

argumentative and foggily bellicose attitude towards the British Nurses' Association. In fact, only so late back as last week my readers will remember I had to take that periodical to task, for perverting the truth of things respecting the appointment of Matron to the Newcastle Infirmary. It appears that I am not by any means the only writer who experiences the same unsatisfactory state of things, as I am in a position to show."

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*Public Opinion* had, in its issue of August 30, the following paragraph culled from the columns of the contemporary alluded to, and this is not all, for the Editor of *Public Opinion* himself adds a footnote which I here set out:—" [We publish Mr. Northey's letter with pleasure, and regret that the misleading and unfair paragraph referred to appeared in our columns. With regard to the remarks of the \* \* \* on the subject of tannic acid in the second infusion, we learn on excellent authority that these also are inaccurate. As a matter of fact, a first infusion would extract this acid, and not add to it, after the tea leaves had been dried, as is implied by our contemporary.—ED. P.O.] "

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I GIVE this as one of the ways in which the contemporary dishes up its news for the benefit of its readers, and it is quite evident, by this alone, that the editor of the journal in question apparently knows as much about the heathen Chinees, tannic acid, and tea, as he does about—well, say Nursing.

\* \* \*

"THE heathen Chinees, who is nothing if not economical, has an ingeniously simple method of eating his cake—or, rather in the Celestial translation, drinking his tea—and having it also. He makes the tea, drinks the delicate first infusion, and then dries the leaves again; packs them in those mysteriously lettered boxes we know, and exports them to the Western barbarian, who, he has found out, likes his tea strong and stewed. It is true that the tannic acid apt to come out of the leaf in the second infusion may injure the British stomach. That is not John Chinaman's business; he knows the beauty and profit of the art of adulteration."

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THE above looks simple enough, taken as it stands, and would no doubt have been "passed" by thousands of ordinary readers, but a gentleman well known in the tea trade happening to see it, despatched to the editor of *Public Opinion*, and which appeared last Friday, a letter, of which I give an exact copy.

#### "THE HEATHEN CHINEE' MALIGNED.

TO THE EDITOR OF *Public Opinion*.

"Sir,—I note, in your issue of the 30th ult., certain statements headed 'The Heathen Chinees,' and copied from the \* \* \*, which are quite incorrect, and these would probably lead consumers to believe that large quantities of China tea have already been in the Celestial teapot before they are shipped to this country.

"After twenty years' experience, of which thirteen have been passed as a tea-buyer in Foochow, I may, perhaps, be allowed to have some knowledge of the subject. Speaking as an expert, refined leaves would never be bought for this or any other market. As a matter of fact, the richer Chinese drink a description of tea called Suey Sein, which is never exported, the poorer classes being content with sun-dried leaves, a rubbish which has no commercial value.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"H. A. NORTHEY

(of Northey and Cooper).

"29, Gracechurch Street, London,

"September 3, 1889."

#### THREE INCIDENTS.—II.

By E. BUXTON.

In the early days of September, a few years ago, I was very happily settled as Probationer in a provincial Hospital; and after some weeks had passed, the day came when I was appointed to the Men's Ward, for half of every day, the Matron giving me a hint that the men must be kept cheery during part of the afternoon, and that this was, in fact, the reason for sending me in.

The cases, I knew before, were chiefly Surgical, and every patient was a prisoner to his bed; and feeling full of sympathy for them—for long indeed were the hours of the days and nights—I was glad to know that I need not scruple about stirring up the fun, which lay only too latent among them. They made me welcome, showing ready trust and respect towards me, and many happy afternoons were spent in their company.

I would sit sewing by the bedside of one or another. Phillips was only too glad to get my chair placed by him, that he might look into my work-basket. He was a bright lad of seventeen, and was laid up in a corner bed, being a bad operation case, with his knee in splints. Our chats in that corner were always joined in by the others. Willie Green, in the opposite bed, was very ill; and Daniel, a Sussex lad of fifteen, whose spirits had never suffered for it, was lately brought in with a broken thigh. A handful of wild flowers from one of my strolls would lead to happy talks about the home gardens, conversation being led by one George, a gardener; and often I made into a story my last visit to the town. We managed, too, a few songs—the "Fire Brigade," &c., of which we first learned the words; and more than songs, the sounds of choruses and

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