

Wm. Hunt
Holywell

UNCLE BUNCLE'S

ACCOUNT

OF

TEA



IN CHINA

LONDON DEAN & CO. THREADNEEDLE STREET.

James North
Green House

With Auntie James's love
May 27. 1894.



A merry Chinese mandarin,
Dressed in yellow, red, and green,
Sat viewing his plantation
One fine summer's afternoon.

He was short, and very stout,
And his little eyes peeped out
With pleasure on his Tea-plants,
Which shed a sweet perfume.

Says he, 'tis charming weather,
Just fit the leaves to gather,
See the plants are fit for picking,
For they're coming into bloom.



He called his head man, Chinky
Fou,
And said, I now will leave to you
To see the leaves are picked and
dried,
And sorted out with care.

Three years ago, my Chinky Fou,
We set the plants out row by row:
The buds are now as white as snow;
For picking, quick prepare.

Says Chinky Fou, good sir, I will
Your wishes instantly fulfil;
I hope that we shall, one and all,
Your approbation share.



All hands now set to work so gay,
In picking Tea they pass the day;
Each basket-full is borne away
To Chinky's house along;

Where, in an airy spacious shed,
The leaves to dry are open spread,
And there the sorters separate
The old leaves from the young.

The young leaves make the choi-
cest Tea,

As Hyson, or Souchong, we see;
The large and older make Bohea,
Which looks so dark and strong.



The sorted leaves are put to dry
On iron plates, that stand close by;
Each plate is heated by a fire
In a stove, which is fixed below.

Here, the leaves are stirred about,
Till their moisture is dried out;
Then into baskets put again,
To be rolled, away they go.

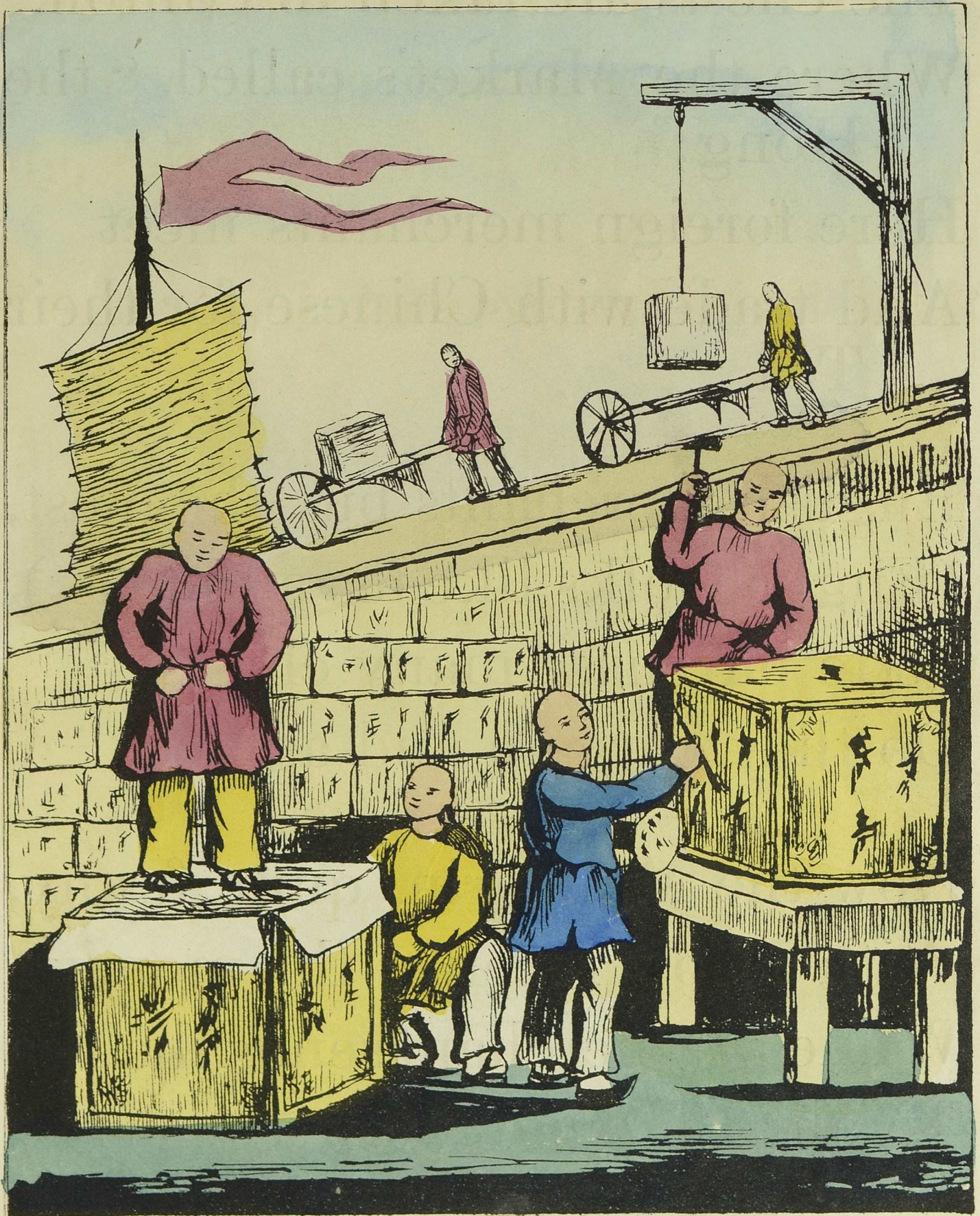
The Rollers, while still damp and
warm,

Roll and curl the leaves in form;
Drying them again on iron plates,
Until they're found to do.

In chests to pack each sort of Tea,
Next Chinky Fou must also see:
Each chest, when made, is baked
quite dry,
And lined inside with lead.

And then the painter tries his best
To write and ornament the chest
With marks or characters that few
But Chinamen can read.

Now they're taken to the River
By barrow-men so very clever,
Whence the boatmen to the
market,
Convey the chests with speed.



The chests are taken to Canton,
Where the Market's called "the
Hong;"

Here foreign merchants meet
And trade with Chinese for their
Tea.

English merchants buy the most,
(English folks like tea and toast),
So to purchase many chests,
Do they bargain and agree.

Now the Mandarin, quite funny,
With a bow receives the money;
While the merchant sends the Tea
To old England, over sea.



In England, 'tis the Grocer
Who buys the Tea, we know, sir,
And sells it out again, in hope
A profit it may yield.

So thus, as you may see,
From China, comes our Tea;
It is the dried leaves of a plant,
Grown, like bushes, in the field.

Now, good boys and Girls, adieu,
This little tale I wrote for you,
And I hope my pretty story
Will to you a pleasure yield.



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