look at Miss Cholice.— She certainly had a little drop before she came out; otherwise, you see, it is impossible. As for me now, who am not accustomed to these things, a thimblefull turns me quite topsy turvy. Well, ladies, suppose we go to cards. With all my heart, but I shall insist upon your keeping your foot in your shoe. I don't name anybody but I do know people that hold up their fingers behind their fans. And I Ma'am, for I plainly see you mean me, I know the people too, that when they are a little *non se ipse*. I desire Ma'am that you will make no reflections. I never indulge myself to an improper degree. I have heard of your Huskyba to be sure. Yes Ma'am and tasted it too. Why yes, I once took a teaspoonfull just to oblige you. Yes and a bumper just to oblige yourself. Well I declare, this is beyond bearance. Huskyba indeed! Here Miss Nerves declared she should go to hysterics. At last the company interferred. Miss Crab said there was nothing sour about her disposition; Miss Gall said she did not like bitter invectives: Miss Cholice said that it gave her a pain that her friends should fall out in this manner, at which Miss Razor intreated leave to notice that if she had said anything keen or cutting she begged pardon and was sorry for it. This was accepted a

\* Sic, Query—Bath Waters?—A.M.F.