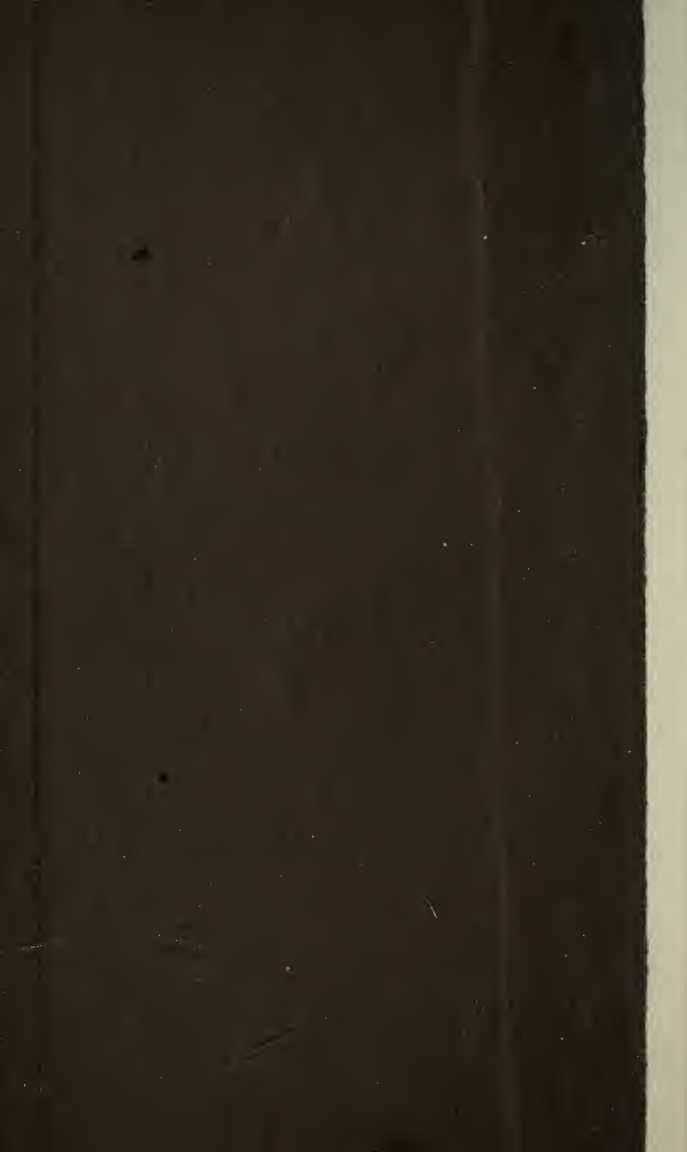


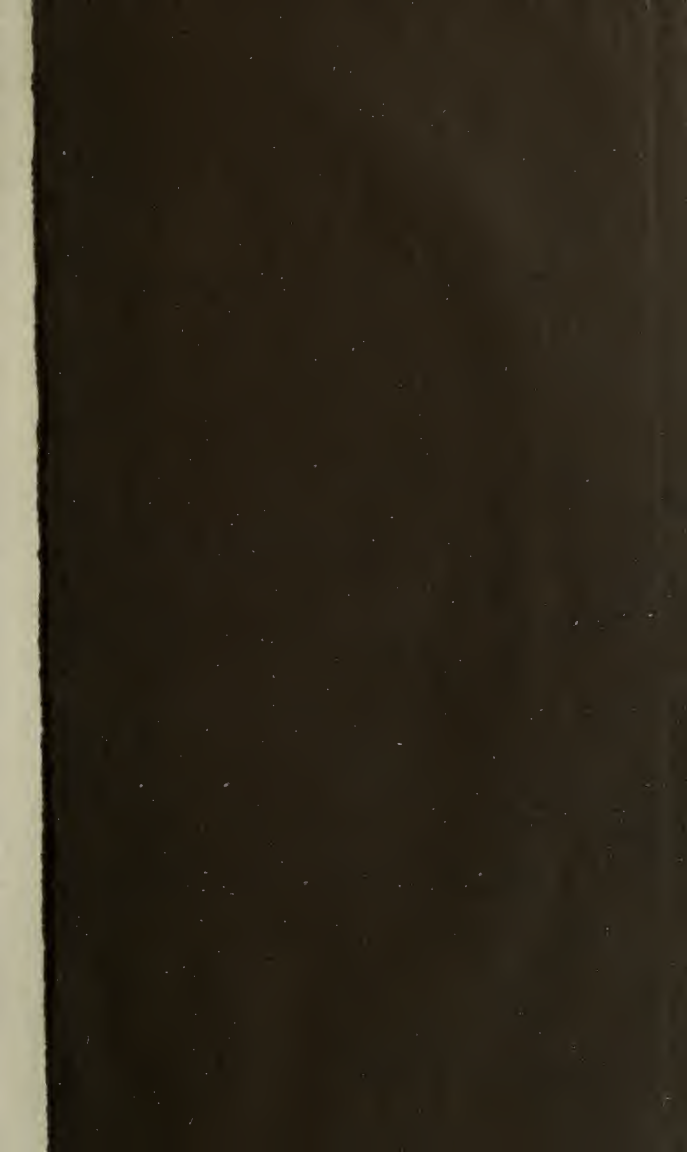


WINE
AND
WINE COUNTRIES



NEW EDITION







Yours faithfully
Charles Jovey



WINE
and
WINE COUNTRIES.

by
CHARLES TOVEY.

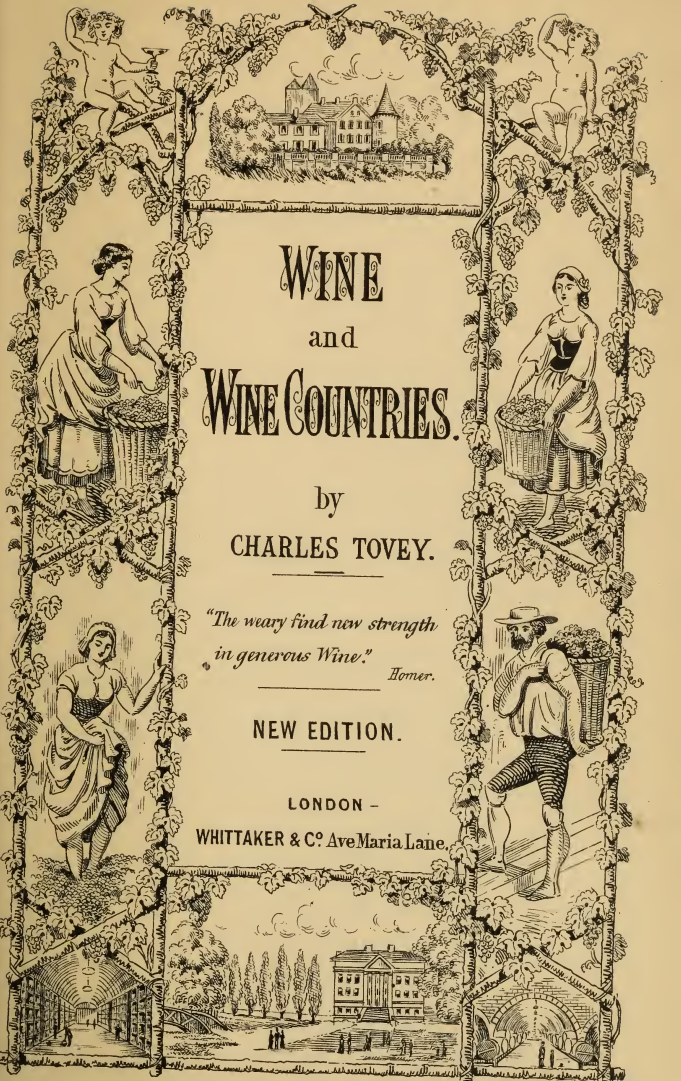
*"The weary find new strength
in generous Wine."* Homer.

NEW EDITION.

LONDON -
WHITTAKER & C^o Ave Maria Lane.



Louvre, 18th Brissol.





WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES:

A RECORD AND MANUAL

FOR

WINE MERCHANTS AND WINE
CONSUMERS,

BY

CHARLES TOVEY.

"THE WEARY FIND NEW STRENGTH IN GENEROUS WINE."

HOMER.

New Edition.

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LONDON:

WHITTAKER & CO., AVE MARIA LANE.

1877.

CLIFTON :

E. AUSTIN AND SON, PRINTERS, CHRONICLE OFFICE.

Preface.

AND yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull.

But "why then publish?"—There are no rewards
Of fame or profit when the world grows weary.
I ask in turn,—Why do you play at cards?
Why drink? Why read?—To make some hour less
dreary.

It occupies me to turn back regards
On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.

* * * * *

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction:
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly sings of human things and acts—
And that's one cause she meets with contradiction;
For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts;
And were her object only what's call'd glory,
With more ease too she'd tell a different story.

BYRON'S "DON JUAN," Canto xiv.

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WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN the year 1861 I wrote "WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES," a work which was so favourably received that before the year expired it was out of print. I had many inducements offered to publish a second edition, but engagements of a more pressing nature prevented me, and I was conscious of many imperfections in the work, and felt that to make it satisfactory to myself it would require to be re-written. I found, too, that soon after the publication of my book numerous works upon the same subject made their appearance. Some of these were ponderous volumes. In some the subject was scientifically treated, in others discursively. Some of these writers did not scruple to adopt without acknowledgment whole sentences from their predecessors, and my own work suffered in

this way, as a considerable portion of my labours was by an unscrupulous pirate adopted and presented as original matter.

A writer in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, in an article on "Wine and Wine Merchants," says, "Those interested in the trade are not fit persons to write a book to instruct the public," and as one of the simple-minded public he protests against having to accept opinions about wine from gentlemen whom a customary rule would exclude from the Wine Committees of their London Clubs; and to strengthen his own position he adds that he is not himself pecuniarily interested, directly or indirectly, in the remotest way in wine. Now if the argument is worth anything at all, and it is only one of the "*very simple-minded*" who would venture upon such a statement, it should deter the physician from writing upon the healing art, and the barrister from any dissertation upon law, while the engineer, men of science generally, and all who are practically acquainted with their profession, are, according to this modern Solon, unfit to instruct the public upon subjects with which they are most familiar. It certainly savours of great impertinence in a Wine Merchant who lives by selling one kind of wine to write up that in which he is personally interested as

something superior to any other. If this were what the writer intended, he would be right in refusing opinions from such an authority, but this is not what he attempted to convey. I am asked to give from my long experience a description, as concise as possible, of the treatment of wine from the vineyard to the cellar; to describe the various kinds of wine, and their sanitary effects; to give hints as to buying wine, choice of a cellar, what to store, how to manage, *fine*, and treat wine generally; in short, to write a popular book of an inexpensive character, not too scientific—a readable book, in which, open it where you may, there shall be something of good honest counsel and trustworthy information; a digest of “WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,” with the advantages of since-acquired experience. Such was the recommendation proposed to me by a friend, a shrewd old merchant, who thought I was equal to the task; and from the kind encouragement given to my former productions I am induced to make the effort, with a promise to my readers that if the result should be an infliction upon their patience it will be one consolation that it will be the last. The labours of half-a-century entitle me to a seat under the time-honoured vine and fig tree with my olive branches around me.

I may have to repeat in the following pages much that I have before written, and I may adopt the opinions of others when I consider them applicable to my subject and expressed in better terms than I can command. I have but little claim to literary efficiency. I only endeavour to put in plain language that which I desire to impress upon my reader.

And now, in entering upon the subject of this treatise, I think there can be no question that the Wine Trade is losing its position by the introduction into it of unscrupulous traders. The wine merchant in former days ranked amongst the merchant princes, sharing with bankers and others the highest and proudest commercial dignity; and there are still those who uphold the social and commercial supremacy of former times, but the reduction of duties (which in itself was a proper concession to the wine-consuming public) has called into existence a number of persons of inferior moral temperament. A new business has sprung up, mostly confined to London—grocer *wine manufacturers*, who manufacture for those who never had any experience of the legitimate trade, and whose only end and aim is the tangible results which may follow. The maintenance of an honourable calling is nothing to either the wholesale

manufacturer or the retail dealer, the only consideration being that of profit.

The frauds upon the public, in the way of adulteration and sophistication, are such as must, at no very distant time, call for the interference of the legislature. The importance of the revenue produced to the Government by the duties upon wine, the benefit to which wine leads in the exchange of commodities with other countries, and in the diffusion of what is not only a luxury, but a necessity of life, render it necessary that, in its distribution, the public should be protected from the dishonest or ignorant adventurer.

An instructive history might be furnished of the rise and progress of certain establishments whose supplies are mostly furnished from Hamburg, Cette, and other places well known as the manufactories of spurious wines. In "WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES" I fully exposed the *South African* imposture, a gross fraud upon the public—out of which one or two enterprising but not very scrupulous traders netted large profits, in making out of common red and white Cape many varieties of *South African Wines*. The 29th of February, 1860, put a stop to this fraud by the equalization of duties; and these delicious wines, which were said to be *the* wines of the

future for England, and which were pronounced by the vendors to be patronized by all classes of society, were heard of no more. The enterprising firms transferred their adulterations to Hamburg, at which place the most unblushing operations are carried on. Thousands of gallons of ports and sherries are imported every month into England, where they are re-manufactured, and by puffing advertisements, circulars, and agents (generally grocers), are disposed of under claptrap titles, and specially low prices, to unsuspecting purchasers, who not only suffer in their pockets, but if they consume these compounds freely, prepare for themselves years of suffering and dyspepsia. The following extract from the *Medical Times and Gazette*, in relation to Hamburg Sherry, cannot be too generally known:—

“ Amongst the various disguises under which the demon Ardent Spirits finds entry into the houses of women, is that of the cheap rascalities called Hamburg Sherries, whether sold as such, or in the guise of Spanish Sherry. These miserable concoctions, which are now to be had at almost every grocer's, have, it is true, a little wine in them,—wine too bad for sale, and unable to keep,—but it is notorious, and it is confessed by the concoctors and vendors, that Hamburg Sherries are artificial mixtures of unsound wine, spirits, sugar, and of various ethers and essences, to communicate what the poor

simpletons who drink them call flavour and bouquet. For instance, in one of those scientific 'treatises' which are becoming a fashion in trade, the Messrs. Gilbey give this frank description of Hamburg Sherry :—

“ ‘Germany is essentially a natural wine-producing country ; but recently large quantities of wine have been shipped to England from Hamburg, and occasionally sold under various names, frequently as cheap Spanish Sherry, this having been particularly the case at the time when the vintages of Spain and elsewhere were not so favourable as they have been of late years. By some houses, however, this Hamburg wine was introduced under its proper name ; and being a useful white wine, of low price and good strength, it has maintained a position in this country. In its original state, Hamburg Sherry may be best described *as a light German wine of poor quality, not possessing in that condition sufficient preserving powers to render it suitable for shipment, or indeed for consumption as a NATURAL wine in its own country.* The wine is of a similar description to that produced in many parts of France for the purpose of making brandy. To render it fit for exportation, a sufficient amount of spirit and saccharine matter are added, thus converting it from the original condition of *natural* wine into that of a *preserved* wine, similar to Marsala Sherry. Hamburg does not produce wine ; but it has become an important depôt for the cheaper descriptions of the various wine-producing countries, while, being a free port and not subject to any excise regulations, it has special facilities in the preparation of wines for export.’

“ *Habemus confitentem reum.* Here we have the members of a wine firm writing as men of science, and

confessing that this stuff, which is occasionally sold as cheap Spanish Sherry (though some houses are so virtuous as to give it its proper name), is wine—so far as it is wine at all—too vile to be drunk, and unable to be kept. As Dr. Johnson once said of a stupid book, ‘Sir, it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction!’

“The authors append a table of wine analysis by Dr. Dupré, from which we shall take the liberty of quoting two examples; one of a cheap natural wine, the other of Hamburg Sherry of the same price.

	Specific Gravity.	Weight of Alcohol.	Strength in Degrees.	Total Free Acids.	Real Tartaric Acid.	Total Dry Residue.	Sugar.
Hock, 15s. per dozen	993·48	92·0	20·20	5·62	2·550	18·55	0·12
Hamburg Sherry, 15s. } per dozen	993·02	160·8	35·31	3·47	0·000	40·33	27·00

Note.—An ordinary wine-bottle holds about 1200 grains, and by multiplying the above numbers (save the first) by 12, the number of grains of the different constituents contained in one bottle of wine is obtained.

“There is no mistake here. Wine not fit to drink or to keep—added alcohol and added sugar—here are the elements of a mess; and that which is vended as Hamburg Sherry, and sometimes as Spanish Sherry. The wine *ipso facto* unwholesome, the alcohol probably that kind of potato spirit which gives the Hamburg wines what is known as a taste of tallow, and which causes stupid headaches, and the sugar to supply pabulum for acid fermentation in the miserable stomachs of the drinkers; and this stuff is described as ‘Useful (!) Wine

of low price and good strength. Useful for what? As a sham for shabby-genteel people to entrap their guests with; or, worse still, '*useful*' to delude some poor ignorant invalid who is recommended to drink wine, and who gets this abominable concoction instead."

Upon the subject of Hambro' Wines, it may further interest my readers to give an extract from an article I wrote for the *Licensed Victuallers' Year Book*.

"The Grocer Wine Merchant has found an able advocate in the *Wine Trade Review*, an organ for the legitimate wine trade, which is presumed to be the pioneer for, and guardian of, their interests—to expose all frauds, and denounce adulterations and fabrications. How it fulfils its mission we shall presently show from an article in its last year's August number. The paper is one of a series, and is headed, 'Our Business Houses,' and the subject is a 'Hambro' Wine Manufactory.' The writer informs us that he received from the proprietor of the establishment at Hamburg a courteous invitation, which, coming at the commencement of the holiday season, was accepted, and after a pleasant voyage the writer duly arrived. He then gives his readers some historical particulars in relation to the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein by the Prussians, and describes with what easy *nonchalance* good English money may be exchanged for shiny bits of metal illegible, and in appearance worthless, but still having a recognised value, although even the cabmen seem to entertain scruples about taking too many of them. After this enlightenment as to the

coinage, we are instructed as to import and export dues, the whole duty payable being one quarter per cent. on the value of imports. Then after beating about the bush and tantalising the reader with what he either knew before or cared little about—the geographical position, currency, dues, and customs returns—the real subject is ventured upon, the nervousness at entering upon it reminding us of one about to take a header in a swimming bath, when the water might be a trifle above freezing point. So much does the writer shirk the subject of Hambro' wine that he appears ashamed of it, but having accepted the hospitality to which he refers most warmly in the conclusion of the article, what could he do? and at last he jumps from the total amount of exports and imports in this manner:—

‘Then, with respect to the fortifications of wines, the town is favourably situated near the great spirit-producing districts. German spirit, it is well known, stands unrivalled for purity and lowness of price; so much so, that the Portuguese and Spanish ‘Almacenistas’ now buy it in preference to their home-made Brandy. The climate is such that very little loss arises through evaporation; labour is tolerably cheap and certain; and better still, orders from London can be attended to in about four days.’ The only drawback to this business is that Hamburg inevitably encounters much opposition, and has to overcome many prejudices, before obtaining a foothold in England. A well-established brand is a tower of strength, but, as the *Wine Trade Review* remarked in September, 1867, what the wine-drinker demands in England is a pleasant wine at a moderate price. ‘To prove the truth of this assertion, we have only to look at the business of Messrs. ——— and Co.,

then in its infancy, but now exporting about 3000 butts annually.'

"If our readers have not had their breath taken out of them by 'the proof of the assertion,' and are further interested, they will find that 'no pretence to superior quality is made.' We have then, this modest admission: 'but for wines retailed at 15s. to 30s. per dozen, Hamburg need fear no competitor'; but we are told to 'hurry on and pay a visit to the warehouse; the address, 'Kleine Grasbrook' (*Anglice*, 'little grassy brook'), is rural, if not poetic; and we are not surprised to find 'the entrance to the *comptoir* surrounded by shrubs, and gay with summer flowers.' But we must not try the patience of our readers with further twaddle, they are, no doubt, as anxious as we were to know how this pleasant wine at a moderate price is made; and we come to it at last.

"Passing through the establishment we have come so far to visit, we find that the end of the warehouse abuts upon the Elbe, at a point where there is sufficient water for vessels to anchor alongside. Here the wine arrives from France, Spain, or wherever else it may have been grown, and hence, after it has been improved, it is shipped to its destination. Every operation it undergoes is meanwhile, if possible, conducted by steam power. So soon as the new arrivals have recovered from the effects of the voyage, they are carefully examined, to discover what excess or deficiency of acidity, tannin, extractive matter, &c., they may contain. Each cask is then numbered, and its qualities are recorded. The next operation is blending, and although long experience and a well-trained palate are necessary before this can be skilfully performed, it yet seems to a superficial observer

a very simple affair.' And now, courteous reader, hold your breath awhile, for the great secret of making 'this pleasant wine at a moderate price,' as the *Wine Trade Review* remarked in September, 1867, and for which you have waited six years, is about to be told you. It is a *very simple affair*, and here it is—the real true receipt.

“Such and such a quantity of new wine, so much solera, a certain amount of pure spirit, and a given quantity of syrup, prepared from pure refined cane sugar, and you have Hambro' Sherry. *Voila tout!*—The blending is manipulated by rolling the requisite number of casks alongside a trough, into which the ingredients flow, and thence run into a receptacle from which they are pumped by steam power into the various vats. Here they are roused, tasted, and tested, and, when finally ready, are casked, and allowed to improve *as much as they like*. Some of the older wine we tasted had acquired a distinct Manzanilla character; others resembled Amontillado; a few had obstinately refused to improve; and one or two had lost their character altogether.' We can hardly imagine any but *those who had lost their character* altogether by indulging in a pint or two of this Hambro' concoction, submitting such an article to such a generally intelligent body as the Wine Merchants of England. The Sandemans, the Garveys, Gonzalez, Domecq, Cosens, Misa, Mathiessen, Wisdom, Wilson, Sutor—we take them as they occur to us, leading Sherry shippers—what thought you of your business when after all your cares and anxieties about the year's vintages, and the strikes with your workmen, and the political condition of Spain, you found yourselves rivalled by establishments abutting on the Elbe? Did you not consider that it

would be better to transfer yourselves to Hamburg, where the pleasant wine at a moderate price can be so easily produced ?

“How charming is the description of the ‘little grassy brook,’ and the end of the warehouse which abuts upon the river Elbe, at a point where there is sufficient water ! How convenient to destroy certain excesses of this, that, and the other ! And then so much ‘solera.’ It ought to have been explained what the ‘solera’ was made from. Perhaps we may get a subsequent article which will enlighten us. By-the-bye, when Messrs. Gilbey, the leviathan merchants, were shut out by the alteration in the duties from supplying the choice ‘South African,’ they were kind enough to introduce Elbe Port and Sherry. We have not had this quoted latterly in their interesting circular, which comes to us in our seaside resorts, with our jar of pickles, our coffee and tea supplies. We don’t infer that it now supplies the place of the dinner Sherry at 14s., or the Amontillado at 16s., or the Mountain Port. We hope the concoctions have been too much for even the Grocer Wine Merchants, but if they want encouragement they have it in the *Wine Trade Review*. We won’t say any more, but will venture to affirm this, that although the visitor to the Wine Manufactory at Hamburg tasted in one sample a distinct Manzanilla character, and others resembled Amontillado, he never swallowed a brim glassful—he was too good a judge for that. We notice in the *Wine Trade Review* a conspicuous advertisement from the establishment referred to, in which we are told that their prices are from 30 to 50 per cent. under those of wines from Spain ; the quotations are from £10 to £11 per butt, and they invite a comparison with wines from Spain.”

In Mr. Ridley's *Wine Trade Circular* the following is given as being the formula for Elbe Sherry manufacture :—

“ Take 40 proof gallons of fine potash spirit at 1s. 4d. per gallon on the spot = £2 15s. 6d.; 56 gallons of pure Elbe water, cost *nil*; 4 gallons of Capillaire, £1; and to be liberal, allow that 10 gallons of luscious wine or grape juice are added at a cost of £2; then for cask, 12s.; harbour and shipping charges, 10s.; commission, 2s. 6d.; discount for cash, 4s.; total, £7 2s. The mixture was shipped as Elbe Sherry, at £7 15s. and £8 per butt of 108 gallons.”

“ In a voluminous price-list issued by a well-known advertising firm,” the same authority says, “ We find Elbe Sherry (Castle brand) quoted at 15s. per dozen, and recommended as ‘ a light *stimulating* wine, peculiarly free from acidity, and taking into consideration its strength, cheaper than beer or any other ordinary beverage.’ On obtaining a bottle of this *stimulating* beverage we found the strength by distillation to be 62 under proof, *i.e.*, 38 per cent. of proof spirit, and as to ‘ acidity ’ it was just as free from that vice as whisky-toddy, *apropos* of which we notice in another page of this interesting advertising pamphlet that a bottle of Castle Whisky, 33 per cent. under proof, may be had for 1s. 10d., delivered by cart to any part of the metropolis; the cost price

of which at 3s. per proof gallon in bond, and duty, 10s., is 1s. 6d.; leaving a profit of about 22 per cent., whilst the 'Elbe Sherry' even at the high price of £10 per butt, and duty 2s. 6d. per gallon, is only 9d. per bottle, leaving a profit of 66 per cent. The superior advantages gained from the sale of the latter article over one-and-tenpenny whisky is thus made manifest, and a valid reason shown for endeavouring to extend its sale."

The reader has had quite enough of Hambro' Sherry, but I must, ere I conclude this part of my subject, refer to a very contradictory opinion upon this so-called wine, emanating from an analytical chemist, Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall. In the *London Times* of March 2nd, appeared a letter from Dr. Hassall upon "Spanish Sherry Manufacture," which may pass for what it is worth; but it contains a reference to Elbe or Hambro' Sherry, of which the learned analyst says:—"Those denominated *Hambro' Sherries* contained but little wine at all, but consisted chiefly of spirit, sugar, and water, flavoured; in fact, those mixtures could hardly be said to have any claim to be regarded as wine at all." My readers will, I expect, agree with me in thinking that this judgment, the result presumably of an analysis of these wines as they are commonly

sold and drunk, is of more importance and interest to them than the report given by the same analyst upon certain *samples* of wine submitted to him by a particular Hamburg wine manufacturing firm, in which report, after detailing the result of his experiments, he concludes by saying "that the whole of the analyses do undoubtedly establish the correctness of Messrs. ——— statement that Hamburg Sherry "is really made from a weak wine fortified and sweetened in the same manner as the wines from Spain, known in this country as Sherry." After this is it not quite open to question what is the value of an analysis of wine, and whether the chemistry of wine, interesting as it is, can at present be carried far enough to subserve the practical wants of the consumer? I do not wish it to be assumed from my noticing the two opinions of Dr. Hassall upon Hambro' wines that I attach no importance to the value of a chemical investigation into the properties of wine. For very many years in my travels in the wine districts to make my selections, I have taken with me a small portable laboratory; which enabled me, by certain tests which I will explain, to identify the wine on its arrival in England as being the wine I purchased on the Continent. This is a simple matter, and requires only time, patience,

and practice. The first process is to take the specific gravity, that is, weighing a certain quantity of the wine at a temperature of 60° . The second by means of a retort and condenser to distil it, and ascertain the amount of alcohol, or proof spirit, which it contains; natural unfortified wines seldom have more than 25 per cent. of proof spirit; the average may be taken at 18 per cent. When the spirit is drawn off, it is useful to taste it, critically; if it is clean, and not offensive to the palate or nose, it generally follows that the wine is of good character. The residuum in the retort should likewise be tasted; it is never very inviting, but exceedingly offensive in common Ports, Cape, and Moguer Sherries. The next operation is to ascertain the amount of free acids, and this is a more delicate matter, and would require in its detail a longer explanation than my space would allow. It is effected by means of an apparatus known as *Mohrs Burette*. Into a graduated tube is put a prepared test ammonia, which is allowed to drop into a vessel containing diluted wine, and in proportion to the quantity of ammonia used to neutralize the wine are the properties of free acid determined. I have gone somewhat farther, but with no practical result; but to give the reader some idea of how some modern chemists love to riot

in the most appalling nomenclature, I give an extract from a medical treatise on wine by Drs. Thudicum and Dupré, which to read aloud is, as the *London Times* critic observed, like dreaming of being a teetotum.

“Although those acids are diabolic, that is contain two atoms of hydrogen, replaceable by basic radicles, and forming, therefore, two classes of salts, malic acid contains a third atom of hydrogen; and tartaric acid a third and fourth atom, which can be replaced by acid radicles, and under some circumstances by basic radicles. The compounds, however, in which those hydrogen atoms are replaced differ materially from ordinary salts, and this hydrogen has accordingly been distinguished as alcoholic hydrogen. Malic acid may thus appear as a diabolic acid and a monodynamic alcohol, while tartaric acid is a diabolic acid or didynamic alcohol.”

I confess this goes beyond my comprehension. Those of my readers who can make anything out of it are more advanced than myself. But I have now done with the subject of chemical analysis. There are, doubtless, many who will say, that, being one of the trade, I am too much interested in the subject to be impartial, and that this is only an ingenious puff of my own wines. Well, I must submit with the best grace I can to such inferences; but I may be permitted to state on behalf of my own reputation, that from the outset of my career I set myself

determinedly against adulterated and sophisticated wines, and never allowed either to enter my cellar, or even offered for sale any wine otherwise than under its proper designation.

I agree with Mr. Ruskin when he says, "The public have a right to fair and honourable dealing. The merchant has his function, as well as the clergyman, the physician, and the lawyer. While it is the pastor's duty to instruct, and the physician's to heal, it is the merchant's to provide; he should understand to the very root the quality of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining or producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing or obtaining it in a perfect state, and distributing it at the lowest possible price, where it is most needed."

Inimical to the interests of the wine trade, is its frequent adoption as a "*dernier ressort*" by those who, lacking education or ability for the learned professions, and who could not succeed in living upon their wits, have an idea that there is something respectable about a "Wine Merchant," and they embark in a business for which they are wholly unqualified. Ignorant of where best to procure, and when procured, how properly to treat the wine they have to vend, they are compelled to leave the most important

portion of their business to the management of agents, whose objects and interests are identical with those of their employers, viz., to get as much out of each transaction as they can, with no other consideration but that of profit. Who amongst my readers cannot call to mind some "familiar friend," who, having married, making probably the daughter of an honourable home his victim, has tried everything without success, until "Papa" has been obliged to help his hopeful son-in-law with capital to start him in the wine trade? He trades upon his good connection, and makes his good connection pay pretty well for the pleasure of his acquaintance. What to him is the maintenance of an honourable calling? He will derive no satisfaction or elevation of character from his new occupation, for he has been, probably, "well up" in the doings of the turf, and is familiar with the practices of the gambling-table. His end and object is only to get as much as he can out of those who entrust him with their orders. Men of this class bring disrespect to the mercantile community. In all the higher professions there are diplomas, and licenses to practice from duly constituted authorities. There are degrees in Divinity, in Arts, in Law, and in Physic; and descending to the humbler trades, we find that

all are apprenticed to their various callings. The mechanic will reject from the workshop any one who cannot, by his indentures, prove a right to follow his particular trade; and yet, in a business which is scarcely second to any in importance, either as regards the enormous revenue which it procures to the government in the shape of duties and licenses, its benefit in the exchange of commodities with other countries, or the responsibility which it involves in the diffusion of what is not only a luxury but a necessary of life, there is no security whatever to the unwary public from the dishonest or ignorant adventurer.*

Consequent upon the success attending the enterprising *South African* and *Hamburg Sherry* manipulators, there have sprung into existence a number of limited liability companies, with boards of directors, managers, and agents, all

* The point of this argument is given in "From Vineyard to Decanter," written by one whose *nom de plume* is Don Pedro Verdad. It approaches so closely to the above, that my readers may imagine I have committed piracy. In defence of such an accusation I must say that my argument appeared in the first edition of "WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES," written in 1861. If Don Pedro Verdad has availed himself of my chapter, it would have been only courteous to have acknowledged it; if it was unknown to him, we must conclude it is one of those cases where *great minds often think alike!*

over the kingdom. Many of these companies which began their existence with a flourish of trumpets, have ended with something worse than a pauper's funeral. The journals of the day, and proceedings in the law courts under the "*Winding-up Act*," show the miserable termination of these vaunted associations. If we take into consideration the enormous expenses which these enterprising firms incur from continuous advertisements, issue of circulars, postage, and agents' commission, it will be evident that the charges amount to more than the average profit of a Wine Merchant conducting a respectable business.

Much has been said and written about fabricated Champagne, and occasionally much alarm is created in the public mind by newspaper paragraphs. I think such statements are groundless; the days of the green gooseberry and the rhubarb manufacturers have passed away. The concoctors of really adulterated wines have generally but a short existence; the only customers they ever had were those always on the look out for something cheap, and who for awhile victimized themselves, and, what is of more consequence, their friends. If the means of very genteel dinner-giving persons are limited, far better would it be, if they cannot afford to give

good wine, to put before their friends some genuine ale or cider than to entrap them with abominations, bought either at auctions, or from unscrupulous advertisers or so-called wine companies.

The secret of the marvellously low-priced Champagne which is offered to the public under high-sounding names is that it is not the growth of the Champagne district, but that of the South. The exorbitant prices commanded by the leading Champagne brands, which, owing to increased consumption, contain every year less of the *Champagne* grape, has called attention to the growth of other districts, and there is no questioning the fact that immense quantities of the wines of Vouvray and Saumur—especially the latter—find their way into many noted houses in Rheims and Epernay. I saw, some years since, a very large number of casks of White Wine from Saumur at the railway station at Ay. The wine is used either to make up *cuvées* or to send out after the usual treatment as Champagne. The credulous purchasers are satisfied as long as the proper label is outside the bottle and the noted brand upon the cork. The practice in my opinion is nothing less than a fraud, as the cost of the Saumur Wine is on an average one-half less than that of the lower qualities of the growth of Champagne. Saumur

is in the department of Marne-et-Loire, on the Loire, distant forty miles from Tours and twenty-nine miles from Angiers, the capital of the department. I have for many years known these wines and have drunk at Saumur sparkling wines of excellent quality. They have not the "finesse" of Champagne proper, and are wanting in "bouquet." A connoisseur would at once distinguish the difference; but they are the genuine juice of the grape, sound, wholesome wines. They require but little liqueuring, as the richness of the fully-ripened grape renders only a moderate addition of either spirit or saccharine necessary. I am pleased to observe that the wine has been lately introduced by some merchants under its proper designation, but I regret that the qualities which I have met with in this country are not of the better kinds: it is unfair to the reputation of the wine that the worst kinds should be imported. The best qualities may be sold to pay the merchant a fair profit (if he knows his business, and goes direct to the fountain head, avoiding all intermediate profits) at 28s. to 30s. per dozen, and such wine is a great boon to those whose circumstances will not permit them to indulge in the more costly and over-valued wines from the millionaires of Epernay and Rheims.

The auction room offers a very encouraging

medium for the disposal of common and adulterated wines generally. In almost every city or town in the United Kingdom are to be found periodical sales of wine by auction. It is a business with some to prepare wine solely for that purpose; and the continued repetition of these sales leads to the conclusion that a very fair profit is derived from this class of business; and here the charges for advertising, printing catalogues, auctioneer's commission, packages, packing and carriage, must amount to more than the average profit a respectable merchant would expect upon the same quantity of pure honest wine. Connected with wine sales by auction there is invariably fraud and deception. The Bristol Bankruptcy Court furnished, not long since, some revelations in the matter of auction sales. Wines were advertised as the stock of eminent connoisseurs, lately deceased, who really never possessed such wines. Ports of 1820 and 1834 (those inexhaustible vintages), Château Margaux and Lafite — in fact, every tempting invitation to bring together a company is offered as a bait. The sale generally commences with some fairly good wine, after which an admixture of "Cape," "Marsala," or worse still, "Hamburg," is passed off as Sherry; Spanish Red, as rich, fruity Port, and the same deception goes

on all through the catalogue. A purchaser at an auction has no remedy; he pays his money upon delivery, and he must put up with his bargain. The wine delivered to him is declared to be the same as the sample shown at the sale; possibly it may be so, for the auxiliary "biscuit and cheese," and the tasting of many qualities, may deceive the unwary.

Wines of excellent quality, the *bonâ fide* property of deceased *eminent connoisseurs*, are occasionally offered for sale by auction; but it invariably follows that they realize a very high price—generally (if the wines are known to the late owner's friends) beyond their intrinsic value.

The encouragement given to foreigners, mostly German Jews, is another matter which affects the interests of the respectable wine merchant, and is another imposition upon the public. Very few of these men have establishments abroad. When they effect a sale, they purchase the wine from merchants of a low grade, who lend themselves to the imposition. They travel all over England, and with the confidence and impudence which they share with the mendicant pedlar, intrude themselves into the residences of the wealthy, and pretending to offer the advantages of receiving wines direct from the growers (as they profess themselves to be), obtain for wines

of an inferior quality prices far exceeding their value. A person of this class recently played his cards remarkably well. He had become possessed of half a stück (about 750 bottles) of really fine Steinberg Cabinet; by the influence of the house-steward or butler, he got this wine on the table of a leading member of the aristocracy, who properly appreciated its excellence, and hence the vendor became famous, and every one to whom the circumstance became known and who prided himself upon his cellars was desirous of having wine of the same description as that sold to his lordship. It was a very remarkable half stück, it never became exhausted; there were always a few dozens which could be spared as a favour to an anxious purchaser, who, had the opportunity for comparison presented itself, would have found the wine supplied to him to be of a very different quality to that which was sold to the more distinguished patron. The country is over-run by these foreigners, touting for orders; five or six are frequently in the same city. They make their house to house visitation among private people, and having "done" them, as the Americans say, they have the assurance to call on the dealers with a different card, generally headed "To the Trade only."

Two of the fraternity of the Hebrew persuasion called upon a dealer at Dundee, a shrewd, wide-awake Scotchman; sample after sample was produced, and every exertion made by importuning, and the offer of unusual advantages to get an order, but without success. At last, reluctantly putting up their samples, the disappointed travellers said to my Scotch friend, "It's all prejudice; if we had changed our names you would have given us an order." Sandie replied, "Ah! you may change your names as often as you please, *but I will defy you to change your noses.*"

The following furnishes an excellent illustration how the importunity exercised by these illustrious strangers may sometimes be appeased. A gentleman at Birmingham was very lately called upon by a German of some note, wealth, and station, from Frankfort, who solicited an order for Hock, stating that his capabilities for business were very large. The gentleman endeavoured to evade his importunity by saying that his consumption was very small, and further that the profit exacted would be too great for his pocket. On this he was assured it was not so, his visitor was contented with a profit of half-a-crown per dozen, and he would not refuse an order be it ever so

small. The gentleman at once said he would allow him to *book* an order for a three-dozen case, at the same time putting three half-crowns upon the table, saying that he preferred giving him the profit to taking the wine! This was such a startling stroke that the great German pedlar rushed for his hat and departed. Were our own countrymen to exhibit a tenth part of the assurance which these foreigners assume, they would be very soon shown the door.

I cannot close this part of my subject without giving the following from the pen of the talented and witty author of "Three Weeks in Wet Sheets," the editor and proprietor of the *Bristol Times*, in whose paper it appeared in August, 1867. I found it amongst my scraps; it is too good to omit from the records of touting.

"A WINE CIRCULAR.

"One sees a good deal of the spirit and enterprise of the wine trade, especially in what is called the family department. Every one has got more friends in it than he can find orders for. I suppose it is because it is a nice business, a pleasant business—easy to be got into and easy to be got out of—that it is so popular. If you have your wits about you and a little push, you can do business under almost any circumstance. As you walk

into town or out of town—as you go to a dinner party or return from one—you may plant a pipe, hogshead, or quarter-cask with a good customer, between Clifton Church and the Exchange. All this is quite right; enterprise is the soul of trade, and few things are worth having that may be got without asking. A neighbour of mine tells me he feels quite a pleasure in being, as he terms it, ‘tickled for an order.’ Some time ago, as I myself returned home, I saw a splendid tandem at my door, and entered the house with the impression that I was having the honour of a visit from some young viscount or earl just come into his property, and who sought, as one of the first *desiderata* of life, the pleasure of my acquaintance. When I entered, however, I found a smiling gentleman, *debonaire* and delightful, who, through pure good-will and friendly interest in my comfort and the condition of my cellar, desired to commence what would, he hoped, be a long and mutually agreeable acquaintance with a quarter-cask or even an octave of peculiarly dry sherry. Whether I gave him an order or not is no one’s business but his and my own: we parted excellent friends, and as he drew his splendidly furred gig apron over his knees and started his nags, he waved his hand to me with the air of a duke and the grace of a duchess.”

Such is home “push,” which your patriotism induces you to do everything in your power to encourage. It is not always easy, however, to meet the enterprise of the foreigner, on a tour for orders, with the same indulgent complacency.

Whether he come from the banks of the Rhine, the Moselle, or Seine, whether it be an assorted case or a complete cask he presses upon your attention, "just as a trial sample," he equally perplexes you with a politeness which will never take "no" for an answer. The French speak of "le brutal shakehand d'un Anglais," and I confess to tender fingers, and no particular love for that iron grip which glues them together, grating the bones and injuring the marrow; but I prefer it, vice-like though it be, to the soft silky palmistry of the man who presents his catalogue of Rhenish or Bordeaux wines on fine glazed, flimsy paper, and in foreign typography.

Our continental neighbours have, however, recently improved upon this. They have edited their wine circulars, as they flavour their wines, to suit the English taste and market: the following I found amongst the letters awaiting me on my breakfast table. I omit the name, having no desire to advertise this foreign firm gratuitously in these pages: but I will merely premise that the establishment which recommends its wines in so agreeable and "delightesse" a fashion hails (as the Yankees say) from Montpellier:—

WINE IS A DRINK FOR GODS!

Dear Sir,—Among our national products one of the first is wine.

Our wines are too little known and deserve to be more: my purpose is to open a new market to our best Vins de Table, and to spend to English people an healthy and delightful drink, where of effect is to make a reapest merry and cheerful, and to drive spleen far away, according to the French proverb: *All wicked men drink water.*

To reach more surely my aim, I will sell every cask of 100 quarts (cost, freight, insurance), leaving only duties at charge of buyers:

Every invoice shall be accompanied with an information for fulling bottles—and with labels to put upon them, and giving means to preserve wine very long.

	£	sh.	d.
Vermouth (is to be drank one hour before reapest to give an appetite)	3	14	0
White wines dry (are to be drank at beginning reapest, with oysters)—			
Clairette 	2	10	0
Piquepoule 	2	05	0
Red wines (are to be drank during reapest, with roasted meat)—			
St. Georges 	2	10	0
Pic St. Loup 	2	05	0
Sweet wines, a delightness of ladies (are to be drank at end of reapest, with cakes, pastries, plum-pudding).			
Languedocian Cognac 	3	15	0

Value to my draft at sixty days after date of bill of

lading, if desired; but Montpellier beeing always agreed by buyer for paiement. Discount 3 per cent. is allowed for paiement by drafts at thirty days on London, from date of bill of lading.

Awaiting for your orders,

I am yours respectfully,

I do not laugh at the English of the above, because it is evidently prepared by a Frenchman, and if I tried to make a French circular out of an English one—to translate from the latter into the former—I am perfectly satisfied, from the manner in which I have travelled and talked from Boulogne to Strasburg, that I should not word it so well. I rather commend the whole literary production to the attention of the home trade, from which they will see that in this, as in most other matters, “they order things better in France,” and not only tell us, poor benighted islanders, what to drink, but when to drink it.

Those who will trouble themselves to investigate the several matters I have touched upon, will find the difficulties attendant upon the legitimate wine merchant’s business not at all exaggerated. The merchant who devotes himself to his business, and feels an interest in it; who is industrious, energetic, and enterprising—constantly improving in his knowledge of the

properties of the various wines which he requires, and by his selections in the countries of their growth satisfying himself as to their purity, rather prefers competition, carried on in an honourable spirit of rivalry; but that which disheartens and discourages him is to find the public deluded by, or giving encouragement to the vendors of fabricated wines, rendering the community liable to imposition with regard to other wines, by depriving it of the power to distinguish the pure from the impure, and by making the impure wine the standard of the general taste.

It is doubtful if the Licensing Act, enabling grocers to retail wine and spirits, is of benefit either to the public or to the grocer. There is an old saying, "*Every one to his trade,*" and certainly with the multifarious articles in which the grocer deals, and the quality of which he is supposed to be acquainted with, he must have his time well occupied, for if he devotes himself to his business, the selection of the goods applicable to his own legitimate trade alone must give him ample employment, presuming that their disposal is left to his assistants. A grocer's list comprises some thousands of articles. I notice that one before me, got up as a neat pamphlet, comprises thirty kinds of tea, coffees and choco-

lates thirty varieties, sugars nearly as many, currants, raisins, figs, plums, spices, rice, vinegars, oils, curries, jellies, potted meats, jams, sardines, potted lobsters, shrimps and oysters, anchovies and salmon, biscuits, pickles and sauces; soups, Australian beef, mutton, etc., hams, tongues, candles and soap, butter, cheese, Melton Mowbray pork pies, black lead, polishing paste and rotten stone—these comprise about one-fourth of the articles included in the catalogue of this enterprising grocer's store. He must be a marvellous man who, with such a formidable list to look after (and many of the provisions perishable), can give his time and attention to a business which requires so much knowledge, experience, and judgment, as the wine trade. Those who are accustomed to the management of wine in well-regulated cellars, and know how wines are affected by changes of temperature, view with astonishment the manner in which the grocer wine merchant treats his stock. Arrayed in boxes like pigeon holes in a lawyer's office are bottles labled Sauterne, Claret, Hock (still or sparkling), Champagne, Port or Marsala, the sun or gas, as it may be, heating the atmosphere which is redolent of the smell of cheese, hams, soap or candles—vapours such as would make

“Joey Ladle” faint. Some particularly famed wines are allowed to bask in the window upon currants or raisins; they are supposed to ripen and mellow better than the unfortunates in the pigeon holes. The idea is that there being a deficiency of the grape inside the bottle, a raisin *bin* may help to supply the deficiency and give the wine a character. Upon this I will offer no opinion. It is certain that wine which stands the treatment thus described must be of doubtful reputation. But it is seriously a nuisance to go into the shop of the grocer wine merchant. If you want tea, or coffee, a tin of sardines, or a few ounces of spice, you are invariably pestered to try the dinner Sherry at 1s. 3d., the choice Amontillado at 1s. 9d., the Claret at 1s. per bottle, or some other of the abominations by which you are surrounded. You shudder at the idea, and the energetic salesman, thinking you are no wine consumer, then calls your attention to their specially fine ales or porter. Were it not better such matters were left to the legitimate trade? Speaking of ale and porter, I have never considered their sale as properly belonging to the wine trade, and it will be noticed that no house of eminence connects the sale of malt liquors with that of wine.

The grocers who deal in spirits appear to be getting somewhat into bad odour, to judge by the return of a Parliamentary paper, No. 160, issued in reply to a question addressed to the municipal authorities of the principal cities and boroughs, as to whether the increase in spirit-drinking is to be traced to the facilities afforded by the sale by grocers of spirits in bottle. I insert only a few from a large number of replies, showing that the evil is traced directly, so far as women are concerned, to the facilities afforded by spirit-selling grocers.

Bath replies that there is ground to fear that grocers selling spirits conduce to social tipping among women.

Bradford.—These places (grocers' shops) afford facilities for secret drinking for females, who have been known to buy drink and have it charged for as "groceries" in the account.

Bridgenorth.—Yes, especially among the women. This is possibly owing to the facilities afforded by the sale of spirits by grocers.

Coventry (City).—The Mayor is inclined to think it (spirit-drinking) has increased, and is of opinion that females, purchasing spirits at grocers, should not have less than a full bottle, but is under the impression that grocers retail as little as half-a-pint.

Deal.—Women have been known to obtain spirits at the grocers, and have it placed in account as grocery to deceive their husbands.

Denbigh.—The opinion is generally opposed to grocers being allowed to sell spirits. *Grocers should attend to their own trade.*

Devizes.—Spirit-drinking has increased, and many persons think by the facilities afforded as mentioned above.

Dunstable.—The Mayor has reason to think it has among women; many would buy at a grocer's who would not be seen entering a public-house.

Gateshead.—The great evil of the sale by grocers is that females are much tempted, and drunkenness is increasing amongst them in many places.

Kendal.—Spirits not generally drunk of late years; drinking amongst women has increased probably owing to present facilities of getting liquor.

Liverpool.—There has been a large increase in spirit-drinking, and this is partly due to the sale in grocers' shops.

Macclesfield.—It is believed that it has, especially by private families.

Maidenhead.—The opinion is that such is the case.

Middlesborough.—The licensing of grocers to sell spirits is objectionable.

Wenbury.—It is believed, and with much reason, that the sale of spirits in bottle by grocers has tended to increase the facilities of spirit-drinking in the homes of the labourers; especially in country districts and among females. This is partly evinced by the fact that last year the convictions for drunkenness have increased with females, and decreased as to males, as far as this borough is concerned.

Newport, Isle of Wight.—Spirit-drinking has much increased, and is most certainly to be traced to the sale by grocers.

Penzance.—It opens a door for private drinking habits.

Shrewsbury.—It is believed that the Act extending the sale to grocers was most unwise, the licenses granted to victuallers being already far in excess of the limits of the population.

Wigan.—It is the opinion that the sale by grocers of spirits in bottle affords very great facilities for secret drinking, especially by females, but whether there is any increase of drunkenness amongst men, caused by grocers selling spirits, there is no opportunity of judging, but it is thought not.

In the House of Commons, May 20th, on

the Spirituous Liquors (Scotland) Bill, Mr. Dalrymple said "He was much interested in that part of the Bill which referred to grocers' licences. Grocers' shops were simply public-houses free from supervision."

Amongst the numerous circulars which serve to fill the waste-paper basket there are certainly to be found grocers' list of wines, and the muddle and confusions which the ignorant vendors make are occasionally as curious as they are amusing. One informs us that he has some wonderful "Vinos de Postos," another who speaks of *Sherry* direct from *Bordeaux*, quotes prices thus:—

	Per Doz.
"Sherry, Chateau d'Yquem	40s.
Ditto, Finest Sauterne	34s."

I could quote twenty or more such absurdities, not misprints, for the blunders of the circular were frequently repeated in a corresponding advertisement. I point these out to show the absurdities committed by persons who adopt a business with the nature of which they are wholly unacquainted, and to suggest to such traders that they should at least as a preliminary make themselves intimate with the various growths of wine and with the countries from whence they are procured.

In making these cursory remarks upon *pseudo* wine traders, I am not actuated by any apprehensive fear of their affecting the interests of the legitimate wine trade for any lengthened period. As in the case of all adulterated wine, age would soon develop its imperfections, and in the course of time the result will be evident. The longer it is kept the worse it becomes; and a very few years will prove its worthlessness. Those who have used such wines freely have prepared for themselves years of suffering and dyspepsia; and there is this fear, that those unaccustomed to good or pure wine are liable to imposition: they have known only the sweetened, fortified, strong wines, and thus made the impure wine their standard of taste. A person accustomed only to bad wines will often form a very erroneous estimate of high-class wines, and give the preference to the inferior. *I believe it is now more than ever requisite that not alone the consumer but the TRADE in this country should look carefully to the character and standing of the houses of whom they purchase.* I will conclude these observations corroborative of my opinions by extracts from Mr. Beckwith's "Practical Notes on Wine."*

*"Practical Notes on Wine." By E. L. Beckwith. Smith, Elder, and Co.

“ I suppose there is no branch of commerce conducted on the same principles as those which govern the wine trade; and one of the chief reasons for this is, perhaps, that wine has hitherto been regarded as a luxury, rather than as a necessary, of life.

“ It is my hope and belief that a great change in public opinion is taking place in this respect, and that reform will develop into a pacific and beneficial revolution. For this to be effected, however, it is essential that, with the change in the character of the article itself, there should be a corresponding alteration in the mode of selling, and in the character of the vendor; and those who are inclined to blame Mr. Gladstone for revising the excise laws, and permitting grocers and others to sell wine, should rather blame themselves for not perceiving the inevitable consequences of such a change; as, had they done so, they might have secured a portion of that colossal trade now almost the monopoly of one house, which had not only the wit to see their opportunity, but also the courage and energy to seize it. There are, fortunately, admirers of both eras or schools of wine-selling—of the new and old fashioned trades—and it is, perhaps, for the advantage of the public that both should continue to flourish. Let me see in what they differ from one another. The old-fashioned Wine Merchant, as described by the more modern aspirant to fame, ‘is unduly greedy of profit. He does not furnish a list of prices, and so nobody knows what he has to sell, or how much he intends to charge. He is not exactly the same as other *merchants*, because he does not actually sell by retail, and yet he would resent the imputation of being a tradesman, nor as a rule should he be so classified.’ This, or something like this, is the opinion of the new

Wine Merchant with respect to his old-fashioned confrère. Let us hear, now, what the senior has to say of the juvenile, with his 'this' or his 'that' wine at '42s., usually sold at 60s.' To tell the truth, the old despises the new man, and thinks that he is lowering the standard of the trade, and debasing the status of the trader in every sense. He accuses the modern merchant of putting wine on the same footing as pickles, marmalade, or candles. He sneers at his continual advertisements and prices current. He declares that the quotations of prices are so multiplied that the public is become weary of the very name of wine, and that thereby the entire trade is damaged and vulgarised. And yet when I look upon this controversy simply as one of the public, I recognise that benefit accrues to us from both schools. It is erroneous to suppose that the old Wine Merchant realises any very extraordinary profits, in view of the capital invested in his business; in fact I am not aware of any trade, in which results so modest are realised; for instead of netting two, if not three bonuses per annum, the Wine Merchant of old and good standing cannot reckon on securing a profit more than once in three years on an average, if indeed so frequently. No one, I think, would consider 10 per cent. too high a rate of gross profit; and even supposing that, like one of the new school (who do not keep their wines until they have reached maturity) he turned his capital over, say three times a year, such a course would give him 90 per cent. Does anyone believe he gets such a profit? It is, I repeat, to the interests of the public, that both the old and new schools should continue; but I do not see the probability of the former keeping its ground, if, on the one hand, the public persist in the foolish expectation of obtaining

fine and natural wines at ridiculously low prices; and, on the other, the old Wine Merchant has the mortification to see his young competitor not merely pocketing a large income, but, at the same time, gaining great popularity. Turning once again to the modern school, we see a pregnant example of the evil working of *trade marks or brands*, and how by their means a Wine Merchant, even though advancing his pecuniary interests, may debase his vocation by pandering to the ignorance of the public, whilst ostensibly appealing to its taste and intelligence.* . . . Most persons of business pursuits could of their own experience furnish numerous instances of inferior goods realising considerably higher prices than others of better quality and greater intrinsic value, solely because the former enjoyed the factitious decoration of a trade mark.† . . . Merchants, no matter whether they be wholesale or retail, if they desire to obtain the patronage of the public for *unprotected* merchandise, must in the first instance show that they deserve success by thoroughly mastering the details of their business, by diligently going forth in search of the best markets, and by relaxing no possible effort to earn a character for intelligence, fair dealing, and integrity. Such exertions, however, cease to be of primary necessity when the merchant's stock is entirely of a *trade-marked* description. Such a fact destroys the very germs of enterprise, and narrows, instead of enlarging, the field of competition. The struggle becomes one of unscrupulous under-selling, instead of an earnest and just contest of emulation as to who, by his own industry and capacity, shall succeed in dispensing an article which is not only the cheapest but the best.

* Page 88.

† Page 79.

“Regarding the question simply as one of national commercial economy, I am convinced that, did Wine Merchants study their business as it deserves to be studied, it would be the means of retaining in this country, for remunerative investment, many thousands of pounds which are now virtually lost abroad, through our ignorance and indifference. Trade marks, or popular brands, owe their most powerful support to this want of knowledge. The public have come to mistrust their own judgment, and, reposing blind confidence in those who profess to take an onerous responsibility off their shoulders, they become the willing slaves of a host of extraordinary devices.*

What are the chief requisities in the formation of the mercantile character? Are they not a thorough and intimate knowledge of business, a high sense of honour, and an earnest desire to gain a good name? And is it not the interest of us all to encourage such a race of traders? Where, however, is the scope for mercantile action to be found? and how can a merchant exemplify the characteristics I have named, if his duties are confined to merely selling that which is branded and ticketed with its price? And where is his stimulus to build up a brilliant reputation, if the results of his endeavours are only to enrich some person, personally unknown to him? It is not, I repeat, because I object to the employment of trade marks that I am so short-sighted as to ignore their usefulness to a certain extent, but I do most earnestly deprecate violent extremes of any kind; and, I protest, on the one hand, against the prevalent plan of possessors of well-known brands attempting to

push themselves over and through the ranks of those who helped them to establish their names ; whilst, on the other hand, I am constrained to think that but a poor spirit is exhibited by those merchants who, in their anxiety to make money, care little about making reputation, and who all sell certain brands, or trade marks, not because in their judgment they are better than any others, but because by using them they can ‘steal a march,’ so to speak, on their fellow-traders. In such conduct as much ignorance as cupidity is shown, for the instruments they employ, instead of growing up to be their pride and support, while at the best they prove but a sorry aid, are at any time liable to be snatched from them by someone more rapacious than and as ignorant as themselves.*

“There can be no doubt that the wine trade is at present in a transition state. What it may ultimately become I do not profess to determine ; but I feel assured that, with the exception of a certain number whose prosperity is, as it were, guaranteed by the exigent refinements of a wealthy and luxurious section of the community, and by whom the trade in wine will always be regarded as a matter of luxury and high art, as well as a necessary of life, it would be far wiser for the traders in wine who remain to combine to become *bona fide merchants*, ready and willing to supply retail shops ; whilst others, who are now struggling for little more than a bare livelihood, would do well to take a leaf out of the objectionable grocers’ book ; and, if they did not sell wines with jams and pickles, try and sell it without, in an open and unmistakeable shop. Divided

* Page 83.

into these three classes, there could be little room for those objectionable addenda to the present system, which, in the shape of bankrupts, swindlers, and persons unable to get a living elsewhere, have often made 'going into the wine trade,' a term almost equivalent to 'going on the turf.'

"To some of the public it may appear a matter of indifference as to how manufacturers and merchants conduct their business, as long as they can buy their wine cheap. To my mind, however, it is quite as important that the channel of supply should be pure as well as cheap. The last is a desirable ingredient; the first is an actual necessity; and, had I to give an answer to the oft-made inquiry, 'Where can I get good wine?' I would say, 'Go to a Wine Merchant of good character.'"*

It is not my intention to dwell long upon the origin of wine, or to give any lengthened history of what wine was drunk in the earlier or in more recent times; I am more desirous of making my book one to which a person in search of sound practical information can profitably refer. Amongst the many works in relation to wine in my possession I can find none such. They are mostly written by amateurs and theorists, whose acquaintance with useful knowledge on the subject is trifling, and with but slight reference to facts; they have taken their opinions on trust from the conjectures of those who had

* Page 91.

preceded them ; but the conjectures and speculations of persons who have never visited a wine country, or have only hurried through by railway or diligence are alike barren of information and entertainment, and thus it often happens that treatises upon wines are the *driest* of all readings—they have neither the grace of fiction nor the utility of truth. I hope this little volume may rank in a very different class.

Added to a commercial intimacy with the subject for half a century, I have traversed with a distinct and practical purpose the principal wine countries in Europe, and have taken notes of inquiries and records of tastings, and journalised whatever was worthy of notice in respect to the growth and treatment in the various districts I have visited. If wine countries were often visited in this manner and facts judiciously detailed, we should not find, as we do at present, books on wines to be for the most part mere perpetrations of error. I must plead guilty to being one of those who have adopted some of the opinions of preceding writers, and in so doing have to some extent committed myself. In my first essay* my knowledge was imperfect. I had not wandered much “amongst the vines,” and I found upon

* “Wine and Wine Countries,” 1861.

after research that I had been the victim of mistaken confidence.

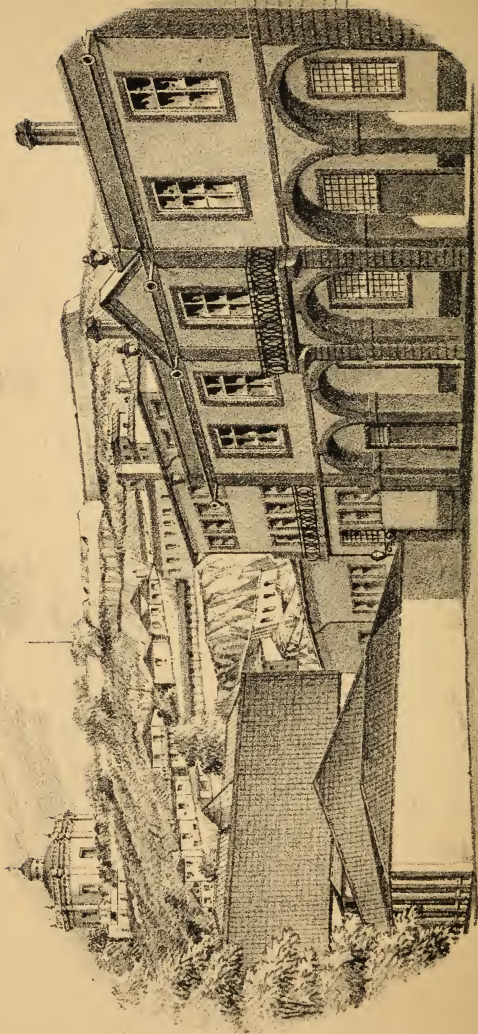
We owe much to Mr. Cyrus Redding for his "History and Description of Modern Wines," published in 1836, a work of great research, but wanting in practical utility and abounding with erroneous information as regards wines of particular districts, both as to quality and produce.

Two books have recently been published which may be relied upon—"Practical Notes on Wine," by E. L. Beckwith, Associate Juror and Reporter on Wines at the Paris Exhibition, 1867; and "The Wines of the World, Characterized and Classed," by Henry Vizetelly, Wine Juror for Great Britain at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873. Both writers were experienced in their subject, and have done their duty well.

Chapter i.

WINES OF PORTUGAL.

Correspondence with Mr. G. G. Sandeman, 1863—Portuguese and Spanish Tour — Unpleasant Companions — Villa Nova—Arrival at Oporto — Extraordinary Religious Procession — Brandyng Pert Wine—A Poser—Use of Sulphur, a suggestion —Mr. Joseph J. Forrester—His description of Cultivation and Mode of Making Wine—Sir J. Emerson-Tennent—Hollingshead's Chronicles—Ordinance for the Household of George, Duke of Clarence—Ordinance of James I.—Canary Sack —Taste for more powerful Wines—Anglo-French Treaty of 1860 —Mr. Gladstone and Reduction of Duties—Imperfect method of ascertaining the strength of Wines—Revision of Duties in 1862—Increased consumption of Port—Bad qualities of 1855, 1856, 1857—Consul Crauford's Report—The Author's and Mr. Jno. Atlees' Analysis—Extra fortified Wines liable to the Duty upon Foreign Spirits—Value of Old Port Wine—A good Investment—The Magnums—Brislington Sale—Prospect Hill House—Mr. A. B. Cooper—A noted Sale, *Daily Telegraph*—Brande upon Medical Properties of Port Wine—Dr. Richardson on the same subject.—The Day of Portly Divines—Cellar Management—How to Buy Port—What to Select—Vintage Wines — Observations upon Fining and Bottling Port — Temperature of the Cellar—An Eccentric Customer—Slippery Crust—How prevented—Stowing away—Bibulous Larva—Vermis Bibulous—Dissertation upon—Cobwebbed Cellars—London Docks—Tasting Orders—Wastefulness in Sampling—A Necessary Caution—Fungus in the Dock Vaults—Dickens



Engraving, Sandeman & Co. 1870

ENTRANCE TO SANDEMAN & CO'S LODGES AT VILLA NOVA.

in *No Thoroughfare*, "Joey Ladle"—Quality of Vintages, 1840 to 1876—Shippers, and Total Shipments.

Nor could his eye not ken
Th' empire of *Negus*, to his utmost *Port*.

MILTON, *Par. Lost*, B. XI., l. 395, 396.


Pride in their *Port*, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.

GOLDSMITH'S *Traveller*.

O plump head-waiter at the Cock,
To which I most resort,
How goes the time? 'Tis five o'clock,
Go fetch a pint of *Port*:

But let it not be such as that
You set before chance-comers,
But such whose Father-grape grew fat
On Lusitanian summers.

TENNYSON.

INCE the publication of "WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES," in 1861, my views in relation to John Bull's long-favoured Port Wine have been considerably modified. I am still of opinion that if less spirit were used the wine would be improved in quality; but that it could be treated entirely as the lighter wines of France, and sent to England in its natural condition, I now believe to be impracticable; nor, perhaps, is it desirable. I believe the wine-growers in the Alto Douro and the factors and merchants of Villa Nova are as desirous of sending their wines without Brandy as we are of receiving them, since, considering that the spirit is often more than

double the cost of the wines, it would be economical to put as little as possible into their wines. The following correspondence, which took place thirteen years ago between Mr. George G. Sandeman and myself, will show that the subject had at an early period received his attention. I think many of the trade will be interested in Mr. Sandeman's letter. Those who remember the writer (and my acquaintance with him commenced in 1834) will join with me in regret for the loss of a genial, kind friend, a merchant of the highest integrity, and one who was universally respected. It is unnecessary to give the whole correspondence; one letter of Mr. Sandeman's, and my imperfect reply, will be sufficient:—

WESTFIELD, SOUTH HAYLING,

HAVANT, 14th April, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was pretty fully occupied when lately in London, which was the cause of my not replying sooner to your friendly letter upon the subject of the fermentation of Port Wines and of keeping them without Brandy. As the proverb says "Silence denotes consent although not approbation," I fear you may think, if I do not reply to your note, that I agree with you that Port Wine can be prepared so as to keep without Brandy. Now my experience of upwards of fifty years leads me to a contrary conclusion. By selecting a thin, light Port Wine

and using the match very strongly, you may prevent its becoming vinegar for a long time, but my experience is entirely against the possibility of preserving a full, generous Port Wine of good quality without a strong dose of Brandy. My first experiment was made with the fine vintage of 1815, when I selected three pipes drawn from the same tonnel, to one of which I put one-third of the usual quantity of Brandy, to the second two-thirds, and to the last a full dose of Brandy. Recollect this was one of the finest vintages I ever had to deal with, and the tonnel was one of the best of the year. I bottled all the three pipes at the same time, and between one and two years afterwards I found the first pipe becoming sour, and was obliged to start it again into cask and dose it with Brandy. In three or four years I was obliged to do the same with the second; but the third was so much liked that I was offered a guinea a bottle for it. But I kept it "*to be drunk on the premises.*" Now you will remember that this vintage of 1815 was a very fine one, and at that time Port Wines were in the ascendant, and no such thing as wine disease heard or thought of. I know of many attempts made by others to prepare Port Wine without Brandy, but always with the same result as in the case of the two quarter-casks I sent you for the one shilling duty when the wine was some of that light description that was more like Claret than Port Wine; and if I had selected a generous full wine without Brandy it would have gone sour, and in the first instance would have been about the strength of 26 per cent. of proof spirit.

As you are already an author upon this subject and an authority, I must take care that my evidence is fairly put before you, which is of a practical and not

theoretical nature. If you like to try experiments yourself I shall be very happy to give you a billet at Oporto to investigate the subject, and will give you a very handsome present if you succeed in showing me how to prepare Port Wine for consumption in this country of a quality that will please the consumer without Brandy and that a good dose. Pray excuse this long epistle, and believe me always

Sincerely yours,

GEO. G. SANDEMAN.

CHARLES TOVEY, Esq., Bristol.

To which I replied:—

BRISTOL, 16th April, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR,

I take as a very great compliment your writing to me upon the subject of alcoholizing Port Wine, and anything from you upon the subject deserves respect and attention. But with regard to your experiment upon the three pipes of 1815, you have rather assisted my argument. You say you put “one-third of the usual quantity of Brandy into one pipe, and two-thirds to another, and the result to each was a failure.” Now this is just where we are at issue. You had just put enough spirit in the first two pipes to create a disturbance, by setting up a secondary condition. I must presume that the primary fermentation was not perfect when you added the Brandy, and thus you interfered with nature, and the wine kept fretting accordingly. With the third pipe the *usual full dose* completely checked and stopped the fermentation; but we cannot designate such sophistication as pure wine, however valuable it may have hereafter become. The point upon which we are at variance is just this—What

would have been the result if you had used no Brandy at all? If you add Brandy you must, to use a popular vulgarism, "*go the whole hog.*" My impression is that, with proper regard to thermal influence (and unfortunately, having no underground cellars, you must be subject to constant changes of temperature in your lodges), Port may be made without Brandy; and if, as you say, it contains 26 per cent. of natural proof spirit, a most glorious wine it would be. You once showed me samples from Quintas which you had just received, not blended or fortified, full of delicious flavour—Chambertin, Clos de Vougeot, Romanée Conti, or the choicest Burgundies could not excel them in exquisite character. It was then I lamented that these wines could not be made perfect without tumbling them together, or dosing them with spirit, but you assured me that it was impracticable.

I wish I could embrace your kind offer of a billet at Oporto, but I should despair with my poor theory of making any impression where custom, usage, and prejudice have been so long predominant. But be assured the time will come (though in all probability you and I may be called to our fathers) when Port will be made as Burgundy and Claret are, classified as respects growth, and that growth freed from its present abominations.

Thanking you sincerely for your uniform kindness, and begging you will excuse this very imperfect reply, written amidst much interruption,

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES TOVEY.

GEO. G. SANDEMAN, Esq.,

St. Swithin's Lane, London.

In a tour which I made through Spain and Portugal in the early part of 1873, after my researches and tastings in Xerez, San Lucar, Montilla, Cordova, &c., &c., I came on to Manzanares to acquaint myself with the growths of Val de Penas, &c. A month's daily tastings, with its accompanying fatigue, had thoroughly wearied me, and, although anxious to reach Oporto, on arrival at Badajos I was quite exhausted, and decided to remain there a day and night to recruit myself. I left Badajos in the evening. On my arrival at Entroncamento, the Spanish frontier, which I reached at midnight, I had to change my carriage, and was put into one partly occupied by two disagreeable garlic-perfumed travellers, who resisted my importunities to have—although it was a sultry night—one of the windows even partly down. Then after a station or two came an addition of a tremendous great man and a wife of equal proportions, with their child. The mother, a half-mulatto, was the coarsest of her sex, bejewelled all over with diamonds of sparkling brilliancy upon very dirty hands; and her habits were exceedingly filthy. These people were well provided with eatables and drinkables, and had no sooner settled down than the banquet was produced. Of what it

consisted I know not, but it was a very savoury mess. They surfeited the poor child by continually cramming him in opposition to his resistance, but its sufferings did not end there; the mother commenced swaddling it up in innumerable wrappers, covering chest, neck, and head. There was a constant struggle during this operation, and no sooner did the poor urchin extricate himself and get his head clear, which he did instinctively in his sleep, than either father or mother would tuck him up again, and, but for his occasionally screaming, the child must have been suffocated. They had not the sense to know that the youngster was suffering from want of air, but concluding it arose from other causes, they would take him up and scream and chatter over him until they got him again to sleep. Then the covering-up process was repeated. At last they dropped off to sleep, the father keeping up a snoring concert with the other voyagers until they made the windows rattle. Taking this opportunity, I let the window upon my side down, released the child by freeing his face, and letting him share with me in the enjoyment of the fresh morning breeze. But my triumph was of short duration, for the admission of the pure atmosphere woke up the whole party, and loud and

deep were the denunciations heaped upon me for my conduct. So emphatic were their demonstrations when I claimed my right to have my window down, fearing that they might proceed to violence, I was obliged to submit to the infliction until the termination of the journey.

I reached Villa Nova at eight o'clock on a Sunday morning, and soon found myself seated by the side of the driver of an omnibus which ran from Oporto to meet the trains at Villa Nova. I shall never forget my sensations during that short ride of three or four miles. Perhaps the pleasure was enhanced by my freedom from the infliction I had endured during the eight hours in the railway carriage. I can only compare it to waking up in Fairyland. The appearance of Oporto from Villa Nova on a first approach is most prepossessing; the houses rise one above the other in terraces, and, being all whitewashed, give the place an air of great cleanliness. As we approached the bridge over the Douro, which river divides Villa Nova from Oporto, the scene was perfectly entrancing, and of the gayest description. Thousands of flags were displayed wherever it was possible to display them, bands were playing, cannons firing, and everything wore the appearance of a grand fête. I thought that

probably it was a welcome to the King, or some other grand celebration. I went to the English hotel, kept by Mary Castro, and, after breakfast, wandered out. The sun shining very brightly, gave light and heat such as I had never before experienced; the atmosphere was wonderfully clear—sunny Italy could not excel it in brilliancy; the heat was intense, still there was a breeze from the river which in some situations lessened its power. My curiosity to know what was the meaning of the jubilee which I saw on my arrival led me to walk towards the river. The perpetual reports in the air, in which I could see no sign of smoke or flame completely puzzled me. It was like the portent that showed Horace the error of his ways, “Jove thundering in a clear sky.” As I approached the river I found the explosions proceeded from rockets which were incessantly discharged, a dozen or more at a time; though, beyond the whiz and rushing noise which such fireworks make, and the explosion in the air, nothing could be seen, the brilliancy of the sun at mid-day being too overpowering to distinguish the effect of the fireworks. That they were rockets was disagreeably proved to me, as one of the sticks with the empty rocket case in its descent came right through my umbrella. The rockets heralded the approach of

an extraordinary procession, the purport and object of which I subsequently had explained to me. I do not exaggerate in saying that there were over a thousand persons employed in this ceremony. Some had banners, flags, or emblematical devices; the others carried candles from five to six feet in height—these would have been lighted had it been a dull day. The procession was lined on each side by men in black gowns, whilst in the centre were boys, dressed as Carmelite monks, in white flannel gowns with large red crosses in front, their heads closely cropped, many carrying incense burners. At the head of the procession were priests chanting and a band playing lively marches. Then followed children who represented angels; they were dressed in the richest materials of velvet and satin, their arms and breasts were covered with costly jewels, and they wore wings such as you see on the “angels” at Christmas pantomimes. The jewelry upon the children was real; I was told that not less than a thousand pounds’ worth was on the person of each child. My informant, Mr. Castro, said that when he was about five years old he had an illness; his mother promised the Virgin that if he recovered, she from gratitude would make him an angel. The boy recovered and took his place in one

of these processions, his mother and friends borrowing and supplying jewelry in value over a thousand pounds to decorate him with. These angels are representative beings, and carry before them various emblematical signs. One held a silver basket, in which was a dove tied down with blue ribbons; another a lamb, which was exceedingly quiet, inasmuch as it was a dummy. Faith displayed a large gold cross, Hope followed with a gold anchor, Charity kept a large purse all to herself. As the procession ascended to the heights of the town, owing to the fatigue and intense heat the children became much exhausted. One tottered and fell. To my astonishment no one assisted the poor child, who had fainted. At last I stepped forward to do so. I was rudely repulsed and hooted by the mob; held, in fact, for a few minutes in custody. No one was permitted to touch the child until a priest crossed it on the forehead and blessed it; then it was allowed to be removed by its friends. Following the angels was a grand canopy, held up by eight priests, holding brass poles to support the covering, under which walked the officiating priest. Surrounding the brass pole-bearers were about a dozen others, acting as a sort of body-guard, who held lanterns with lighted candles supported

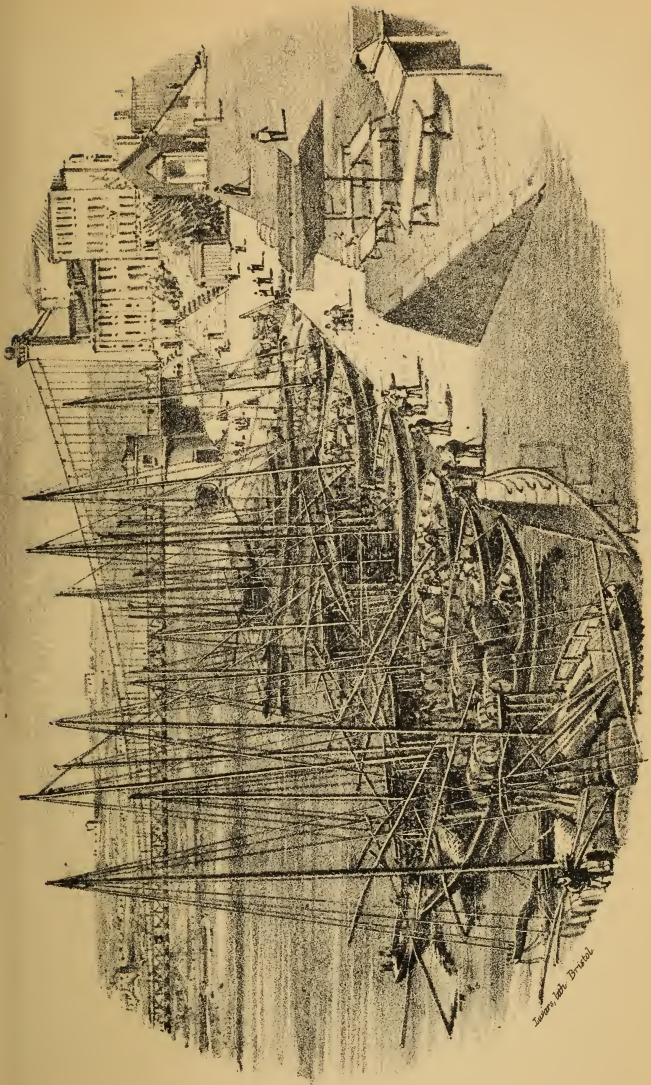
on staves: they reminded me much in costume and character of the old night-watchmen, the "Charlies," in former days. When ascending a steep and very narrow street his reverence directed the bearers of the canopy to halt; he was unable to proceed without resting. It was impossible not to compassionate the poor aged man and his assistant priests, they appeared so thoroughly exhausted. Those who had the opportunity made their way into the wine shops, to the envy of their perspiring associates. As the canopy passed along the streets, all the spectators knelt down, and when it stopped they continued to kneel until it started again. It was the business of one of the actors in this extraordinary exhibition to dispense the holy water to the kneeling multitude. This he occasionally did with much humour, not equal in the distribution, giving to one an overdose, coquetting with the prettiest of the supplicants, and, in fact, turning that which would be supposed to be a sacred into a jocular ministration. It was amusing to notice how the line of the procession was diverted from the direct course by those who could avail themselves of the shady side of the street. Those in the burning sun put handkerchiefs over their heads, and all appeared to suffer terribly. The roads were

strewn with rushes, from the windows and balconies were thrown flowers and heaps of rose leaves, pistols and guns were discharged, banners and gaudy handkerchiefs waved from the windows, the bands played furiously against each other, the church bells rang their loudest peals, the mortars sent up rockets dozens at a time: the uproar was tremendous and quite indescribable.

All this time I failed to ascertain what it was all about. When I returned to my hotel, I learned that this was a periodical visit of the priest to those of the sick who are unable to attend the Holy Communion. It is not for me to question whether a less demonstrative visit would not have been more acceptable to those in sickness and suffering. That which I witnessed was all confined to one district and parish: the like is observed in all the others. Whilst to me it was an unusual spectacle, to the inhabitants generally (except in the district to which it was confined) it was of no more importance than that of a regiment of soldiers marching through the steets. I have seen many religious processions in France and Germany, but nothing equal to this.

O P O R T O .

During my stay at Oporto I was not idle; my time was fully occupied in calling upon many valued friends and correspondents, and notwithstanding all I had written in my former work in condemnation of the treatment of Port Wine, I was heartily and hospitably welcomed. The subject of over-dosing their wines with brandy was discussed freely. It was admitted by many that it was quite practicable to preserve the wine without the large proportions generally used; and some even went so far as to assent to my theory that it was possible to treat it in its various stages as Burgundy or Claret. But I was met with a *poser* by one shrewd, intelligent merchant, who quietly put the matter in this form:—"Presuming," said he, "I am entirely successful in carrying out your principle, and I make my wine from the best Quintas, distinguishing each growth, what would be its value?—probably not more than that of an ordinary Burgundy, which would be about half the market price of a similar quantity of Port; and if we convert the entire growths of the Alto-Douro into a light Claret or Burgundy, where are you to get your Port Wine from? Would an English merchant's or a gentleman's



WINE BOATS AT OPORTO

Lavers, 1846 Bristol

cellar be complete without his bins of Port? Rely upon it," he continued, "a fine Port Wine that has attained a ripe age in bottle, with fine crust and some bouquet—condemn the process of manufacture as you may—is a noble and generous beverage, and as long as Englishmen are Englishmen it will continue in demand not only from its grateful flavour, but because, from its restorative power in illness, it will always be administered by able and intelligent physicians." There is a great deal to the point in my friend's remarks. Certainly the position of wine merchants would be perplexing if they could not get their usual supply of time-honoured Port, and I do not think the wine trade would benefit if it put any further pressure on our Oporto friends by interference with the management of their wines after their own fashion. My chief objection was the practice of putting Brandy into the wine during the process of fermentation, the progress of which is thus at once stopped when the wine is in the most delicate state of transition, and when any interference is destructive to its future quality.

Sulphur is one of the greatest of purifiers, and one of the most innocent and effectual remedies for stopping fermentation. When

wine is thought to have attained a sufficient degree of maturity, it is freed from the lees by being racked into clean casks, and, in order to prevent it at this period from experiencing a renewal of fermentation, it is subjected to the operation of sulphuring. Now this process, I am prepared to say from the result of observation in my travels through most of the wine-producing countries, is conducted in a very coarse, slovenly, and unscientific manner, and often gives to the wine an unpleasant flavour. The usual practice is to use sulphur matches, which are made of pieces of linen cloth, from six to eight inches long and from an inch to an inch and a half broad; these are dipped in melted sulphur and placed on a board to cool. Before filling the casks the match is attached to an iron hook passed into the cask through the bung-hole and closed until the match is burnt out, and whilst the fumes are impregnating the interior the wine is racked into the cask. Dr. Maccullock says, "Without this application the wood of the cask, being vegetable matter, when it comes into contact with the saccharine and tartaric principles undecomposed in the wine, will sometimes set them in action unless the empty casks are well sulphured. The oxygen in the pores of the wood being replaced

with the sulphurous fumes, the impossibility of the effect being thus produced is evident.”

Now in the usual process of sulphuring it will be noticed that when the hook which held the match in suspense is withdrawn from the cask, there may sometimes be found remaining a portion of the charred linen; but more often *nothing* is withdrawn with the hook, for the at first rapid combustion of the sulphur will disengage the lower portion before it is entirely consumed, and it will fall to the bottom of the cask. Other parts of the match, burnt and offensive, will also be dropped, and that this must affect the character of the wine it is impossible to doubt. This is easily obviated. My first experiment was to make a hole in the head of the cask and insert a small tray attached to a piece of iron, which would enable me to bring the tray in which was the match or powdered sulphur to the middle of the cask, leaving the bung loose that I might be enabled to watch the operation. This, if successful, would prevent any of the *débris* of either sulphur or match from being left in the cask; but in this tray it was difficult to keep the sulphur ignited, and there was an objection to making a hole in the head of the cask. My next experiment was more successful. With

the assistance of Messrs. Farrow and Jackson I constructed a sort of small round cage, attached to which was a saucer to receive the charred linen and decomposed sulphur; underneath this saucer was a cup for spirits of wine, which when ignited soon melted the sulphur, and the whole operation was perfect. It is possible this system may have occurred to others, but to me it was original. I have tried to improve upon the brimstone match, without interfering with its efficacy. I was aware that the French sometimes mingle aromatic substances with the sulphur, and I found that much of the sulphuric odour was mitigated by strewing a small quantity of grated nutmeg on the matches before the sulphur cooled: this imparted to the casks a fine flavour. In discussing this matter with Mr. Evariste Vignier, of Cognac, he kindly gave me the following formula:—

MÈCHES CENOMUTIQUES.

Tris de Florence (orris root)	0·100	Grammes.
Cannelle (cinnamon)	0·020	„
Noix Muscade (nutmeg)	0·020	„
Anisette (aniseed)... ..	0·010	„
Sucre fin (sugar)	0·100	„
Soufre en Canon (sulphur)	0·750	„

These parts are melted together and made up into a round stick, broken up into the quantity

required for each operation, and applied as suggested. For Clarets, Sauternes, and light wines generally, I have found the above match and its method of application very successful. French wines, especially those of Graves, are often spoilt by the sulphurous taint which the ordinary usage in sulphuring infuses into them.

The present system of checking the fermentation by adding spirit prevents the must from becoming a perfect wine. No one can dispute this; the late Baron Forrester was right in his theory, and I only wish he had been spared to carry out in practice the principles for which he contended. The alcohol, which I thoroughly believe is needed, should be used with care after the first fermentation is completed.

Mr. Joseph James Forrester (Baron de Forrester in Portugal), was accidentally drowned in the River Douro, May 12th, 1861; he was the author of the "Prize Essay on Portugal." As a wine-grower in the Alto Douro, he was well acquainted with vine-culture in its various stages, and I cannot do better than quote from his prize essay his able account of the cultivation of the vine. It gives a correct description of vintage operations, and may be generally taken as an example of the course which is pursued in all the wine-producing countries:—

“CULTIVATION OF THE VINE AND MODE OF
MAKING THE WINE.

“Portugal, not only from its geographical position, but also from many local circumstances, appears to have been destined by nature for the cultivation of the vine. Its wines have long been celebrated over the world, but more especially so in Great Britain. Yet this superiority, which is owing to nature, might have been vastly increased, and ordinary wines made to acquire higher quality, if the farmers, guided by theory, and following certain fixed practical laws, had studied that mode of cultivation most appropriate to the soil and quality of the plant, and adopted a better method of fabricating the wine. ‘Everywhere throughout the country,’ says Rubião, ‘a blind and uncertain practice is followed; everybody is the slave of custom.’ There is no fixed principle to direct their operations, ‘Custom’ is an answer for everything; and there are districts where bad wines are made from good grapes, without its being possible to convince the makers that they might produce much better wines and with much less trouble. The Portuguese agriculturists are incapable of imbibing the idea that nature, at times, requires the aid of art. They do as their forefathers did, disdaining the counsels of scientific men, censuring those who attempt to introduce innovations, and more especially rejecting the suggestions or advice of the parties most likely to be of service to them, viz., those who have to cater for the taste of the consumer.

“There is no quality or description of wine produced in any quarter of the globe that may not be grown in Portugal; and from each of these qualities an infinite number of varieties might be obtained by an enlightened

and judicious mode of cultivation. These wines, if shipped pure, 'might vie with the best of Lafite, Margaux, Beaune, Chambertin, &c.' That 'a vine is a vine, and a vineyard a plantation of vines,' there can be no doubt; but although the plant be the same, there may be veins of different soil, and the vineyard may be situated with aspects, some parts of it to the south, but more, perhaps, to the north, from which inequalities no reasonable being has a right to expect that all the fruit would be of equally fine quality! If a soil be of sand or chalk, or both, a dry wine will be produced (as in Xerez); if schistous, richness will be the result (as in the Alto-Douro); and if deep clay, an earthy and watery flavour is certain (as in Figueira wines). Transplant vines from the Alto-Douro to Xerez, and from Xerez to the province of Beira (Figueira), and behold three varieties of wine produced from what has been originally one and the same caste of plant! The different aspects sometimes to be found in one and the same vineyard give, perhaps, a perpetual summer to one part and a bleak winter to the other. The plant and the soil over the whole property may be the same, yet one wine will be mellow and delicious, and the other acrid and unripe; in a word, in the two fruits will be found as great a contrast as exists between our hothouse grapes and those grown on our garden walls in the open air. Hence the necessity of selecting such positions as are most suitable, not simply for the growth of the vine, but even for the cultivation of its peculiar and numerous varieties,—always bearing in mind whether quantity or quality be the object in the selection.

“There are four modes of cultivating the vine in Portugal:—

“1st.—In the provinces of Minho, Estremadura, and Beira Baixa, after the beautiful and picturesque manner of the ancient Romans, styled by the French ‘hautains’ (de haute, aux arbustives, ou branchies soustenues des arbres), and which the Portuguese generally designate ‘de enforcado,’ and the Minhotos, ‘uveiras’ (hanging in festoons from or twining round poplars or oaks planted for the special purpose). This use of pollards is still common in parts of France, Italy, Russia, Asia Minor, and the Isles of the Archipelago.

“2nd.—In the Alto-Douro the vines are planted on terraces, and are never allowed to grow higher than from four to five palmos, say 3 ft. 4 in. As the grapes ripen, the branches are carefully tied to the stakes, so that the fruit may be at least one palmo (8 inches) from the ground. The soil about the vines is turned, and the grapes trodden entirely by Gallegos (natives of Galicia). The fruit is cut by women and children from the adjacent country; the only work done by the resident farmer being the pruning of the vines.

‘O cesto n’uma mão
E n’outra o podtão,’

(the basket in one hand and the pruning-knife in the other) is a favourite proverb in the Alto-Douro, implying that the vines should be pruned immediately after the fruit be gathered.

“Stakes for the vines are an expensive article of necessity in the Alto-Douro. The (Portuguese) ‘empada’ (French pavilion, or the tying and entwining the branches of four vines one to the other, so as to render them self-supported) might be introduced into Portugal with great advantage.

“The soil should be turned three times a year: 1st, in the autumn, the ‘escava’ (or digging wells round the trunk of each vine, to catch the winter’s rains); 2nd, in March or April, the ‘cava’ (or loosening the earth generally, and filling up the wells of the ‘escava,’ in order to protect the roots from the sun); and 3rd, when the fruit begins to colour—the ‘redra’ (or clearing away the weeds, and mingling them with the surface of the vineyards), which refreshes the ground, and makes it less susceptible of the intense action of the sun; and if the operation were to be repeated a fortnight before the vintage, the fruit would ripen quicker, and be of finer quality.

“3rd.—In the interior of the Traz-os-Montes, at some distance from the Oporto Wine Company’s district, the vines are planted like gooseberry bushes, traversing extensive fields in rows about eight feet apart, so as to admit the plough to pass between them. Little care is given either in the pruning or the rearing these vineyards, so that when there is an abundance of fruit the grapes literally lie on the ground, and imbibe that peculiar earthy taste for which the wines of the Bairrada, especially, are so remarkable.

“And 4th—almost everywhere, to a small extent in villages near large towns, and in gardens (but particularly in the Minho, near Monção, and the river Lima), vines are *treilaged* at a height of eight to twelve feet from the ground, forming beautiful shady walks and arbours that afford delightful retreats during the heat of the day. The French term for this mode of propping the vines is *berceau*, or *tonelle*; and the Portuguese, *ramada*. In the province of the Minho the vine is cultivated in the ratio of one *braça* (or 6 feet 8 inches) in every 11 of

the whole surface; whereas in the Alem-Tejo the proportion is only one in 689 braças.

“MODE OF MAKING THE WINES.

“After the grapes are cut, they are carried in large open baskets, on the backs of Gallegos, to the adegas (a warehouse or shed), where they are thrown into large open stone troughs called lagares. The Gallegos, or labourers in the vineyard, are divided into gangs, usually of ten men each, under the orders of a feitor (factor or overlooker). The baskets being filled, each man, at the word of command, shoulders his load, falls into line, and defiles in regular order through the rugged mountain paths conducting to the adegas. To those who are not familiar with vintage scenes, the busy and gay appearance of the girls and women in the vineyard, and the numerous strings of the grape-carriers interspersed over the heights, the luxuriant display of the most delicious of fruits, and the rich colouring of the landscape generally, afford a *tout ensemble* replete with animation and interest.

“About twenty-one baskets of grapes usually yield a pipe of wine, and the capacities of the lagares vary from ten to thirty pipes. The white grapes are separated from the black; but of these latter all castes or varieties are promiscuously thrown together,—resulting therefrom the one description of wine known by the name of Port. What an infinite variety of delicious wines might not be made in the Alto-Douro, if proper separations and even proper blendings of the grapes were studied! Yet the law requires that all wines shipped to Great Britain, or to ports in Europe, shall have the one quality—‘*para si, e para dar*’ (enough for themselves and for doctoring

other wines), so that (as we have explained in our chapter on Monopolies) all enterprise is checked, the energies of the agriculturist are shackled, and the general and private interests both sacrificed.

“ When the trough or lagar is filled with grapes, a ‘ gang ’ of men jump in, and forming a close line with their arms on each other’s shoulders, advance and retire with measured step, treading the fruit to the sound of the bagpipe, the drum, and the fife. When these men are tired, they ‘ feed ’ and rest, and another gang takes their place. This operation is continued for about 36 hours, when the grapes are fully crushed, and fermentation commences. The must is then left to the course of nature. If the must be green, or not superabundant in saccharine, in 36 to 48 hours it will become a perfect wine; if the saccharine abound, double that time may be necessary to produce the desired result. When the wine is ready to be drawn off, the husks, seeds, stalks, and all impurities will have formed a thick incrustation on the surface of the lagar, which crust (if left too long) opens, disperses, descends, and completely disorganises the general mass. Hence the regulating the drawing-off of the wines into large tonels or vats, in which they are undergoing their second fermentation, is by no means an easy operation. Accident or old notions and prejudices usually do all the work; but there are a few farmers who have dared to introduce the innovation of watching and treating their musts with the same care as a brewer will his wort. Of course he knows beforehand that the company’s tasters will condemn his wine on account of its purity and simplicity! and that he must of necessity have to purchase ‘ permits ’ before he can be allowed to ship it!—for, were he not to do so, real, pure, and genuine Port would

cease to be known in Great Britain. If a rich wine be really required, the fermentation is checked, and Brandy is added; if a dry wine and a pure wine, the fermentation is allowed to take its natural course, and a very small quantity of Brandy will suffice to keep the wine in a sound and improving state. It may be argued that French wines keep without Brandy, and are made without Brandy,—and that, therefore, Port Wines might be produced in all their natural purity, and keep without the aid of any adventitious spirit. This argument is a perfectly fair one as regards the fact; but as, on the one hand, by custom, by taste, or by the Portuguese law, Port Wine must not—is not allowed to be Port Wine;—if it be not the very opposite of Burgundy or Claret, Port has no fair chance in the market; and until the restriction in Portugal be removed, and the prohibition duties in this country be reduced, so that Portuguese wines may be fairly introduced amongst us, and that the barrier of prejudice and monopoly may be done away with, the British consumer will never be able to know what real Port Wine is; but once let it be admitted that wine is preferable to ardent spirits,—that it shall be considered no longer as a luxury but as a necessary article of subsistence, all classes might drink good wines at a cheap rate, to the benefit of their health, the improvement of their morals, and to the great advantage of society at large.

“As far back as 1844 we commenced our labours, with the express object of exposing and endeavouring to reform the numerous abuses practised in Portugal in the making of her wines. We inveighed against the practice of bringing them up to one fictitious standard,—of dosing them with adventitious spirit and colouring matter,—

and advised that the delicious light wines of the Alto-Douro and province of Estremadura should be allowed to find their way to Great Britain.

“For some time past the clamour of our interested competitors has ‘lulled,’ and although we have been silent, we have not been idle. The work of reformation steadily progresses, and we are determined that there shall be pure wine not only for the rich man, but also for the poor; not solely for the healthy, but likewise for the sick. We write now in our real capacity as growers. We submit our remarks fearlessly and unreservedly both to the British consumers and to the trade, under the conviction that honest men will yet thank us as their true friend. It will not be difficult to refute our statements if we are in error, nor to repudiate our acts.

“Full, high-flavoured wines are decidedly preferred in this country; but it does not follow that, on this account, Brandy should be made to pass off as wine.

“THE WINE DISTRICTS OF THE ALTO-DOURO (Province of Traz-os-Montes and Beira Alta).

“These districts are best known as the particular territory, or demarcation (under the despotic control of the Oporto Wine Company, whose imposing appellation is the Companhia Geral da Agricultura das Vinhas do Alto-Douro), producing the wine known in this kingdom under the characteristic name of ‘Port.’ This mountainous district is distant from Oporto about 15 leagues, extending from Villa Real on the north to Lamego on the south, and from Barqueiros on the west to Sam João da Pesqueira on the east, or about eight leagues in length by four in breadth. The whole is of metamorphic and plutonic formation, and is therefore most favourable

for the cultivation of the vine. The schistous strata blended with argill, produce wines full of colour, life, spirit, and perfume, and (as Dr. Rebello observes) 'possessing a particular and delicious flavour that is seldom to be met with in other regions.' The quartz, which forms the visible base of this most important district, and which is so admirably adapted for the formation and pavement of roads, still remains in its virgin state! Roads—there literally are none, unless the paths leading from the river to the summits of the serras, and describing an angle of 45° , may be considered worthy of the name.

The only means of conveyance here, as elsewhere in Portugal, is, for light goods, on mule-back, and for pipes of wine, in rude bullock-carts, the wheels and axle of which turn round together. The oxen here are not yoked neck to neck, as in the Minho: they draw with their heads, which are cushioned for the purpose.

“When a cart descends by way of the steepest paths, ropes (held from behind by two carters) are usually attached to the horns of the oxen, literally to prevent their being crushed by the too rapid descent of the cart and its load. In travelling through these wine-districts, we had an opportunity of witnessing an incident of this nature, and when by a sudden jerk the pipe sprung out of the cart, cleared the oxen, and bounded unassisted to the spot of level ground below. As a singular proof of the general strength of the construction of these elegantly-shaped casks, we can assert that this identical pipe was not in the slightest degree injured by all the somersaults it had made in its fall. Not so, however, as to its contents. As an angry nurse would punish a froward child, so the carters, to revenge themselves on the truant vessel, struck

it two smart blows on its waist, on which the bung started into the air, and the men seating themselves like huge Bacchi on either end, face to face, inserted their reeds into the aperture, and quaffed the ruby liquor to their heart's content ; and this was not all, they bade us, and many other passers-by, a hearty welcome, and that we would make ourselves at home ! Curiosity tempted us to ascertain to whom the wine belonged, when to our no little surprise, and vexation, we discovered that our own brand was on the heading of the cask ! This practice of the carters prevails throughout the district, and we fear that it will be long before it can be reformed ; but as to the means of internal communication in some parts we should suggest the adoption of inclined planes, such as are usually to be seen in slate and other quarries, and on which one or more carts might be made to descend, whilst others ascended, unaided and simultaneously. A few stoutly-handled pickaxes would do all the work, little other expense being requisite.

“ In the Alto-Douro the plough cannot be employed in the vineyards, and the soil is all turned three times a year by hand-labour.

“ The labourers in the vineyards earn from 6d. to 8d. per day, women being only paid about one-half this wage. They are allowed broth (made with oil or lard) and one salt sardine for breakfast ; broth made with oil and beans, with potatoes and an ‘idea’ of salt cod (algum bacalhao), for dinner ; broth and another sardine for supper ; and at all the meals, *agôa pé* (foot-water) à discretion ; but they find their own bread, which costs them not less than 2d. per day. The men are also required to find their own pruning-knife and hoe.

“On saints’ days and holidays the pay is stopped, but the rations are served out as usual. The vintage expenses for cutting and housing the grapes, feeding the labourers, making the wine, &c., vary from 12s. to 15s. per pipe, according to the distance that the grapes have to be carried.

“The annual expense of raising one pipe of wine varies from 15s. to £3, according to the nature of the ground.

“The value of a vineyard is first estimated according to its soil and position, and next by the quantity of wine or the number of pipes it is capable of producing, the inequality of the ground rendering geometrical measurement impracticable. It is usual, therefore, in speaking of the size of a property, to substitute pipes for acres. In England we say a field of 100 acres, in Portugal they speak of a vineyard of 100 pipes.

“A piece of ground 25 braças square, or containing 626 square braças, and planted with 1000 vines, is calculated as being able to produce one pipe of wine of 115 imperial gallons.

“A Portuguese braça is equal to 6 feet 8 inches, English measure. An English acre contains 845·87 braças (or 4046·6648 metres carrés), and being planted in the above proportion—that is, with 1250 vines—ought to produce $1\frac{1}{4}$ pipe of wine.

“The climate of the Alto-Douro is very cold in winter and excessively hot in summer. Last year, during the vintage (September and October), the thermometer usually stood at 105° of Fahrenheit in the shade. There are very few springs within the demarcation, so that the want of water is severely felt, and is doubtless the principal cause of the limited population of this part of



Engraving from the "Illustrated London News"

DOURO BOATS SAILING UP THE RIVER.

the Traz-os-Montes and Beira. During the hot weather, dense fogs rise from the Douro and its tributaries, causing a prevalence of ague in their particular neighbourhood.

“As the whole district is essentially dedicated to the culture of the vine, bread and provisions are both dear and scarce. Beef is only killed once or twice a week in the larger towns, which are several miles apart. Salt cod and sardines, or salt pork with maize bread, is the ordinary food of the inhabitants of the villages.

“A *Subsidio Litterario* (a subsidy for the support of national schools) is levied on produce; and in every *freguezia*, or union of parishes, a *pareador* (gauger) is appointed by the Municipal Corporation for the purpose of measuring all the casks sent for the loading down the wines from the farmers. The usual size of an Oporto pipe is 116 gallons imperial measure, or 21 almudes and 6 canadas. In the Alto-Douro a pipe is made to contain 21 almudes and 9 canadas, the extra measure being allowed in consideration of the extraordinary quantity of lees deposited by new wine.”

Sir J. Emerson-Tennent, in his treatise, “*Wine, its Use and Taxation*,” says, “The fact is uncontested that from a very early period the taste of the people of England has been fixed on highly-flavoured and full-bodied wines, in preference to the lighter and lower descriptions.”

In “*Hollingshead’s Chronicles*” it is stated that in the reign of Elizabeth the wines chiefly of use in England were those of Gascony, Burgundy, and Guienne, which, with Canary,

Cyprus, Grecian, Malmsey, Italian Vernage, Rhenish Tent, Malaga, and others, were "*accounted of, because of their strength and value.*"

Historical records show completely Sir J. Emerson-Tennent's opinion to be correct. In 1469, in the ordinance for the ordinaries for the household of George, Duke of Clarence, the wines mentioned were all of a potent character, described as "*fat and strong.*" The question as to what was really *Sack*, and from what country it was produced, is a disputed one, and has led to much controversy without any beneficial result. My opinion is that all full-bodied white wines were called *Sack*, as we read of Canary *Sack*, Sherris *Sack*. It is certain that a strong partiality existed towards Spanish wines, and the name was probably derived from *seco*—the Spanish for dry.

In an ordinance of James I. in the second year of his reign, it would appear that the potency of this particular wine caused a restriction to be put upon its consumption, a special ordinance being issued in respect to it.

"Whereas in times past Spanish wines called *Sacke*, were little or no whit used in our Court; and that in late years, though not of ordinary allowance, it was thought convenient that such noble men and women, and others of account, as had diet in the Court, upon their

necessities by sickness or otherwise, might have a bowle or glasse of Sacke, and so no great quantity spent; we, understanding that within these late years it is used as common drinke and served at meales, as an ordinary to every mean officer, contrary to all orders, using it rather for wantonnesse and in feasting, than for necessity to a great wasteful expense; we considering that oftentimes sundry of our nobility and others dieted and lodged in our Court, may for their better health desire to have Sacke, our pleasure is that there be allowed to the serjeant of our seller twelve gallons of Sacke a day and no more."

A writer of the same period gives his preference to Canary Sacke. He says, "It is accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied and lastingest wine, and the most defecated from all earthy grossness of any other whatsoever. *French wines,*" he continues, "may be said to pickle meat in the stomach, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutrisseth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor; of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, that good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven; *ergo*, good wine causeth a man to heaven. If this be true surely more English go to heaven this way than any

other ; for I think there is more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides.”

Here is further evidence to the conclusion that Sack was popular as a Spanish wine,

“ Give me Sacke,—old Sacke, boys,
To make the muses merry ;
The lip of mirth, and the joys of the earth,
Is a cup of good old Sherry.”

PASQUIL.

I think that it may be shown that the taste for the more powerful wines continued until nearly the close of the seventeenth century ; and whilst the duty on wines of every description was not only equal but almost nominal (from 6d. to 8d. a gallon), so that light and cheap wines might have come freely into use at the lowest possible charge, this country gave the preference to the strong red wines of Burgundy and the south of France, the white wines of Spain (Sherris, sack or sec), and the red wines of Portugal which came into use about 1690.

Port Wine, when first introduced into England, was a much lighter wine than it afterwards became ; for the Portuguese, in order to adapt it to the English palate, speedily learnt to strengthen it with Brandy, and heighten its colour and flavour with Elderberries.

It will be remembered that after the Anglo-French Treaty of 1860, all French or other wines that showed less than 18 per cent. of spirit, instead of paying 5s. 9d. per gallon were reduced to 1s. per gallon, but if imported in bottle the duty was 2s. 11d. per gallon, or 4s. 10d. per dozen.

Mr. Gladstone, to whom is due the great national benefit of introducing pure, natural wines at a low duty, was ill-advised when he fixed the rate of duty upon a sliding scale, for it was surrounded with difficulties. The following statement will best show the duties first levied upon the proof spirit:—

Per centage of proof spirit.	Duty per gallon.	Amount of duty on 2,000 gallons.
Up to 18.....	1s. £100
Above 18 up to 26	1s. 6d. £175
Above 26 ,, 40	1s. 9d. £241
Above 40 ,, 45	2s. 11d. £291

This arrangement led to constant disputes between the revenue officers employed to test the wines and the merchants who had to pay the duty. Those employed were generally men without scientific knowledge, and their operations were conducted in a very simple manner. They put the wine into a retort, and distilled it without any admixtures whatever, and hence the

uncertain and erroneous results. I was in a constant turmoil and dispute, and at last appealed to the Board at Somerset House, and in many instances had the overcharges allowed.

To properly ascertain the alcoholic proportions in wine it is necessary to use distilled water as being of course divested of all matter tending to increase its gravity. Then it is necessary to neutralise the free acids of the wine with soda, otherwise those free acids that are volatile distil over with the alcohol and vitiate the result of the operation. Then tannin should be added to the mixture, because the wines that are neutralised with soda sometimes intermix when heated, and produce glutinous bubbles, which frequently drive (if the heat be not carefully regulated) some of the liquid over into the receiver—an effect which it is indispensable to prevent, and this is prevented by the use of tannin.

It was too much to expect that the testing officers in the provinces would go through all this, and impossible with a limited staff that time could be allowed for such a careful analysis, and frequent were my appeals to the Honourable Board at Somerset House, where, under the scientific hand of the chief of the testing department, Mr. Johnston, I found my complaints redressed.

In the year 1862 a more sensible, but still very imperfect, adjustment of the duties was adopted, and whilst the rate of 1s. per gallon up to 26 per cent. has been retained, and from that strength up to 42 per cent, the duty was fixed at 2s. 6d. per gallon above 42 per cent., 3d. extra per gallon. Upon wines in bottle, Champagnes, Clarets, &c., not exceeding 26 per cent., the reduction was from 4s. 10d. per dozen to 2s.

In the face of an extra duty of 150 per cent. over the wines of France, the consumption of Port Wine continues to increase. Immediately after the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Budget the attention of Wine Merchants was directed to Claret, and the wines on which the duty was one shilling per gallon. Wine consumers seemed to care for nothing else. The Englishman's favourite Port was neglected, and abused as a vile compound unfit for general consumption. Claret was in the ascendant. Circulars were issued in all directions, with prices from 1s. a bottle for the middle and lower classes. The working man was to find a substitute for his Beer and Gin in Gladstone's Claret, and the higher classes were tempted with prices less by half than those which they had hitherto paid. I do not attribute the neglect of Port upon the part of the trade

entirely to the differential duties ; the three years' vintages preceding Mr. Gladstone's Budget were notoriously bad (1855, 1856, 1857). The few pipes shipped to England in the years 1857, 1858, 1860, and 1861 were over-dosed with spirit, and of very inferior qualities, and although 1858 was a very good year and produced a rich wine, 1859 was inferior.

Our English Consul at Oporto, Mr. Crauford, with whom I had a long and pleasant interview, assured me from his personal experience that nothing could be more carefully attended to than the management of Port Wine. He admitted that the wine may be made without spirit like French wines. He would not admit that French wines were, if intended to keep, free entirely from the addition of spirit ; but he pointed out that the Port wine grape contains so much more of those particles which go to constitute vinosity, that it requires a larger proportion of spirit to preserve these than lighter wines. From the more thorough ripening of the fruit and other causes each grape is unlike those used in French wine, producing one mass of saccharine matter. Further, as the cost of Brandy is four times that of young wines, and the demand in England is now for Ports that are drier in quality and lighter in colour, the shippers, from self-interest

alone, are obliged to reduce the additions of Brandy to the minimum required for preserving the wine.

Mr. Consul Crauford's official reports are able and trustworthy documents. In his report issued the 13th February, 1867, he says, "The excellence of Port depends most materially upon the skill, knowledge, taste and character of the blender," and with all the ardour of an ardent connoisseur he exclaims, "A fine Port may therefore be considered as a work of art as well as a production of nature."

The best test after all of a due appreciation of a wine is in its increased consumption, and it will be seen by the Customs' Returns that Port is improving in position month by month and year by year since 1867—the period when consumers (as the *Wine Trade Review* observed) "returned once more with tardy appreciation to this fine invigorating wine."

The rising favour bestowed by the British public on their old favourite was by no means undeserved, because even in 1867 fine wine began to come into consumption, of good vintages, such as those of 1858, 1860, and 1861; whilst a short time after the still finer vintages of 1862, and notably 1863, secured a still larger amount of patronage. Subsequently the results

in the Douro have been fairly good, and in 1864 and 1865 some nice and elegant wines were produced, and to crown the edifice of a succession of fine vintage years, 1870, made its mark, which will last and rank in after years like the 1834 or 1840 of *tempi populi*.*

There was some justification in my remarks upon Port Wine sophistication as put forth in my edition of 1861, and the report of Consul Johnson was corroborative of my statement and my analysis of various samples, some of which showed 52 per cent. of proof spirit. At the same time an analysis was made by Mr. John Atlee, of Crutched Friars, London, of 117 lots of Port Wine, in which it was declared that the strongest contained 80 per centage of proof spirit. The public may congratulate themselves that such compounds are now prohibited from passing the Customs for duty, unless charged with duty on foreign spirits of 10s. 5d. per proof gallon.

A very decided proof of the estimation in which Port is held generally by the British public is the value it reaches when there is a *bonâ fide* sale by auction of "*Old Bottled Port, the property of a well-known connoisseur.*" On such occasions there is sure to be great competition; indeed a proprietor probably never makes a

* *Wine Trade Review*, January, 1875.

better investment for his "heirs, executors or assigns, than when he has invested his surplus income in a few pipes of good vintage Ports. The investment frequently pays more than compound interest, but besides this there is a substantial respectability about the man who is possessed of a few bins of good old wine; if he is called away to his fathers he leaves something for his family which will often recal him to their minds, and will bring up, as they drink in "*piam memoriam*," pleasant recollections of former happy gatherings, and of the late owner's veneration for his rare old wine, and that "*particular bin*."

Almost fabulous prices have been given for old bottled Ports. In June, 1859, I attended a sale of wine at the late Mr. Henry Ricketts, of Brislington, near Bristol, the account of which appeared in my first edition; it was written by my friend Mr. Leech, and is so humorously and graphically described that I am sure it will be acceptable to my readers. I have not space for the whole, but will commence with the sale of

"THE MAGNUMS.

"The event of the day, however, was the *Magnums*; and about three or four other lots having been disposed of, they were now about to come off. They were

represented under the head of bin 16, and were to all the other parcels what the Derby is to all other races at Epsom. The Magnum bin was the blue ribbon of the cellar. An anxious flutter was perceptible amongst the company when the great lot was come to; and as the horses are walked up and down for show before the race, so was the empty bottle from which the sample of wine was drawn, carried round to the company by the auction porter, that they might see the crust, 'solid as a rock, sir.' A magnum bottle is certainly a grand object, and impresses us with the bibulous stature of our grandfathers, reminding one of the time when there were giants in the land with gigantic thirsts.

“Thirty-one magnums, full two quarts each, of splendid old Port, 'the Doctor,' vintage 1820, bottled in 1823, Lax and Co.,' read out Mr. Fargus from the catalogue, adding, 'What shall I say as a starting bid?' '£2 a bottle,' said a gentleman in lavender-coloured gloves. Pretty well for a beginning, thought I. I would rather be the guest than the host, when this vintage is decanted. At such a price it is no French compliment to say, 'one would sooner see one's friends drink the wine than drink it oneself.' But the author of the first offer was a long way from 'the Doctor'; the Northern interest on the other side of the table rose in its might; Manchester spread out its cotton wings, and Liverpool unfurled its sails to the wind. '£2 5s.' cried the sandy-whiskered man, looking as fierce as though he had resolved the Governor and Company of the Bank of England should not separate him from the learned 'Doctor.' A gentleman from Bristol, said to have a commission from Baron Rothschild, next bid £2 10s. At this the Northern light flared up and nodded £2 15s. A Londoner, half afraid he'd get it,

whispered '£3,' and at this unprecedented sum there was a general buzz or murmur of wonder amongst the company, which induced the Northern man to cry out, 'Is it against me?' 'Yes, sir,' replied Mr. Fargus. 'Three guineas then,' was the rejoinder. London nodded '£3 4s.,' but Lancashire would have it—he called out '£3 8s.' *and he had it*, and it is to be hoped it will agree with him. All the other lots, of four bottles each, went down before his determined nod at the same price, and when any one else made an offer, the Hyperborean capped him with an additional 'five shillings,' calling out to his competitor at the same time, in a Doric tongue, 'Not a drop of it, sir.'

"After this the luxurious North man became quite a lion. The Bristol folks who thought they liked wine, and fancied they could offer a good price for it, stood back astonished and aghast at the audacity of this Buonaparte of the wine bins, who cleared the field of all competition, and apparently would have the 'Doctor,' if he ran to half-a-dozen pounds. We remember an agriculturist, on reading an account of Port Wine, fetching some such price, declaring with horror that 'a man might drink a sheep at a sitting,' and amongst the *têtes dures*, the hard heads of the North, one of those Magnums will glide quickly down the after-dinner throats of a couple of Liverpool brokers or Manchester cotton spinners, and there is £3 8s. gone for ever to their heirs, executors, or assigns, for some two hours' temporary gratification. Diogenes said the wine he liked best was what another man paid for. I am free to confess I should feel very foolish in being one of two in the discussion of a 'Doctor,' unless on the footing named by the cynic. It is true that up in the speculative regions

of the North men are bolder than in the soft South, and the trying variations of markets and climate repay or require such support as the Medical Magnum affords, something on the principle of the traveller in the steel pen line, who had a bottle of claret each day during his commercial journey, because, as he stated, 'if he had a good day he could afford it out of the profits, and if he had a bad one he needed it to keep up his spirits.' Far be it from us to pry into any man's private affairs, but some of the Liverpool factors are said to owe to a well-kept table and an exquisitely supplied cellar a large connection amongst the merchants, who are known in the great northern port to be *bon vivants* more easily held by the teeth than the hands. If then, the 'Doctor,' went up to the North with any design of this kind, he may probably quickly repay the purchaser in fees."

It may also afford consolation to those who have their bins well stored with good old wine, to read the following extract from the newspapers:—

"In 1858 there was an interesting sale of Port Wine at Prospect Hill House, near Reading. The chief attraction was the old vintage Port of all the most celebrated years up to 1820, inclusive of that year, of such wondrous renown among connoisseurs. A bin of the vintage 1815, bottled in 1818, and in admirable preservation, although a little past its best, sold at eight and nine guineas per dozen. The next bin, of the vintage 1812, bottled in 1815, full of colour, in perfect preservation, fairly without a fault, showing both firmness, delicacy, and high bouquet, was sold at £11 11s. and £12 per doz. A small

bin, of the vintage 1804, which fully supported its long-established renown, still possessing fine colour and high bouquet, delicate, dry, but full of flavour, without symptom of decay, put beyond all doubt or difference of opinion whether choice Portugal Red Wine will endure a very long keeping better than any other Red Wine, and was sold at eleven to twelve guineas the dozen. Following this came three bins of the vintage of 1820; each was a rare example, different in style; but all were of unexceptionable quality. It is, indeed, remarkable that among Port Wines of these ancient dates so few decayed, or even impaired, Wines are found, and this seems to attest their general purity. Of these three Kopke's Roritz took the lead, containing all the vigour of youth, showing substance, fruit, the highest quality, and remarkable character. For many tastes, however, the other two are equally fine: one for its deep colour and dryness, with great character; the other for its firmness and concentration of flavour, without hardness or heat. The prices of these ranged from £11 11s. to £14 10s. per dozen, and became in most instances the property of the wine trade."

Some further consolatory facts we offer in another account, which appears in the form of a newspaper paragraph:—

"The sale of wines belonging to Mr. A. B. Cook (a lunatic) took place in London, on Friday, and according to the statements of the metropolitan journals, several lunatics must have attended the auction. 'Some magnums of dry Port,' says *The Times*, 'bottled in 1823, by

Dr. Chaffey, of Cambridge, were knocked down at 70s. per magnum, or 35s. per bottle. Seven bottles of True-man's 1820 Port were eagerly bought at the rate of £14 14s. per dozen. The lowest sum realised for the Port Wine was half-a-guinea a bottle, and a good deal reached twice that sum.' ”

I extract the following from an article in *Daily Telegraph*, March 21, 1865 :—

“ There yet exist some old-fashioned people who are devotees of Port Wine, just as there are old-fashioned schoolmasters who are devotees to the rod, like a divine of our day, who has just written a book to prove that boys are rather ennobled than degraded by being birched, seeing that no one ever thought of birching a donkey. But the Port Wine drinkers are dying out. They still flourish under the shadow of some ancient corporations ; you may find them lingering in cathedral stalls, in remote rectories. The love of Port still holds its own among the hardy men of Lancashire and the sturdy denizens of the coal districts ; but year after year the consumption grows smaller ; and in another decade, unless some great ‘ Conservative Reaction ’ takes place, there will no more be drinkers of Port Wine than there are now drinkers of metheglin. As we hang, then, upon the skirts of a dying tradition, the account of the sale by auction at Carlisle of the contents of the cellar of the late Mr. Blamire comes upon us like a vision of the past. Mr. George Blamire was the eccentric old barrister who, blessed with a handsome competence, chose to live, for some occult reasons, the life of a misanthropic hog, and was found dead some time ago in his chambers in the Adelphi,

in the midst of dust, dirt, and self-inflicted destitution. His father, Dr. Blamire, of Carlisle, was a great connoisseur of wine, and left him, when he died in 1834, an ample stock of the choicest vintages. His son walled up the paternal cellar, only opening it once, to substitute stone for wooden bins, and then hermetically sealed it up again. But the scythe of death and the hammer of the auctioneer have between them knocked the churlish barricade to pieces, and the wines and spirits of a 'gentleman deceased' have, to use the established phraseology of the advertisements, been 'submitted' to public competition. The great Wine Merchants of the Metropolis sent their agents to Carlisle; the great amateurs of the Northern Counties attended in person; and the sale was, in all respects, a remarkable one. Think of the 'Ports of 1820' possessing 'all the characteristics of that wonderful vintage.' Think of the 'charming violet bouquet,' of the 'comet wine of 1811, in all its richness and perfection.' Muse over the prodigious price of thirty-five pounds a dozen paid for the first-named of these vintages. Then there were 'the crisp and dry Sherries;' the West India ditto, 'date unknown;' the 'elegant, nectar-like Madeira;' the wines of 'Amontillado character;' the 'authentic Jamaica rum,' bottled in 1720, re-corked in 1826, and forming now 'an indescribable compound of the vine-branch, leaf, grape, and sugar-cane, which renders it incomparable.' Finally, there was the luscious Lachryma, and 'the pure sans-dated Ports of the last century,' all 'invested with an ineffable delicacy that can only be acquired in the etherealising laboratory of Nature.' Surely George Robins must have come to life again! That passage about the etherealising laboratory is worthy of the immortal puffer who said that the

only things likely to disturb the quietude of a country-house he had to sell were 'the rustling of the rose-leaves and the twittering of the nightingales.' There is a touch of genius, too, about those 'sans-dated Ports of the last century.' An auctioneer of common mind would have bluntly admitted that he knew nothing about their age, but Robins Redivivus seeks in the 'etherealising laboratory' of his intellect for an epithet, and christens them 'sans-dated.' For inventive felicity we have seen nothing equal to this since the introduction of the 'non-registered shirt.'

"The Port and Sherry, and Rum and Gin, of the crusty old lawyer who chose to live like a pauper, and died almost in a ditch, were sold at 'unprecedentedly high prices;' and we hope that the now dispersed treasures of the long walled-up cellar at Carlisle will gladden the hearts of those who have chosen to buy the precious stuff at the rate of about a shilling a drop. To some people Sherry may be as spikenard, Lachryma as lapis lazuli, and 'Comet Port' as a blue diamond. We have no quarrel with such bigots in wine-bibbing. The worth of a thing, we are told in 'Hudibras,' is just as much as it will bring; and there are epicures, we suppose, rich and luxurious enough not to think thirty-five pounds a dozen too much for Port Wine."

The following amusing letter appeared in the *Bristol Times and Mirror*:—

"PRICE OF PORT WINE.

"GENTLEMEN,—Have pity on the ignorance of a consumer of South African Port and Sherry, and do tell me who really are the people that buy '1820' at £35 a

dozen, or what can possibly make any wine worth so much more than another. What marvellous difference can there be, for instance, between, say, my South African vintage, which I enjoy, my wife enjoys, and the girls enjoy, and Mr. Blamire's vintage, which sold at Carlisle last week at the almost fabulous price above named?

“ I presume the object of all vinous productions is to elevate the spirits, enlarge the heart, buoy up the body; and I'll back my South African vintage of 1864, crusted inside and chalked outside the bottle, as quite as effectual, and far more speedy, in bringing about this result than the famous Comet Port. For my part, I cannot imagine what sets the world running after age and dryness, especially when you have got so much money to pay for it. I take it King Pharaoh knew what a good glass of wine was, and he kept no cellar, for his butler squeezed a bunch of grapes into a cup, and his Majesty drank it off then and there. That was new enough, I am sure; and I am also sure King Pharaoh would not have given you twopence for Egyptian Port of A.M. 2320. I am, therefore, inclined to think that modern good livers make a great mistake in looking for old wine, seeing that the Egyptians, who were the most civilised nation of antiquity, liked their drink fresh from their butler's fist.

“ Do tell me, then, for I can hardly believe it, if there really has been a sale where wine has fetched such a price, and if there be really a man in Carlisle who can sit down and debit his stomach every time he has finished a glass of Port Wine with five shillings! I need hardly say I conclude there are no poor people in Carlisle, for I cannot imagine any man treating himself to tipple at this rate, while anybody else can be in want of anything short of small beer. I do not desire to spoil

Mr. Nanson's anticipated pleasure, but I would just remind him that every time he draws a bad cork, three pounds are gone; whereas I can indulge in the luxury of decanting pricked South African Port at the moderate penalty of two and sixpence a bottle: besides my friends can have as much of mine as they like, but even a Town Clerk must 'hold hard' when playing host, if he pays £35 a dozen for what he treats his friends to.

"Yours,

"March 15th, 1865.

"PATERFAMILIAS."

I have records of very many more recent sales, but it is unnecessary to show further proof that Port Wine, if good, will always command as much or more than was paid for it originally. Of its medical properties Brande says, "Good Port Wine, duly kept, is, when taken in moderation, one of the most wholesome of vinous liquors. It strengthens the muscular system, assists the digestive powers, accelerates the circulation, exhilarates the spirits, and sharpens the mental energies." The following extract from Dr. Richardson's practical remarks on the prevention and treatment of cholera is further evidence of the value of Port Wine as a medical agent. He says:—

"I cannot think of closing these preliminary remarks without adverting to the beneficial effects produced by the use of good, well-chosen Port Wine, which, in the present relaxed, debilitating, and low inflammatory state of the bowels, threatening destruction, acts as the most

powerful and certain preventive, by promoting the tone, strength, and vigour of the system, and thus enabling it to overcome the predisposing, and resist the exciting causes of the prevailing epidemic.

“As the quality of Port Wine is, therefore, a matter of the first importance, it is necessary that great care be taken in the selection of that which has undergone perfect fermentation. When the fermentation is not perfected, the saccharine and fruity matters of the juice of the grape remain unchanged, and are liable to become acid on the stomach.

“Besides having had a perfect fermentation, Port Wine ought to be made from the richest and best ripened grapes, and therefore should possess a fine ruby colour, sufficiently deep without being too dark. It should have a fragrant bouquet, a full rich body, sound and vinous without being harsh, coarse, or stalky, and a fruitiness without having a heavy sweetness; such wine being invigorating to the body and exhilarating to the mind. The wines produced from the vineyards of the Alto-Douro are endowed with the above qualities in an eminent degree, and are generally considered the best.

“Some years ago, before the nervous system became weakened by the long continuance of relaxing seasons, and the low diseases of mucous membranes, the stomach required the stimulus of a moderate use of ardent spirits; but of late years this has been found too hot for the tender state of those membranes, and too evanescent and debilitating for the nerves. Such has been the low, damp, close, and relaxing state of the seasons, without a due continuance of frost in the winters as we now experience, that low diseases have been wandering from place to place, among the very cattle in the fields.

“The use then of good wine, and particularly of generous Port, is imperatively called for, and absolutely necessary, not only for the cure of the low diseases now prevailing, but for their prevention, and for the preservation of health. God help those who cannot afford it, for neither porter, ale, nor gin will supply its place.

“I must be excused for entering into this digression respecting the necessity and utility of wine, when I assure my readers that in some cases of the severest spasms I ever witnessed, arising from incipient or precursory attacks of the present invading cholera, a draught (two or three glasses) of good Port put in a tumbler, and drank off cold and at once, has carried the spasms off like a miracle. Indeed, in a case of the most excruciating spasms, I may say of almost the whole body, which took place with a delicate lady, whose strength had been much reduced by an obstinate diarrhoea, I attempted their alleviation by the strongest stimulants and antispasmodics without effect. Considering, however, that as these spasms were the result, or at least the accompaniment, of great debility, and what the older writers termed *chlonic* spasm, in opposition to tonic I tried the effect of a draught of wine, and putting only two full glasses of good Port into a tumbler, made her drink it off at one draught, when I was surprised to find that in a few minutes the spasms were entirely subdued, and that the draught was succeeded by a calm sleep, such as the patient had not enjoyed for many nights. I would neither place much reliance upon, nor even mention, an isolated case of this kind, were it not that on every occasion of spasm since I have uniformly experienced the same happy results.

“I would urge those who are prejudiced against the

use of Port Wine, or those who imagine it does not agree with them, to make an unbiassed trial of its effects, and if there be any who find by experience that it really does not answer, I think it my duty to warn them that, generally speaking, when this is the case, there is something far wrong in the system that ought immediately to be corrected. The use of Port Wine is therefore a good criterion of health.

“Ale has of late been employed, I suppose for economy’s sake, as a substitute for wine, and it has been fashionable, without proof, to eulogise its effects. The habitual use of ale seldom fails, sooner or later, to affect the brain. In recent colds and dry coughs, it binds the chest, and prevents expectoration. At the commencement of an attack of dysentery it does good, where the use of Port is not so admissible; but, in its chronic state, where Port Wine is of great service, ale does harm.

“Although ale affords a temporary strength, gives a florid complexion, and is supposed to be a nourisher of the blood, yet nothing can be more enfeebling to the nervous system, or causes more gloom or despondency to the mind than ale, particularly in persons of bilious and melancholic habits. This mental depression produces the demand for stronger stimulants, and is one of the greatest inducements to dram-drinking.

“It is well known among practical men, and particularly remarked in hospitals, that the wounds of draymen and habitual indulgers in malt liquors run rapidly into erysipelas and mortification; and that in sickness their systems get sooner into a bad habit than those of other patients. It would be of the greatest benefit to those who have shaken their nervous systems by the indiscriminate drinking of ardent spirits, or by the immoderate

indulgence in malt, to have their minds exhilarated, and the energies of their nerves restored, invigorated, and established, by the use of generous Port Wine alone. Nothing allays nervous excitability better than the free but well-regulated employment of wine. Hence it is that those accustomed to its moderate use seldom go further. The great utility of wine has been established from a very early period of man's history, by writers of all ages, and therefore requires no comment."

Our humorous friend *Punch* made the temporary decline of the national taste for Port a matter of ecclesiastical importance:—

“THE DAY OF PORTLY DIVINES.

“WHEN rectors drank Port Wine,
 We parsons knew no strife;
 We kept a middle line,
 And led an easy life.
 No parties vexed the Church,
 And every sound divine
 Could roost upon his perch,
 When rectors drank Port Wine.

“No Puseyites were then
 Promoting Popish schemes;
 No Evangelical men,
 Because we shunned extremes.
 We held, with heads exempt
 From sentiment too fine,
 Enthusiasts in contempt,
 When rectors drank Port Wine.

“When no man talked of grace,
What jolly days were those!
Ah! then a parson’s face
Displayed a parson’s nose,—
A parson’s nose of red,
Which gloriously did shine,
Supremely strong of head,
When rectors drank Port Wine.

“Canonicals became
A form of goodly fat.
A dean then looked his name,
Beneath his shovel hat;
And shorts below the knees
With gaiters did combine,
And dignity with ease,
When rectors drank Port Wine.

“But now I see the cloth
To shreds and tatters torn,
At one time I wax wroth,
And at another mourn.
That cloth was whole and sound,
When serving to confine
Plump calves and stomachs round,
When rectors drank Port Wine.

“Ecclesiastic lore
Had not become the rage.
We rather liked to snore
Over the classic page.
We may have been lukewarm,
We may have been supine,
But calm prevailed—not storm—
When rectors drank Port Wine.

“But now good Port is rare ;
 Shepherds delude their flocks.
Can he, who does not care
 For Port, be orthodox ?
Let nobody object
 That we caroused like swine ;
Our doctrine was correct
 When rectors drank Port Wine.”

In my Introductory Preface I stated that it was my intention to make my book practically useful, as well as entertaining, to the general reader; and it will be necessary, as I proceed, to treat of the management of wine as it comes into the purchaser's possession. Of all wines, Port is the easiest to manage, whether purchased in wood or in bottle. If the capacity of a buyer's cellar is limited, and his consumption small, his object will be answered by laying in a small stock in bottle. He may purchase for this purpose, if he does not care about wine long in bottle with a heavy crust and matured, wine in wood, of the same original quality, but much less in price, as the merchant must have interest on his capital, and this, with current expenses, increases the cost of wine in bottle 2s. 6d. per dozen per annum. If the purchaser selects for himself, he should choose a wine smooth on the palate, free from heat and harshness, with no mawkish sweetness or excess of astringency, but

just a grapy flavour—such a wine may be purchased at from 34s. to 40s. per dozen. Old wines in bottle, of crack vintages, full of character and ripe, must be paid for. There are always to be found amongst the higher classes customers who will have no other, and they are prepared to give for it its full value. After all, for age in bottle, and thorough genuineness, the reliance must be upon the character and standing of the merchant. If he understands his business, his cellarman, by reference to his books, should be able to give the history of every bottle under his charge. In purchasing Port Wine in the wood, with respect to vintage wines, I think after a merchant has made his purchase, his best policy is to allow the wine to remain in Oporto until the spring or autumn of the second year. After the first year, it should have at least two rackings and cleansings before shipment to England, and then remain for another twelve months before bottling. I am not an enthusiast about vintage wines, and I think the experience of others will support me in the opinion that the blending together first-class *Quintas*, of various ages and not of the same vintages, often produces wine unsurpassed by any one particular vintage. It is difficult to induce those unaccustomed to the business to believe this. They hear of a

vintage extolled in the columns of *The Times*, or other newspapers; they get puffing circulars offering this particular vintage; the profferer has not probably a drop in his possession, and passes off instead something he is eager to dispose of.

As I before observed, there is no difficulty in the management of Port Wine in wood. When the wine is in the cellar upon the scantling, the first process is to fine it. The *whites* only of one dozen eggs should be put into a can or bucket, and whisked up with some of the wine, drawn from the pipe by a syphon from the bung, if a bottling tap has not been put in the cask. Repeat the drawing off several times, after what is technically called *rummaging* (that is, stirring the wine with a stick), for five or ten minutes; then drive in the bung, and in a week or ten days the wine will be ready for the bottle. It is better to bottle the wine perfectly bright, not cloudy. Much of the condition will depend upon the temperature of the cellar. This should never be lower than 54°. If the temperature is below 50° the tannin and other soluble matters become congealed, and hence the dulness of the wine. I had some years ago a client who would not have his Port Wine fined, nor allow it even to rest. During the process of bottling he had

the rummaging-stick at work, and the thicker it appeared in bottle the more he was pleased; it was his idea of securing a good crust and plenty of bee's-wing. I never heard the result of the process. Many are annoyed, after their wine has been some years in bottle, to find that they have no crust on the bottle, but that, with carefully decanting, they get at the last a muddy deposit. This arises entirely from the fact that the bottles are *new*, or have never before held wine. The reader will know that in making bottles a quantity of alkali is used, and if he examined the inside of a bottle after it has left the bottle works, he would perceive in the interior a bloom similar to that upon a peach. This is not to be moved by water, or even by washing with shot. The alkali must be neutralised with an acid. Take a bottle-washing tub; to the water add as much sulphuric acid as will be perceptible to the palate; let the bottles be well rinsed in this mixture (the longer they are in the tub the better); then let the bottle-brush be applied with clean water, and it will be found that after this treatment the crust will adhere to the bottles.

STOWING AWAY.

Bins should be so arranged that the quantity of bottles in a bin, however large, may be ascer-

tained quickly. A fair-sized bin for Port in a private cellar should be sufficiently wide in the front to take twelve bottles, whilst at the back it would take eleven, so that you would have a first layer of twenty-three bottles. The layers would be repeated to the height required, and thus, by multiplying the number of tiers by twenty-three, the quantity of bottles would be at once ascertained. Use laths only; sawdust is a nuisance. As the wine is laid upon the laths, pass an ordinary round painter's brush, dipped in a solution of whiting and water, over the upper side of the bottle, to show the crusted side when the wine has to be removed.

It is essential for wines likely to be stored for some length of time always to use the best corks, for which at least 6s. per gross should be given; see that they are well matured, flexible, and expansive. All who have had acquaintance with the storing of wine in bottle must have found occasionally the corks attacked by a small maggot resembling that which finds its way into a filbert. I expect the egg is originally in the cork, or possibly in the sawdust, where sawdust is used. It is a most mischievous insect; it will take a course until it runs through the whole of the cork, and leaves an orifice large enough for the wine to leak out. I have found corks

with this maggot alive at the extremity of the cork, evidently enjoying his potations after the labour he had in getting there. Amongst the cellar-men this guest is called a *Weevil*. I am no entomologist; but as I came to this subject I turned to some dictionaries and encyclopædias. "Weevil" I could not find at all. I went from Grub to Pupa, thence to Larvæ, wended through much scientific lore upon the Larvæ—but I could find no notice of our bacchanalian trespasser. That he is a judge of wine there is no question; for, if he is in the cellar at all, he is sure to find his way to the best bins. I never heard of his invading a bin of Hambro' Sherry or the Specialité. Any information on this matter I should be glad of.* As I believe Weevil is a misnomer, I have

*I sent an extract from my MSS. upon the subject of this insect to a savant who I thought knew everything. Just as the original matter was in type, I received from him the following information. My scientific readers may be interested, but I don't see by it that the question of what the insect is, and from whence it comes, is solved:—

"You must, I think, re-write about the *weevil*. You write as though you had never heard of the word except in the cellar. Doubtless this is not the case, but a reader of your MSS. would infer this. A farmer would tell you all about *his* weevil with a possible garnish of expletives. Look for it under its Latin name, 'curculio,' in your entomological authority. Thinking you may like to see these extracts from Richardson and Wedgwood's dictionaries, I have copied them out. Are you right in your use

determined upon a more proper nomenclature, and I think that of the *Bibulous Larva*, or *Vermis Bibacious*, far more appropriate. The Total Abstinence Society should interest itself in the reformation of this dissipated character. After this badinage, I will suggest to those who have this larva perforating their corks, immediately they perceive its inroads, to cut the cork close

of the word 'Larva'? The Latin word signifies a *mask*, and the grub has been so called by scientific men because the subsequent form (the butterfly, *e. g.*,) is *disguised* or *masked* under that of the worm. But if *your weevil* (whether the real original weevil does I don't know) develops into nothing else, the term is misapplied, and I doubt whether a scientific man would call it a Larva.

"Wedgwood.—'Weevil. The worm that breeds in corn; A. S. webba, a worm; wibil, wifel. . . . The name is taken from the multifarious movement of a swarm of small animals. . . .'

"The Latin name of the insect, *curculio*, seems to have been formed on exactly the same principle. It may be explained from It. *gorgoliare*, to gurgle, to boil, and then (from a comparison of the perpetual movement of swarming insects to the agitation of boiling water) 'to breed or become vermine, wormlets, or such creepers or weevils as breed in pulse or corn.'—Flond, Italian-Eng. Dict., 1680.

"Richardson gives a quotation from Holland's Pliny, b. xviii., c. 30: 'As for the Frument or wheat Triticum, apt it is, most of all other, to engender and breed *weevils* and such like wormes, because it soone catcheth a heate, and is quickly enchaufed, by reason of the thicke and fat substance of the owne, and besides enclosed and clad it is within a thicke and grosse skin which is the bran.'

to the neck, and then dip the top of the bottle, for at least half an inch, in good seething bottling wax. This will immediately destroy the worm, and sufficiently secure the wine. Many persons re-draw the corks and re-bottle, at a considerable loss and injury to the wine. This may be entirely prevented by the course I have advised. I hope I have not made these various details appear frivolous. Upon those well up to their business my remarks may leave that impression; but I write for the multitude,

“There is some difference touching the derivation, but I give from the best authority. It seems doubtful whether yours is a weevil—perhaps the term is loosely employed by cellarmen, who are not entomologists. Whether there is any kinship, or whether these extracts suggest any clue to the genesis of your insect you must judge. Certainly the farmer’s weevil is not a solitary but a very multitudinous creature. From Chambers’s Dictionary I should think that the weevil *known to farmers* had a larva stage. The editor says, ‘A. S. wifel: perhaps allied to weave, from the larva being woven round the insect’; but this may be because the word was used in a far more generic sense in A. S. than now.

“I write in profound ignorance of the whole subject, and you are probably by this time either laughing or wishing the miserable insect further both from your corks and your correspondence.

“I will just add that Plautus, who called the parasite of his comedy ‘*Curculio*,’ obviously because he was fond of good eating, hit upon a name even more appropriate than he supposed, if it should turn out that the creature is fond of good drinking too.”

and to the majority there may be some value in these various jottings. Whilst trying to solve the mystery of the *Bibulous Larva*, it occurred to me to search for the origin of that obscure substance which forms elegant traceries pendant from the vaulted roofs of time-honoured cellars. It is said to be the concentric growth of the filuminous slum, or spawn of some fungus; and may be generally observed in damp cellars, where they begin to grow, without impediment, upon the walls or decaying wood. They usually prefer damp, dark, unventilated places, such as cellars and vaults. Botanists comprehend under the name of fungi not only mushrooms and toadstools, but a large number of microscopic plants, which present the appearance called mouldiness, mildew, smut, rust, and dry rot. I hope the reader will not think I am trifling with his time in referring to this peculiarity of the cavernous worlds which lie under our streets and houses, where daylight never appears, and the shadows of centuries are not disturbed by any other light than that of a candle; he must forgive my enthusiasm towards regions in which I have spent, in early days, a long portion of my life.

Time has not altered the impression made upon me when, more than half a century since, I paid my first visit with a "tasting order" to the

London Docks. After my paper was marked I was given in charge to a wine cooper, who furnished me with a candle fixed to the end of a long stick. I followed my guide through what appeared to me to be acres of cellarage and miles of corridors. At first the darkness is oppressive, but the eye soon becomes accustomed to the comparative obscurity. Casks upon casks, pipes, hogsheads, and quarter-casks, piled up to the roof line every avenue, and along the main thoroughfare is an iron tramway to facilitate the rolling of the casks. It is remarkable, amongst so many thousands, that the cooper can identify the particular casks to which your tasting order refers, yet he is seldom at fault excepting where other casks have been broken out, and the record is not made at once in the usual book. The cask found, the cooper is provided with glasses, and a gimlet, with which he bores two holes, the first for admission of air, and the second to draw the sample from. I have condemned the wastefulness of this operation. Much more wine is permitted to flow on to the floor before the glass is applied than is necessary, and four times the quantity drawn which a taster requires. The excuse in the first instance is that the hole must be cleared of the borings. In the large quantity drawn it is a matter of indifference to the cooper, who is

not the proprietor of the wine, and probably the majority of tasters are those not in the trade.

The uninitiated visitor who may be favoured with a tasting order I would advise to beware of comparing flavours too much; the indulgence often grows perilous, and more is imbibed, probably, than the taster is aware of; when he returns to the daylight, that, or the fresh air, may put him into a condition which he little expected when he descended into the vaults. But I am travelling from my text. That which much impressed me was what I suppose I must call the "fungus" growth, like "weedy-looking fantastic ferns" hanging from the ceiling. The cooper had great veneration for this, and said it arose from the fumes of the wine. He lamented the introduction of gas into a portion of the vaults, "for," said he, "them things won't grow there, they can't abide gas." When I suggested to him that it would be better to get them all brushed down, and give the vaults a few coats of whitewash in their place, he looked upon me with as much horror as a fond mother would if I had attempted to persuade her to destroy her child.* After all, there appears to be unity and

* Joey Ladle, the cellarman so wonderfully portrayed by Charles Dickens in *No Thoroughfare*, had a peculiar veneration for this fungus—as the following extract will show:—

harmony between this natural festooned drapery and its surroundings, and I question if any art could adorn a wine cellar with more appropriate decorations. It was a relief when any annoyance, such as a bad debt, or some irregularity in

“Has this growth on the roof anything to do with your divination?” asked Vendale, holding his light towards a gloomy, ragged growth of dark fungus, pendant from the arches with a very disagreeable and repellent effect. “We are famous for this growth in this vault, aren’t we?”

“We are, Master George,” replied Joey Ladle, moving a step or two away,” and if you’ll be advised by me, you’ll let it alone.” Taking up the rod just now laid across the two casks, and faintly removing the languid fungus with it, Vendale asked, “Aye, indeed? Why so?”

“Why not so much because it rises from the casks of wine, and may leave you to judge what sort of stuff a cellarman takes into himself when he walks in the same all the days of his life; nor yet so much because at a stage of its growth it’s maggots—and you’ll fetch ’em down upon you,” returned Joey Ladle, still keeping away, “as for another reason, Master George.”

“What other reason?”

“(I wouldn’t keep on touchin’ it, if I was you, Sir.) I’ll tell you if you’ll come out of the place. First, take a look at its colour, Master George.”

“I am doing so.”

“Done, Sir? Now, come out of the place.”

He moved away with his light, and Vendale followed with his. When Vendale came up with him, and they were going back together, Vendale, eyeing him as they walked through the arches, said, “Well Joey. The colour?”

“Is it like clotted blood, Master George?”

“Like enough, perhaps.”

the business disturbed me, to take refuge in my cellar, where, in an atmosphere equal in temperature both in summer and winter, I could pass under my festooned arches, surrounded on all sides by my treasures, set like sable mosaics in geometrical combinations, I enjoyed that pleasant perfume which comes from the aroma

“More than enough, I think,” muttered Joey Ladle, shaking his head solemnly.

“Well, say it is like; say it is exactly like. What then?”

“Master George, they do say ——”

“Who?”

“How should I know who?” rejoined the cellarman, apparently much exasperated by the unreasonable nature of the question. “Them! Them as says pretty well everything, you know. How should I know who they are, if you don’t?”

“True. Go on.”

“They do say that the man that gets by any accident a piece of that dark growth right upon his breast, will, for sure and certain, die by murder.”

As Vendale laughingly stopped to meet the cellarman’s eyes, which he had fastened on his light while dreamily saying those words, he suddenly became conscious of being struck upon his own breast by a heavy hand. Instantly following with his eyes the action of the hand that struck him—which was his companion’s—he saw that it had beaten off his breast a web or clot of the fungus, even then floating to the ground.

For a moment he turned upon the cellarman almost as scared a look as the cellarman turned upon him. But in another moment they had reached the daylight at the foot of the cellar steps, and before he cheerfully sprang up them, he blew out his candle and the superstition together.

of the wine, combined with the pungent flavour of the pine wood sawdust. After a short promenade, a glass of wine from a particular butt, and a biscuit, I could return to my desk with more placidity than when I left it. I think, when I am destined to leave my business, I shall make a stipulation that, when I am in an unamiable condition, I may be allowed to take refuge in my old haunts, like the old tallow chandler, who arranged with his successor that he might be allowed to return on melting-days. A friend, to whom I am indebted for many "happy thoughts," says (in the *Bristol Times and Mirror*):—

"After all, it is not a mere wine-tipping fancy that makes one look with respectful curiosity on a cobwebbed and age-encrusted bottle. It is something to think that there is hid away in that little interior the juice of a grape that perhaps ripened on the slopes of the Douro the same year that your father ran for the midwife when you, now a grey-headed man, were about to make your *début* on this sublunar scene. Or perhaps it might be that the wine-presses of Manheim were crushing out that generous juice when the First Napoleon was thundering away with his red artillery on the banks of the Rhine. The ancients even loved to mark the age of a vintage by some public incident, and thus we find Horace inviting his friend to partake of Chian or Falernian (I forget which) made 'in the Consulship of Bibulus.'

"The cellar, too, has had its remarkable men, as well

as the camp and the Court. Rienzi, the Roman Tribune, when a boy, bottled for his father, an innkeeper in no aristocratic quarter of Rome; and, to make a long lapse of time and place, the late John Britton—so well known in Bristol, of which he was one-third a citizen, and the author of the ‘*Beauties of England and Wales*,’ and of that great illustrated work, ‘*The Cathedral Antiquities of England*,’ and of some fifty or sixty antiquarian books besides—was brought up and earned his bread as a cellarman until he was one or two and twenty years of age—that is, a man who racked and bottled the wine from the casks in which it was imported.”

The following gives the qualities of the vintages from 1840 to 1876; a list of shippers, with their respective shipments, from 1866 to 1876; and the total shipments for 1873, 1874, and 1875. The proportion of good, abundant, and of average vintages is, according to Mr. Consul Crauford, “when compared to bad and deficient ones, larger in the Douro district than in other wine-producing countries.” Mr. Crauford submits the following table of their quality for a number of years past, compiled from the best authorities on the spot:—

1840—Very fine.	1845—Inferior.
1841—Very bad.	1846—Good.
1842—Fine.	1847—Very fine, rich.
1843—Middling.	1848—Good, not so rich.
1844—Fine.	1849—Middling.

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| 1850—Fine, very good. | 1865—Good ; not liked at first, but turned out rich. |
| 1851—Very fine. | 1866—Inferior. |
| 1852—Good. | 1867—Good. |
| 1853—Very good. | 1868—Very good. |
| 1854—Fine. | 1869—Inferior. |
| 1855—Bad. | 1870—Very good. |
| 1856—Very bad. | 1871—Inferior. |
| 1857—Bad. | 1872—Good. |
| 1858—Very good. | 1873—Good. |
| 1859—Middling, watery. | 1874—Good. |
| 1860—Very good, dry. | 1875—Good. |
| 1861—Fine, rich. | 1876—Apparently inferior. |
| 1862—Good and dry. | |
| 1863—Very fine and rich. | |
| 1864—Middling, sweet, and rather poor. | |

WINES EXPORTED FROM OPORTO DURING THE LAST TEN YEARS BY ENGLISH
MERCHANTS SHIPPING OVER 1000 PIPES.

IMPORTERS.	1876 to Oct. 31	1875	1874	1873	1872	1871	1870	1869	1868	1867	1866
Sandeman & Co.	3598	4763	4227	4471	4497	4166	3781	3592	3540	3413	4254
Cockburn, Smithes, & Co..	3562	4050	3525	2992	3521	3250	3022	2867	2785	2322	3023
W. & J. Graham & Co. ...	2547	2681	2808	2463	2250	1820	1907	1816	1445	1285	1738
Silva & Cosens	2527	3180	2471	1826	1900	1511	1557	980	783	564	574
Offley, Cramp, & Forrester	2242	2741	2371	2485	2312	1625	2030	1909	1570	1334	1800
Martinez, Gassiot, & Co..	2530	2690	2171	2289	2952	1840	2173	2286	2087	1891	2042
D. M. Fuerheard & Co. ...	1391	1915	1858	1767	1747	1523	1283	1111	1013	928	910
Dow & Co.....	1468	1572	1532	1780	1326	1080	1043	1010	909	501	696
Clode & Baker	1235	1841	1467	1336	1687	1401	1450	1602	1356	1638	1577
Hooper Brothers	1885	1926	1277	1544	1659	1757	1555	1544	1122	1893	2208
J. H. Anderson.....	793	1156	1074	840	557	502	413	229	329	258	853
T. G. Sandeman & Sons...	969	1023	1048	1164	1410	1186	603	1040	1071	1218	1157
M. J. Valente Allen.....	631	696	1017	803	545	402	516	—	—	—	—
Morgan Brothers	807	1173	838	858	1059	562	512	507	509	506	518
Taylor, Fladgate, & Yeat- man	477	705	746	691	1013	682	907	455	558	662	520

The quantity of Port Wine exported from Oporto to all parts of the world was, during the year 1875, 60,549 pipes, against 56,531 pipes in 1874, and 49,649 in 1873. These figures are encouraging, and confirm the opinion of an increasing demand for Port Wine. The following are the destinations of the shipments for the three years mentioned :—

	1873.		1874.		1875.
Great Britain ...	35,612	...	35,753	...	40,274
Brazils, River } Plate, &c. }	10,056	...	15,818	...	15,590
United States } and Canada }	768	...	937	...	766
Other places ...	3,213	...	4,023	...	3,919
	<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>
	49,649	...	56,531	...	60,549

Chapter ii.

OTHER WINES OF PORTUGAL.

Lisbon—Character of Wines formerly imported to England—
Tasting at Cavilhos—A Disappointment—Samples from Lisbon
—Messrs. Sandeman Brothers—Bucellas Hock—Arinto—
Estremadura—Colares—Red Lisbon—Carcavella—Rich Lisbon
—Dry Lisbon.

FROM Oporto I went to Lisbon. I was anxious to procure wines similar to those which I had received in my early days from 1834 to 1850, when, at a moderate price, could be imported from Lisbon—Termo, a very nice wine; Carcavella, a rich, sweet wine; and Bucellas, made almost as light as Hock, and known as Bucellas Hock. But without any intimation the prices continued to increase, whilst the wines became coarser and coarser every year, until few merchants chose to recognise them. My curiosity was excited then to know why we could not have a continuance of the same quality and price as in past years, and taking the steamer across the Tagus to Cavilhos, where there are large entre-

pôts, I spent a whole day in a fruitless search after a drinkable glass of wine.

The records of my tastings were :—

Bucellas, 1869 (4 years old).—A very coarse wine of deep colour.

Bucellas (10 years old).—Coarse, no characteristics of good wine.

Carcavella (16 years old).—This and twenty others were failures—wines that would bring no credit to the importer.

Termo, which was formerly a wine with some elegance about it, though no high flavour, I found now not equal to Marsala, and much dearer.

Alemtego.—This was a nondescript. I could neither make out the name, nor see anything in the wine.

Muscat was very good, but there was little of it ; and the price exceeded that of better wine in the Herault.

Colares.—Liking this wine in the hotels at Lisbon, I expected that I should find a quality that would be serviceable for the English market ; but I was much disappointed. The whole secret of the matter is that the wines are made up for Brazil, where strength and coarseness appear to be preferred to purity. Patient, obliging, and anxious was the head cooper to

find what I wanted, and he thought he would certainly be right when he showed me a sample of a pipe of *Lavrado*, which I found to be a wine of bad character—a *sour sweet*. After that we had a sample of a red *Carcavellos*, thought very much of by the proprietor, but a wine that I would not pay the freight and duty upon. I shall have occasion hereafter to refer to a day or two's tasting at Cette. My disappointment there was as great as at Lisbon. I am told I may be more likely to find what I was seeking for at Cintra; but as it was Sunday when I arrived there, I was more interested in the place than in tasting the wines, after the preceding day's work at Cavilhos.

After I had prepared for the press this report upon my wine tastings at Lisbon, I received from Messrs. Sandeman Brothers, of Lisbon (a branch of the well-known Oporto house), samples of a variety of Lisbon wines. It is incumbent upon me in consequence, as a simple matter of justice, to considerably modify the impression which my report by itself might create. I must, however, be allowed to adhere to my opinions upon the samples which were submitted to me at Lisbon, although I am culpable to some extent for not going into the districts of Bucellas, Carcavelhos, Lavradio, and

Colares to taste the wines in the stores of the "Almocreves" (as the men are called who hold stocks of wine there). Messrs. Sandeman Brothers appear to have entered into this branch of their business with energy and judgment.

I will first notice the *Bucellas Hock*, for which I anticipate there will be a considerable demand. The *Bucellas* which was shown to me at Cavilhos was a coarse, potent wine of deep colour. The *Bucellas Hock* of Sandeman Brothers is a pure wine, made from the *Hock* grape, transplanted to the Lisbon district. It contains less than 26 per cent. proof spirit, and comes in at the one shilling duty; it is light in colour, and of an agreeable flavour. As a dinner wine, especially with fish, it will supply the requirements of those who want more strength and character in their wine than is found in light Hocks and cheap Sauternes. I am told that the doctors at Lisbon are recommending it as a very wholesome wine for invalids. Though somewhat of the style of *Hock*, no one would take it for Rhenish growth.

A very fair *Bucellas* was the next sample. This was a stouter wine, with more age; in value £10 a pipe more than the *Bucellas Hock*, and certainly preferable to the ordinary Sherries shipped at the same price.

A great improvement was shown in a sample labelled *Bucellas Particular*. Anyone accustomed to wine-tasting would recognise these as pure wines that had not been tampered with. Their fermentation had not been interrupted, and had escaped the breeding for "Fino," upon which subject I shall have something to say in a forthcoming chapter.

Arinto I was much pleased with. It has somewhat the character of Port in flavour, and is an elegant wine, with plenty of body, without heat or harshness.

The lowest priced wine was the *Estremadura*. Although a white wine, it had both in smell and taste a distinct characteristic of a Douro wine; and upon blending with it a moiety of a full round Port, I had in the result a fair sample of a medium, tawny Port. I do not know it as a fact, but the Tagus and the Douro are not very far apart, and I strongly suspect that very much of this *Estremadura* finds its way to Oporto, and furnishes the English merchant with the light-coloured so-called Port. There is, at least, no *adulteration* in such a mixture; but there would, no doubt, be a considerable saving if the *Estremadura* was shipped direct from Lisbon and the blend made, according to circumstances, by the English merchant.

The *Colares* of Sandeman Brothers re-called to me the wine which I drank at the hotels in Lisbon and Cintra. It is very agreeable; but I hear that the Colares district is limited, and that much inferior wine from the "Torres" district is either mixed with it or sold under its name. It is not, I am further informed, likely that Colares, or anything like it, would be found in the stores of Lisbon wine shippers, who prepare wines for the Brazils. Colares wines usually go direct from the Almocreves to the consumers.

A red Lisbon, of £2 in price above the Estremadura, was equal to it in value, and would be equally useful in reducing the price of Port Wine; but the Estremadura, being a white wine, would be more serviceable if a tawny, light Port were required.

Carcavella is a great improvement upon the wine I tasted at Cavilhos—a full, luscious wine, with good vinous character.

Rich Lisbon was similar to that of former days. It is less in price than Carcavella, but is a very agreeable wine, sweet and wholesome.

A sample of *Dry Lisbon* must conclude my notice of the samples recently received. Although it is a white wine, there is in it a distinct under taste of wines from the Douro, and with age it

may be taken for the "White Port," of which we have heard nothing for many years.

I am very pleased that I have had the opportunity of revising my report upon the wines of Lisbon; and if the qualities are maintained, as well as the moderate prices, I feel assured that the Wine Trade will gladly avail themselves of a renewed acquaintance with serviceable, honest wines, upon which may be had a remunerative return for investment of capital.

Chapter iii.

WINES OF MADEIRA.

Destruction of the Vines—Richard Symons & Son's Letter, 1860—Produce in 1851—Circular of Messrs. Cossart, Gordon, & Co.—Further Correspondence—Vintage Operations—Treatment of the Mosti—Branding—A Ripening Experiment—Varieties of Madeira Wines: Malmsey, Sercial, Bual, &c.—Dr. Grabham's Letter to *The Times*—Dr. Henderson on Madeira—The 1814 Celebrated Pipe.

“Our English autumn, though it hath no vines,
Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
The paths, o'er which the fair festoon entwines
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines—
The Claret light, and the Madeira strong.”

BYRON.

AS the island of Madeira belongs to Portugal, it will be better to treat of its wine produce in this sequence. I said in my former edition that writing upon Madeira was almost the same thing as writing upon the wines of the ancients, and I had sufficient authority for so saying. Messrs.

Richard Symons & Son, a firm whose relations with the island of Madeira date from the last century, issued the following circular in August, 1860 :—

“ Madeira.—This island can no longer be numbered amongst wine-growing countries. As stated in our last circular, nine-tenths of the vines have either been destroyed by the *oidium*, or rooted up; the remaining tenth are very sickly. No wine of good quality has been produced since 1852, and the small quantities of inferior wines of recent years have not been sufficient for the island consumption. Some planters have, within the past two years, replanted, as an experiment, a small portion of their lands with vines; but from the nature of the soil, &c., in Madeira, none but old vines will produce good wines. And, even should the disease disappear, which it has not yet done, it will be at least ten, and more probably twenty or thirty years, before the island can again become a wine-exporting country. The cultivation of grain, sugar, &c., pays better than the wine did, even before it was attacked by the disease. Thus there is but very slight inducement to recommence its cultivation. Some of the oldest established wine shipping houses have already exhausted their stocks, closed their stores, and quitted the island.”

In May, 1861, the same firm gives this additional information :—

“ The few old vines that were not killed by the disease, or eradicated to make room for the sugar-cane, the

cochineal plant, &c., are looking better; and, if well dosed with sulphur, may produce some grapes next autumn. The Portuguese Government has sent to the island a supply of new vines to be planted, but these being mostly of indifferent species have to be engrafted before the grapes can be made available. All the old and newly-planted vines combined cannot, however, even under the most favourable circumstances, produce any quantity of wine that will be available for exportation for many years to come. The stock of genuine old wine now remaining in Madeira does not exceed 1000 pipes. In consequence of the high prices which these naturally command, 'wine' has been manufactured by some of the native dealers out of various descriptions of fruit, principally apples, and flavoured with lees of old wine. It is supposed that about 1000 pipes have thus been recently prepared for exportation, but they can only answer for immediate use."

In 1851 the estimated produce of the island was 30,000 pipes of 92 gallons each. In 1852 the vine disease (oidium) destroyed the entire crop; in 1851 the lowest shipping price was £25. For nine years, from 1851 to 1860, there was no wine made, and in 1861 the lowest shipping price was £75. In that year vines that had been replanted produced 400 pipes. Messrs. Cossart, Gordon, & Co., in a circular dated 2nd October, 1876, furnish the following figures, which show in a relative form, and at a glance, how the prices were affected by the production.

		Estimated produce.	Lowest shipping price per pipe f.o.b. Madeira.	
1851	...	30,000 pipes	...	£25
1852	...	nil	...	£30
1853	...	„	...	£35
1854	...	„	...	£38
1855	...	„	...	£40
1856	...	„	...	£48
1857	...	„	...	£54
1858	...	„	...	£60
1859	...	„	...	£65
1860	...	„	...	£70
1861	...	400 pipes	...	£75
1862	...	1,200 „	...	£75
1863	...	2,500 „	...	£70
1864	...	4,000 „	...	£65
1865	...	5,000 „	...	£62
1866	...	5,000 „	...	£56
1867	...	6,000 „	...	£48
1868	...	8,000 „	...	£40
1869	...	9,000 „	...	£36
1870	...	10,000 „	...	£34
1871	...	10,000 „	...	£30
1872	...	10,000 „	...	£28
1873	...	9,000 „	...	£28
1874	...	12,000 „	...	£28
1875	...	12,000 „	...	£28
1876	...	10,000 „	...	£28

In November, 1866, Messrs. R. Symons & Son write—

“The vintage just finished has proved more abundant than had been estimated—the great care now bestowed

on such vines as are cultivated causing them to yield more abundantly. The produce is estimated at about 2200 pipes, say about 800 pipes from the north, and 1400 from the south sides of the island. It is yet early to judge of the quality, but the general opinion is that the average will not be equal to that of the wines of 1865, so that the hope that, as the new vines acquired age, quality would be obtained such as was produced in the years up to 1851, seems still far from realisation. The wines of 1865 have continued to improve in cask, and promise to turn out well when fit for shipment, which they will probably be in about three years from the present time. The cultivation of the sugar-cane continues, and will prevent any more new vines being planted for the present. Genuine old wines in the island, of from twenty to fifty years old, are becoming scarcer and more valuable every day, and are worth from £120 to £250 per pipe on the spot."

To which Messrs. Rutherford, Drury, & Co. replied as follows:—

"A few days ago there appeared in *The Times* an extract from a circular, being some remarks on Madeira Wine, which (though generally correct probably) include a statement conveying such an erroneous impression that we beg you to allow us to modify it.

"It is to this effect, 'that the hope that the new Madeira Wines will prove as good as formerly as the wines become older is further from realization' because the wines of 1866 are not, in the opinion of the writer's informant, turning out so well as did those of 1865.

"We presume that every connoisseur of wine is aware that the result of an individual vintage is no proof of the

general quality of the vineyard, and consequently that it does not follow, in this instance, that the hope referred to is any further from realisation than it was before. On the contrary, we believe, judging from our general information, that the prospect of the Madeira vintages recovering their former standard of excellence is as promising as ever, and that the present average quality of the wine is as good as could be expected.

“Permit us to add, on the subject of the estimate of the quantity of wine produced in Madeira, that it is impossible for anyone to determine now the total of wine made, no statistics being obtainable. It is sufficient to say that the number of pipes is now counted by thousands, instead of (as was the case a few years ago) by hundreds.

“We beg you to insert these remarks, because the reputation and consumption of Madeira wine, suffering as it does from the entirely erroneous, yet too general, impression that the supply has for some time past been exhausted, cannot bear, without much damage, the effect of the widely-spread misapprehension which your publication of the above-mentioned extract is likely to cause.”

The vintage operations are similar to those of the mother country, Portugal. The produce is generally sent, as soon as pressed, from the farmers to the merchants, who have contracted for the whole produce. This is known as buying in *mosti*; but if the wine is purchased after fermentation and clean racked, then it is in *limpi*. One writer says the “must” is generally mixed with brandy at once, in the proportion of

from half a gallon to a gallon of brandy to the Portuguese pipe. After the last fermentation is over, the wine is racked from the gross lees, and again mixed in the same proportion as before. After about three weeks it is racked a second time, fined, and a gallon of brandy is again added. When the wine has become bright it is racked for the last time, and placed in large barrels for ripening. This process requires about six years. Before exportation each pipe receives another gallon of spirit.

That it may be necessary to use brandy when there is a large proportion of saccharine, as in some of the growths on the south side, is not to be disputed; but as I protested against checking the fermentation of the "must" in the Alto-Douro, so I protest against the same process in Madeira.

Messrs. Thudichum & Dupré observe that—

“The maturation of the wine can be effected by time alone, but it succeeds quicker and better by the aid of heat and motion. To that end the wine is placed in ships as merchandise, and sent on a shorter or longer voyage to the West or East Indies, to Java or China. After its return it has become travelled wine, or ‘vino de roda.’ It is probable that the heat and motion to which the wine is subjected effect a quicker oxidation of the extractive and astringent principles, and an earlier formation of the ether to which the wine owes its

flavour. The wines which are not shipped are placed into magazines, which can be heated, and left there for some weeks or months. This process also effects a quicker oxidation, and, in addition, destroys any fungi which are capable of making the wine scuddy, or of otherwise changing it unfavourably. For Madeira, like all other southern wines, is subject to many accidents, such as scud, ropiness, bitterness, acetification; and much wine, which is sent out in an unfit state, returns more or less spoiled. Against these mishaps brandying has hitherto been the only remedy; but the wine makers have at least had the good taste of confining the addition of spirit to the minimum compatible with safety."

About forty years ago I tried the experiment of suspending from the beam of a steam engine, where the temperature was from 90° to 100° , a quarter cask of Madeira, where it oscillated for three or four months, and it acquired all the softness and character of wine that had been shipped to and from the East Indies. But the experiment was too costly to be repeated: what with occasional visits with a friend, to taste the wine and report upon its progress, and a glass or two to the engineer, I found when the cask was removed from the slings which attached it to the beam, that the quantity was short by ten gallons. Probably the engineer was as anxious as myself to test this novel process of maturation.

There are, or were in former days, more than six varieties of Madeira. The most choice is known as Malmsey—a very grand wine of an amber or light straw colour, exquisite flavour, rich, without luscious sweetness, made from the grape called in the island “Malvasia Candida.” All the Madeira of the first class is grown in the southern district of the island. Sercial and Bual are choice wines: these are very dry, somewhat astringent. Verdelho is a delicately flavoured wine with a full body: it is seldom exported, and is used principally to bring up the lower qualities. My correspondent gives me a list of twenty other varieties, which it is unnecessary to recite: they are generally blended and shipped as the medium and lower qualities.

A letter addressed to the *London Times* by a Dr. Grabham, of Madeira, called forth the following article in the *Wine Trade Review* of October, 1876. The article is of considerable value to the trade and the public, although the intelligence concerning the vintage conveyed by Dr. Grabham’s letter is of little or no importance.

“THE MADEIRA VINTAGE.

“We are certainly surprised that the letter recently published in *The Times* from Dr. Grabham, of Madeira, should have been allowed to appear in that journal. The intelligence concerning the vintage conveyed to the

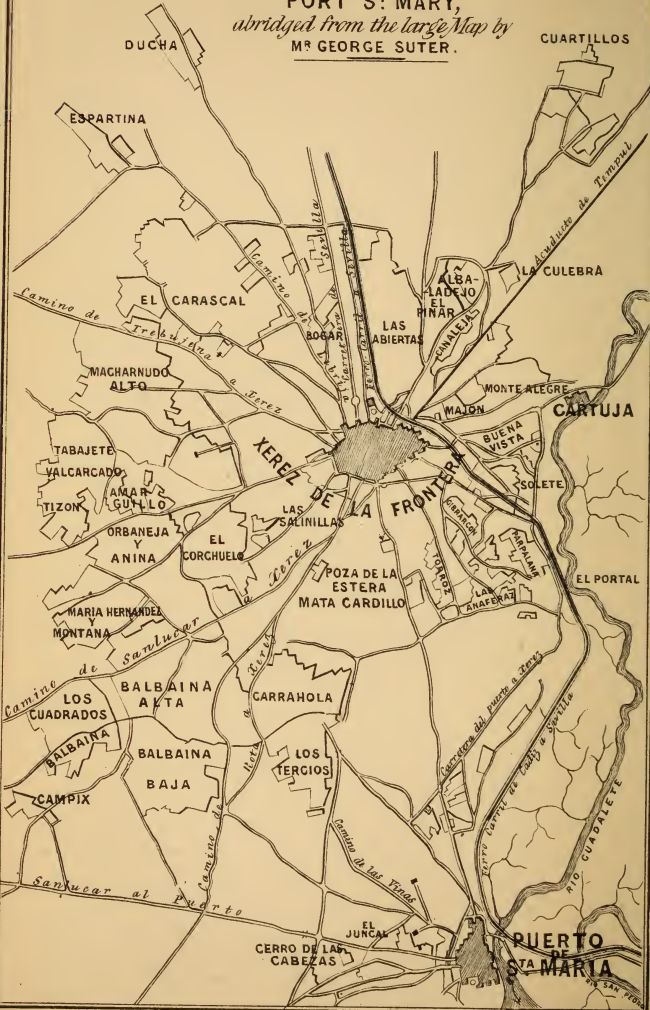
public by that letter is of little or no importance, while it is evident that the object of the letter is by no means so disinterested as it must have appeared to the editor of *The Times*, or that gentleman would not have published it. Dr. Grabham first describes the injury done to the vines by the phylloxera and the scarcity of good wine, which is necessarily the consequence. He then states that to meet the demand 'large quantities of spurious wines are fabricated from apples and other fruit, the juice being expressed, fermented, heated, and fabulously brandied into fraudulent imitations.' These, he says, are well sold in London, 'and yield an unworthy profit to the middleman.' But, so that we may not altogether despair, he gives us some consolation. There is genuine wine, he tells us, to be purchased 'possessing all the richness and delicacy of flavour known in former times,' but, in order to obtain this—and here we have the true object of his letter—'consumers should send their orders to Madeira': the result will be happiness. Now it is fair to assume that the ordinary wine drinker in this country has no special agent in Madeira to whom he can send his orders, and Dr. Grabham gives no address of any one there, although, of course, his letter shows that he himself is on the spot. Has the worthy doctor started in the Wine Trade on his own account, and thus secured a capital (unpaid for) advertisement in *The Times*? The idea is a good one, so far as it is likely to bring him trade; but, writing in *The Times* the day following the publication of Dr. Graham's letter, Messrs. Page & Sandeman, and Messrs. Cossart, Gordon, & Co., tell rather a different story from that given by the Doctor. The former firm, in regard to the statement that adulterated wines are sold in London, allege that 'the

compounds named by Dr. Grabham do not find their way to English consumption through the cellars of established houses so much as through the medium of so-called private importation by the consumer.' In fact 'consumers should send their orders to Madeira' for wine of this description. Messrs. Page & Sandeman further state that 'the surest way to obtain good wine is now, as it always has been, to trust to the judgment of established firms who have a reputation to lose, and who, without any reflection on others, ought to understand the articles they are dealing in as well as anyone.' Messrs. Cossart, Gordon, & Co. also write in the same terms; and, of course, as our readers will perceive, what they say is the plainest common sense. We admire Dr. Grabham's ingenuity in getting his letter inserted in *The Times*, but his counsels are of such an evidently interested character that his letter is worse than valueless. We do not think it will even have the effect of inducing the most thoughtless consumer to 'send an order to Madeira.'"

Dr. Henderson says:—"Of all the strong wines, however, those of Madeira, when of good quality, seem the best adapted for invalids, being equally as spirituous as Sherry, but possessing a more delicate flavour and aroma, and, though but slightly aciduous, agreeing better with dyspeptic habits. Some have thought them beneficial in cases of atomic gout, probably without much cause; for whenever a disposition to inflammatory diseases exists, the utility of any sort of fermented liquor is very doubtful."

My note-book contains extraordinary prices obtained for fine old Malmsey and other choice growths. The following, which appeared in my first edition, is worth repeating:—"The bidding for the famous pipe of Madeira at the sale of the effects of the late Duchess de Raguse, in 1858, caused a great commotion in Paris. This famous wine, known to all as the '1814 pipe,' was fished up near Antwerp in 1814, where it had lain in the hull of a ship which had been wrecked at the mouth of the Scheldt in 1778. As soon as the valuable discovery was made known, Louis XVIII. despatched an agent to secure the precious relic. A share of the glorious beverage was presented to the French Consul, who had assisted at its discovery, and from his hands a portion passed into the cellars of the Duc de Raguse. Only forty-four bottles were remaining, and these were literally sold for their weight in gold to Rothschild, who was opposed by Véron and Millaud. Véron was angry, declaring that he had made the reputation of the wine by mentioning it in his memoirs, when alluding to the dinner given to Taglioni by the Duchess de Raguse, at which the famous '1814' was produced, as the highest compliment that could be paid to the great *artiste*."

XEREZ,
and its Vineyards with
PORT ST MARY,
abridged from the large Map by
M^{rs} GEORGE SUTER.



Chapter iv.

WINES OF SPAIN.

SHERRIES.

Tour in 1873—Kind Reception—Cadiz—Xerez—Soil—Grapes—English Proprietors—British Capital—Races—Shooting Clubs—Seville—Bull Fights—The Fair—A Levante—Pavilions—Dining under Difficulties—Congratulation not Reciprocal—A Strike—Wages of Arrumbadores—Travelling Agitators—Vintage Operations—Visit to a Vineyard—Rough Journey—Vignerons at Work—Almacenistas—Treatment of Mostos—Sherry Shipping Prices Forty Years Back—Quality Superior—Early Application of Alcoholic Test—Mousey Degeneration—Frequent Complaints—Falling Off in Consumption—Confirmation of Opinion—Two Years' Extracts of Reports from Xerez—Peter Domecq—Natural Colour of Sherry—Breeding Finos—Fungus—Flor—Don Pedro Verdad on Flor—The Capitas—The Valencia—Racking—Fortifying—Finishing—Eggs in Abundance—A Bodega Described—Valuable Properties—Want of Uniform Temperature—Henderson on Making Sherry—No Written Authorities upon Flor—An M.D.'s Failure—Extracts from Dr. Maccullock—Vin de Color—Vine Dulce—Soleras—Manzanilla—Another Rough Journey—San Lucar—Pigs and Drainage—Beggars—Duke de Montpensier's Summer Residence—Manzanilla Recommended by the Faculty—Tasting and Opinion—Mr. Vizetelly's Report—Treatment in Fermentation—Racking—Cautions to Operators—Wine *versus* Mixtures—The Economical Aspect of the Questioⁿ

—Busby's Opinion—Personal Experience and Records—Letter to the Mayor of Xerez—Vintage Reports, 1866 to 1876—Lists of Sherry Shippers, with their Shipments, 1866 to 1876—Total Exportations, 1866 to 1876.

Give me sacke, old sacke, boys,
 To make the muses merry;
 The life of mirth, and the joy of the earth,
 Is a cup of good old *Sherry*.

PASQUIL'S "*Palinodia*," 1619.

The next that stood up, with a countenance merry,
 Was a pert sort of wine which the moderns call *Sherry*.

Bacchanalian Sessions, London, 1693.

In the days of the reign
 Of King Philip of Spain,
 When corpulent monks ruled the roast,
 The stoutest of all,
 Brother Francis of Gaul,
 In *Sherry* the whole world would toast.

Old Song.

Aviendo pregonado vino, Venden vinagre.

Spanish Proverb.

WHERE I to enter fully into the number of treatises upon the subject of Sherry, its growth and manipulation, and discuss freely the treatment from the grape to the final production in the various styles and characteristics of all descriptions that come under the generic name of Sherry, I should give myself an enormous amount of labour with very little satisfaction to my readers. I will discard as much as possible reference to former writers,

especially since many of the productions recently issued are of very questionable authority, and show evidence of being written as a puff for certain establishments.

In my visit to Xerez in 1873, I met with the kindest reception from every merchant with whom I came in contact, and all the information I sought for was kindly and courteously given to me. There is no knowledge equal to that attained by personal investigation; writers who have not considered it necessary to furnish proof of their assertions, if not of their opinions, are more likely to mislead than to instruct. I am much indebted to Mr. George Suter, English Vice-Consul and Directory of Xerez and Cadiz, an old resident, and one generally respected, whose knowledge of the wines of his adopted country cannot be excelled. Mr. Suter presented me with his valuable and beautifully-executed map, "Plano General de Los Terrenos Vinicolas de Xerez, Puerto de Sta. Maria, San Lucar, y Trebujena; published in 1867." The map, being coloured, shows clearly the wine districts of Xerez.

The city of Cadiz is not a wine-rearing place, being a seaport situated on the Isle of Leon, in the harbour of Cadiz. It is a busy place, and is the entrepôt for the wines ready for

shipment. Opposite, across the bay, is Port St. Mary, from whence wines are prepared and shipped to England and all parts.

I made very little stay at Cadiz, my business carrying me on to Xerez, around which the principal vineyards are situated. They are classed in proportion to their merit, as Palma, Palo Cortada, Rayo. San Lucar, upon the banks of the Guadalquiver, supplies the Manzanilla class. Trejubena is shown to the north of San Lucar; Porto Santa Maria to the south of Xerez. The district likewise comprises the localities of Chiprona, Rota, and Puerto Real.

The most productive soil in the Xerez district is the "Albariza." Several of the vineyards of Xerez and San Lucar are on soils of Barros and Arenas. I was told that the Barros did not yield half the quantity of must that was obtained from the Albariza. The Arenas produces a more luscious grape, but deficient in quantity; another soil, Buger, is found occupying the ravines and valleys of the chalk hills, and being subject to fissures during the heat of summer, is the least favourable to the vine.

As regards the grapes cultivated in the neighbourhood of Xerez, Señor Roxas Clemente, in his work upon the vines cultivated in Andalusia, gives a description of 120 varieties. The first,

Pedro Ximines, is said to have been originally transplanted from Madeira and the Canaries to the banks of the Rhine, and then by Pedro Simon to Malaga, over two centuries ago; at Malaga and Granada one-half of the plants in the vineyards consists of this variety; at Xerez, one-eighth; at Montilla, four-fifths; at Paxarete, one-fourth. Then follow the Palomino, the Muscatel, Menudo Blanco, Mantua Castillan, Uva de Key, Molar, Muscatel Gordo Blanco, &c., &c.

I approach the subject of Sherry treatment with anxious solicitude, and would more willingly devote my time and space to giving a description from a traveller's point of view of Xerez, Seville, Cordova, &c., &c., and telling of the enjoyment I derived from my visit, with an account of the fêtes, the fair, the ever-to-be-remembered horse races, shooting matches, and the genial, hospitable, and hearty kindness with which I was treated. As to the bull fights I won't say I enjoyed those; I went more in accordance with the practice of "doing in Rome as Rome does," and to inform myself as to what a bull fight was; but anything more repulsive and horrible I never witnessed. It is a disgrace to the Government to sanction, and to the people to enjoy such monstrous brutality and cruelty.

A glance at the list of shippers of wines from Cadiz and Port St. Mary will show the large proportion of English merchants as compared with those of other nations, and the amount of British capital employed in Xerez and Oporto must be immense.

Those who are familiar with the localities of Mark Lane, Mincing Lane, and Tower Street, must have noticed the numerous offices belonging to merchants who own establishments in Spain. Xerez is quite an English colony, where all our countrymen are looked upon with respect by the Spanish residents. They have introduced many national sports—horse racing, cricket matches, shooting clubs, &c.; and having entirely broken down the reserve and suspicion that once existed, have engendered a good social feeling. They promoted the Grand National Club, well frequented by English and Spanish, who fraternise as one nation. I arrived at Xerez during the Easter week, and accompanied my English friends to Seville during the races and festivals. Here I had my first introduction to the horrible spectacle of a bull fight. Two scenes of the frightful carnage were sufficient for me, and I left the arena to stroll through orange groves by the banks of the Guadalquivir, along the Alamida known as La Delicieuse, contrast-

ing the scene with that of the yelling, fiendish, barbarous multitude who could find pleasure in such cruelty.

On my return to Xerez I paid a visit to the fair, which is held on the plains of Andalusia, about six miles from Xerez. It was the annual holiday, and everyone appeared to make it as enjoyable as possible; but the pleasure of the fair was spoilt by what is known as the *Levante*, an east wind, which comes with the violence and force of twenty ordinary winds. At this annual fair it is usual for the wealthy residents of Xerez to erect gorgeously decorated pavilions, booths, and tents. Some are substantial structures, furnished elegantly by the owners for their friends and families to take refreshments in.

The Grand National Club expended nearly £2000 on a large pavilion, with a ball-room, reception-rooms, and a large dining saloon. On the day preceding the opening of the pleasure fair I had visited this pavilion, which was beautifully decorated with much artistic taste, expensive hangings, crystal chandeliers, and mirrors; altogether fit for the reception of Imperial guests. In the night came the *Levante*, and in the morning the whole of the ball-room was a wreck. The force of the wind had shivered the

huge masts, which were of immense strength; and as these supported the frame-work, the whole fabric gave way, destroying all the mirrors, chandeliers, and elegant furniture. The dining and cooking saloon, and the lower common dining-room, were, although much damaged, still habitable, and a sumptuous dinner had been ordered.

After the races, held in an adjoining space, which has a permanent substantial grand stand, and may compare with many of the principal courses in England, we returned to the fair. The cold was intense, and the elegantly, but thinly, attired ladies were unprepared for such an inclement wind. Several carriages were overturned by its force, and an adjournment soon took place to get shelter in what remained of the tents and pavilions. The dinner was an excellent one, but partaken under great difficulty; and many expressed a doubt as to whether the whole fabric would not come down, and share the fate of the adjoining ball-room. The wind came in at all quarters; occasionally a stanchion of iron would fall amongst the glass and crockery on the table; the suspended lights were soon blown out, and candles innumerable were flickering and guttering; still good-humoured merriment, speeches, and songs went on, until it

became hazardous to remain longer in such a tottering fabric. Without the scene was fearful, and the return to Xerez was an adventure that I shall long remember.

I was congratulating the resident partner of a large shipping house upon the pleasant life he led, and contrasting his position with that of his partner, who had to spend his time in the fogs of London and in an office where the sun never shone and gas was the only source of light for six months or more out of the twelve. But he did not appear to appreciate the comparison. He said, "You see us now in holiday time; we have trials and anxieties you know little of, and there are few here but would willingly change for the London work. You will know more about it ere you leave;" and a few days convinced me that his words were not spoken lightly. One anxiety which the proprietors of the Bodegas had, was with respect to the conduct of their workmen, who shortly after my visit had struck for less labour and more wages. The labour in the Bodegas is not excessive, and the wages are good. The workmen called *arrumbadores* are under a *capitas* (captain), who engages them, and to whom the principals leave their entire management. The hours of labour are, in summer,

from six o'clock a.m. to six o'clock p.m., with intervals of two hours for breakfast and dinner. The wages of the commonest workman are eighteen or nineteen reals per day, the chief of a gang of four getting twenty reals; and when unable to work they are generally paid half their wages; they have as much wine as they choose, as long as they do not get intoxicated, and at the least each man is estimated to consume a hogshead of wine annually. You are not likely to find the *arrumbadores* overwork themselves: they are very slow in their movements, and an English cellarman would do more in six hours than a Spaniard would in nine. I was struck with the difference in what we call rummaging. The Spaniard strides the cask and paddles his stick to and fro as if he were in his own canoe, and takes half an hour to do that which a stout English arm would effect in five minutes. The *arrumbadores* were well contented until incited by the *propagandists* (travelling agitators, like those who prevailed upon our own colliers to strike). The *propagandists* invited the men, by placards, to the Plaza di Toros and to Casinos, where a resolution to work seven hours and a half a day was carried. The stipulation as to time was as follows:—

From 7 to 9 o'clock,
,, 10 to 12.30,
,, 1 to 2 o'clock,
,, 4 to 6 o'clock,

that is—one hour's rest from 9 to 10, half an hour from half-past 12 to 1, two hours from 2 to 4; making altogether three and a half hours' rest out of eleven in the day's work. On the Monday following the meeting, the men presented themselves offering their services under their newly-arranged resolution. In some Bodegas, where the work was pressing and wine required treatment and racking for immediate shipping, the proprietors were compelled to give way. In others the men's services were refused. They were willing to return upon the old terms, but were intimidated by others; and it was reported that one man who returned to his work and did not join the agitators was killed. It appeared strange that the shippers did not meet and decide upon a resolution to deal uniformly with the subject. As a consequence of the want of concerted action each shipper treated the case according to his convenience; but very few gave way to the men, and, as it was fair time, the interruption was not so great as it would have been at any other period. There was much excitement amongst the wealthy

inhabitants and proprietors of Bodegas. The principal resort of the disaffected workmen was the large handsome square, with its fountain and towering palm trees, in which groups of savage, ill-looking fellows were discussing their grievances; whilst others were taking their siestas on the seats, or smoking their cigarettes, eyeing every stranger with a malicious expression that threatened mischief. It was indeed dangerous to walk among them. The schism had not ended when I left, but I understand that ultimately a compromise was arranged.

The vintage operations in Andalusia are similar to those so well described by Baron Forrester, as given in a former chapter.

The day after the levante the weather became beautifully fine, and I availed myself of an invitation from Mr. Buck to visit with him a vineyard belonging to his firm (the Messrs. Mathiessen), called "*La Perla*," at *Cuartillos*. He prepared me to expect a rough journey after the severe rains of the preceeding day. As it was but a slight divergence to the place where the fair was held, we drove towards it to see what remained of the gay and festive scene, and found scattered about evidences of wreck and disorder. From thence, with four strong mules to our carriage, we crossed the plains, and went

on splashing through running streams, sinking into morasses, passing over stones at times sufficient to break the springs of any vehicle (but one specially constructed to encounter such obstacles), and into ruts up to the axle-trees. Such a ride I never before encountered, and at last we did come to grief; we got fixed, and until we could get assistance to enable us to lift up the carriage bodily, it was impossible to proceed. I preferred walking exercise to such carriage exercise, and my companion being of the same opinion, we traversed the remainder of the journey in a safer and more satisfactory manner. It was uphill work, and the sun came out rather strong upon the occasion; but I was charmed with the view of the mountains, the clear atmosphere lessening their distance, the vast plains of Andalusia beneath us, the ground upon which we trod studded with wild flowers in every variety of colour—it appeared almost sinful to tread upon them—and in a few minutes I gathered a bouquet that money could not purchase in England. The lanes on each side were lined with the cactus, the prickly pear, and the aloes rising to a great height. These are planted as a protection to the vineyards—dividing properties. There is no making a passage through them; you may as well attempt

to overcome a regiment of soldiers with fixed bayonets.

On arrival at La Perla, we found the capitán at his post. The labourers were at their siesta; they are allowed three hours in the middle of the day, which they spend in sleeping and smoking; and until they returned to their work we walked through the vineyards and inspected the damage that the levante had done. A large quantity of the young shoots in full bearing had been torn off by the wind, and tons of grapes were destroyed. The ground was in excellent order, and was being thoroughly cleared of weeds, presenting a great contrast to the adjoining vineyards, and illustrating the advantages of capital. After an excellent luncheon, which I thoroughly enjoyed, I went at 3 o'clock to see the vigneron turn out: there were about twenty of these, attired in the most curious costumes—thick great coats, woollen comforters round their necks, and handkerchiefs covering their heads beneath their hats, as though it were winter instead of a bright summer's day. It appears that after a levante they do not recover for days; they have a dread of an east wind or rain. Over their legs they had a loose covering of leather trousers divided in half, secured with straps. They appeared to be

very infirm old men, working in gangs of five, one being a director. One-half went pruning, the rest cleaning the ground with hoes. They appeared to take it very easily, and, encumbered as they were with clothing, it was impossible they could be very active.

I declined my friend's proposition (made in joke) to return by the way we came. The shades of evening were closing round us, and we reached Jerez by road in one-fourth of the time we had taken by what was called the short cut across the plains.

It does not follow that the proprietor of a vineyard is a maker of Sherry. He may sell his grapes to others, who press them, and subsequently rear the wine. There are very few shippers in Xerez who would add to their business the care and anxiety of cultivating the vine. The *almacenistas*, a very important portion of the trade, similar to the *speculateurs* in Champagne, buy either the grapes (where the grower has not presses attached to his vineyard) or the mosto. This, conveyed to their own Bodegas, they treat, and offer to the shippers when fit for removal. It is to this after-treatment when in the Bodegas that I must call my readers' attention. I remarked in a former page that I approached the subject of the treatment of the

wine in the Bodegas with anxious solicitude. I had to think of personal friends; I had to consider how far I was justified in converting to public use information which, from their courtesy, I became possessed of. I had to revolve in my mind all the consequences of putting forth my theory against an existing practice, and to show that in this investigation I was guided by no motive except a desire to benefit the Xerez shippers, importers, merchants, and consumers. As practically experienced for half-a-century in the wine trade, a wine importer and merchant from the year 1834, my knowledge of the business should make me a judge of its general requirements. The retrospect of this long period brings to my recollection the difference in value and quality between Sherries I shipped 30 and 40 years ago and those I have received in the last decade. A very fair marketable wine could then be shipped at £8 per butt. F.O.B. wines that were firm, that would improve by age as their original tendency to coarseness diminished—£40 and £50 gave me a quality that I can now procure with difficulty under £70 and £80. Where is now to be found the fine old C Z style—nutty soft wine, rich, full of flavour, without sweetness? A bottle of such wine when opened would diffuse its fragrance all over the room.

The wines to which I refer, excepting those of very low price, were not highly fortified. The alcoholic test was not in operation at the Customs at that time; but from my early knowledge of distillation I was accustomed, more for an experiment than with a view to any further result, to pass through a small still samples of my shipments, and I have no record of any that contained more than 40 per cent. of proof spirit, the lower class excepted, in which I have found over 50 per cent. Whatever the shipping price—whether the wines were dry or rich, brown, golden, amber, or pale—they improved with age and increased in value. Unknown then was any complaint of such wines getting out of condition, or of acquiring that peculiar obnoxious smell, which I can only compare to that found in cupboards or other places infested by mice, and which I call the mousey degeneration. I can scarcely imagine that mine is an exceptional case, but within the last ten years I have had shipments from houses of the first standing in Xerez, shipped at good prices; when received they have every appearance of stability, and the alcoholic test gave the average, and sometimes more than the average, strength. I have disposed of these wines in full confidence that they would give satisfaction to

the purchaser, but have often been disappointed by hearing, some twelve months afterwards, that the wine has turned out badly, and, on getting a sample, to find the complaint a just one. When a like misfortune happens to your wine in bond (and the complaint from your customers at once necessitates your examining the rest of the shipment), the mischief is not so great. No class of merchants are more trustworthy, upright, and honourable than those of Xerez; and however great the loss may be to them, however long you may have had the wine, they will afford you all the restitution in their power: they instruct you to return the wine to them, indemnifying you from all charges, and give you compensation for that which you are unable to return, and for the inferior quality of which you have made allowance to your customers. It is an unmistakable fact, which I am sure many must realise, that there is growing up a general dislike to Sherry, except it be of quality such as I have referred to. The wine is wholly unlike that of former days, and further on I shall have to show that to the treatment in the Bodegas this "decline and fall" is attributable.

Is there a merchant in England with a large private connection who is not constantly hearing in his counting-house complaints of the quality

of the Sherry of the present time? How many of his customers say, "I have given up drinking Sherry, it is nothing like it used to be; although the duty is reduced, I pay more than I did under the old duty, and the wine is inferior." This is confirmed by the falling off in the consumption. I give monthly extracts from the *Wine Trade Review*. I am not in possession of *Ridley's Journal*, an older publication, much in request with the trade, but I have little doubt that there will be found in its pages articles confirming the opinions expressed in the *Wine Trade Review*:—

January 15, 1875.

"The past twelve months show a considerable falling off in the Sherry trade.

"The facts brought to light by the Government Commission, upon the question of adulteration of food, tended to quiet the public mind, and revealed several pertinent anomalies and abuses in the system practised by parties arrogating to themselves the title of analysts. It would appear that the number of practitioners in the United Kingdom really qualified to perform scientific analyses is small indeed; but of the gentry who tout for analytical fees, and pander to the advertising spirit of the age, 'the name is legion.' Almost every article of food has been attacked by the latter, resulting in irritation of the public mind, and harass to the trader. Sherry is the latest victim which concerns us to deal with, and it is a matter of some

surprise that so strong a body as the Sherry shippers should not have concerted to defend their interests more keenly.

“The great expansion of the Sherry trade in late years has pressed rather heavily upon the area of production, which has not been seconded by a corresponding increase in supply of the qualities most in demand. Prices have continued in the ascendant, and districts have been called upon to supply the vacuum, enabled to yield only those light, clean, but somewhat thin, wines, useful and wholesome of their kind, but which at best are but imitations of the produce of the old Jerez vineyards, the models upon which British taste has been formed. The public is a keen discriminator of value, and after all is the real appraiser ; therefore it behoves Sherry shippers to look to their laurels, that the goose which has laid them ^{so} many golden eggs in the past shall not be sacrificed ^{at} the shrine of profit.”

February, 1875.

“SHERRY.—There is little to report of the Sherry market. Business continues quiet. In Spain the apparently improved political position, it is hoped, will have a beneficial action upon trade ; we, however, have a greater confidence in improving the quality of the merchandise to effect that end. To compete with other rivals, Sherry requires a little more quality in the cheaper descriptions, and rather more moderate quotations for the best.”

March, 1875.

“If what I am told by persons well acquainted with the trade on your side be true, the shipment of highly-

fortified and sweetened 'Mostos' has a tendency to lower the prestige of Sherry, and to this cause may be traced the apparent declining consumption with you. The quality of Sherry generally has, of late years (since the oidium period), improved, but the low value of these common and badly prepared wines, although they may be retailed at very low prices, is said to affect the demand for the medium qualities. In the finer sorts the trade was probably never greater than at present. Your readers are, of course, more competent on the spot to estimate at their value these statements; I only give them for what they are worth."

April, 1875.

"There can be no gainsaying of the fact that the trade here is much depressed, and wines of all descriptions are difficult, if not impossible, to dispose of. The consumption in Great Britain, so far as the returns have been received here, appears to be satisfactory; on the other hand, the shippers seem determined to reduce their stocks as much as possible. Some fancy that the correspondence in the English Press, which was inaugurated by a certain learned doctor, has caused this stagnation of demand, but the quantities cleared for home consumption in the months of January and February do not indicate any great falling off in quantity. Others, again, attribute the stagnation to the shipments in 1873 of a large quantity of common green young wine, which, even if retailed at low prices, would not be likely to prove agreeable drinking. The fact is the grower is in too much haste to realise his produce, and as the English consumer for a number of years has been accustomed to drink even his low-priced Sherry with some amount of age upon it, is not content

to take 'Mosto' in place of matured wine; and if those interested in Sherry desire to stimulate the demand in England, they must be content to hold their mostos until they become wine."

July, 1875.

"The mostos of last year are, I hear, in some quarters giving a great deal of trouble, and science has tried many experiments, but without curative or preventive results. A certain chemist who some years since visited the vineyards, and who, according to some Spanish wits, danced round the lagar in incantation fashion, and sprinkled some powder from his waistcoat pocket over the grapes, produced splendid vinegar of small commercial value, while those who followed the old groove, first ploughed, it is said, by Pliny, made respectable wine. I hear on all sides sad complaints of want of trade, especially amongst holders of good medium and old wines; the export, however, shows fairly well, but the Jerez growers complain that the name of this bibulous city is branded upon rubbish from other localities in the province, this same rubbish being grape juice but not Sherry. If the pamphlet issued by Messrs. Feltoe & Son, and which professes to give the list from a selection of three thousand medical names as strongly recommending their particular mark of Sherry, then our 'Sherris' is not likely to drop out of consumption at present."

August, 1875.

"Undoubtedly something for the moment has checked the demand for Spanish White, and it may be that the consumer on your side has already found that highly-branded 'Mosto,' although cheap, is equally nasty. The

complaint here is that while extravagant prices are given for fine Claret and Champagne in England, the consumer will not pay a commensurate price for matured Sherry. On the other hand, I am assured that a very considerable proportion of the reduced exports continue to consist of fine medium and superior Sherries, and that the present reduced export is the natural consequence of the over supplies sent in 1873."

September, 1875.

"In the consumption of wines, the public appear to have a keen appreciation of *value*, and seem to transfer their favour with remarkable celerity to the wine that is best at the price. Sherry is certainly dear now compared with the value given by shippers when this wine made such rapid progress in home consumption; but the successive rises in prices appear to have put an effectual drag upon the wheels of progress. The Sherry trade continues in a languid condition, which may be attributed to various causes. There is no lack of very cheap Spanish white wines in the market, but they possess little of the ancient character associated with Sherry. Beyond intoxicating properties, such wines have little to please the palate, as they lack the blending of some old Solera, stocks of which are scarce in shippers' hands, having been extensively drawn on to meet the great demand of late years."

I pass on to the present year, and continue extracts from the same journal:—

January, 1876.

"SHERRY,—under which denomination nearly all the white wines imported from Cadiz pass in this country.

“ The following official figures show the imports, home consumption, and stocks of Sherry (Spanish red and white) in the United Kingdom since 1865 :—

	Imports.		Home Consumption.		Stocks.
	Red. gals.	White. gals.	Red. gals.	White. gals.	Red and White. gals.
1875 ...	1,372,791	5,540,279	1,133,743	5,643,229	7,278,484
1874 ...	1,517,179	5,991,729	1,086,505	5,800,232	8,029,054
1873 ...	1,463,750	8,025,781	1,057,381	6,034,494	8,446,919
1872 ...	1,385,175	7,054,932	995,375	5,930,358	7,194,995
1871 ...	981,869	6,246,811	809,469	5,669,414	7,324,141
1870 ...	1,107,214	6,332,540	849,403	5,416,753	7,254,808
1869 ...	1,098,721	5,841,545	743,768	5,070,008	6,587,551
1868 ...	866,538	5,747,829	723,164	4,916,697	6,532,869
1867 ...	1,082,260	5,483,897	611,135	4,773,486	6,461,026
1866 ...	875,996	5,056,034	545,193	4,536,739	6,343,216
1865 ...	809,502	4,365,999	459,246	4,324,811	6,592,105

“ It will be seen by the above table that Sherry has fallen off considerably in consumption since 1873, which marks the highest total on record. The total amount of decrease is not in itself alarming, but it marks the second year of retrogression. Again, the falling off occurring in a year of general commercial depression might cause no surprise and little uneasiness, excepting the fact that strong *red* wines show an increase in consumption. The united figures of home consumption of Port Wine and Spanish red amounts to over five millions of gallons. This total presses close upon Sherry, which for so long has held the supremacy. Port Wine having improved from the year 1873, why has Sherry declined? is an important query for those most interested in the trade to solve. The tenor of most of the past twelve months' advices from Jerez de la Frontera has been that of dis-

satisfaction. It is plain that much soreness is felt by the most eminent shipping houses that the produce of San Lucar, Moguer, and other districts (not considered Sherry growers proper) should rank and compete with the ancient wines of Xeres. It is well known that the light thin wines of Seville are totally different in style and character to the Xeres wines, however good they be in themselves, and however well they may answer certain purposes. But the argument is, they are not Sherries; and if they are shipped and sold as Sherry, they bring discredit on the genuine article. Leaving our Spanish friends to fight out the question of what is or is not Sherry it is certain that since the lowering of duty, immense quantities of the light cheap wines in question have found their way to this country and into consumption, as proved by figures. It is as certain that they are all dealt with as Sherry, and idle to suppose that the enormous total was ever produced in the limited district of Xeres. Is the falling off in consumption caused by the public becoming tired of the Sherry of the present day? or do they find better value in other wines? or both. We find that the trade both in Spain and here for cheap Sherry has languished from January to December; the prices of fine wines have been better maintained. It would be mere affectation to ignore the falling off in consumption of Spanish white wines in the face of an increase in other descriptions, together with the fact that sales made in the London market under the slightest pressure have continued in favour of buyers.

“ We do not see how any marks of distinction between the wines of different districts, even if compelled by the Spanish authorities, could ultimately benefit the produce of the most favoured, excepting as between merchant

and dealer, for when the wines are paid duty on here, all distinctive characters are lost.

“ We believe the shadow of mistrust thrown upon the purity of Sherry is past. Common sense, backed by really scientific inquiry, has dissipated the public fears of adulteration in regard to wines, together with tea and other articles of food which have been laid under suspicion. In fact, the mania in regard to adulteration in general, after reaching its highest pitch, is subsiding with singular celerity, so that in this respect Sherry may be said to have returned to its original status.”

The following, from the *Wine Trade Review* correspondent, is of some importance:—

“ JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, Jan. 4.

“ Of the limited yield of the last vintage there can be no doubt, and now one hears unfavourable reports as to the quality of the mosto. These reports may, of course, be circulated by interested persons; at the same time, I am afraid they are too general to be entirely without foundation. The long and severe drought has been followed by very seasonable rains, and hopes are entertained that the crops of the present year will recoup some of the unfortunate cultivators for the unfavourable outcome of 1875. There have been some considerable transactions reported, and in spite of the reduced export of the past year, dealers are firm as to prices where the wines show quality. The decline in the consumption on your side has been noted here, and many account for it in one way, and many in another. I do not think that the newspaper discussion has had so much to do with the decline as the inferior quality of some of the wines hurriedly shipped in 1873, to save the then anticipated

export duty, in addition to which the commercial disasters of the past year in England and elsewhere must have tended to affect the demand for luxuries. This is borne out by the fact that French wines have also suffered a decline, showing that precisely that class of the community with you who consume wine have suffered most from the commercial depression and disaster of the year. The movement for the establishment of a railway between this and San Lucar seems to promise well for the fulfilment of this very necessary mode of communication between both cities. Should this line be constructed, it will give the shippers here an alternative line for shipment, as vessels can load as readily at Bonanza as at the Trocadero. It would not surprise me to find that some who complain here of the heavy charges necessary to work a shipping house decide to make San Lucar their head-quarters. I am informed that there has been lately more call for Sherries with flavour and body, and that the very pale nondescript natural wines are finding less favour in comparison with the consumer. There can be no doubt that if the prejudice of colour can be got over, the Sherry drinker will find in the fuller coloured and more generous wine a more agreeable drink, the extremely pale dry wines at moderate prices showing in comparison less age and quality than the fuller sorts. I do not of course allude to the old-fashioned high-coloured Sherries, but to wines of a sparkling amber tint—sound and firm with Sherry flavour.”

Apropos of colour is the following letter, addressed to me in 1845 by the late Mr. Peter Domecq, whose descendants still rank amongst the first growers and shippers in Xerez :—

“The public of late seem to be greatly misled in taking the colour of Sherry as a test of quality. Good Sherry is generally of a straw colour, which increases with age to golden. The oldest Sherry cannot be pale, although very fine Sherry may be pale, but not green or watery; and the public should know that the worst Sherries exported from Spain are generally pale wines, and that the experienced importer looks only for the finest quality, be the colour what it may. The consumers seldom get bad wines but when they choose for themselves. Sherries of a deep colour contain a portion of brown wine, which supplies the place of brandy; whereas commonplace wines must be highly brandied, and are much more fiery than wines of colour; but whether pale or brown, the lowest wine sent from Spain is always the juice of the grape. It may be the produce of bad seasons or bad growth, but in Spain adulteration is wholly unknown. The colouring of Sherry is Sherry, and all the brandy the wine contains is made from Sherry. The uniformly sustained quality of Sherry Wine, when price is given, arises from the fact that in the best grounds in Spain the vintage never entirely fails. The produce of the more remarkable vintages, as far as it comes to the Xeres market, is entirely absorbed by the principal shippers, whose brands are familiar to you. The worst of the intervening vintages form the mass of consignees wines in the English markets, offered at 20 to 40 per cent. under invoice. The inherent defects of bad vintages are only fully developed in the process of using the wine.”

This useful and able information appeared in “WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,” written in 1861.

I now proceed with a continuation of extracts from the *Wine Trade Review* up to the present time :—

April, 1876.

“ What is to be the future of the Sherry trade ? Many are asking this question, and each probably has his own ideas. The export of the first three months, so far as quantity is concerned, must be accepted as satisfactory. Will this continue ? Reading the reports upon commerce generally in the United Kingdom, nothing can appear more gloomy ; every article of import seems to be selling at rates below those current at the ports of production. Here prices are said to leave little or no margin to the grower, and the almacenistas complain that their Soleras are not paying them to rear and keep up to the old standard of quality. Lower marks are, on the average, asked for from your side, and some tell me that their orders for the finer sorts, such as are retailed by the English Wine Merchant at 40s. to 44s. per doz., are not half what they were ten years since.”

May, 1876.

“ I hear that there is a tendency to require from your side a fuller kind of wine than formerly, but with the body maturity is looked for, and the great difficulty is colour, which must still be extremely pale. The cost of rearing old wines is so considerable that profits at the present rates paid for matured samples are really most unsatisfactory, hence the stocks of such wines are only to be found in the hands of the more wealthy almacenistas, and many of these are dissatisfied with the prices obtained, as leaving no return for capital.”

June, 1876.

“There has clearly been a check to the steady increase of consumption; but Sherry is living down the prejudice caused by inaccurate statements, and an attempt to discredit the time-honoured system of preparation of this the only really economical and carefully grown white wine suited for a large consumption. Sherry never was more carefully grown and tended in the Bodegas than at present. It is quite a mistake to imagine that the large shipping houses are old-fashioned, and unwilling to utilize science, so far as it proves practicable, and a success; experiments of all kinds and descriptions have been made of late years, and where proved to be improvements readily adopted. Quacks, where quackeries have proved lamentable failures in practice, have no doubt had their little say about Sherry and its manufacture, and analysts have found mares’ nests, and instead of respectfully examining systems of managements hallowed by long experience and practical judgment, condemn old notions, simply because they are old, forgetting that success has attended them for years. Probably in no part of Europe are vines more carefully and more judiciously tended than in this province; the almost tropical sun secures grapes of great power in saccharine, but, unfortunately, the vintage has to be made at a high temperature, and fermentation left to its own devices; hence the larger percentage of alcohol in hot and dry seasons compared with wet and cooler ones. A great deal of nonsense has been written with reference to the so-called adulteration of Sherry on this side. So far as my experience goes, nature in all wine-growing countries produces wines—pure untouched grape juice—of a very unpalatable sort. The Sherry district cannot

claim to be an exception to the rule ; on the other hand, nowhere in Europe will you find so much really superb carefully reared wine as in Xerez, Puerto, and San Lucar."

October, 1876.

"JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, October 3.

"Those interested in Sherry here (and who is not?) are thoroughly enjoying the *exposé* with reference to the alleged adulteration of French wines. The article in the *Daily Telegraph* has been translated and published by both what may be termed our political as well as trade organs, and it must be comforting to Sherry drinkers in England to learn that 'Andalusia produces white wine enough to satisfy the necessities of all the consumers of the world.' If all the consumers of wine in the world drank Sherry, I am afraid that many of them would find the supply so liberally promised upon paper not carried out in fact. No doubt the vineyard produce of this rich province is very considerable, but the greater proportion is not of a quality a fastidious consumer would select for his daily draught. It is true that in no part of the known world is a white wine in any way comparable with fine carefully reared 'Vino de Jerez' produced. At the same time, all the produce of the province does not reach this standard ; very far from it, for we are deluged with unpretending and unsatisfactory wines."

November, 1876.

"JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, November 6.

"The result of the present vintage is on the whole disappointing. The yield is in most localities short, and the quality, although yet too early to speak with confidence, is said to be not as satisfactory as could be

wished. The stock of old wines is much reduced, and matured sorts are not easily to be found. Holders demand at present moderate prices only, but should any increase of demand, from any cause, arise, the smallness of the stock of Sherries fit for use, must immediately affect prices in an upward direction. For the moment it is clear that the demand for England is not so brisk as could be wished. All sorts of conjectures are hazarded as to the cause of this decline. Some assert that the falling off is confined to the low, young, green wines, which being shipped natural and extremely pale, really possess but little vinous character, compared with the low wines of a former period, which were strengthened with older dark growths, but which made them quite golden-coloured in comparison with the extremely pale samples alluded to. No doubt the keen competition on your side, and the rage for cheap luxuries, has tended to induce shipments of common musts, the colour of which being extremely pale, prove more attractive to the eye than to the palate; hence the public have become tired of this common, immature grape juice, and the shipment of which has, no doubt, tended to lower the character of Sherry in public estimation. On the other hand, some assert that the falling off is not confined to the lower classes, but has affected all descriptions equally, and is simply caused by the general commercial depression, and the lower values of several securities from which many obtained their incomes; and that so soon as the reaction sets in, and trade and manufactures become prosperous, the consumption will steadily increase, as has hitherto been the case. These are simple conjectures, and the proof remains 'in the womb of time;' the fact, however, remaining that the quantities of Spanish wines cleared

for home consumption, as noted in your Board of Trade Returns, show a small decline. The cultivation of the vine is precarious, and small growers feel adverse yields severely. During the last decade viticulture has been anything but profitable, even upon a large scale and with ample capital to back the industry. The larger proprietors have, no doubt, fared better than the smaller ones, who cannot afford to hold their mostos."

January, 1877.

"JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, January 6.

"It is a little curious to compare notes as to the trade here from the points of view of the buyer and seller. The growers and breeders are continually complaining of want of trade; the shipper, on the other hand, finds difficulty in selecting wines suitable for his purpose, and complains of restricted supplies. To eat and grumble is said to be an Englishman's privilege; to sell and grumble may be said to be the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the Jerez grower. One thing is perfectly certain, that wine-growing does not pay unless abundant crops are the rule. Of late years, undoubtedly, these have been the exception, and the grower has a right to grumble at the result of his investment. Few have made both ends meet; the majority have actually lost money. Of course, small crops of wine not remarkable for quality have been the cause of this unsatisfactory state of viticulture. The weather has been exceedingly inclement, but it is anticipated that the vineyards will benefit from the drenching, and that a large vintage of good wine may result. It is a consummation much to be desired, as so many unsatisfactory yields have impoverished many of the growers, who have only limited capitals at their

disposal for a costly and troublesome cultivation. During the last three months of the year some very considerable transactions were reported, and so far as I have been able to test prices, such, under ordinary circumstances, would have been very remunerative; but when it is borne in mind that a vineyard which, in a good year, yields, say, 300 butts, taking the average of the five past vintages only, gave below 200, clearly indicates where the shoe pinches.

“The mosto of the last vintage does not show as satisfactorily as could be wished. I hear expressions of disappointment in many quarters, but trust these reports later on may prove to be exaggerated; I fear, however, such will not be the case. The stocks of fine old Sherries are day by day diminishing, and the time will probably come, if it has not already arrived, when shippers will have to rely exclusively upon their own Soleras, the good Samaritans who formerly were content to breed wines at little or no profit, and who did not comprehend that a wine to-day bought at £50, and sold ten years later at £60, did not leave a profit of £10, have unhappily disappeared, and those occupying their places being better accountants do not care to pass their lives in ‘working for the bishop.’”

From these long extracts, some of my unfriendly critics will probably charge me with “*book-making*”—supplying from the brains of others that which my own is not competent to give. If availing myself of able authorities in support of my opinions justifies such an imputation, then I plead guilty to the indictment;

but those who know how laborious is the work of finding appropriate and judicious selections will not accuse me, when I cease to write in my own person, of exchanging the heavier for the lighter task.

It is now my obligation to proceed to a description of the treatment of Mostos.

In the short experience which I had in Xerez, in going through the Bodegas, with several proprietors in their general surveys, I was considerably enlightened, but no less astonished and perplexed by what I witnessed.

The anxiety of both proprietor and capitas was concentrated upon getting the wine forward as rapidly as possible, and this is technically, I believe, called "breeding," and appears to be an operation attended with much solicitude. My first surprise was at noticing that there was little or no care taken to exclude the external air from the casks; and I was still more astonished when I found the casks were, upon ullage, wanting fourteen or sixteen gallons of being full. My astonishment increased when I perceived floating upon the surface of the wine something I can only compare to small native oysters taking a swim without their shells, but which I knew at once was fungus, showing more or less a progress towards decay. However, this

which I looked upon with such ominous suspicion of forthcoming evil, was welcomed by the master and man with delight: that which I considered putrefaction, with them was an element of success.

In a production published by a firm called *La Andaluza*, the writer gives the following—he was accompanying the proprietor of a Bodega, who, showing him a butt of Mosto says,—

“ ‘This is our Solera of *Vino fino Jerezano*. There’s an appley nose for you. The wine which goes on to that Solera is the produce of one of our best vineyards in *Los Tercios*, and passes through four crideras before it comes to us. Look at its *flor*. Why, if I had not dipped it carefully, I should have brought up half an inch of it.’ I scandalised him by replying that though I recognised the ‘appley nose,’ I was very glad that he had dipped it carefully, as the *flor* which he seemed so proud of appeared to me very much like mildew. The *flor* is, in fact, so far as I can make out, a sort of mildew, but when found on the top of the wine (and it is never found except on a natural wine) it is an undoubted proof that it is ‘breeding fino,’ or turning to vinegar: which latter was not the case in the present instance.”

Another extract from the work called “From Vineyard to Decanter,” by Don Pedro Verdad:—

“The word *flor* requires explanation. There occurs a strange and peculiar phenomenon to natural wines

which have turned out fino and been kept free from spirit. At every period of about the flowering of the vine and about the vintage time, the wine commences to '*breed*,' that is, throw up a flor (flower), which remains for some time on the surface, and then again falls in sediment to the bottom, when the wine once more becomes bright. This phenomenon is looked for with great anxiety in the Bodegas; for if it does not occur, the wine may be assuming some other and less valued character. Strange as it may appear, I have seen the actual *flor* rise in a bottle in England just as in the butt in Spain."

Returning to the relation of my observations of the *breeding* process. The *capitas* proceeds from cask to cask with the *venencia* and tasting-glass in hand. The *venencia* answers the purpose of our *valinche*, which all my readers are acquainted with, but it differs in its construction. The common *venencia* is made with a piece of hollow cane, forming a cup. This, attached to a stick, fetches up the wine from the cask. The better sort have a silver cup with a flexible whalebone handle. It requires some skill to transfer the contents of the cup to the glass without spilling the wine; this is done with remarkable dexterity by the *capitas*. As master and man proceed, the latter, with a piece of chalk, puts certain cabalistic signs on the butts, which signs decide their fate. That butt upon which the *flor* is the most satisfactory has to be

racked, fortified, and fined with whites of eggs,* whilst others are not sufficiently developed and must be looked at again. Those which offer no other indications except a tendency to vinegar are condemned to be burnt; that is, transferred to the neighbouring distillery to be made into spirit. In one instance the process towards acetification had gone on too far, and the contents were laid aside to be disposed of as vinegar. It is necessary that I should give a description of a Bodega, a building to which I shall have frequently to refer. Bodegas are immense storehouses for wine, built on the ground floor, and

* There are other methods of fining. An earth known as Cadiz earth is a good finer, but of eggs the quantity used is enormous. I have seen outside a Bodega quite a wagon-load of shells. When I have had the misfortune to return Sherry to Spain, I have been directed to put in as much as the whites of six dozen eggs into a butt. Whether the albumen prevents further decay of the wine during the voyage, or what is its precise object, I know not. The writer of "A Shilling's Worth of Sherry" says, "On the way down I remarked on the enormous quantity of fowls kept by Juanita. 'Oh, I couldn't do without the fowl farm at all. Don't you recollect, or did you never know, that we fine Sherry with whites of eggs? Every butt requires from 20 to 60 eggs to fine it. The yolks are the perquisite of the *capitas*, and what he cannot eat he sells to the *confiterias*, which accounts for nearly all the confectionery in Puerto and Xerez tasting of stale eggs, for at most of the cellars Galacian eggs are used, which are never quite fresh, besides which I rather think that the *confiterias* keep their eggs on the Solera system.'"

are of considerable height and well ventilated, every precaution being taken, by good roofs and external and internal shutters, to keep them as cool as possible. Some are of enormous size, and you may walk miles through broad gangways, between thousands of casks, piled in rows one above the other, in tiers of three, and in some instances four, from the ground. There are no underground cellars, whereby an uniform temperature may be secured. In the Bodegas, take what precaution you may, the thermal changes most powerfully affect the wine; and in warm weather *Mostos upon ullage*, such as I saw, must be very difficult to manage. I was surprised to hear of the high rents paid for Bodegas by those who had not the good fortune to possess their own, and the difficulty of getting them lofty and capacious was very great. No Bodega is complete without its accompanying cooperage, which requires great space, as well for the *toneleros* (coopers) to work in as for the storage of the empty casks, and the introduction of steaming apparatus to properly season the casks necessitates room. It will thus be easily understood that it is necessary to economise the space in the arrangement of the wine in the Bodega; hence its disposal on tiers as I have mentioned. That this is disadvantageous to the

wine I shall have no difficulty in showing. As heat ascends, it is obvious that the wine on the top must experience a higher degree of temperature than the same wine on the ground; and, further, I venture to think that this temperature is increased by the latent heat arising from those wines which are in a semi-state of fermentation (which generates heat), one cask communicating that latent heat to the cask resting upon it, whence it is transmitted to the topmost. It is certain that those unfortunates on the top must be fretting more than those underneath, and must take more alcohol to console them. Whoever first introduced this breeding of fino ought to be subject to an "Auto-da-Fé," for he has done more injury to the Sherry trade, both of shippers and merchants, than will be recovered in the present century, and to him and those who continue the system may be attributed the decline and fall of the former prestige of Sherry. Neither in Barry, Henderson, nor Cyrus Redding can I find any mention of this breeding for flor, or any suggestions as to a better treatment than that which was pursued at the period of their respective publications. Henderson, who wrote in 1824, speaking of making Sherry Wines, says:—

“Red and white grapes are used indiscriminately. The juice which flows from them is collected in casks, and

these as they are filled are lodged in the stores, where the fermentation is allowed to take its course, continuing generally from the month of October till the beginning or middle of December. When it has ceased the wines are racked from the lees, and those intended for exportation receive whatever of Brandy they may be thought to require, which seldom exceeds three or four gallons to the butt. The wine thus prepared has, when new, a harsh and fiery taste, but is mellowed by being allowed to remain four or five years, or longer, in the wood, though it only attains its full flavour and perfection after having been kept fifteen or twenty years."

T. G. Shaw, in his large work, "Wine, the Vine, and the Cellar," of which the second edition was published in 1864, makes no mention of the breeding for flor, but he remarks in page 217:—

"Sherry has long been the favourite wine, but the quantity of bad quality now shipped and sold under its name has already injured its reputation, while the high price of any that is good or old offers an opportunity for another white kind."

A still more ponderous volume than that of Mr. Shaw's is one of recent publication. Its title is, "A Treatise on the Origin, Nature, and Varieties of Wine; being a Complete Manual of Viticulture and Ænology, by J. L. W. Thudicum, M.D., and Augustus Dupré, Ph.D., Lecturer on Chemistry at Westminster Hospital." With

some hope that from such authorities I should get information applicable to my subject, I turned to page 644, on the "Modes of Making Sherry," and to page 645, on the "Treatment of Wines in the Bodegas," but the result was equally unsatisfactory. All the information was commonplace, and referred more to "what Mr. Barnard stated" than to any personal knowledge of the writers.

Failing to obtain information, except that of personal observation, as to the preparation or breeding for fino, or the growth of flor, I give extracts from Dr. Macculloch, whose treatise on the art of making wine, written in 1816, is a valuable authority. He says:—

"Although the principal part of the fermentation may have been completed in the vats, the liquor still undergoes a fermentation in the casks, which is, however, much more languid and slow, and which, nevertheless, is necessary to its completion. If this process be suffered to go on indefinitely in those wines of which the saccharine principle has been entirely overcome, it will proceed to the acetous stage, and vinegar, instead of wine, will be the ultimate result. Such is the natural tendency of fermentation; a perpetual progress from the vinous to the acetous; a progress which, if not counteracted by circumstances in the condition of the wine itself, must be prevented by artificial expedients. The circumstances in the condition of the wine which prevent this ultimate and unwished-for change, are that disproportion between the

leaven and the sugar which suffers a part of the latter to remain unchanged after the process of vinification has been completed, or a balance of these principles so nice that the end of the fermentation is accompanied by a perfect neutralisation of the two elements which first concurred to establish it. This nice accuracy is, perhaps, best seldom attained, since the taste is unable to detect the last portion of sugar, which is masked by the predominant taste of the wine, without, nevertheless, ceasing to produce its effect on the general flavour and quality. Having thus established that the acetous process will not often take place when any unchanged sugar remains, we are led to deduce useful results for practice. If, for example, the wine is at the same time dry and light, it will evidently tend to vinegar, unless the process be checked by the artificial means hereafter to be described. If, on the contrary, it is sweet and strong, we may be confident that the acetous process cannot take place immediately, and that it can be prevented by carefully attending to the changes which it may undergo during the further slow fermentation which it may experience in the cask. From the same principles we can also see how the addition of sugar to wine in the cask, the durability of which is suspected, may prevent the acetous process from taking place, although, so far from affording a remedy after it is commenced, that it may even tend to accelerate it. The fermentation, therefore, in the cask, whether it be that slow and insensible one which is to follow the fermentation in the vat, or whether it be commenced in the cask itself, will be guided by the general principles already so fully laid down. It has before been said that the fermentation will be diminished and ultimately

destroyed by constantly separating the scum which arises, and that it will be prolonged by returning it to the liquors. As in almost all the cases where the wine has been tunned from the vat it is calculated that the fermentation is nearly complete, so it will be necessary to separate the head in these cases, and that is to be done only by keeping the level of the fluid so near the bung-hole that the yeast may be suffered to escape. If, for other reasons which must by this time be sufficiently obvious, it is desired to prolong this fermentation in the cask, it will be effected by the contrary practice, by suffering it to subside in the fluid, and continue the process. This, however, being seldom necessary, we may consider the former practice as the most general guide of our operations. During this slow fermentation the wine undergoes a diminution, which it is necessary to remedy by the addition of fresh liquor, *so as to keep it constantly near the bung-hole.*"

Dr. Maccullock is a sturdy opponent of the excessive use of Brandy in wine, as will be shown in the following extract:—

"It is more to my present purpose to show that the use of Brandy in the manufacture of wine is founded on a mistaken principle. Having shown that it is injurious to wine in general, by destroying its liveliness and hastening its decomposition, I might strengthen this assertion by mentioning that it is not used in any of the wines of France or Germany, and that the finer wines, Claret, Burgundy, and Hock, are totally destroyed by it. But it is also proper to point out its insufficiency for producing the effects expected from it, the preservation

of the wine, and the retardation of the acetous process. The former parts of this essay having fully explained the nature, both of the vinous and of the aceteous fermentation, I need not here again describe them, except to remind the reader that the acetous process cannot take place while there exists between the leaven and the sugar a disproportion in favour of the latter, and that the fermentation cannot be re-excited if the leaven has been entirely separated by the usual process of racking, fining, and sulphuring, should even the sugar have disappeared. Such wine can, therefore, have no tendency to vinegar, and the addition of Brandy, if intended to prevent that effect, is at least superfluous. It is now to be inquired whether Brandy has any power to prevent the acetous process from taking place, supposing that the circumstances favourable to it are present. If Brandy in small quantity be introduced into vinegar during the acetous stage of fermentation, the process goes on as before, and the alcohol is acetified, the produce becoming a stronger vinegar."

Before I offer my own opinion upon the breeding of fino and the general treatment of Sherry, it will be necessary to inform the unscientific reader as to the preparation and uses of *vin de color*, *vino dulce*, and explain further what is meant by a Solera.

The colouring used for wine in Xerez is not manufactured from sugar, as prepared in France for Brandy, and in England for general purposes, but is produced from the Mosto (unfermented

wine) by boiling or simmering six butts until they are reduced to one, which leaves a rich dark syrup, of the consistency of treacle. The process requires care to prevent any empyreumatic character being acquired in the operation. It is afterwards blended in certain proportions with wine and clean spirit. The longer it is stored the better it becomes. I have tasted some very palatable samples of this, as it is used for choice Soleras; and I have tasted some abominably nasty, as used for low and deep-coloured wines. A *vino dulce*, called Paxarete, if pure, is made from the sweet grape, *Pedro Ximenes*. The grapes are exposed to the sun until they become almost raisins, and then, if not possessing too much saccharine, pass through the ordinary process of fermentation. This luscious production is, when old, of an oily glutinous character, and partakes more of the nature of a choice liqueur than a wine. A Solera of *vino dulce* is of great value: its purpose is to give sweetness and character to wine that requires it, and it is used generally in making up for exportation, as will be seen presently. An inferior *dulce* is made with ordinary sweet wine and cane sugar, for the common export wines.

The frequent mention of Soleras, in quotations

from Shippers' Lists and in relation to Bodegas, requires some explanation for the uninitiated.

The Soleras are the "*blue ribbons*" of the Bodegas. One butt of good Solera may be worth in value as much as, or more than, fifty of an ordinary Sherry. Hence, it requires in making up a Solera great care upon the part of the capitas to select wines of high class with age and quality. He must see that the combination will meet the requirements of the shipper's business. He has probably to classify them, as Fino, Oloroso, Amontillado, Vino Dulce, &c., and after these have been reared with careful attention for years, and tasted from time to time, they are sparingly used to make up wines for shipment or to improve the quality of inferior wines. By some the Solera is called the "doctor;" others, especially when it is used to nourish a young wine, call it the "mother." The Soleras are never exhausted, as they are not composed of any individual wine, but represent a mixture of an infinite variety; all identity of origin or of age is of course impossible. Presuming a shipper has an order for a butt of Amoroso, of which in quantity he possesses ten butts only, the capitas takes about a tenth part from each butt, and racks into the one he has to make up. He then supplies the deficiency in the Solera by replen-

ishing (rociado) each butt with wine the next in age and quality to that which has been taken out. It is important that this should be known, as it is not the case that a merchant can rely upon getting precisely the same quality which he had some years previously. Say that he supplied a customer with a butt of Sherry in 1872, and that in 1876 another butt of the same quality is required. He writes to his shipper at Xerez to know if he has the wine. "Oh, yes," is the reply, "we can do it; we have the same Solera." But how often it had been replenished, and how much of the wine of 1872 remained in 1876, is a matter for conjecture.

Dismissing for awhile the wines of Xerez proper, I will now refer to those of Manzanilla, a wine grown in the district of San Lucar de Barrameda. My host and kind friend, Mr. Wm. Wilson, was determined that during my stay in Xerez I should see all that was worth seeing, and learn all that was to be learned; and San Lucar and the Manzanilla wines would be interesting to me. The journey was even more rough than that which I have described in my visit to Cuartillos. Attached to the carriage were four horses, not for display, but for actual necessity. After the first three miles our route lay through a sandy desert, full of bogs, deep,

numerous ravines, and rocky protuberances. At one time we were sunk deep in the sand, and obliged to alight before our ramping steeds could extricate us; then deep in a ravine; again, over large boulders of stone, bumped and jostled almost into a jelly. The driver, used to it, I suppose, took little notice, but kept on shouting to his horses, seldom using the whip. Obstacles in his progress appeared of little consequence; he took short cuts, without considering the springs of his carriage or the nerves of those he was driving. But if the route across the sands was hazardous, still more so was it through the wretched streets of San Lucar. Of paving and pitching there was none. The only pitching was the probability of the vehicle's upsetting and pitching me into the foulest composition that eyes ever saw or nose inhaled. In the centre of the street is an open drain, and the filth is abominable. Pigs wallowed in all directions, and were busy making their meals from the sewage matter. The stomachs of the residents cannot be very fastidious if they eat pork. The lower orders appear very degraded. Beggars, with their perpetual whine, assail you at every step. A poor wretched woman, covered with ulcers, and one-half of her face eaten away with cancer—a child in her arms, whose mouth

and face were diseased in a similar manner—persecuted me terribly. Her offensive appearance induced me to give more than the usual donation, in order to get rid of her; instead of which it acted as an encouragement to follow me wherever I went, and when I visited a Bodega she waited outside. I took a walk through the Alameida on to the banks of the Guadalquivir, and congratulated myself upon my escape; but I was not to see the last of her. She must have made my liberality known to her fraternity, for on my return to the town I found her with about a dozen others, and I was almost mobbed until my friend came to my rescue. There are no police to interfere, and the priests give beggars encouragement; they are brought up from infancy to follow begging as a profession, and the appearance of a stranger affords a good subject for their importunities. San Lucar was the sea-side and summer residence of the Duc de Montpensier. When Isabella, Queen of Spain, abdicated the throne, the Duc de Montpensier, with his family, was obliged to leave the country, and his palaces at Seville and San Lucar, with their valuable contents, were conveyed over on trust to the bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., London, who put a member of their establishment—a Mr. Engle-

back—into possession. Through the courtesy of this gentleman I was shown over the palaces of Seville and San Lucar. This latter residence is of ancient date, a sort of feudal castle built upon an eminence showing the entrance to the Guadalquiver and the surrounding scenery. I went over the house, which, unlike that of Seville, was unpretentiously furnished, comfortable without any display. The library appeared better than the state apartments, and amongst the books I noticed most of our English writers; Dickens, Thackeray, and our humorists generally had places on the shelves. There was not much space for a garden, but it was ornamentally laid out. One quiet nook will always dwell in my remembrance: it was the resort of the Duke and Duchess with their children, and it was interesting to me as showing the family affection which existed and the interest the parents took in the children. In this secluded spot there were tablets on which were given the height of the Duke and Duchess, adjoining which were others recording the growth of each of their children, from the eldest to the youngest; this was taken every year by their father, who in a rough manner engraved it on the black marble columns, and thus he knew the growth of each child from

year to year. This spot appeared to be the rendezvous of the children. I saw there the little graves of deceased birds, a pet cat and other domestic animals, each with its inscription; a miniature grotto and a little chair—the work of children's hands. I could not but contrast the position of the banished nobleman, leaving a place that he no doubt had felt an affection for, with that of the nobility of our own country, who, in their stately homes, have a sense of security which is unknown in Spain.

I can find no mention of Manzanilla in Dr. Berry or Dr. Henderson; to Cyrus Redding it must have been unknown, for all he observes is this:—"At San Lucar de Barrameda a very excellent Muscadine Red Wine called Tintilla is manufactured." Sixteen years or more ago Manzanilla of San Lucar was brought to my notice; and I was told it was desirable to ship it. On speaking to Mr. Domecq, of Xerez, with whom I had transactions, he gave me a very unfavourable description of it, said it was made before the grapes were ripe, that it was hard, flavourless, and wholly unsuited for the English market. Within the last ten years a great quantity has been imported; it was recommended by the "faculty" (who have more laid to their charge

in a variety of meretricious productions than belongs to them); and by the social law

“Which so directs, that moderns raise
On Fashion’s mouldering base their transient praise.”

The wine which I and others have had shipped to us as Manzanilla was somewhat different to that in the Bodegas of the Almacenistas at San Lucar. I had from three to four hours’ tasting, and I confess I never met wine with which I was more dissatisfied. As to vinosity there was none, and all the saccharine was exhausted; but from grapes gathered before maturity no other result could be expected. It is told of the late Earl of Derby that when he was suffering from gout his wine merchant sent him a sample bottle of Manzanilla, assuring his lordship that it would eradicate the disorder. Not hearing from his lordship, he ventured to inquire if he had tried the wine. The Earl promptly replied, “I have, and I prefer the gout.” There are very large stocks of Manzanilla in San Lucar, and the growth of the wine has been known almost as long as that of Xerez. Of course there can be no doubt that the greater portion finds its way to Port St. Mary and Xerez to blend with the fino, and help in making up what are known as

dry wines. There were some few butts that were really fine wines, with a bouquet similar to that of old Moselle, and they were light, without harshness ; but I found they were equal in price to a fine Montilla, which is an infinitely preferable wine. Mr. Vizetelly, in his capacity of Wine Juror at the Vienna Exhibition in 1873, observes :—

“ There was a very complete collection of Manzanillas, these thin, dry, and highly tonical wines deriving their name from a certain similarity of flavour and fragrance with the Manzanilla or Camomile — a circumstance which has given rise to the erroneous belief that camomiles are thrown into the vat while the wine is fermenting. These wines are reputed to be the purest of Sherries, simply because the ‘ rearers ’ find they will not blend kindly with other growths. In the samples exhibited, which, with rare exceptions, were almost as colourless as they were thin, all the natural spirit of the wine seemed suppressed, as it were, by the bitter medicinal flavour which is its distinguishing characteristic, and which age did not appear materially to subdue. . . . The soil, which is principally a mixture of clay, sand, and chalk, with a considerable predominance of the latter, is highly favourable to the growth of the vine, which yields a grape full of flavour. It is to this peculiarity of the soil, rather than to the variety of the vine, that the well-known bitter aromatic flavour of Manzanilla is due ; other wines of the Xerez district, produced from the same kind of grape, being deficient in the identical *gout*. One *specialité* of Manzanilla is that the ‘ must ’ is always

perfectly fermented, the result being an exceedingly pale and thin wine, entirely free from heat, and yet containing a considerable amount of natural alcohol, enabling it to keep for nearly thirty years, and with every year added to its age sensibly improving in flavour."

Don Pedro Verdad says :—

"Fearing that Manzanilla will not suit a customer whose taste is biased by habit, the merchant supplies a specially dry Sherry, lest he get no further orders. An able physician may have recommended Manzanilla, for the very reason that the stuff is unwholesome to his patient. It does not answer; and why? Just because it was not Manzanilla that had been tried, the wine merchant having preferred to suit the taste rather than the health of the customer."

Returning to the treatment of the Mosto in Xerez, I will not torment my readers with any scientific dissertation upon fermentation, or puzzle their brains with the elements connected with the science of vinification, such as, among the acids—melissic, pelargonic, caproic, succinic, and a dozen others; and among alcohols—amylic, butylic, caprytic, propylic, &c.

To those who are anxious to be informed upon such matters, I will refer them to Messrs. Thudicum & Dupré's learned treatise on Wine, and if they derive anything more than a headache after an hour or two over the book, they will be more fortunate than I was.

From Professor Liebig, from Kaine, and other sources, I culled the following. When a dry wine is wished, it is necessary that all the sugar should be transformed into alcohol. To do this the fermentation is excited by rolling the wine from time to time, or returning it to the lees to *feed*. As the wine contains variable quantities of undecomposed glutine in solution, or thrown down to the bottom of the cask, it is only necessary to stir up the lees to re-excite the fermentation. But lest the point should be passed when the vinous fermentation is nearly complete, and the acetous would begin, all the undecomposed ferment is removed. Much of it remains in the vat in which the first and violent fermentation takes place. When the fermenting liquid is put in casks, these are generally kept nearly full, by frequent additions of fresh juice, so that much of the ferment works out at the bung-hole, which is seldom perfectly closed for two or three months. Racking is practised for valuable wines as often as three times in the first year. This process consists in transferring the wine to a fresh cask. It is in doing this that the practice of sulphuring is most adopted. It must be carefully done, as, if it is done to excess, the wine acquires the taste of sulphur, which it would retain for some time.

White wines require most sulphur, especially when very dry. After careful examination, it may be now necessary to put in a proportion of spirit, to bring the wine up to the strength which is desirable for its intended market. I must especially impress upon the operator that, when the fermentation has entirely ceased, and the wine is racked off, care should be taken to fill up what has been consumed by evaporation or loss, and this ought to be frequently attended to.

The development of the fungus (*flor*) and the actual fermentation are two separate and distinct actions. I take it that the appearance of the *flor* is an indication that the wine is going wrong, a danger-signal—that the large surface exposed to the air is preventing the *mosto* from completing its secondary fermentation. Were the casks filled to the bung, carefully watched until fermentation commences, and if, when the fermentation is completed, the wine were racked into casks sulphured in the manner I have suggested, and *fortified*, but not overdosed, with spirit, we should get a wine that would require neither *dulce*, *vino de colour*, or *aquadiante* to destroy its natural character. When the wine is required, all that is necessary is to fine it, and rack off from the lees, and it is ready for shipment. I

should have to go back to science to show that, in the breeding business, for *fino* or *flor*, the natural saccharine, the alcohol and colour are destroyed. Let us consider the irrational, I may say senseless, course adopted under such a system. “*The natural elements are destroyed, and factitious compounds put in their place.*”—“*Wine versus Mixtures.*” Mr. Bernard (so quote Messrs. Thudicum and Dupré) gives the proportions of which a butt of Sherry was generally made up for England in 1860:—

- 1 Jar of Spirit, 60 o.p.
- 8 Jars of Sweet Wine, or Dulce.
- 7 ,, of Soleras, or Mother Wine.
- 10 ,, of Dry Wine, 1854.
- 14 ,, of Dry Wine, 1859.
-
- 40 Jars of Sherry.

Don Pedro Verdad says:—“Blending is the most important operation in the preparation of wine for shipment; and with a view to ensure that my reader shall understand it, and further to convey some idea of the proportions in which sweet colour and spirit are added to the natural wines, *in order to match the sample* of what is ordered for England, I give the following:—

ORDINARY PALE SHERRY.

Pale Soleras...	20 Jars.
Fino Soleras	16 ,,
Vino Dulce	3 ,,
Aquadiente	1 ,,
				—
				40 Jars.

ORDINARY GOLDEN SHERRY.

Pale Soleras	22 Jars
Oloroso Soleras	8½ ,,
Vino de Color	2 ,,
Vino Dulce	6 ,,
Aquadiente	1½ ,,
				—
				40 Jars.

ORDINARY BROWN SHERRY.

Pale Soleras	23 Jars.
Oloroso Soleras	4 ,,
Vino de Color	5 ,,
Vino Dulce	6 ,,
Aquadiente	2 ,,
				—
				40 Jars.

Don Pedro Verdad remarks, "Thus it will be seen that in the blending of Sherry, nothing which can be called a foreign substance is introduced."

Now let us consider this last concoction of ordinary Brown Sherry. Twenty-three jars of Pale

Soleras is, I presume, the wine that has been bred for the "flor," and I have shown that this system of breeding entirely destroys the vinosity. We will presume the Oloroso has not been treated for "flor." The remaining one-third of the contents of the butt is made up (and here I am at issue with Don Pedro Verdad) with what I call *foreign substance*. Before I finish with the subject: I alluded in former pages to the value of space in the Bodegas, I shall now show that if the breeding for "fino" is abandoned there will be a saving of one butt in eight, as the casks lack one-eighth of being full. Further, under the treatment I have suggested there will be no unfortunates condemned to be burnt or conveyed to the vinegar warehouse. Thus the space occupied by what is worthless may be supplied with that which will give little or no anxiety. I have to admit the disadvantage under which I write in not having any practical experience of working in a Bodega, and my observations may be set down as speculative and wanting in technical skill, but my theory is not visionary, but formed upon records of Sherry manufacture when an English merchant could rely upon having *wine* very different in quality to that which for the last few years he has been receiving.

The following extract from Maculloch, written in 1817, is worth notice :—

“ It is a fault which should be pointed out, sensible as it is to those who know the value of that undefinable, light, and quick flavour so perceptible in the good wines of France, and which so completely disappears under the treatment by which the stronger wines of Spain and Portugal are made marketable in this country. It is a quality which sometimes arises from age, sometimes from the complete annihilation of the fermenting process, whether this has been the consequence of natural causes, or of too sedulous pursuit of the artificial means of stopping it. But *the common cause of this evil* is the administration of Brandy, or spirit.”

Busby in his *Journal*, 1834, says of the wines of Messrs. Gordon :—

“ Their ordinary stock of wine is said to be 4000 butts. This is kept in casks of various sizes, containing from one to four butts. These casks are ranged in regular rows—in some parts of the cellar to the height of four tiers. They contain wines of various qualities and ages, from one to fifty years. The wine merchants of *Xerez* never exhaust their stock of finest and oldest wines: according to the price at which the wine is exported, or is intended to be sold, it contains a larger or smaller proportion of old wine. But it is only in wines of a very high price that even a small proportion of their finest wines is mixed. What is withdrawn from the oldest and finest casks is made up from the casks which approach them nearest in age and quality, and these are again replenished from the next in age and quality to them. Thus, a cask of

wine said to be fifty years old, may contain a portion of the vintages of thirty or forty seasons."

The same authority, in relation to *scuddiness*, remarks :—

"On the whole, I think there can be no doubt that, were the fermentation completed in large vessels, and the wine subsequently racked off into casks, this scuddiness would never appear; and considering the general richness of the grapes of this country in saccharine matter, there would be as little danger of acidity if the casks *were thoroughly closed to the air when the fermentation should have ceased.*"

That there are to be found fine qualities of Sherry in Xerez, the following record of tasting from my note book will prove. The proprietor, an Almacenistas, Señor Don Julian Lopez, has died since my visit in 1873. The samples submitted were :—

1869 Palma and Palo Cortado.—These wines were of the natural character described by Mr. Domecq, and I was assured no colour had been added; they were not Finos.

Soleras of 1862, 1850, 1858 were all grand charming wines, one of 1829, his own growth, was a very powerful wine, with colour which he declared was natural.

1843.—A natural wine, but exceedingly potent; full of flavour.

1813.—Was more like spirit, but Señor Lopez declared it had never been fortified.

1865.—A Muscatel similar to Frontignac.

1797 Pedro Ximenes.—Similar in character to old Malmsey Madeira.

1824 Amontillado.—In this there was fine bouquet, and in flavour the very essence of wine; very potent. Señor Lopez declared again and again that the wine was entirely free from the addition of spirit; it had never been out of his possession since he purchased it from the press.

The most extraordinary of the wine in the Bodega was a Palma of 1770, which had been fifty years in the present owner's possession. It *was* wine.

Another sample of 1830 Sherry, shipped to India in 1840 as a perfectly natural wine, was in perfect condition; smooth on the palate as oil.

A wine of 1820, another natural wine, was immensely potent, but declared never to have had a drop of spirit added to it.

The last I must mention was a gorgeous wine of 1829—Pedro Ximenes—of most beautiful flavour; immensely rich in saccharine. The grapes were allowed to remain as long as the sun had power to perfect them, and the produce

was so rich that no sensible fermentation took place.

In June, 1866, an odd and somewhat amusing address was presented to the Mayor by the growers and merchants of Xerez. It anticipated the statements in the *Wine Trade Review* of January, 1876; and by the complaint still existing as late as the present year, it must be presumed the memorial "was laid upon the table," as no remedy has been afforded. Whilst complaining of the produce of Moguer, Seville, and San Lucar as being shipped as Sherry Wines, to be consistent the protest should have included the wines of Montilla. The following is the address:—

"To his Worship the Mayor of Xeres de la Frontera.

"SIR,—The undersigned inhabitants of this city, wine growers and merchants, with all due respect inform your Worship:—That, during the last two or three years, there has been carrying on here a fraudulent dealing, highly prejudicial to the products of the vast and rich territory belonging thereto, and which threatens the industry of wine-growing with decay, if not ulterior ruin, unless recourse be had to some prompt and severe remedy to avoid its effects; for there is no possible means of resisting the base competition sustained by some persons, eager only for their own private interest, with a firmness and constancy worthy to be employed in

a better cause. The fraud we denounce consists in branding with the marks of our Sherry Wines those of Seville, El Condado, and other places of produce, whence they are brought to this city in order to be exported afterwards to foreign markets as though they proceeded from our vineyards. This fraud is being practised in Port Saint Mary, in the Aguada de Cadiz, and even here also, before our own eyes, whilst we remain silent witnesses of the fact of such proceedings, which, sooner or later, must end in the discredit of our wines. The reporters are well aware that the exorbitant prices obtained on the must or stam in the preceding years were the cause that induced wine shippers to seek a cheaper article in other parts, in order to answer their demands for exportation. Their right to do so is indisputable: a merchant may, and even ought to, study the means of gain by purchasing the merchandise offered him at the most convenient prices. If the growers here in this city asked unreasonable prices for their must, it was but justly to be expected that the purchasers would seek it elsewhere, at the hands of others more reasonable in their demands; but to import wines here from other parts and brand them with the marks peculiar to this place is, and cannot fail to be, a manifest usurpation, a fact provided for by the law in the clauses that treat upon those who, either in weight or measure, adulterate the merchandise they traffic with; and if a penalty is imposed upon him who gives copper for silver, or silver for gold, a like measure should be adopted with the exporter that sends to London a butt of Seville wine branded with either of the Xeres marks, which enjoys a higher credit in that market. Perhaps one-half of the wine exported from this city proceeds from Seville, El Condado, and other places productive of

wines. It is well and good that such wines should be exported to foreign markets, but bearing their own names and marks, and not disguising them so as to make them pass as the product of our rich and famed wine districts. And the fraud which obliges us to lay our complaints before the authority whose institution is to protect the legitimate interest of all the inhabitants of this city, is of highly disastrous consequences, which, at all events, should be avoided by applying a prompt and efficacious remedy to the spirit of avarice and the false reckoning that have given rise to it. It is clearly evident, for example, that if adulterated wines are sold at the London market, one of two things must necessarily take place—viz., either the consumers will become accustomed to them, and will consequently lose their taste for those of this district, or, when once they have detected the device, they will distrust the marks, which will thus lose the credit they have hitherto sustained, and would henceforward maintain were it not for the unfortunate circumstance we at present decry. The fame that Sherry Wines owe to the richness of the soil in which they are produced is the patrimony of this city, a vein of wealth with which Providence has favoured it; and this patrimony and this vein of wealth are properties exclusively its own, just the same as the fortune sons inherit from their parents. The growers would abstain from complaining or from accusing anybody, if from any inconstancy of fashion in regard to palate, such as takes place with respect to dress and furniture, the taste of the consumers were to vary, and they should give the preference to the wines of other countries; but that this variation should take place by reason of a culpable artifice, and only to satisfy the sordid interests of a

limited number of speculators, is a circumstance that makes the nicest conscience revolt, and is at once repugnant to good sense and justice. Such a pernicious and culpable speculation requires the application of such cogent measures as may tend to prevent its continuance. Among the attributes held by your Worship is undoubtedly that of ordaining a convenient information to be made, to which end the undersigned will forthwith tender the necessary summary of data and particulars, for they are deeply grieved to see the evil course on which the mercantile affairs of this city are entering or have already entered. The reporters, relying fully upon the superior judgment and rectitude that adorn your Worship, trust and earnestly beg your Worship to ordain the investigation of the facts herein denounced, either by the means already indicated, or by any others that may be deemed conducive to the putting an end to the mischief that moves them to invoke the special aid of the chief magistrate of the city.

“ May God preserve your Worship’s life for a series of years, &c.

“ Xeres de la Frontera, June, 1866.”

(Here follow the signatures.)

The following pages contain the vintages from 1866 to 1876; a list of shippers from Xerez and Port St. Mary’s of over 1000 butts, from 1866 to 1876* ; and total shipments of Sherries, 1866 to 1876.

* There has been some difficulty in this compilation, as several shippers have within the last ten years withdrawn their names from the Shipping List, having objections to its publica-

SHERRY VINTAGES, 1866 to 1876.

1866—Quantity short; quality indifferent.

1867—Small quantity from the best vineyards (*Afueros*); fair average in the medium and lower grades. Quality generally good.

1868—Quantity abundant. About one-third gathered in fine weather, very good quality; remainder spoiled by heavy and continuous rains.

1869—Quantity short; quality good.

1870—Fair average quantity; good quality.

1871—Large quantity, chiefly of poor quality, owing to wet weather at time of vintage.

1872—Quantity large, especially in the best growths; but the *mostos* developed badly, and it was estimated that only about a third of the vintage became ultimately available for shipment.

1873—Quantity half an average; quality good.

1874—Quantity two-thirds of an average; quality good.

1875—Bad, both for quantity and quality.

1876—Quantity short, and the *mostos* showed less vinosity than in ordinary years; very much of it too poor and thin to be of much value for Bodega use.

tion. The names returned are those who, shipping over 1000 butts in any one year, have continued as shippers up to the year just ended.

A LIST OF SHIPPERS OF OVER 1000 BUTTS OF WINE, FROM CADIZ AND PORT ST. MARY,
FROM THE YEAR 1866 TO 1870.

SHIPPERS.	1866.		1867.		1868.		1869.		1870.	
	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary
Gonzalez & Byass ...	5743	—	5826	—	6243	—	6218	—	5551	—
F. W. Cozens & Co.	2195	1950	2793	2207	3143	1785	3181	1847	3267	2166
M. Misa ...	3498	—	4629	—	5574	—	6029	—	5079	—
P. Garvey ...	3444	—	4047	—	4033	—	5007	—	4157	—
Peter Domecq ...	2951	—	3658	—	3253	—	3200	—	2644	—
Widow of X. Harmony	—	2808	—	1870	—	2104	—	2795	—	2637
Mackenzie & Co. ...	2414	—	2611	—	2701	—	2748	—	2767	—
Duff, Gordon, & Co.	—	2037	—	2105	—	2144	—	2850	—	2812
J. Penartin & Co. ...	1815	—	1829	725	1875	643	1595	625	1527	707
M. M. de Mora ...	—	1757	—	1673	—	1837	—	1879	—	1518
M. & F. Tosar ...	—	1748	—	1860	—	1846	—	1890	—	1829
B. Vergara ...	—	1453	—	1448	—	1522	—	2056	—	—
Lassaletta & Co. ...	—	1432	—	789	—	1076	—	1021	—	542
J. Haurie Nephew ...	1425	—	1704	—	1703	—	2322	—	2034	—
C. S. Campbell & Co.	—	1157	—	644	—	703	—	1061	—	1269
Ysasi & Co. ...	1075	273	1127	—	988	—	1108	—	1005	—
Steenacker Brothers	1212	—	1322	—	1197	—	1593	—	1741	—

A LIST OF SHIPPERS OF OVER 1000 BUTTS OF WINE, FROM CADIZ AND PORT ST. MARY,
FROM THE YEAR 1871 TO 1876.

SHIPPERS.	1871.		1872.		1873.		1874.		1875.		1876.	
	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary	Cadiz.	Port St. Mary
Gonzalez & Byass ...	7169	—	8334	—	8567	1843	6539	1435	6269	575	6686	1329
F. W. Cozens & Co. ...	3144	1650	3389	2132	3590	2223	3085	1234	3179	1019	3542	1043
M. Misa ...	6011	—	6211	—	7662	—	4261	—	5011	—	5316	—
P. Garvey ...	4284	—	4354	—	4690	—	2758	—	3268	—	3625	—
Peter Domecq ...	2980	—	3523	—	5316	—	3145	—	3843	—	3424	—
Widow of X. Harmony	—	2331	—	2469	—	3332	—	1733	—	1451	—	1635
Mackenzie & Co. ...	2771	—	2786	—	3338	—	2033	—	1662	—	1673	—
Duff, Gordon, & Co. ...	—	2668	—	2738	—	3036	—	1730	—	2132	—	2343
J. Pearnin & Co. ...	2516	168	2739	—	2676	—	1872	—	2414	—	1296	—
M. M. de Mora ...	—	2233	—	2332	—	2267	—	1397	—	1503	—	1416
M. & F. Tosar ...	—	—	—	1942	—	1796	—	910	—	733	—	992
B. Vergara ...	1459	—	1762	—	1743	—	1615	—	909	—	916	—
Lassaletta & Co. ...	—	855	—	877	—	1186	—	827	—	960	—	925
J. Haurie Nephew ...	2003	—	1962	—	1741	—	1258	—	1726	—	1467	—
C. S. Campbell & Co.	—	1167	—	1039	—	1230	—	825	—	854	—	699
Ysasi & Co. ...	—	—	—	—	927	—	711	—	622	—	609	—
Steenacker Brothers	1545	—	1342	—	2199	—	401	—	747	—	1117	—

SHIPMENTS OF SHERRIES, 1866—1876.

		TOTAL.	
	Xerez	...	36,638
1866	... Port St. Mary's	...	24,620
		—	61,258 ... 1866
	Xerez	...	42,197
1867	... Port St. Mary's	...	21,218
		—	63,415 ... 1867
	Xerez	...	46,883
1868	... Port St. Mary's	...	20,927
		—	67,810 ... 1868
	Xerez	...	49,272
1869	... Port St. Mary's	...	24,889
		—	74,152 ... 1869
	Xerez	...	49,597
1870	... Port St. Mary's	...	21,364
		—	70,961 ... 1870
	Xerez	...	55,668
1871	... Port St. Mary's	...	22,309
		—	77,977 ... 1871
	Xerez	...	61,826
1872	... Port St. Mary's	...	22,914
		—	84,740 ... 1872
	Xerez	...	68,461
1873	... Port St. Mary's	...	30,445
		—	98,906 ... 1873
	Xerez	...	45,973
1874	... Port St. Mary's	...	19,390
		—	65,363 ... 1874
	Xerez	...	44,133
1875	... Port St. Mary's	...	16,798
		—	60,931 ... 1875
	Xerez	...	24,529
1876	... Port St. Mary's	...	36,638
		—	61,167 ... 1876

The following official figures show the imports, home consumption, and stock for the year 1876. The preceding ten years are given on page 166:—

	Imports.		Home Consumption.		Stocks.
	Red.	White.	Red.	White.	Red and
	gals.	gals.	gals.	gals.	White.
					gals.
1876 ...	1,277,211	5,616,822	1,134,416	5,326,817	6,787,611

Chapter v.

MONTILLA.

Slight Recognition of—My Visit and Friendly Companion—
Doubtful Pleasures of a Wine Tour—A Robbery—Reference
to Mr. T. G. Shaw—A Journey with Him—Atrocity at
Montilla — A Dangerous Locality — An Excursion to the
Mountains—A Rough Journey—Arrival at Moriles—Descrip-
tion of the Vineyards—Residences of the Proprietors—Spanish
Ploughs — Districts of Montilla — Don Carlos—Interior of
Bodegas—Morgiana and the Forty Thieves—Age of the Vines
—Importance of such Wines for the Trade—A Stranded
Whale—Encomium upon Wines of Montilla—An Extraordinary
Tasting—Advice to the Young Wine Merchant—Extract from
Mr. Vizetelly's Report upon the Vienna Exposition.

IT is somewhat remarkable that the wine
of this district, which produces the
finest in the world, is so little recog-
nised by well-known authorities upon wine. All
that I can get from Henderson is, "The driest
species of Sherry is the Amontillado, made in
imitation of the wine of Montilla, near Cordova."
Cyrus Redding affords me only this contribution,
"At Cordova they have a dry wine called Mon-
tilla, which is generally drunk there." The
bulky volume of Thudicum and Dupré ignores

the wine entirely. My friend Shaw seems to have known very little about the wine ; he informs us that “ Montilla is produced in the hills about Montilla, near Cordova, and is pleasant with much flavour.” He adds, “ a large property has been lately bought there by an English firm which has risen within a few years into high repute for their Sherries—attributable probably to the judicious blending of a portion of this with their heavier Xerez wines.” The author who writes under the name of Don Pedro Verdad remarks, “ Another natural wine known in England is Montilla. It is grown in a district of that name in the province of Cordova, and is of deeper straw-colour than Manzanilla, and much stouter in body. Formerly this wine used to be reared in vinagas (earthenware jars), and very little of it was shipped owing to the difficulty of transport, but the railway has now to a great extent remedied this, and much more is exported. It is when fine a most delicious wine, full of bouquet and body, and yet perfectly natural.” Verdad (Truth) pays an honest tribute to the worth and value of this wine.

By the kind invitation of Mr. Alexander Williams, of the firm of Wisdom & Warter, of Xerez, I accompanied him in a week's tasting at Cordova and Montilla.

I must not trespass upon the reader's attention with my adventures in this eventful journey; it would make my book more a one of travel than of information upon the proper topic. A wine tour may to some appear a very delightful occupation, combining business with pleasure, a pilgrimage through the vines in the finest countries on the continent, an opportunity of enjoying that which we get little of in England,—a clear atmosphere and genial climate,—and of receiving attentions, hospitality, and courtesy from the noblesse of the land; and occasionally this expectation is realised, especially in Germany and France. But it is a very different thing in Spain, in the district which I shall have now to write upon. From Cordova we went by railway to Montilla, which is on the line to Malaga. At the station, in the distribution of my luggage, my travelling bag was stolen: it contained dressing materials, notes of my tasting and other records, the latter of no value to the thief. The train had started just as the bag was missed, a telegram was sent on to the next station, and I remembered that it was left on the seat opposite to where I sat. A well-dressed Spaniard had thrown his cloak over it when he entered the carriage. Day after day for one week, at

Cordova and Montilla, my friend, Mr. Williams, importuned the officials about this bag, but it was never recovered. At Cordova every effort was made by me, but without success. The officials appeared very indifferent about it, and censured me for not looking better after my property. In no country I ever travelled in have I met with greater scoundrels than amongst the common order of Spaniards. If a stranger comes amongst them, they think he was sent as the especial object of plunder. That there is enough of work to be done in these professional visits, I will show by an extract from a letter I addressed to the *Wine Trade Review* in 1866. As it recognises the services of one well known in the trade, it may not be out of place:—

“ All honour and praise to my friend, Mr. T. G. Shaw, for the exertions he has made for so many years in agitating the subject of the wine duties. To his perseverance we are indebted for a reduction to one shilling per gallon upon natural wine ; and it is owing to his dogged determination to see the matter put sensibly right that the equilisation of the duties of wine in bottle at the same rate as per gallon has been allowed. Some sterling recognition of Mr. Shaw’s services to the trade, as well as to the public generally, will, I hope, be made. I shall be happy to co-operate with others of Mr. Shaw’s friends in some substantial testimonial to one who has so well and deservedly earned it. But, oh ! that I could prevail upon my friend to ‘rest and be thankful,’ and not to mar,

injure, or impair the purity of the present concessions by further attempts to get in at one shilling per gallon alcoholised wines. It's a sad mistake, a grievous error, and all who are desirous of giving encouragement to the consumption of natural, unsophisticated wines will be of the same opinion. But I know not a more good-tempered being than my friend Mr. T. G. Shaw, who is an enthusiast in vinous matters; without being bibaceous, of all tasters he is the most inveterate and persevering, and if this disposition or propensity be an essential to a complete knowledge of the wine trade, then my friend is, I maintain, the first in his profession. In the autumn of 1862 we travelled together for six weeks through the greater part of the wine districts of Germany and France, and it's a mercy that I am alive now to record it. We tasted pretty well all the varieties in the Rhinegau and Moselle—that is, from the lowest to the highest growths, both still and sparkling; we were at it from early morning until night, and for the first week I went into the process *con amore*; but I shall not forget my sensations in tasting some wine belonging to a venerable old priest at Trier, whom we disturbed late in the evening from his devotions, to open his cellar for us, and who accompanied us in full canonicals. We tasted some dozen or more 'stück' of wine, all remarkable for bouquet, but of such tartness that an English housewife would have pronounced it almost too acid for pickles. The proprietor told us his wine was celebrated for complaints of the stone and bladder; I have no doubt if it reached the stone it would soon disperse it, but I think the coats of the stomach would suffer first. I feared for the enamel of my teeth, and took care not to let the acetous liquid remain longer in my mouth than

was necessary; but cheerily and encouragingly my friend went on. '*Sehr gut! sehr, sehr, gut,*' did I hear over and over again pronounced upon liquids that might be very well poured over a salad, but as unfit for the inner man as verjuice. After that we had a week of hard work in Champagne, and the records of my remembrance are that I felt at its expiration somewhat like an inflated balloon. I was surfeited; gas seemed to have permeated all over my system. Our next visit was to the Côte d'Or; tasting perseveringly at Nuits, Vosne, Beaune, Meursault, Mâcon, &c. On to the Hermitage, Tain, Tournon; then to Montpellier, Cette, Perpignan, Collioure, Port Vendre. We then worked our way to Bordeaux; we did the Medoc, and we qualified the whole by a finishing tasting of Brandies at Cognac; but although I was done up, my companion was by no means exhausted, and I left him at Tours, to enjoy there three or four days' quiet tasting; after which he got to Bercy and went over the whole again, in the various entrepôts of that celebrated mart. At Cette occurred the only little breeze during our travels. Cette well deserves the reputation of being the greatest mart for fabricated wines in the whole of Europe. Where good wine is spoilt by contact with bad, and made execrable by the copious use of *trois-six*—a strong coarse spirit,—to mollify or soften down this powerful adjunct, the wine so mixed is put into pipes and rolled into the open air, to take its chance of sun or rain and all degrees of temperature; even the bungholes are imperfectly closed. Many I noticed with the bungs barely over them; some were without any, the bungs on the ground beside the casks; but it seemed quite a matter of indifference to the cooper, who appeared conscious that nothing would hurt these so-called wines.

“My friend Mr. Shaw was perseveringly tasting these concocted liquids, and he appeared highly pleased with them, his politeness not allowing him to show that which I am sure he must inwardly have felt. I confess I manifested by the expression of my face and some few ejaculations the disgust I felt over these vile fabrications, whereupon my companion, for the first and only time, became a little angry, and thought I was not showing sufficient politeness for the favour of having these abominations in my mouth.”

Montilla is a city in the province of Andalusia, nineteen miles south of Cordova, and is situated on two hills, with a population of about 14,000. We were met at the station by a broker, whom my friend had engaged to conduct us to the various Bodegas in the town. To give the reader a notion of the character of some of the inhabitants, I cannot refrain from relating my experience in the first hour after my arrival. The streets are tolerably broad and clean, but the paving, being composed of round pebbles, makes walking most difficult. As we were proceeding through the main street, I noticed one house of more pretensions than the rest—a well-built residence, with a portico in front; but I observed that the shutters were closed, and, together with the door, appeared to have been set fire to, the wood-work being partly destroyed by petroleum. I had visited Paris just after the

siege, and there witnessed a like evidence of destruction. When I called my friend's attention to this, Signor A. (the broker) requested me to pass on, and not to take further notice or make any observation, and he would explain the matter presently, when we were not in such a conspicuous place. A thrill of horror came over me when I heard the fearful tragedy that had taken place but a few days prior to my visit. Signor A. informed me that, soon after the abdication of King Amadeo, the roughs of the place—a sort of Red Republicans—thought there was no Government, and that they had license to do as they pleased. They had a spite against the Alcalde (the Mayor), who had had occasion to punish some of these marauders. The Alcalde had an intimation that violence was intended against him, and until he could return with safety he went into the country amongst his vineyards, appointing his brother as his deputy. Now, there was not any grievance against the brother, but a mob of rioters came to the residence of the Alcalde, and, finding he had flown, seized the brother, dragged him out of the house, shot and disembowelled him, and then hung him up to the lamp-post. Their atrocities did not end there. They proceeded to the residence of a very rich old man,

over seventy years of age, who was of penurious habits. He had lived a peaceable life, took no interest in politics, and never injured any one; but as, according to the views of the mob, he did not make a proper use of his wealth, they served him in the same barbarous manner as the Deputy Alcalde. Signor A., a member of the Town Council, and a man of some position, said he should have shared the same fate had he not likewise gone into the country, knowing he was a marked man. The rioters then proceeded to fire the houses belonging to their victims, but a *posse comitatus* was organised by the citizens, troops were sent for, and about forty of the ringleaders arrested and sent to gaol. What became of them afterwards, and whether they met with the punishment they deserved, I know not; but I was told that nine of them would be hung, and that, in the disorganised state of the country, probably the remainder would be let off. After two days' absence in the heights of Montilla we returned, and our business led us to taste wines in a Bodega belonging to the Alcalde who had escaped assassination. I begged Mr. Williams to express to him my sympathy with him for the fate which had befallen his brother under circumstances of such dreadful atrocity. He

received my expressions with a smile upon his countenance, and his remark, as translated to me, was, "He was a lucky beggar that he escaped," without a single expression of regret for the poor victim who was sacrificed in his place.

This narrative did not inspire me with much confidence in my own personal safety, and as I walked through a large square or market-place, and saw in all directions numbers of the scum of the population lounging about in all directions, basking in the sun like so many lazy hounds, Signor A. begged me to pass on and take no notice, and upon no account to part with him; he said it was a dangerous time for a stranger to walk the streets alone. It was scarcely daylight when, at 4 a.m., I started with Mr. Williams, the broker Signor A., and two attendants, on a misty, drizzling, foggy morning, for the heights of Montilla. Mr. Williams had procured a horse for me with an English saddle, but the novelty of riding upon a mule with bells, accoutrements of a gorgeous character, an extraordinary saddle and mediæval stirrups, so reminded me of Gustave Doré's illustrations of Don Quixote, that I decided upon riding the mule. I rather think Mr. Williams preferred the horse, as he was an accomplished

rider. I was first mounted, but no sooner in the saddle (out of which there was no chance of falling, for there was a rise where the pommel should be of at least a foot, attached to which were strapped cloaks and rugs reaching nearly to my breast), than the mule, anxious to head the cavalcade which was forming behind, began to move off. To check him I knew not how. "Whoa! whoa!" he did not understand. My only alternative was the rein, a piece of rope; but as there was only one, and that fastened to the off side of the bit, when I tugged at it the beast went round and round until assistance was rendered to me. At this early hour there were assembled lots of vagabonds, who enjoyed the fun. I stipulated for a second rope, which with some difficulty I obtained. This was fastened to the near side of the bit, and gave me more confidence. During this equestrian performance the cavalcade was forming. In the van were myself, Mr. Williams, and Señor A. (the broker). Behind were the two attendants—one the *cocinero* (cook), with the commissariat and pots and pans, for cooking and making omelettes, and a first-rate hand he was; and the second had charge of the sample cases.

The road was excellent until we passed underneath *Aquilar de la Frontira*, about four miles from

Montilla, a picturesque town on a considerable eminence. By this time the drizzling rain had ceased, and the sun shone out with brilliancy; our route lay across the country, a sort of steeple-chase, by the side of ravines with not space for two mules to pass. If my mule had made a false step this history would not have been written. It was a rough journey, no track visible of carriage or horse; but Señor A. knew the ground well. Passing through olive orchards, my mule had little consideration for me; the boughs of the trees hung down low, but if he could pass under them, he cared little for the rider, and I was frequently nearly sharing the fate of Absalom. We continued ascending for about four hours, and at last arrived at the summit. Adjacent to the vineyards are good spacious farm houses, not unlike those in our agricultural districts; but they have more imposing entrances, and high walls surround them to protect them from the cold and high winds in winter. From the important iron gateways and stone archways, in the centre of which would be a niche with the Virgin or a saint, it might be imagined there was some valuable property in the interior to protect. I was told before starting that the inhabitants are not of a hospitable nature, and seldom allowed any

visitor to enter their houses; but as I was curious to know the style of furniture and character inside, under a pretence of getting out of the sun and resting a short time, I was allowed the unusual privilege of a slight inspection. Anything more poverty-stricken I never witnessed. The furniture, if such it could be called, reminded me of the interior of Robinson Crusoe's hut; it was of the rudest description, and, I presume, home-made. I noticed in my journey the flourishing condition of the cereals. The ground is well tilled, not a weed to be seen. It was astonishing to observe how the mules would walk between the furrows, and not tread down a single blade of corn. I was amused at what they call the "arado" (plough)—two sticks fastened together with a bit of iron at the end; it goes only a few inches into the ground. Of course they must have something different for a thick heavy soil. It appeared to be light work for the "arador" (ploughman), who took it very easily, smoking his cigarette, and handling his sticks without much exertion. The soil for the vineyards is the albariza, containing 70 per cent. of carbonate of lime, with alumina silica and a little magnesia. There was nothing but white around—the soil, the whitewashed farms, Bodegas, men, women, everything white;

this was rather trying to the eyes. The grape which is cultivated is the Pedro Ximenes. The geometrical regularity with which the vines were planted, and the perfect cleanness of the ground, showed more of painstaking than I ever witnessed. The wine districts in the province of Montilla are here given in the order of merit:—

Moriles,
Sierra de Montilla,
Baena,
Cabra,
Dona mencia,
Lucena.

Mr. Misa, one of the largest shippers in Xerez, informed me that the best of the Montillas are those of the Pago of Zapateras. I tasted so many that it was impossible to make notes of the whole. The Bodegas are some distance from the proprietor's residence, and as we visited more than twenty of these, it was hard work even to get on and off the mules: the extraordinary saddle appeared to be made so that when once you got into it, which was no easy matter, you should have no less difficulty in getting out. The mule was high, and Pedro, one of the attendants, crouched down and made himself a stepping stone for "his excellency,"

as he called me. Señor A. thought it a compliment to name me *Don Carlos*, and he continued so to address me until my departure. A remarkable contrast are the Bodegas or wine-rearing stores in the heights of Montilla to those in Xerez. On entering you are struck with their crypt-like appearance. They are cool and sepulchral, and with the little light which is allowed you might imagine yourself surrounded by funeral urns. But when you get accustomed to the dim light you find that these seeming urns are immense jars embedded in cement. In one building there were at least twenty, eight or ten feet high, each holding from three to four butts of wine. There are steps formed in the cement which afford access to the mouth, upon which is a wooden cover. The jars are kept filled, and when you taste the wine you remove the slight scum on the surface and take your sample with a small cup. In some of the Bodegas, where perhaps the situation is favourable or the wine may not require so much caution, the jars are only partially embedded in cement. A row of these at once called to my recollection a play that I have not seen since I was a boy, "Morgiana and the Forty Thieves." But these jars would have contained three thieves each and economised Morgiana's time.

The wine was mostly young. That which struck me as the finest was the Moriles, made from the Pedro Ximenes grape. The vines producing this wine are of great age, and the grapes are gathered at the extreme point of ripeness. The result is a full-bodied mosto that requires no spirit, and when fully fermented shows from 28 to 30 per cent. of proof spirit. Although the day was most fatiguing, I was amply repaid for the exertion. I tasted such wines as I never anticipated meeting with when I left Xerez. I had imported many butts of Montilla, but the quality was very different to that of the wines I tasted at Cordova and Montilla.

This special wine will be well worth the attention of the trade. I am strongly of opinion that the very choice old Amontillado, which you can get at Xerez by paying a good price for it, was never born or bred in the district of Cadiz, but was the produce of the province of Montilla. The *almacenistas* of Montilla and Cordova, some of whom are growers, at the proper time remove the wines from the hills to their Bodegas in the towns, and send up to the mountains casks, into which the wine is racked from the jars, and conveyed to Montilla by teams of oxen; from Montilla

the railway would take those intended for Cordova.

I noticed one of these leviathan jars lying empty on the ground outside the Bodega. It looked like a stranded whale; its dimensions made me think how vast must have been the size of the oven in which it was baked, after it was formed from the clay.

At Cordova I met with wine such as I never before tasted. I have drunk at the Schloss Johannisberg the 1857 Cabinet "*Wein mit blauem Lack gesiegelt*," at fourteen florins a bottle; and in Burgundy the finest Romame Conti; at Mersault, most exquisite Chevalier Montrachet; at Bordeaux, Chateau Margaux and Lafite of 1851; in Champagne, wines from private stores such as we never meet with in England; but to my judgment none of them excelled the growths of Montilla. That shown to me as the finest was declared to be perfectly natural. It had the exquisite Sherry bouquet which I described in a former chapter as characterising the fine old wines of half a century ago, when a fresh-drawn bottle perfumed the room. On the palate it was soft, rich without sweetness, full of flavour, leaving a perfume in the mouth, in colour a pale amber, such as Mr. Domecq described a natural wine to be.

I was for three days tasting these Montilla wines ; it was fatiguing work, but well worth the fatigue. In very odd quarters there were to be found wines of marvellous character and age. Señor A., who knew where all the old wines were to be found, took me to the house of a retailer who sold glasses of wine, aquadiente, annisette, sarsaparilla (the latter in much request), and other cordials. It was a sort of gin palace. The proprietor was a Wine Merchant, and had a Bodega, with a considerable quantity of wine, but nothing extraordinary. The owner was a man of great wealth, but the clothes that he wore would not fetch three shillings. Seeing I was much interested in his wines, after we left his Bodega he asked us to look at the wines in his house. It was formerly a Moorish palace, the residence of a rich nobleman, but now retained only a vestige of its former magnificence. We were led by a corridor, supported on marble columns, up to a balcony, with its Moorish arches in the Alhambra style. From the balcony we were shown into a bedroom, the door of which had a mediæval look. The proprietor had the key of this room secured to a girdle round his waist. It was his own bedroom, and in the middle was a small truckle bed and one chair ; this was all

the furniture of the lofty chamber. Along the side, about six or eight feet from the ground, on a platform, was a range of butts of wine, gilded and decorated on the heads towards us with the images of saints. An ingenious contrivance to protect the contents from pilferage was a bar of iron, with a hinge at one end and a very monstrous-sized padlock at the other; this was fixed over the top to secure the bungs. A like precaution was adopted for securing the taps. But as we came not only to see this extraordinary chamber, but to taste the wine, the old Spaniard with some hesitation produced a bunch of keys and disengaged the locks. It was evident, from the difficulty in removing the bars, that this had not been done for some years. The wine in one of these casks, the owner said, belonged to his grandfather, who died forty years ago; and his grandfather had it from *his* grandfather, who, when he bequeathed it, said it was over one hundred years old. If the present owner's grandfather had it as long as his father, the wine must be two centuries old; but we must make some allowance for exaggeration. After hearing this history, I looked towards tasting the wine with a little nervous trepidation; it was like shaking hands with a mummy or disembodied spirit.

The old man watched me closely when I put the wine to my nose and subsequently into my mouth, and my exclamation of pleasure, and my imbibing the whole, gratified him immensely; but when, like *Oliver Twist*, I asked for more, he good-humouredly smiled and replaced the bungs. It certainly was a wine to remember. It is impossible to describe it more than by saying that it had all the flavours of the choicest of wines, be they of what country they may. It was very powerful, and must originally have been more a syrup than anything else. The owner was asked if he could part with any of it, but he said, "No money would tempt him to sell it, not even if for your Queen of England; my grandfather kept it for me, and I shall keep it for my grandson." It is certain to be well guarded at night as long as the old fellow is allowed to sleep in the truckle bed beneath the cask. The whole of the wines in this extraordinary bedroom were of wonderful character. The youngest wine, he declared, was eighty years old, and the remainder over a century. By some manœuvre my kind friend, Mr. Williams, who saw I was much interested in these superb wines, got the proprietor to let him have a bottle, for which I have no doubt he paid a considerable sum. This bottle Mr. Williams

sent to me on my return in 1873, and I have it now untouched. It will be opened upon some occasion, but it must be an important and special one.

I hope my description of the Montilla wines may lead to some good results. If my connection with the Wine Trade was not fast drawing to a close, I would make these wines a *specialité* in my business; and I would advise those who are younger than myself in the trade to get their friends in Xerez to procure the wine for them without a blend of "Finos," or so-called Amontillado. They should be shipped with spirit enough to ensure their preservation. If their Xerez shippers cannot accomplish this, then let them find their way to Cordova or Montilla and select for themselves.

Of Montilla, Mr. Vizetelly, in his report of the Vienna Exhibition, says:—

"The fine wines of Montilla, so famous throughout Spain in the olden times, are especially said to develop this highly-prized Amontillado flavour. Of late years, since the introduction of railways has lessened the cost of transit to the coast, an export trade in the ordinary wines of Montilla has sprung up, and Cordova sent samples of them, from various growers, to compete at Vienna. Generally they were deficient in brightness, and several were remarkably thin, with a suspicion, moreover, of the sub-acidulous flavour of a Rhine wine.

The more recent vintages had nothing specially remarkable about them, for Montilla, above all the wines of Spain, requires considerable age to arrive at full perfection; but the older vintages, without exception, proved to be full and mellow wines, deeper in colour than natural Sherry—richer, too, in aroma—and usually of high and splendid flavour. For one fine sample Senor Blanco, of Cabra, obtained a medal for progress; while for other samples exhibited by Palma & Guesada, and Albear & Co., medals for merit were awarded. One of the last-mentioned wines was in its forty-sixth year, still remarkably spirituous, and possessed of a full nutty flavour. Montillas of the highest class are rarely met with in commerce, their shrewd owners preferring to reserve them for imparting character to commoner growths.”

Chapter vi.

OTHER WINES OF SPAIN.

Spanish Reds—Rancio—Samples at Vienna Exhibition—Use of Elderberries—Rota Tent—Pajereite—Seville—Malaga—Three Crops of Grapes—Manzanares—Carlist Brigands—Fearful Atrocity—Travelling Adventures—The Marquis of Lorne—Santander described—Cheapness of Living—Theatres—Manufactures—Walk Round the Town—A Shower Bath of Red Wine—Val de Penas—Its Quality and Strength—The “Iron in Wine” Fallacy refuted—Faure—Mulder—Durozien—Vino Peralta—Reijo—Vino Rancio.

THE Wines of the Spanish Peninsula which are most in demand in England are those of the Mediterranean coast. They are known as Spanish Reds, and are sold under a variety of names—Tarragona, Catalan, Spanish Port, &c. These wines are mostly shipped from Tarragona, and are the cheapest in the market. As most of them are shipped young and are full of saccharine, they require a large amount of spirit to ensure their keeping for any length of time. There is much coarseness in the ordinary qualities, and they have a taste of molasses; this is owing to the effect

of the spirit upon the imperfectly converted saccharine. The better qualities, which are well fermented and more carefully attended to, almost rival Oporto wines, which are considerably dearer. I have had samples of Spanish Red that by age had become *Rancio*; the colour had departed, and left the wine with a tawny tint. The Spanish wines lose their colour in wood sooner than those of Portugal. I have a suspicion that the deep colour is not altogether natural, but due to the infusion of elderberry juice. This would account for rapid loss of colour, as there is a tendency in any foreign element to absorption by the wood of the vessel in which it may be contained.

Some *Rancios* have a mawkish sweetness; but when it tends to dryness, if the wine was originally of a good quality, it is scarcely distinguishable from old tawny Port. Whether in this condition or otherwise, I believe one-half the Port sold at a low price is a blend of Spanish Red. In the report of the Wines exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition, Mr. Vizetelly gives the following, which is more trustworthy information than I could furnish from my own experience:—

“From Barcelona, Tarragona, and Reus came a

bewildering array of samples, the whole, or nearly the whole, of which seemed more or less fortified with alcohol. In many of them there was a certain fulness of body, combined with considerable mellowness and an agreeable flavour, due to the apparent absence both of sweetness and acidity; while others were remarkably sweet, and others, again, merely fruity. Some, on the other hand, were perfectly dry, and even slightly rough. In nearly the whole of them, opposite as they often were in character, a rich vinous quality could be discriminated beneath the added spirit; and if the collection included nothing of a high class, it comprised much that was interesting. Among the best wines were some Vinotinto Generoso, with Vino Pinuclo, a deep-tinted white, or else pale tawny wine of the vintage of 1851; and Vino Generoso Secco, a really fine red wine, exhibited by Don J. Pedrossa, of Esparraguera. The two latter were both classed in the first rank. There were also samples of Vinos Rancios, dry old wines of tawny tint, and reported to be perfectly natural, yet exhibiting no particular character; with a Vino gral del Panadei, of a brilliant light crimson hue; and a considerable number of ordinary, and several better class, Vinos Tintos, rather deep in colour, generally full of body, invariably soft, and occasionally sweet. Those from Alella were very like a thin natural Port, while others were poorer and a trifle rough, or else loaded with adventitious spirit. The light wines of the so-called Claret character, simply because they contained less than the recognised 26 degrees of proof spirit, very much resembled certain growths of the South of France, and were altogether inferior to the commonest productions of the Gironde, having nothing of their freshness of flavour."

The same authority, in the following extract, gives evidence of the infusion of elderberries. It was merely a surmise on my part in my previous remarks. I did not expect its confirmation in Mr. Vizetelly's report:—

“Sixpence per gallon and upwards appears to be the average price on the spot for the ordinary red Catalan wines, considerable shipments of which take place to England, the Spanish colonies of Cuba and Porto Rico, the Brazils, Buenos Ayres, and the River Plate. Incidentally it may be mentioned that some years ago Consul Crawford drew attention to the circumstance of dried elderberries being largely exported from Portugal to Spain, and he showed from the Oporto Customs Returns for 1866 that during that year no less than 145 tons were thus shipped. The conclusion to which this statement pointed was accepted without the slightest demur, and it is now very generally asserted that elderberries are used to deepen the natural colour of the so-called Spanish Reds, and enable them to be passed off in the above-named countries as veritable wines of Oporto. It is quite certain that merely a few of the numerous samples of Catalan wines exposed at Vienna were at all deep in colour, and only quite recently the Agricultural Council of the Pyrenées Orientales has been calling the attention of the French Minister of Commerce to the circumstance of wines imported from Spain being artificially coloured with elderberry juice. Within the last year or so it seems that France has become one of the best customers of Spain for these particular wines, the rich colour, full body, and fruity—or, at any rate, non-acid—flavour of which render them suitable for

mixing with some of her own poorer growths; and it is quite certain that the bulk of the cheap Clarets consumed in England, possessing deep colour, body, and no perceptible acid flavour, are not the Bordeaux wines they pretend to be, for the above characteristics are foreign to the wines in question, but are simply an admixture of Spanish Mediterranean wines and the *petits vins rouges* of France. From statements in the French trade journals, it appears that Spanish wines of the class above mentioned can be imported free, at one of the southern ports, at the rate of a franc and a half the gallon, and they now figure regularly among the quotations of the Paris Halle aux Vins. During the year 1874 there were as many as 13,367,000 gallons of red Spanish wine imported into France."

Rota Tent is grown opposite Cadiz, where likewise is the Pajerete, made from the Pedro Ximenes grape. The Tinto de Rota I tasted in Spain was a perfectly fermented wine, unlike the sweetened, fortified production which is prepared as a sacramental wine for the English market. During my stay at Seville I had to drink as a table wine, for which there is no charge, a nice, clean, refreshing wine, with somewhat of an aromatic character, in colour a light amber, and by the abundance at breakfast and dinner it must be very cheap. Large glasses, and clear decanters holding from three to four bottles, are placed at intervals between the guests, and replenished when required. I

was very much taken with this wine, and preferred it to their Sherry, for which you had to pay quite as much as you would at an hotel in London. I tried to know all about it. There was, however, some difficulty in getting at its history, but I ascertained it was grown on the banks of the Guadalquiver, between Moguer and Huetra ; that it was little better than a peasant's wine, and would not bear exporting to England. But I am certain of one fact, that large quantities find their way to Xerez and Port St. Mary's. The wine is worth looking after, and I commend its notice to the enterprising young Wine Merchant.

Malaga is now more in repute in England for its grapes and raisins than for its wine produce ; but in very early days Mountain Malaga, both red and white, were in some demand as sweet liqueur wines. The mountains around Malaga are covered with vines, which grow in great luxuriance. The climate is favourable, and the air warm and moist to the height of several thousands of feet above the level of the sea, and to this is attributable the somewhat remarkable circumstance of the vines producing three crops of grapes in one year. The first takes place in June, and furnishes the Muscatel raisins—the bloom and the *lexia*—which are exported as

such. The second crop is in September; at this gathering the grapes are not in full maturity, but are sufficiently ripe to make a dry wine of the Manzanilla character. What are known as the vintage grapes are gathered in October and November, and make the richer qualities known as Malaga. In the treatment of the vine they are not so particular as in the province of Cadiz. The price of labour and the expense of the vineyards are much less in Malaga than at Xerez. The grapes grown are the Pedro Ximenes and Doradillo. The soil is composed of clay, schist, penetrated by veins of quartz, with a chalk foundation. Both soil and fruit are capable of producing wines equal to the finest in the Peninsula, and it only requires energy, knowledge, and capital to make this district obtain for its wines a reputation it does not possess at this period, and increase the value one hundred times over.

Mr. Vizetelly's report is a valuable one to those interested in the wines shown at the Vienna Exhibition, and I recommend its perusal for further information upon the great variety of wines of Spain not generally known to the trade. But I am disappointed that only slight mention is made of the Val de Penas, so named from the stony valley in La Mancha, where these wines are grown.

En route from Cordova to Oporto, I made a short stay at Manzanares, but being without any introduction, and having no knowledge of the language, I could not get the information I required, and I was glad to get out of the neighbourhood, I was travelling during the height of the Carlist war. Carlist brigands were stopping the trains and plundering the passengers, and the train which left me at Manzanares for Madrid, was an hour afterwards stopped by the brigands, and an innkeeper who had given information against some of the gang, was dragged from his seat, deluged with petroleum, and suffered a horrible and cruel death without interference on the part of the rest of the terror-stricken passengers. I did not escape without molestation from these Carlist robbers. On my return from Lisbon to Madrid, after we had left Argamasilla and were approaching Cañada Ycaracuel, some impediment, stones or blocks of timber thrown across the rails, stopped the progress of the train. The doors of the carriage were suddenly opened and two ruffians appeared making some demand: I pleaded ignorance of their requirements, although I suspected what they wanted. I temporised by producing my railway ticket, then my passport, but at last, shaking some coin in his hand, my antagonist

put his meaning beyond the possibility of mistake. My purse I had at the first alarm put with my watch under the cushions of the carriage. I had an empty pocket which I turned inside out, then I put my hand in the other pocket and pulling out a few pesetas, and showing the empty pocket tendered the few small coins, which were received with some words which I don't think were complimentary. But I might have saved my pesetas had I delayed a few minutes longer. Before the gang could complete the pillage of all the carriages firing was heard, the civic guard national were on the alert, and the pilfering scoundrels made off. When we arrived at Ciudad Real, the excitement was immense: there was much embracing of the few soldiers who were our presumed deliverers, profuse congratulations amongst the travellers, and valiant display of revolvers and rifles which some of the passengers had with them, and it then appeared that it was from the carriages the firing took place, and not from the soldiery. When at Lisbon, I received a telegram that I must take Bordeaux upon my return, as there was some unfavourable report as to the destruction of the year's crops by severe frosts, and on arrival my first anxiety was, after a

couple of days' rest, to proceed to Bordeaux. But I could not reach France by railway, as the railway bridges were destroyed and the railway torn up. You could go a portion of the distance as far as Vittoria and then by diligence to Bayonne; but here there was danger, and only the diligences upon which a subsidy was paid, were allowed to go unmolested. This, of course, added enormously to the expense, and it was only the wealthy who could submit to the exaction. I was then recommended to journey by way of Santander, with a chance of a steamer to Bordeaux or Bayonne. In this circuit I had a second Carlist adventure. After leaving Venta de Bãnos at two o'clock in the morning, I slept for two hours, and might have continued my slumber longer, but just as the morning was breaking the carriage doors were opened on each side, and six fine fellows, with loaded and cocked rifles, entered. I found at once by their manner that they were friends and not foes. On my attempting to rise, they intimated that it was dangerous; nor would they allow me to approach the windows, which they occupied, standing at the present two in front and one in the rear. I was struck with their costume, which was precisely that of our foot regiments

in part of the reign of George III. I have remarked they were very fine men. They were clean shaven, with neither whiskers nor moustache, and wore cocked hats, with gaiters, buttoned from the foot and over the knee. For full two hours did they keep at the window, the engine, with the carriages, traversing the line backwards and forwards for about six miles or so. Anything more wearisome I never encountered, compelled as I was to keep a recumbent position. Occasionally there would be a stop for a quarter of an hour, when our defenders would join their comrades, and pace as sentries to and fro. Altogether over four hours were occupied in this manner. I learnt that an attack was intended upon this train, but the authorities had scent of it, and a detachment of the civic guard national being in the neighbourhood they were despatched to be ready for the assailants. But there was no appearance of any, and it being considered safe to proceed we went on to Santander, which I reached ten hours after the time fixed in the time table. It was altogether an eventful journey, and one that I should not like to undertake again. I was detained at Santander for five days, waiting for a steamer for Bayonne; but I spent my time very agreeably. On my

arrival I was greeted by an Englishman, a good, honest, kind fellow, who was the proprietor of a tavern called the "Marquis of Lorne;" and although it was not an hotel proper, but more a house of entertainment for captains and others in the mercantile marine service, I was very well satisfied with the accommodation afforded me, and grateful for the attention I received from Mr. and Mrs. Curling. It was a relief to find some one who could talk to you in your native language, and to quickly respond to your requirements. Many of my readers are, no doubt, weary of such frequent personal reference to my travels; but they will find, I hope, before the conclusion of this chapter (if they have so far borne with me) some compensation in information, which I think will be found valuable, upon the wines of Val de Pena.

But I must be allowed to give a short description of Santander, as to many travellers an account of an agreeable place of resort, where there is very much that is interesting, and where provisions* and house rent are very reasonable, may be useful. Santander is on the south tongue of a headland, protected on the north by a hill, in a large and secure bay in

* There is a plentiful supply both of sea and fresh-water fish, very good and cheap.

the Bay of Biscay, with a good anchorage and shelter. In the more ancient quarter, the streets are narrow and straight and the houses lofty; while in the modern the streets are spacious as well as straight, and the houses of moderate elevation, but good architecture. There is an excellent theatre, in which an opera company performed during my stay. I heard "Norma," "Guillaume Tell," and other pieces produced in a style that would do credit to a London company. By the fashionable appearance of the dress circle, and the high prices of admission, the residents would appear to be wealthy. Santander is a busy, thriving place, contains large refined-sugar and cigar manufactories, iron foundries, breweries, &c., and is an entrepôt for wines from various districts, for export and for general consumption. Owing to the facility which the railway affords, the wines of Manzanares, Ciudad Real, La Mancha, and varieties of Val de Penas are brought in great abundance. There were some white wines, but they were coarse, sweet, and not clean upon the palate.

On the second day after my arrival I went for a stroll in the Alamedas, the promenades in the town without ascending the heights. Upon the latter there is an elm and accacia-planted road,

surrounding the entire city. From this eminence the views are charmingly grand and expansive. It was an intensely hot day, but the shade from the trees and the delicious sea breeze moderated the heat. I had made the circuit of the road, which was a long one, when, coming to a point overlooking the railway station, I found that, although there was no regular path, I might shorten the distance by descending the cutting which had been made for the accommodation of the goods traffic. It was more difficult than I expected, but I somehow clambered down until, at the bottom, I found myself wedged in with railway trucks, laden with skins full of red wine.* The heat had swollen these to their utmost extent, and as I was making my way one of the skins burst right over me, and I was deluged from head to foot with blood-red wine. I had on a light linen coat, trousers of the same material, and a white felt hat.

What I looked like after such a shower-bath, I must leave the reader to imagine. A Red

* These skins of wine, piled on each other like sacks of wheat or pockets of hops, are pig skins, *sans* legs and heads. They look like portly pigs, singed, after being killed. The stomach, and the orifices left by the legs and head, are stitched up, and made to contain the wine as safely as in a cask. There were some thousands on the railway trucks where the catastrophe above recorded happened.

Indian after a sanguinary engagement could not have been a more fearful object than myself. However, I escaped the fate of the Duke of Clarence, and at last extricated myself from my unpleasant position. On leaving the station my appearance attracted the attention of the idlers that are always to be found hanging about railway stations, and merry and rough were the salutations I received. One of the railway officials proffered his assistance, gave me a rub down by way of relieving me of the superfluous liquid, and walked with me to my inn; he appeared to condole with me in my unenviable condition, but his sympathy could not have been very sincere, as he told my landlord it served me quite right, because I had no business to be where the accident happened. Having had some experience of the *external* application of this wine, I determined upon a further acquaintance, and with the assistance of an interpreter I found the merchant to whom it was consigned, and arrived at his stores during the delivery of the wine. He said it was *Val de Penas*, and was either *Vita* or *Vino de Banos*; my notes are not clear whether *Vita*, *Vito*, or *Vino* is the correct prefix. It was a wine of the preceding year (1872), about eight months old, of very deep colour, well fermented, and with a

tendency to astringency; remarkably dry and firm for so young a wine. I expected to find that it was highly fortified, but it contained but 28 per cent. of proof spirit. It reminded me of a Rhone wine, the *Château Neuf de Pape*. I inquired if spirit had been added to it, and was assured it was just as it was made. "The price would not allow of spirit, and it would spoil the wine." The cost of a pipe of 120 gallons of this 1872 vintage was £5 10s. Free on board at Santander, cask included, and presuming the freight to London to be 10s. per pipe, and deducting the value of the cask, which would be at least 12s., the nett cost of the wine, without duty, would be about one shilling per gallon. If the strength of the wine were under 26 per cent. of proof, the duty would be one shilling per gallon; add three shillings per dozen for bottles and bottling, &c., and this brings the first cost to five shillings per dozen. Now, I venture to say that if the wine were kept in wood for two years, watched and attended to as carefully as Claret or Burgundy, and bottled at the third or fourth year, it would equal or surpass in quality and hygienic properties any Carlowitz that is sold in England, and the cost to the consumer would be less than one-half of the Hungarian wine. As to the iron stated to

be so valuable in Carlowitz, the Val de Penas is likely to contain a larger portion. This infinitesimal quantity of iron is to be found in almost every wine, as much in the Medoc and those of Burgundy as in those of Hungary. It shows how little the general properties of wine are understood by the profession generally, that a particular wine is believed by medical men to be more beneficial to invalids than another on account of the iron it contains. Mulder* speaks of a trace of tannate of iron salt, which occurs in most wines, and which, when only present in a very small quantity, adds something to the colour of the wine, but it can by no means give the wine the colour of ink, since tartaric acid decomposes tannate of iron, though less readily than oxalic acid; and free tartaric acid exists in all wine. Faure detected minute quantities of tartrate of iron in French wines, but this iron salt is probably not found in it. He found three parts of tartrate of iron in *10,000 parts wine to be the maximum*. Durozien, the reviewer of Faure's works, says, in the *Journ. de Pharm.*, 1844, tom. vi., p. 208, speaking of this homœopathic quantity of iron, "We take more every day in meat, bread, and

* "Chemistry of Wine."

vegetables, &c., than is to be found in a hogs-head of wine." After this digression, which I think is entitled to some attention, I will go back to the Val de Penas.

The other qualities which I tasted and approved were Val de Penas, at 25 reals the cantara,* a red wine of excellent quality. These quotations are for the wine in the stores, cask and shipping charges being extra. *Vino Peralta*, 22 reals the cantara, a good fine wine, without coarseness. The cheapest wine, most drunk in the wine shops and taverns, was the *Reijo*, 17 reals the cantara; much of this is exported, and for ships' use. It is an ordinary wine, sound and wholesome, worth inquiring after; *Vino Rancio*, a tawny wine, old, and very sweet, was thought much of, and is used as a dessert wine, but commands a higher price in relation to the others than I think it is worth; the quotation was 50 reals the cantara.

* A cantara is 16·133 litres, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ or a trifle more English gallons. A butt of 108 gallons would contain about $30\frac{1}{2}$ cantaras.



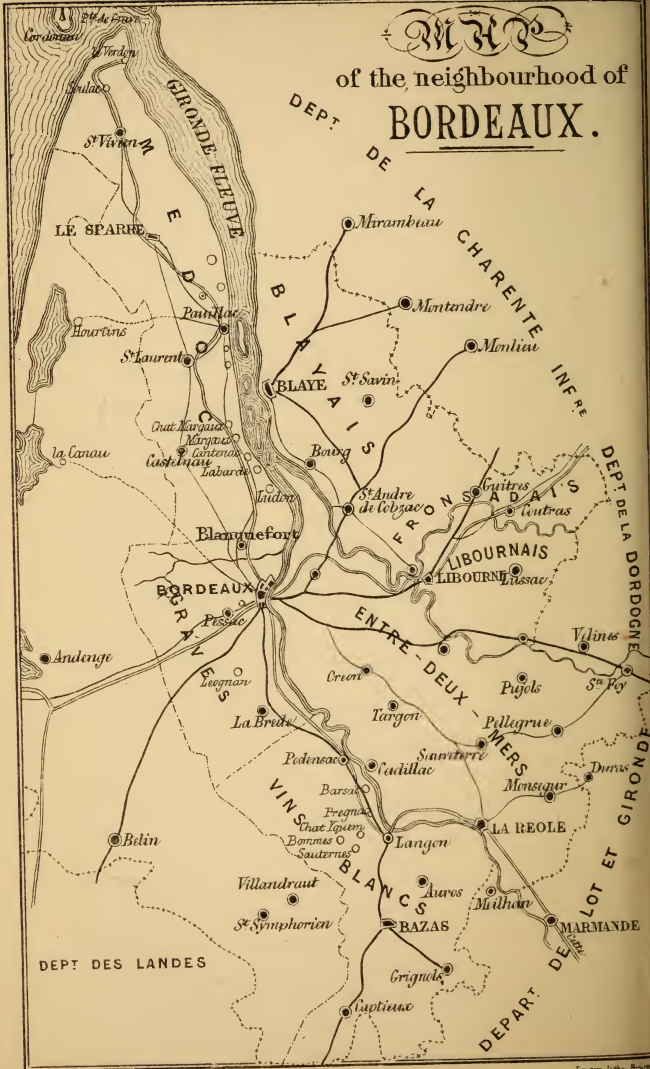
of the neighbourhood of
BORDEAUX.

DEPT. DE LA CHARENTE INF. RE

DEPT. DE LA DORDOGNE

DEPART. DE LOT ET GIRONDE
MARMANDE

DEPT. DES LANDES



Chapter vii.

WINES OF FRANCE.

CLARET.

Bordeaux—Advice to Young Wine Merchants—French Politeness—Diligent Tasting necessary—Acquaintance with the Wine Districts—Wine Brokers—Tour down the Medoc—Queries—Lormont—Blanquefort—Ludon—Macau—Entre deux Mers—Gironde—Dordogne—Bourg—Labarde—Cantenac—Margaux—Blaye—Château de Becheville—Pauillac—Lafite—Mouton—Cos Destournel—Le Roc—Cos Labory—Vintage of 1864—The Member of the Reform Club and Château Mouton—Manuring the Vineyard—Laughable Anecdote—Château Phelan Seguer—Pontet Canet—Grand Puy Lacoste—Batailly—Pichon Longueville—Château Latour—Lalande—Leoville Lacasses—Leoville Barton—St. Julien—Ducru—Becheville—Cussae—Lamarque—Château Margaux—Description of Vintage Festival at—Vineyards of—The Stables—Cooperage—Pressoirs—Treading the Grapes—The Cuverie—Drawing off the Wine—Château Palmer—Margaux and Cantenac Districts—Policy of Classification disputed—Authors on Wines of Medoc—Wm. Franck—M. Rabache—Dinner at Bordeaux—Protest against high-sounding Names and Noted Brands—Sale of Château Margaux bottled at the Château—Sale of Lafite bottled at the Château—No Reliance upon so-called First *Crûs*—Giscours—Cantermêle—Return to Bordeaux—The Bordelais—Its Six Districts—Classification—Libourne—St. Emilion—Fronsac—Reole—Bazas—Blaye—

— St. Christophe — St. Laurent — White Wines — Château d'Yquem — Crème de Tête — Enormous Prices realised — La Tour Blanche — Château Suduirant — Vintaging in Sauternes — Graves — Hint to Hotel Proprietors — Vintages in Bordeaux District from 1847 to 1876 — The Phylloxera Vastatrix — Treatment of Clarets, &c. — Landing — Gauging — Storing — Filling up — Fining — Bottling — Sealing — Binning.

“France is the vineyard of the earth. Her fertile soil, gentle declivities, clear sunny skies, and fine summer temperature, place her in conjunction with her experience, and the advantages of science applied to vinification, the foremost in the art of making the juice which so gladdens the human heart. The wines of France against those of all the earth, may be fairly said. Their effect on the health is grateful and beneficial. They cheer and exhilarate, while they fascinate all but coarse and vulgar palates, with their delicate and delicious flavours. Their variety is great, and they stand upon their own intrinsic merits.”

CYRUS REDDING.

IT was a great relief to me after two months of a life of vicissitude in Spain and Portugal, to find myself once more in Bordeaux, a beautiful city* which has attractions for all classes of visitors, and where I have experienced much enjoyment, and gained valuable information.

I made my first acquaintance many years ago with the varieties of Claret by visiting every cellar (or *chai*) of importance in Bordeaux, informing myself upon the qualities from the lowest to their highest *crûs*. And if any young

* See Appendix.

merchant wishes to qualify himself by a knowledge of this very important branch of his business, I recommend his adoption of the same course. He may get innumerable introductions in London from firms representing houses in Bordeaux, and possessed of these he may rely upon courteous attention. None excel the French in politeness to strangers, and they offer a contrast to the *brusquerie*, too much the habit of the majority of the mercantile portion of our nation. It is child's play, and leads to no ultimate advantage, to go through cellars without diligent tasting and recording the characteristics of each wine. It may be fatiguing to follow this up for five or six hours, but yet this should be done day by day for weeks, by which time, if there is earnestness and intelligence in the young tyro, he will then be able to recognise by the bouquet and taste the wines of the various districts; and the result will be of great value to him in his after selections.

Although I strongly recommend an acquaintance with the wine districts, I must not be supposed to imply that there is in these expeditions any advantage or gain to be obtained in the way of purchase. Immediately after a favourable vintage, as soon as the

quality of the wine is developed, the Bordeaux merchants rush to their brokers, scour the country, and secure the best bargains. After this it is hazardous for a stranger, or one not fully up to the business, to rely upon his own judgment; he may find in the country wines in the growers' or factors' hands, and to him they may appear cheap, but it generally happens that such purchases turn out to be dear bargains in the end. For a large buyer, the proper course to adopt is to arrange with a respectable broker, who will take his client to the districts where the description of wine wanted is to be found. For these services a commission will have to be paid, according to the amount of purchase. The broker will draw up the contract between the purchaser and the vendor, and arrange for the transmission of the wines. If no purchase is made, the broker will have to be compensated for his time and expenses. Unless the merchant's transactions are extensive, it is far better for him to make his selections from the immense stores in Bordeaux, where every variety of wine is to be found, with a guarantee for fair dealing in the position and respectability of the merchant. For an agreeable excursion, and one in which an acquaintance may be made with the best known and most

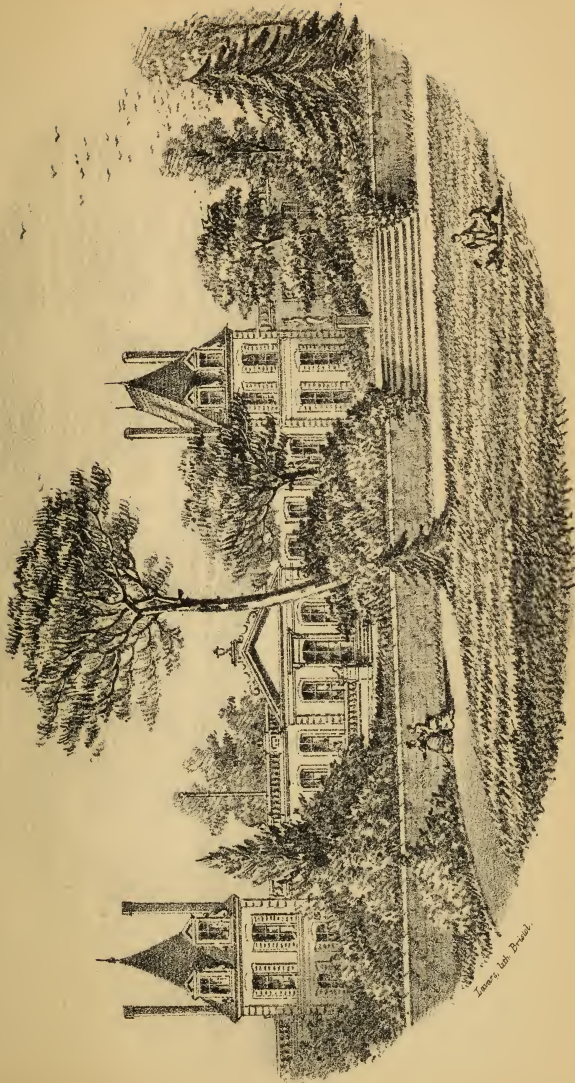
esteemed wines of the growth of the Medoc, I recommend the reader to the following short tour. In summer a steamer leaves the Quai des Chartrons every morning at eight o'clock, ploughing her way through forests of masts, passing French guard-ships, floating batteries, Atlantic steamers, and other craft. When the vessel is clear upon the bosom of the Garonne, there will be observed on the right a marshy plain called *Queries*, celebrated for strong coarse wines, which improve by exportation, and are generally known as *Côtes*. The first station the steamer stops at is Lormont, the birthplace of Richard II. Passing the commune of Blanquefort, we coast along the bank which bounds successively the vineyards of Ludon and Macau. The land on the right, denominated *Entre deux Mers*, from its being comprised by the rivers Garonne and Dordogne, now runs to a promontory known as the Bec d'Ambès, which is the junction of the two rivers, and forms the grand estuary called the Gironde. At a short distance round the point, and on the right bank of the Dordogne, is Bourg. The vineyards about Bourg furnished England with Claret long before the Medoc, the present famous Claret country, was planted with vines.* Below the Bec d'Ambès two large

* See Appendix.

islands are formed in the middle of the river. On the left are the famous communes of Labarde, Cantenac, and Margaux, and on the right in the distance is Blaye. We are now passing the most precious vineyards in France, equal to, if not surpassing, any in the world. The noble mansion on the left is the Château de Becheville, the seat of the late P. F. Guestier, formerly a peer of France. The public is indebted to him for a landing-place, constructed at his own expense. In the vintaging seasons of 1862 and 1864 I was most hospitably entertained at this residence. During the summer of 1839 Bordeaux was enlivened by the presence of the lamented Duke of Orleans and his Duchess, who spent several weeks in visiting the environs. They made an excursion into the Claret country, where they were magnificently received and entertained by Mons. P. F. Guestier at the Château de Becheville.* Behind is the handsome Château of Langoa, belonging to an English proprietor, Mr. H. Barton, of the firm of Barton & Guestier, the well-known Bordeaux house. This neighbourhood in every direction abounds with valuable properties. I have landed at Pauillac generally, and on one occasion at St. Estephe. I should recommend on a

* See Appendix.

BEYCHEVELLE ST JULIEN, MEDOC.



Levasseur, del. Prange, sculp.

first visit landing at Pauillac, and taking a carriage to Lafite, observing *en route* Mouton d'Armailhac and Mouton Baron Rothschild's. Adjoining Lafite are wines of Cos Destournel, Le Roc, and Cos Labory. Returning by road to Bordeaux (and a most delightful drive it is), you pass vineyards whose wines are well known in England. I am treating now of the Medoc wines only. I visited very many of these places through the kindness of Mr. Daniel Guestier, who devoted a day to driving me to the most important vineyards between Becheville and St. Estephe. The vintage at the end of September, 1864, was in full operation.

Before I reached Bordeaux the report was unfavourable as to the year's produce; it had been too dry a season, and there was a fear that the grapes would not yield half a crop. But the growers were taken by surprise; the rain which fell a few weeks before the gathering swelled out the grapes to such an extent as completely to deceive the owners, and when the pressing commenced it was found that there was in many districts more wine than there were casks to contain it.

The day previous to my leaving London, in the course of conversation upon Claret, I was informed by a member of the Reform Club,

where he drank Château Mouton, that the wine had a decided taste of *wool*, which it derived from the vineyard being manured with sheeps' dung. From this peculiar character I was told it derived the name of Mouton. This statement was supported by others present, and anything I could say in refutation of such an absurdity was treated with contempt, and the discussion waxed warm. But I kept the statement in mind, and when I visited the Mouton Chais I narrated the discussion to Mr. Daniel Guestier; he, suppressing his laughter, communicated it to the chef, who related it to the workmen engaged in drawing off the new wine. The merriment which such nonsense created was a sufficient answer to my opponent. The vines are manured in the ordinary way from oxen and the usual stable refuse.

This delightful day's trip ended in an inspection of the wines of M. Phelan, at Seguer. This gentleman, a brother-in-law of M. Guestier, is a large proprietor and produces fine wines: they are seldom in the English market, finding ready purchasers on the spot. The Agricultural Society awarded M. Phelan a gold medal for the introduction of machinery, which he erected at a considerable outlay, one advantage being to bring the *pressoir* on a level with the *cuve*

or vat. The saving both of time and wine is said to be very great. I was much impressed with the admirable scientific arrangements of the establishment.

On the return journey to Bordeaux, the tourist will pass vineyards from whence are produced wines well known in England:—Poutet Canet—Grand Puy Lacoste—Batailly—Pichon Longueville—Château Latour—Lalande—Leoville Lacases—Leoville Barton,—until we reach St. Julien; after which will be found Langoa—Ducru—Becheville—Cussac—Lamarque. We pass on to the renowned Château Margaux, where there is an imposing edifice in the Italian style, with a lofty portico of Ionic columns projecting in advance of the building, which you approach by a broad gravelled path through an Italian garden with rows of vases surmounted by a tasteful display of flowers. The main walk brings you to the front of the house, the elevation of which is enhanced by an immense flight of steps. Upon the balustrading are more gigantic vases of flowers. As there is no protection from sunshine or rain, I imagine that the general entrance is at the back.

My visit at the latter end of September, 1862, was at an opportune time—just at the termination of the vintage, and preparations were being

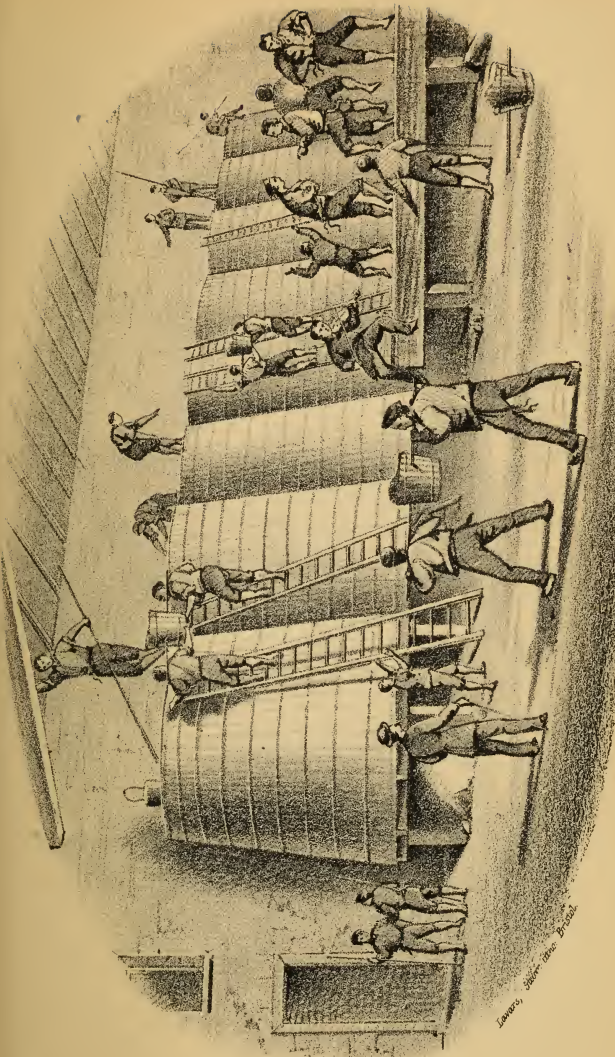
made for a festival in the evening. At the rear of the building was a huge lawn where the gathering was to take place. This was decorated with much taste. In the centre stood a pole of considerable height, from which was suspended garlands and wreaths leading to other poles of less elevation than the central one. These formed a large circle, and from the festoons hung Chinese lanterns of various colours. The whole had a charming effect. I felt so delighted with the scene that I determined to remain until the evening, in order to ascertain what a vintage festival was like. I had an excellent companion in an English gentleman residing at Bordeaux, who was of great assistance to me.

After a good dinner at the hotel, where we had a bottle of Margaux, said to be wine of the Château, for which we paid five francs, but which we thought was somewhat coarse and spirituous, we then tried the host's best at eight francs, which was precisely the same wine as the first. This is a very common trick, and, *en passant*, I would recommend travellers, as a general rule, to select the more moderate priced wines, as they are more likely to get value for their money from these than from the so-called first-class wine. After dinner we returned to the

Château. The moon was at its full, and shining in the clear atmosphere so brightly that the smallest print could be read by its light. Along the road leading to the Château troops of maidens and men, in their gayest attire, were carolling in full joy and gladness. Mirth and harmless pleasantries marked their way. We were soon recognised as strangers, and bore the jokes of which we were sometimes the object with good-humoured retort. No stage representation of a village festival could at all approach the scene of this gathering. The dances and flirtations amidst old and young must be left to the imagination of my readers. I have not power to describe the whole scene, but it was all conducted with decorum, and altogether very enjoyable.

But I must return to a description of the vintaging operations at the Château. It struck me as something extraordinary that such enormous buildings should be erected for so small a produce. The extent of the vineyard is 216 English acres of ground, and this produces on an average about one hundred tuns of wine, that is four hundred hogsheads only. Of this quantity three hundred and twenty are of the first and eighty of the second class. Everything at Château Margaux is on a grand scale, and must

appear to a visitor inconsistent with the requirements. I was shown first the stables, and was told there were stalls for thirty oxen and forty horses. There were long rows of neat cottages for the workmen, coopers, bullock drivers, and other employés, with their families. I then visited the cooperage; after that the *pressoirs*, of which there were six, all built in stone. The men were treading out the last gathering, four most powerful fellows following each other in a circle, with bare legs and naked feet, tramping in rapid succession, with elbows close to their sides and clenched fists, the same attitude that professional pedestrians take in a walking match, and in this manner they crushed the purple grape. Tubs are ready to secure the juices, and when the grapes are sufficiently trodden, a broom is used to sweep out what remains in the *pressoir*, and this is thrown into the vats to ferment. Adjoining the *pressoir* is the *chai* (cellar), or as some call it the *cuvierie*, which contains the vats. It is an immense building. The roof is supported by eighteen stone pillars, which are rounded and of great thickness, and give the place the appearance of a cathedral or old Norman church. Here are shown the vats, of which there were eighteen in one line. The ground surface was occupied with new



FOULAGE EN MISE EN CUVE

Lanvers, Stever, Libraire, Brézel.

hogsheads, as wines of first class are never put into old casks. It is a great joke to get a stranger to go up a ladder and look into one of these vats during the process of fermentation. I was served this trick. The escape of the carbonic gas is so powerful that for a moment you are completely paralysed, and to remain any length of time would be certain death. After a very short period, when the chef declares the wine to have been made, the drawing off into the hogsheads ready for its reception commences. There is judgment required in this operation. The wine is passed from the vat through a wire sieve into a sort of half-tub called gorgonille; a man is placed to watch this and turn the tap if he sees the wine running foul. They take equal proportions from each vat for every hogshead, in order to preserve a uniform quality; and this will be found the universal practice in the treatment of wines of good crûs.

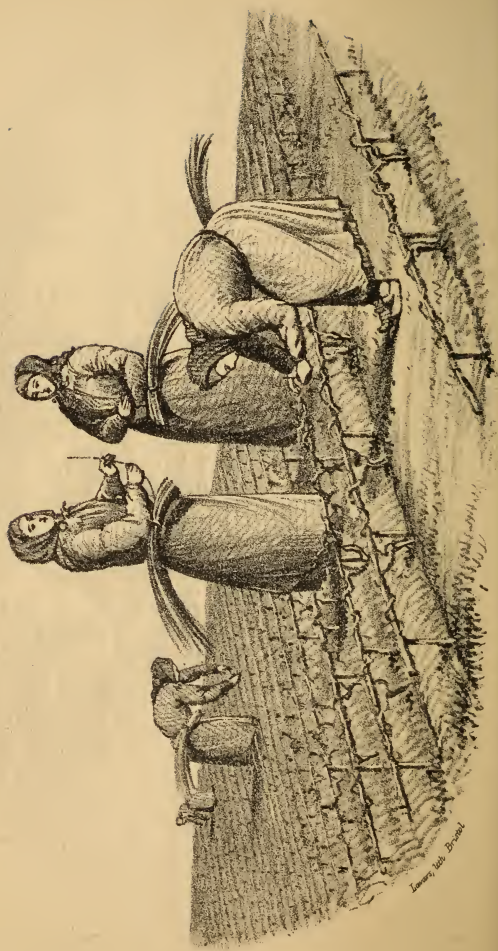
Adjoining to Margaux is Château Palmer, formerly the property of General Palmer, who resided at Bath. This is a building of great elegance erected in 1855. The wines until the oidium made its appearance were in good repute.

I find myself lost in an attempt to enumerate the vineyards and their designations in the

Margaux and Cantenac districts, where there are a thousand and more vineyards, the smallest of which are from one to two yards wide by 20, the largest 100 to 200 yards long, some belonging to Château Margaux, Rauzan, Duri- fort, Kirman, Palma, Malescot, &c., &c.; others to small growers, paysans, artisans, and bourgeois of the Margaux district.

Especially do I invite the reader's attention to one remarkable fact, and I ask the trade generally to well consider my statement—The wines cultivated by large and small growers in the Margaux and Cantenac districts* are the same. The soil, if I am rightly informed, is the same. Equal or more attention to cultivation is shown by the bourgeois than his celebrated neighbour, and he frequently makes a better wine; for vineyards producing the finest *crûs* have frequently too many young vines, and these yield what proves to be but poor wine after a time in wood or bottle. The larger proprietor is longer in getting in his grapes, and he may have rain at the end of his gathering or he may have too little or too much fermentation

* It is right to mention that this domain possesses vines and very good *cépages*, upon valuable land. Its wines, by their superior qualities, may vie with those of Château Margaux.—*Extract from Le Producteur Vignoble de la Gironde*, 1838.



Lamoy, del. Bruckel

FEMME DU MEDOC DE L'ANT. LA VICINE

in the cuvées. Now why is there this enormous difference in price? Simply on account of a classification made twenty or thirty years ago more or less based upon chance samples of one vintage.

In the *Traité sur les Vins de Medoc*, by William Franck, Edition 1845, a valuable work of which I freely avail myself, Mr. Franck vaguely justifies the classing of famous wines, which, "though established on sure basis as far as some species are concerned, presents a greater uncertainty in what concerns other properties. A wine which one person declares to be third-rate ought not according to the dictum of another to rise from the fourth class. In such matters it is quite impossible to obtain unanimity." Further on he says:—

"Crûs of the same class, situated sometimes in distinct communes or parishes, yield a produce of equal merit, but of different character; whereas sometimes, in the same parishes, adjacent properties furnish wines that have very little affinity between them. To introduce some kind of order among these diverse elements, people have for a very long period chosen in every parish the wines which, endowed with an equal superiority, ought to realise the same price; and it is thus that classification has been formed, sanctioned by custom, which has acquired the force of law. . . . People would fall into the greatest mistake should they consider all the

wines that are not included in the lists of the best growths (*grands crus*) as inferior and without quality. When the vintage is good, unclassified vineyards often give excellent wines; but famous years make a very sensible difference between the classes."

M. Rabache, in his *Key to the Thorough Knowledge of the Vineyards and Wines of Bordeaux*, a very able work, of much assistance to me in my edition of 1862, in relation to this classification, observes:—

"If our forefathers were less advanced than we are in knowledge of the sciences, they were perhaps better observers, and it is certain that all they left us was derived mostly from observation. With respect to Bordeaux wines, our ancestors very wisely observed that the produce of the vine was not alike in every place, and that even in a village wines of different qualities were produced. They also remarked that the wines produced by the same proprietor on a particular soil were every year of qualities relatively either superior or inferior to others. They, therefore, found it necessary to classify the vineyards according to the quality of the wines regularly produced by each particular plot of ground. Hence the distinction of *crus*, or growths."

Notwithstanding M. Rabache's encomium upon the "wisdom of our forefathers" in their classification of the Bordeaux wines, I think, without any disrespect to that wisdom, the time has arrived when these distinctions should be

abolished, as they no doubt lead to a species of practical dishonesty. At the utmost the produce of the best years of the vineyards of Lafite is from 400 to 500 hogsheads, of Margaux from 400 to 500, of Latour from 200 to 300. In favourable years, when the vintage has been of good quality, it is notorious that there is openly sold one hundred times as much Lafite and Margaux as is produced. This cannot be denied. I do not want to offend the merchants of Bordeaux, whom I desire to speak of with respect; but it can be shown as a fact, that much is sold in favourable years as Château Lafite and Château Margaux which the vendors know perfectly well is not the growth of those vineyards. Their justification is that the wines are equal in quality, similar in every respect as to character and colour, and intrinsically as valuable as the noted wines; and that if owing to an absurd classification they are not first *crû*, they ought to be so called, as otherwise they would be at an unfair disadvantage.

I remember some years since hearing this subject discussed at a private dinner at Bordeaux, when the merits of Lafite and Latour were being discussed over bottles of the respective wines. After a while, the host sent his servant for wine of another quality, which, compared

with the three celebrities, was pronounced to be the best. "Well, gentlemen," says M. —, "the wine is of the same year's vintage as the others, but it is classed as second growth. It is Château Mouton." This incident impressed me at the time, and I felt then, and my opinion has since been confirmed, that there is a fallacy in this arbitrary classification, although, according to M. Franck, "it is sanctioned by custom and has acquired the force of law."

For many years I have fought against this most pernicious of all habits, that of being led away by high-sounding names, and the evils of attaching more importance to certain brands than to intrinsic quality. In Champagne I shall continue as I have hitherto done, to enter my protest against certain brands upon corks leading the market. In Cognac the monopoly created by certain brands is most detrimental to the trade; and I am convinced the merchant of Bordeaux would be more unfettered but for this arbitrary classification of growths. He would then pay for Château Lafite, Margaux, Latour, and any other celebrities, not for the name, but for their value in comparison with other wines. The present system is altogether wrong, and leads to some vineyards being much over-estimated, and others of equal or better

quality being unjustly under-valued. Gossip says of Lafite and Château Margaux that these wines of late years are much depreciated in quality, through former proprietors having worn out the land by heavy manuring to get the largest profitable yield, at the sacrifice of the special characteristics which pertain to the soil on which the excellence of the wine mainly depends. Treaties with several large firms have been entered into, and leases granted for a specific number of years—contracts which are likely to encourage the lessees to get as much produce out of the vineyards as possible. As to quality, “N’importe”—is it not a first *crû*? and the name, not the quality, commands its price.

But this expectation is not always realised. In 1869 Messrs. Fulcher & Baines, the well-known brokers, sold by auction a very large parcel of Château Margaux bottled at the Château, the price being about 30s. per dozen. At a subsequent sale, in 1871, the same wine only realised an average of 18s. per dozen. The cases bore the arms of the Vicomte Aquado, the corks being branded “*Vicomte Aquado, premier vin Château Margaux.*” But for the cork brand, which sold the wine, it was questionable if any one would have bid for it. I must say that the

sample submitted at the broker's office was different to the bulk of the wine. It may have been that removal and the subsequent two years in bottle produced a remarkable change, but after that period the wine became rotten, and was, as I can testify, entirely valueless. A complaint and an attempt to obtain redress was made to the broker, but he could do nothing in the matter. His business was only to sell; with the quality he had nothing to do. As there were many buyers at the sale, there are, no doubt, others who will corroborate my statement as to the result of their purchases of *Château Margaux bottled at the Château*. A large stock of Lafite, bottled at the Château, was sold by auction about the same period, and I believe the utmost price obtained was 20s. per dozen. Whether the purchasers experienced a like disappointment I am unable to state. It is certainly an evidence that there cannot be implicit reliance upon so-called first *crûs*. As I have stated it is impossible for me to describe more than a small portion of the wines in the district of Cantenac. From personal experience I can say that this is the most favourable district to get inexpensive wines, showing more value than any others. Giscours and Cantermele will be passed on the right of the return

journey by road to Bordeaux; Macau and Ludon on the left. The department of the Gironde, formed of that portion of ancient Guienne more particularly denominated Bordelais, is comprised in the south-west region of France. It is divided into six districts (*arrondissements ou sous préfectures*). It is bounded on the north by the department of the Charente Inférieure, on the south by that of the Landes, on the east by those of the Dordogne and Lot et Garonne, and on the west by the Atlantic Ocean. The six districts are those of Bordeaux, Lesparre, Libourne, La Réole, Bazas, and Blaye, of which the two first are by far the most celebrated, on account of the fame of their produce. It will be unnecessary to detail, as I did in "WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES," 1862, the various growths and territories of the classed and unclassed wines. The commerce of Bordeaux recognises about sixty classified growths, and these are subdivided into five *crûs*, according to Mr. Franck, which, as I have before stated, I consider an arbitrary and objectionable arrangement. It would be a waste of time and space to give more than an abstract of this classification. The estates of Château Lafite, Latour, and Margaux, in Medoc, and Haut Brion, in Graves,

are declared to be first *crûs* or growths. The second growths are apportioned as follows:—

Pauillac	2
Margaux	3
St. Julien	3
Cantenac	1
St. Estephe	2
	—
Total second growths...	11
	—

THIRD GROWTHS.

Margaux	5
St. Julien	2
Cantenac	4
St. Estephe	1
Ludon	1
Labarde	1
	—
Total third growths	14
	—

FOURTH GROWTHS.

Pauillac	2
St. Julien	4
Cantenac	3
St. Estephe	1
St. Laurent	1
	—
Total fourth growths	11
	—

FIFTH GROWTHS.

Pauillac	10
Cantenac	1
St. Estephe	1
Labarde	1
St. Laurent	2
Arsac	1
Macau	1
						—
Total fifth growths	17
						—

Amongst the wines known as those of the Bordelais are those grown in the arrondissements of Libourne, La Réole, Bazas, and Blaye. St. Émilion is well known; the best is a wine with much natural spirit, and has a peculiar bouquet and a very agreeable flavour. There are many wines in the centre of Libourne, such as St. Christophe and St. Laurent. Wines with more finesse and delicacy are those of St. Sulpice, Pommerel, and St. George. Fronsac produces much wine, which is high coloured, firm, and keeps well. I have tasted this wine upwards of twenty years old, and very excellent it was. Useful wines worth knowing are to be found in Blaye and Bourg, often at prices far below those of Medoc.

WHITE WINES.

The white wines of the Gironde are somewhat celebrated, but not equal, in my humble opinion, to those of the Hermitage, Burgundy, and the Maconnais. If they are not strong and sweet, they are thin and poor, and taste too much of the process taken to preserve them—the strong brimstone flavour. A Sauterne of the finest growth, the Château d'Yquem, *crème de tête*, when age has deprived it of its over-lusciousness, has an exquisite bouquet and rich delicious flavour. As much as 20,000 francs were given for a tun of this wine a few years since, purchased direct from the Château by the Grand Duke Constantine. The wine was twelve years old, and cost £200 per hogshead. The vintaging of Château Yquem is a very complicated business. The grapes are allowed to ripen and dry on their stalks, and are gathered when dry in the heat of the day. The labourers cease gathering when rain threatens or mists begin to rise. Considerable pressure is requisite to extract what little juice remains, and the must necessarily takes some time to ferment, and the after-treatment is one involving much attention. Château Yquem, a year or two old, partakes more of the character



VENDANGES EN MÉDOC

Lavaurs, Stearns del. Brascot.

of a *vin de paille* of the south of France—a liqueur - wine. Château d'Yquem, with age, develops magnificent qualities, possessing a fine aroma, a resplendent colour, and rich delicious flavour. It is only the wealthy who can indulge in the luxury of such a wine. The Château Yquem, the property of the Marquis de lur Saluces, produces an average of 400 to 450 hogsheads. Of this, probably, there is not one-fourth which is *crème de tête*. A second wine is made, called *vin de tête*. This is just as soft as the *crème de tête*, but, being more highly fermented, is less sweet, contains more spirit, but possesses great delicacy of flavour. A third gathering is called *centre*—firm and strong. The final gathering is called the *vin de queue*. I think it desirable to enumerate these varieties of Château d'Yquem, as the general impression is that there is only *one* quality; hence the variety of opinions as to the merits of this wine.

In the commune of Bommès is grown the *La Tour Blanche*, which is a rival to Yquem, and in some years is to be preferred. Its produce is an average of 200 hogsheads, and, if of a good year, it finds ready purchasers at a price equal to that of Yquem.

Preignac produces Château Suiduirant, a very perfect wine, which realises a good price. The

quantity in favourable years is about an average of 500 hogsheads.

I have given an account of what are called the first *crûs* in Sauternes. It is unnecessary to say anything about Barsac and Graves; they are light, agreeable wines in warm weather, and their preponderance of tartar and slightly acidulous character is rather refreshing in a warm temperature than unpleasant. Many such wines may be found in the district of Graves, which an enterprising merchant would find it worth his while to import. They may be sold at less price in London than that obtained for them in Bordeaux. By supplying such a wine at from one shilling to eighteen pence per bottle, an hotel-keeper may derive considerable profit. But when will the hotel proprietors of the British nation come to their senses in this particular? Before I finish my labours I will devote myself to their especial benefit. Limited as I am to space, I think the following statement of the vintages of red wines in the Bordeaux district is worthy of record. I owe its compilation to one who, residing in the central district, is a trustworthy authority:—

VINTAGES IN THE BORDEAUX DISTRICT
FROM 1847 TO 1876.

1847—Large crop; light but very good and delicate

wines turned out very well and got celebrated ; a few are still to be met with in good condition.

1848—Larger crop still ; very fine, rich, and delicate wines, which have turned out remarkably well, and are now the oldest, most perfect, and most celebrated wines to be met with.

1849—Average crop and indifferent quality.

1850—Large crop, but the quality was not good.

1851—Average crop ; fine wines, slow to mature ; but they finished well, and are yet to be met with in good condition. It is the last anti-oidium vintage.

1852—Half-crop only ; light, poor wines.

1853—Half-crop of really bad wines.

1854—Small crop ; wines showing well at first ; long prices paid, but they turned out very poor.

1855—Very small crop ; poor quality.

1856—Very small crop ; showing well at first, sold beyond their value ; wines turned out badly.

1857—Small crop ; oidium begins to give way to the sulphur remedy ; wines are good, but do not last long.

1858—Good average crop ; fine quality stout wines which have deserved celebrity, but remained rather hard ; they are to be had yet from the trade.

1859—Average quantity, irregular in quality ; they disappointed the first opinion of them.

1860—Small crop and a very bad one.

1861—Good average quantity ; quality showing well at first, but it did not answer to its early promise.

1862—Good quantity, good quality ; rather dry and slow to ripen, but improved well, and are yet to be had good.

- 1863—Small crop; hard and unripe wines.
- 1864—Large crop and very fine quality; the wines were rather light, but fruity, ripe, very delicate, and *well balanced*; they have turned out remarkably well, and are now very scarce, but in perfect condition.
- 1865—Large crop. An oft-repeated mistake is made in judging of its quality; the wines are very big, but wanting in delicacy and freshness; some of the lighter wines turn out well, but the higher growth remains hard and unsatisfactory to the present time.
- 1866—Average crop; poor and badly succeeded quality.
- 1867—Half-a-crop; not well succeeded and unripe.
- 1868—Good average crop; wines showing well, but very dearly bought; they, however, turn out dry and rather bitter; few of the higher ones give satisfaction.
- 1869—Very large crop; not appreciated at first; they are small, but they improve and grow bigger with age; they turn out very well, and are amongst the best procurable wines ripe for use; they are getting very scarce.
- 1870—Very large and very fine vintage; the wines have a good body, colour, and are very fruity; they improve well and steadily in bottles, and promise to be long-lived and very celebrated.
- 1871—Average crop; very poor wines at first, but they improve well, and are gradually used up.
- 1872—Small crop; pretty soft and delicate at first; they do not improve well, and are but poor wines.
- 1873—Half-crop, hard and dry wines; they were bought up very slowly, and at lower and lower prices.

- 1874.—Very large crop; rather light but very delicate and soft wines; they are improving very satisfactorily, and promise to give great satisfaction, especially the cheaper and middling sorts.
- 1875—Another very large crop; the quality is very good, soft, and somewhat fuller and riper than the 1874's; they are likened to the 1864's, and promise to turn out very fine wines.
- 1876—A third of a crop. The wines show colour and body, but they are rather rough and hard; the cheaper sorts are already being bought extensively at high prices, partly owing to the short crop and to the ravages of the *Phylloxera Vastatrix*, which threatens to destroy the vineyards altogether, unless a remedy is soon forthcoming, which, in spite of the reward of £12,000 (300,000 fr.) offered by the French Government, has not been found. The oidium only destroyed the grapes; this new and most terrible scourge destroys the vines!!

In the report of the vintage 1876 a reference is made to the ravages of the *Phylloxera Vastatrix*, and as it is approaching towards the Bordelais it is impossible to foretell what may be the ultimate consequence. As long as prices continue as low as they are over here, it is most advisable to secure as much of the past vintages as possible; for it is certain that, if this fearful scourge finds its way in the ensuing year into the Bordeaux district, all classes of

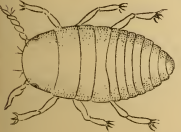
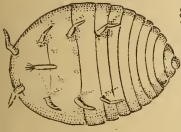
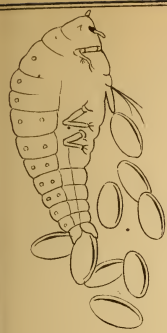
wine will be doubled or trebled in value. Mr. P. A. Maignen, the country representative of La Grande Marque of Cognac, has just issued the following interesting and trustworthy account, with illustrations, and has kindly permitted me its use in this work:—

“THE PHYLLOXERA VASTATRIX.

“The Phylloxera was first noticed in 1865 among the vineyards of the South of France, where it has been ever since committing most appalling ravages. Thus, the Departement du Gard, which used to produce 126,000,000 gallons of wine, now scarcely yields 40,000,000. The Commune of Castries, in the Departement de l’Hérault, produced, before the appearance of the Phylloxera, 3,000,000 gallons, whereas, one year after, it did not give more than a quarter of a million; three years later, the vineyards had entirely been destroyed.

“Having travelled in a northerly and north-westerly direction, the ‘plague’ appeared three years ago amongst the vineyards of the Charentes. At first its ravages were confined to a few parishes; last year it showed itself in more than 200, but only in small patches here and there. These patches, however, were so many ‘beds of infection’ from which the pest spread to all the vineyards around, and this year entire districts have been laid waste, and innumerable fresh ‘beds’ have appeared on all sides.

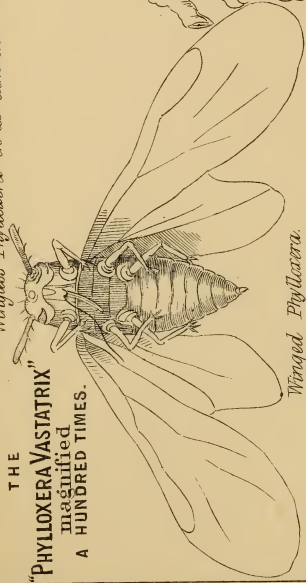
“It may not be out of place here to quote the words contained in a speech made before the Agricultural Committee of Saintes in September last, by M. Dufaure, Prime Minister of France, who is himself a large



Winter Egg

Wingless Phylloxera in its different forms

THE
"PHYLLOXERA VASTATRIX"
 magnified
 A HUNDRED TIMES.



Winged Phylloxera.



Descendants of the Winged Phylloxera which lay the Winter Eggs.



Roots attacked by the Phylloxera.



vineyard proprietor in the Charentes :—‘ The Phylloxera, makes every day fresh ravages, and I ask you, gentlemen, supposing that nothing be found to stop this plague, would you recognise our county of Saintonge, if you no longer saw those magnificent vineyards which cover its soil and make its wealth? Everything has been done; inquirers have sought the Phylloxera in the very bowels of the earth in order to destroy it; but until now all the efforts of science have been powerless. The Government has given this question the greatest attention. The National Assembly, last year, voted a very large prize to reward the discoverer of a means to destroy this vile insect. The new Chamber has equally entered the list. Committees of Deputés and Sénateurs are working actively; and even yesterday I received, from my colleague and friend, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce—who himself is a very able agriculturist, and collects all information concerning agriculture—a note, which I was awaiting with impatience in the expectation to find in it some ground of hope to transmit to you, but from which it appears that until now no efficacious remedy has been found in which we could place confidence.’

“ Having shown what importance is attached to the subject by the highest authorities, we venture on selecting from the best reports we have seen* such details as our space permits, concerning the life of the insect which causes so much anxiety.

“ The Phylloxera Vastatrix is a parasitical insect of infinitely small proportions. Its life may be divided into four different phases, namely :—

* See Prize Essay by M. P. Boiteau, entitled *Le Phylloxera ailé et sa descendance*, published by Th. Redeuilh, Libourne, 1876.

“*1st.*—The Winter Egg.

“*2nd.*—The Wingless Phylloxera, which comes from the winter egg, and its progeny by ‘Parthenogenetic Reproduction.’

“*3rd.*—The Winged Phylloxera, which leaves the root to seek new fields outside.

“*4th.*—The descendants of the Winged Phylloxera, producing the winter egg.

“The winter egg, which is deposited under the bark of the vine during the autumn by the descendants of the Winged Phylloxera, is hatched by the warmth of spring, and develops into a wingless insect (*aptera*), which is supplied with powerful means of suction and a well-organised system of digestion. It lives entirely on the root, feeding on the sap. Its power of reproduction is marvellous: it generates during the summer from eight to ten times. Each successive generation, however, is less prolific, the first consisting sometimes of a hundred eggs, the last of a dozen or two. These eggs are hatched within eight days, and the new-born insects soon, in their turn, begin to propagate with a power nearly equal to that of their progenitors. They are all females, or, rather, virgin-mothers. This anomaly is called Parthenogenetic Reproduction.

“In the months of August and September some of them assume a new form, and, abandoning the roots, they appear on the soil with wings fully developed. However, their power of volitation is limited, and they generally fall on the neighbouring vines; but being so small and light, they are easily transported by the wind to great distances. When they fall on the vine they attach themselves to the under surface of the leaves, feeding there for a few days, after which they each lay

three or four eggs under the bark of the branches and of the stem. These eggs, shortly afterwards, give life to insects of both sexes, whose mission it is to perpetuate the species. Their life is of short duration; they die as soon as they have laid the winter eggs in safety under the bark of the branches of the stem or on the roots.*

“The infection, besides being carried to great distances by the winged *Phylloxera*, takes place also in the ground, by the passage of the wingless insects from vine to vine by means of the contact of the roots, or along the fissures on the surface of the soil. Sometimes they become mixed with the dust and are dispersed by the wind. They may also be transported from place to place on the prunings from infected vines, or on the vines themselves, which, having been destroyed by the *Phylloxera*, are rooted up for fire-wood; also by adhering to agricultural implements, and in various other ways. Unfortunately, their arrival in new fields cannot at once be detected, as they may have already multiplied by millions on the roots, before any outward sign betrays their presence.

* “It should be observed that the greatest damage is done by the wingless insects who, in the summer months, congregate in the greatest number on the rootlets and fibres. While feeding there they inflict, by means of their probe, wounds through which the sap oozes out. Shortly after these wounded rootlets and fibres become black and rot; and, as they are the only channels by which the nutritive elements of the soil are absorbed, when they have disappeared the vine suffers from hunger—it is starving! This explains the fact that some vines which until the month of September had appeared to be in first-rate condition, now collapse all of a sudden. The vegetation stops, the leaves curl up, the vine is as much dead as if the stem were then cut off from the roots.”

The important Government prize of £12,000, and the rewards offered by the Chambers of Commerce, have induced many savants and vineyard proprietors to devote their time and energy to the study of this disease. They have suggested and tried all kinds of chemical and mineral preparations as insecticides, but all have practically failed on account of the extreme difficulty found in bringing them to bear on the roots in all their intricate directions. Those among them which at first appeared to promise success have unhappily ended in cruel deception. In some cases, it is true, they retarded, but for a very short time only, the doom of the infected vineyard.

“Notwithstanding all the researches that have been made, the origin of this plague still remains one of the secrets of nature. It is asserted by some savants that the Phylloxera was brought to France on plants imported from America, where it would appear that the virgin soil promotes a growth so vigorous, that the vines are able to sustain the attacks of this parasite without serious injury ; but that, having been transported into a country where the soil has been well-nigh exhausted by long culture, and under the influence of a warmer climate, this insect has developed destructive powers which have no parallel in the history of the cultivation of the vine. We find the nearest approach to it in the ravages made by the ‘oidium’ twenty years ago. The ‘oidium,’ however, is only an external malady, of the nature of a mildew, covering the skin of the grape and causing it to rot. The Phylloxera, on the other hand, is essentially a parasite of the root, being found above ground only when it is in search of fresh fields for its depredations.

“The belief that some American vines are proof against the disease is now inducing some growers to

plant American stocks,* engrafting on them cuttings from their own healthy vines; however, some years must elapse before they can bear fruit, and whether the wine produced will make as good Brandy, or whether these new vines may not eventually also succumb to the plague, are questions which time alone can determine.

“Other savants tell us that the germs of the Phylloxera have probably existed in France, in a latent state, for a considerable period, and that the exhaustion of the soil has supplied the conditions necessary to its active development. They point to the fact—well known to all agriculturists—that the land must have some rest or change of crop, in order to preserve its power of production; and they contend that these conditions have not been complied with in the Charentes and in other parts of the South of France. Indeed, we find that there have been vineyards in the Charentes district for more than six centuries, and that within the last fifty years, under the influence of the peasant-proprietory system and the division of property through the abolition of the law of primogeniture, nearly the whole of the land has been devoted to the culture of the vine. In 1822 the production of wine in the two counties (Charente and Charente Inférieure) was 56 million gallons†; in 1875 it had reached 310 millions, that is, a sixth part of the entire wine produce of France, and yet the vast majority of these vineyards have never had a pennyworth of manure, the peasant-proprietors investing their savings in the acquisition of fresh ground.

* See *Etat de la question de la maladie de la Vigne*, by Messrs. Gras et Issartier, published at Bordeaux, 1876.

† Little over a third of that quantity was distilled, the remainder being used as wine either in France or abroad.

“It does not seem, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that over-cultivation and neglect of the soil may have contributed in no small degree to the present state of things. Other vineyards which were notoriously never manured, such as the once renowned growth of Château-neuf-du-Pape, on the Rhône, were among the first to fall victims to the plague. We must, however, state that we have known vineyards most carefully cultivated and highly manured, which have succumbed likewise.

“The mysterious origin of the Phylloxera, and its impartiality in striking vineyards in all conditions of culture, have thrown the Charentes growers into the greatest state of consternation. The land has already fallen in value very much, and holders of reliable Brandy are determined not to sell, although the price has risen since last year nearly 100 per cent.”

THE TREATMENT OF CLARET,

AND OTHER LIGHT AND NON-FORTIFIED WINES.

Clarets, Sauternes, and Burgundies, red and white, require careful treatment, especially before bottling. On the arrival of a cargo an experienced wine cooper should attend, and not leave the wines until they are safely housed in the merchant's cellar. As is well known, the wines on landing are gauged by the Customs officers, and these gentlemen are not always the most active. Upon one occasion I had some very expensive Clarets from Bordeaux landed at one of the London wharfs. I went about ten o'clock in the morning to look after them, and I found the bungs out, waiting for the gaugers. It was a very hot day, and there was no protection from the sun, the shed being occupied. I was assured they would be gauged in a very short time, and I left with that assurance. I, however, felt uneasy, and about three o'clock I paid my wines another visit. I found the bungs still out, and heard that press of business compelled the gaugers to defer dipping the casks until the next morning. I could prove no damage, or I would have made the wharfingers pay for such culpable indiscretion.

If possible avoid removing light wines on wet days. It is desirable that the outsides of the casks should be kept dry, or the wooden hoops may become rotten, the staves mouldy, and in the course of time a musty disagreeable flavour may be communicated to the wine. The floor of the cellar should be swept clean, and pieces of good oak or red deal, called by carpenters *quarter*, laid on the ground, keeping the casks about three or four inches from the floor. In storing wines recently landed, as they are upon ullage from half a gallon to a gallon, the hogsheads must be put with the bung upon one side, so that the wine will run no risk of air through it; but a far better plan is to fill the casks up to the bung as soon as possible, and then stow them bung upwards. This may be done by drawing the corks of a few bottles of wine of the same or nearly the same quality, and filling up. As absorption or evaporation goes on, this process must be renewed every two or three months. As long as the wine is kept in wood, attention to this will recompense the trouble. Do not tamper with the wine, but let it rest in the place in which it was first stored until it is required to be removed for bottling. Some have an idea that Clarets require racking before bottling. If the shipper understands

his business he will have had the final racking done prior to shipment, and the wine should arrive in brilliant condition; if this has not been the case, and the merchant finds a want of brilliancy in the wine, then it may be judicious to rack it off the lees; or if wine is showing a sickness or disturbance it will be prudent to rack it into a properly sulphured cask, taking care to fill the cask up to the bung. It is impossible to lay down any fixed time for bottling Clarets or light wines. If the wine is very full, both in colour and character, an interval of two or three years from the vintage is desirable, but if it is light in colour, and deficient in body, from twelve to eighteen months will be sufficient. The first process will be the fining; this requires judgment, as the more albumen you use, the more colour will be extracted. I consider the whites of four good-sized fresh eggs quite sufficient for a hogshead of either red or white light wine, and these should, in the course of a week, render the wine brilliant. Unless the cellarman is well up to his business, do not let him pronounce as to whether the wine is in a condition for bottling.

Take a bell-shaped glass, look at the wine with a wax candle in a dark corner of the cellar, and examine it carefully. If it is brilliant, and

no feculent matter is discoverable, then proceed to bottle. It is not judicious to keep light wine upon the finings. When it is ready for the bottle, do not let the tap be driven in with a mallet; after the hole is bored take a tap with a screw and work it into the cask; this will not disturb the lees at the bottom. I may be called prosy over this business; but my long experience has shown me the advantage of being particular in these preliminary operations. There is very little choice in the seasons of the year for bottling. If a cellar is properly constructed, the temperature should be uniform throughout the year, and should never be more than 55° , or exceed 60° . Some are particular in waiting for a clear atmosphere, objecting to foggy or rainy weather. I confess I have never seen any advantage or disadvantage in the condition of the atmosphere; and uncertain as our climate is, the wine may be injured whilst waiting for a fine day. The importance of the state of the atmosphere at bottling-time is an old-fashioned notion. The most important matter is the perfect cleanliness and dryness of the bottles, which should be well selected and of uniform shape and size. The quality of the corks should be well looked to, and their value should be in proportion to that of the wine. After corking,

the bottles should be dipped in melted wax to the neck, so as to entirely cover the cork; this will protect them from insects, and the *vermis bibulus* mentioned in a former chapter.

The drawing off is another business to refer to. One man should draw off, and after turning the tap he should continue filling until the cask is empty.* He has no need to allow the wine

* The object, of course, being to secure as little exposure as possible to the atmosphere. It is scarcely credible what a want of general knowledge exists even amongst the trade in the treatment of light wines. And I confess I am uneasy when I sell to a private gentleman a hogshead of Claret, and he desires to bottle it himself, "as his butler understands how to bottle wine." I am not at all uneasy if it is Port or Sherry which he entrusts to his factotum, but am always doubtful whether Claret gets the treatment it requires. I once sold a gentleman a very fine hogshead of Claret, which was delivered in cask and in fine condition, and much approved of; but six months afterwards I heard from him that the wine was turning off and undrinkable. I immediately requested a bottle might be sent to me. It was badly corked, but this would not account for its having undergone the acetous fermentation. I wrote inquiring when the wine was bottled, and how many dozens remained. The reply was, it had never been bottled; he drank it from the wood as he did his Sherry; and the cask, he thought, was about half full. It is far better to request the merchant to deliver the wine in bottle. If he sells the wine he will bottle it at cost price; and this, with stowing it away, and inclusive of bottles, labour, and corkage, would not exceed £4 per hogshead—say 3s. 6d. per dozen. If bottles are found, 2s. per dozen would cover the cost.

to cease running from the commencement, if he is properly supplied with bottles. By his side should be the corker, with his boot and bottling stand, who should be able to cork as quickly as the wine is drawn off; he, of course, uses what is technically called a "needle," and drives the corks home to the wine, leaving no vacuum between the cork and the wine. With the men well up to their work, a hogshead of Claret can be bottled, ready for storing away, in four hours.

The process of binning away has been fully described in a former chapter.

Claret improves more rapidly in bottle than any other wine, and every year increases its value. It has remarkably self-preservative powers, and I have never observed Claret, of original fine quality, to become *passé*, however long it may have been in bottle.

MAP OF THE VINEYARDS
 PRODUCING THE FINEST BRANDIES
 In the Vicinity of
COGNAC

Taken from *Authentic Sources*
 by
CHARLES TOVEY.

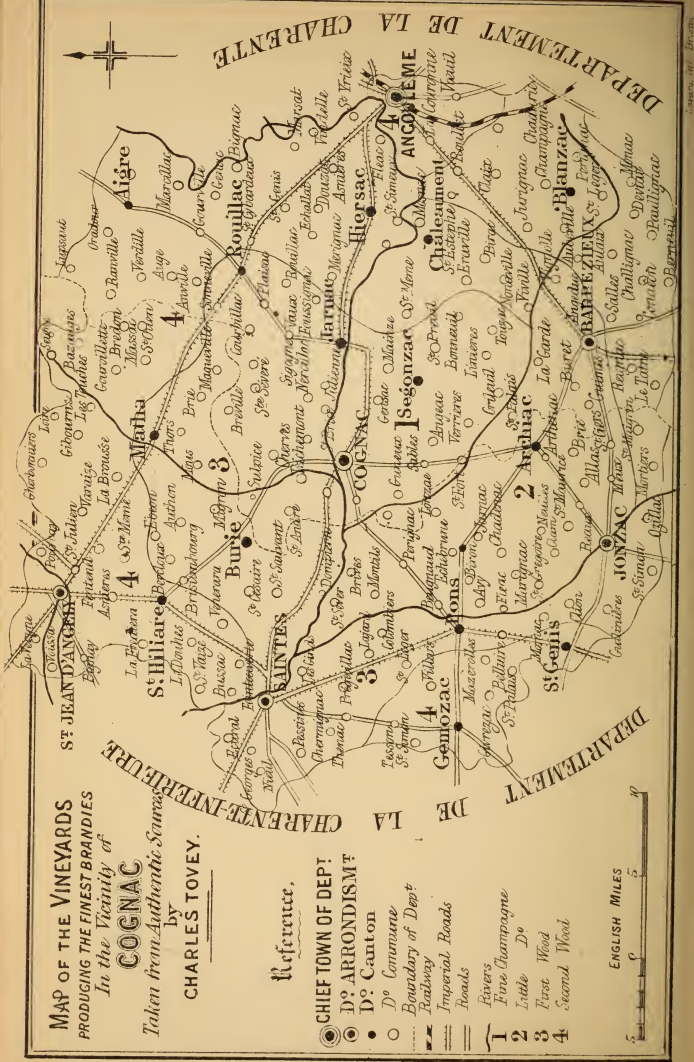
Reference.

● CHIEF TOWN OF DEPT.
 ○ D^o ARRONDISSEMENT
 ● D^o Canton

○ D^o Commune
 --- Boundary of Dept.
 ——— Railway
 ——— Imperial Roads
 ——— Roads

1 Rivers
 2 Fine Champagne
 3 Little D^o
 4 First Wood
 5 Second Wood

ENGLISH MILES
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Chapter liii.

WINES OF THE CHARENTE INFÉRIEURE.

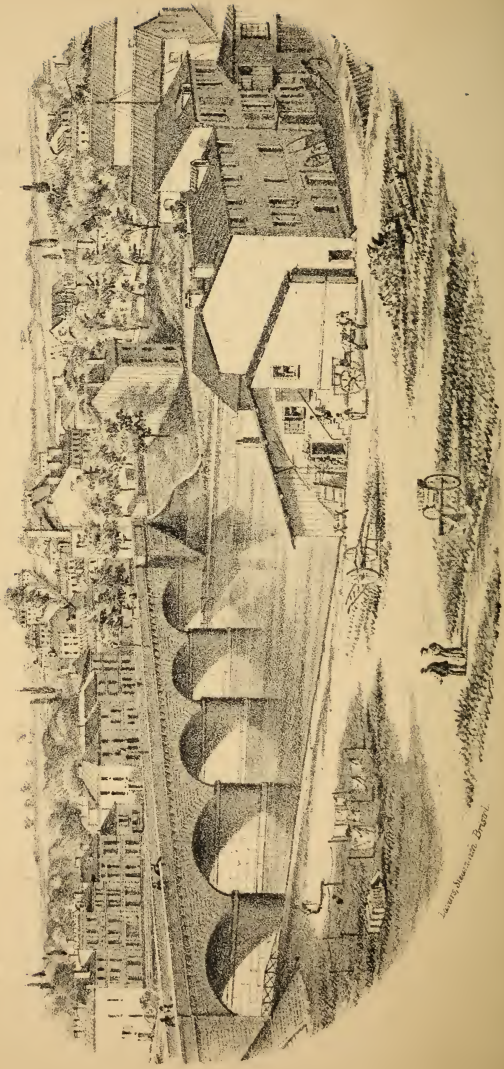
Returns of French Wines—Wines known in England in the Reign of King John and fifth year of Richard the Second—War with France—Eau de Vie—Poor Wine makes the best Brandy—Increased demands for Medoc Wines—Dr. Jules Guyot—Château Neuf—Table Wines at Hotels—Charente Volsite—Colombar—Sparkling Sauterne—Wholesome Wines at a moderate price.

ACCORDING to the returns of the wines produced in France in 1865, the total production, in upwards of seventy departments, amounted to 1,839,978,602 gallons, the first department on the list as to quantity being—

Herault	207,310,246 Gallons.
Charente Inférieure	191,275,348 „
Charente	119,674,654 „
Gironde	116,147,020 „

It is calculated that about one-third (and sometimes more) of the vine produce of the two Charentes is converted into Brandy. It might

not be without interest to endeavour to trace what becomes of the enormous surplus which is not distilled. A portion of the old country of Poitou, which at one time belonged to England, is now comprised in the Charente department. The wines of this part of France, as early as the year 1154, in the reign of King John, were sent over to England, and many enactments will be found in early chronicles regulating the price at which wines from Rochelle shall be sold. In the fifth year of Richard the Second it is ordered that the best Rochelle wine shall be sold at six marks the tun, and by retail at fourpence per gallon; an extra charge of one penny upon every gallon is allowed for carriage into the country. In the fifth of Queen Mary further enactments were issued in relation to wines from Rochelle. In 1689 the war with France broke out, and this put a stop to further importation. But during the last century large quantities of wine were shipped to England and Holland under the name of "Colombar;" this was a white wine. It was the enormous production in the Charente that first led the peasant-farmers to distil their wine, and a demand was soon created in England for the spirit, now known as Cognac Brandy. The Charente growers found this far



COGNAC

L. J. B. & Co. Cognac

more profitable than making wine, for which they had not a sufficient sale, and they directed all their attention and powers to making *Eau de Vie*. The success attending the introduction of Cognac Brandy may be seen from the enormous fortunes which have been made. I have shown in "BRITISH AND FOREIGN SPIRITS" (published in 1864) how, up to the present time, certain houses have maintained a monopoly and increased their wealth from year to year, not because they sell better Brandy than others, but because they have a prestige in their brand, which to credulous minds determines the superior quality of the Brandy.

To return to the wines of Charente. It is somewhat remarkable, but is fully understood by those who know the properties of the grape, that the growth of some vineyards which makes a very poor wine, unfit for consumption as wine, when distilled produces the choicest Brandy. For instance, fine Champagne and Grande Champagne Brandy would be undrinkable as wine, but distilled they make the finest Brandy, full of ænanthic ether. This Brandy is used to give character to the Bois and the lower qualities. The increased demand for the cheaper qualities of the Medoc and other Bordeaux wines has affected the price as against the consumer.

There will be found in the Charente a good supply of *vins ordinaires*. Dr. Jules Guyot says* :—

“The Charente (department) can produce good table wines, its soil and climate are most favourable to it. The greatest portion of the vines of Champagne and Burgundy can well prosper on its oolitic and chalky ground. Many of the kinds grown in the Gironde are already acclimatized, and there is nothing to prevent the production of fine, noble wines in addition to its fine Brandy; but that can only be in planting new vines, and in respecting and taking care of the magnificent vineyards it already possesses.”

The town of Château Neuf-sur-Charente is the central market for Grande and Petite Champagne Brandy, and is surrounded by the best vineyards for table wines. Here, and at Jarnac and Cognac, will be got very fine table wine. It is supplied *ad libitum* and a capital dinner included for three francs. But far superior are the wines of the same growth which the merchants give to their guests. I have had at St. Jean d'Angely and at Matha, when visiting friends, wine that may be called choice, grown in the Charente. The wines at the hotels have never been racked from the lees or fined; they have no more care taken of them than a Somer-

* “Des Eaux de Vie et des Vins de la Charente et de la Gironde.”

setshire farmer would give to his cider, and the wine is drawn from the wood. I have recently received two samples of white wines direct from Château Neuf. One is labelled *Charente Volsite Selected*. It is about the price of an ordinary Graves, with less of the sulphurous taint which the lower-priced wines have. It may supply the place of Graves, but there would be little advantage gained. A far better wine, in cost £3 per hogshead more, is *Colombar*. This is a very firm, stout wine, somewhat of the Sauterne style, very agreeable and shows more value than Sauterne at the price. It is not sweet or sulphurous, and is worth the notice of the enterprising merchant. It can be shipped either from Bordeaux or Charente; the latter port is preferable, the charges being less. A wine was sent to me designated *Sparkling Sauterne*. It is very clean, rather thin, but a refreshing wine. It has no bouquet and very little character, but it is without the coarseness of the lower-priced Saumur wines and it is about the same price. I understand it is of recent introduction. The *facteur* bottled, in 1874 and 1875, 125,000 bottles of the best wine he could procure of the Sauterne character. He had a staff of experienced workmen from Epernay, and treated the wine in the same

manner in which the best sparkling wines are made in Epernay. The great evil attending the rearing of the wines in the Charente is the absence of underground cellars. The *facteur* of the Sparkling Sauterne has converted disused old quarries into spacious cellars. He looks forward to an extensive business with the English market. We certainly ought to avail ourselves of every opportunity to obtain good wholesome wines at a moderate price; and I hope I am benefiting the trade by calling their attention to wines not generally known. That the department of the Charente Inférieure produces good wine is shown by the railway stations being crowded with empty casks, sent from Bordeaux and from Paris, to be filled with the new wine and despatched without delay to be dealt with by the merchants.

Chapter ix.

BURGUNDY.

Mr. Cyrus Redding's Works—Necessity for Practical Knowledge—Burgundy, its Departments—Vine indigenous to Burgundy—Collection of Vines at Carbonnieux—The Côte d'Or—Côte de Nuits—Côte de Beaune—Romanée Conti—The King of Wines—Chambertin—Richebourg—La Tache—Romanée—St. Vivant—Clos de Vougeot—Vosne—Nuits—Volnay—Pommard—Characteristics of Burgundy—Count Leger Belair—Vosne—Excursion to the Best Climats—Romanée Conti—Its Produce—St. Romanée Vivant—Its Proximity but Difference in Character—Characteristics of Soil—Ascending Côtes—Count de la Loyère—Result of his Experience—More Wine Drank—The Less Food Required—The Learned Erasmus—Present to Duguesclin—Popes and Cardinals Consumers of Burgundy—Leo X.—Petrarch—Urban V.—His Cardinals' Objections—A Jolly Monk's Inspiration—Louis XIV.—Ordered to drink Burgundy—Quarrel between two Poets Laureate—The Arms of Beaune—Maturity of Burgundy—The Pasteur System—Sugaring Burgundy—The Practice strongly denounced—Candour of the Brokers—Messrs. Thudicum and Dupré upon Sugar Infusion Wines—The *London Times* on the Chymistry of Wine—Sugar Infusion Wines injurious—Maconais and Beaujolais—Monsieur Terrel des Chenes—Juliennes—Pouilly Fuisse—Wine Carte at Macon—Pouilly v. Chablis—A French Dinner—Meursault—Charles Serre et Fils—Mont Rchet—Chablis—Burgundy the Child of Anxiety.

“Burgundy is perhaps the most perfect of all the known wines in the qualities that are deemed most essential to vinous perfection. The flavour is delicious, the bouquet exquisite, and the superior delicacy which it possesses justly entitles it to be held first in estimation of all the red wines known.”

CYRUS REDDING, “*History and Description of Modern Wines.*”

Edition 1836, p. 97.

IN my introductory chapter I stated I should make my descriptions as concise as possible, but when I warmed to my work I found it difficult to do this without making my subject imperfect. But now that I perceive I have arrived at 304 in pages, and the wines of three countries are not completed, I find it necessary to somewhat abridge the remaining chapters, giving a true digest of the subject matter, but rendering the latter less discursive than the earlier portions of the work. To the late Mr. Cyrus Redding I owe very much, as the publication of his first work in 1836 (“The History and Description of Modern Wines”) led me to think of wine in other respects than the simple commercial relations of buying and selling. I became interested in the subject, and determined to know more of the properties of wine, and by visiting the wine countries to ascertain for myself the treatment from the planting of the vine to the production of the grape, and its conversion into wine. Mr. Redding was enthusiastic upon unso-

phisticated, unfortified, natural wines, especially those of France. His publications have accompanied me in my numerous wine tours. It could not be expected that in works so elaborate as his history of modern wines and his book upon French wines, perfect correctness would be found, and I have many marginal notes of my own upon his text, where personal knowledge has shown me that the writer had been misinformed or misled. Mr. Cyrus Redding was not practically acquainted with his subject; hence his publications do not completely supply the requirements of a portion of the uninformed trade. The writer in the *New Quarterly*, to whom I have referred in my introductory chapter as one of the very *simple-minded public*, may consider this, as he expressed it, an advantage; but I feel assured that Mr. Cyrus Redding found it quite the contrary. Mr. Redding was an able writer, and his *French Wines and Vineyards, and the way to find them*, published in 1860, will be a useful handbook for wine tourists. Of course allowance must be made for the changes seventeen years will effect, and the statistics as to produce then and at this period must be allowed for; as an instance, the whole of Château Neuf du Pape is destroyed by the Phylloxera, as well as many other districts.

Burgundy (once Burgundia—French Bourgogne), one of the largest and most important of the former provinces of France, now includes the departments of the Côte d'Or, Saône-et-Loire, Yonne, part of Ain, and part of Aube. In very ancient times Burgundy was the name of a kingdom and subsequently of a duchy, and once extended beyond the present province to the whole basin of the Rhone.

The wine may be said to be indigenous to Burgundy. Wild vines are still to be found in the forest districts. The celebrated collection of vines formed under the superintendence of the Linnæan Society of Bordeaux, and preserved at Carbonnieux, near Bordeaux, contains 1056 varieties; a large proportion of these are grown in Burgundy. By far the largest portion of Burgundy wines are red. For the purpose of classification, the Côte d'Or, or Golden Hillside or Steep, is divided into the Côte de Nuits and the Côte de Beaune. The principal vineyards in this paradise of wine are Romanée Conti, which the Burgundians call the king of wine, Chambertin (Napoleon the First's favourite wine), Richebourg, La Tache, Romanée, St. Vivant, Clos de Vougeot, Vosne, Nuits, Volnay, Pommard, and an immense variety of other sorts.

I can add but little to the encomium upon Burgundy which Mr. Redding gives, and which I have placed at the head of this chapter. Burgundy in general possesses a fine colour, with plenty of natural spirit, softness, and a delicious aroma. The higher classes will have these characteristics with much *finesse* and more distinctly pronounced than the lower growths; but flavour, softness, and bouquet is a distinguishing character even of the lower class Burgundies and the Mâconnais. I am speaking of the natural wines. But the sugared wines will be found dull and heavy, and the effect upon the constitution to those who imbibe them is pernicious. To this sugaring process I shall have to refer before the conclusion of the chapter. Upon two visits to Nuits, I have had much personal attention from Count Leger Belair, who has an elegant château, at Vosne. With him I have traversed the best vineyards of Côte d'Or. He has from its heights pointed out to me the *Climats*, which produce the choicest wine. The first to be noticed will be the Romanée Conti. The vineyard is altogether about six and a half acres; the produce seldom exceeds twelve hogsheads, and which, in favourable years, is generally purchased before the wine is made. The vines of this small spot are

mostly very old, many of them more than two centuries. I gathered two or three bunches from the middle of the vineyard; the size of the bunches was but a trifle larger than those of currants; the berries were compact, but not one grape was larger than a fine-sized black currant. The flavour was exquisite—a mass of saccharine. The Romanée Conti and the Romanée St. Vivant are separated by only a small footpath. That such a difference in the value of the produce should exist between wines so closely adjacent is scarcely credible, as there does not appear any difference in the soil, and the vine (the Pineau Noir) is the same, but the fruit from the Romanée Conti is much smaller and much richer in flavour. La Tache Richebourg, Clos Vougeot, and Chambertin, with many others, were inspected.

Count Belair and his partner, M. Marey, are considerable proprietors of the best vineyards at Vosne. The Count is a most intelligent vigneron, and very able in his descriptions of soil, character of the wines, &c. It appears singular, in walking up the cuttings or natural ravines leading up the Côte, to notice the few inches of soil requisite to produce the choicest wine—scarcely the depth of your hand, and then nothing but chalk. Whilst the grapes are small, they have

every quality for making the finest wine. Where there is a good depth of soil, the fruit is large in size and quantity, but it suffers in quality. It is rather stiff and very rough work traversing these roads, between vines grown on Côtes, but interesting as showing the varieties of the strata. At a considerable height on a slope of the Côte, one lovely evening, I could see distinctly with a glass Mont Blanc. As regards the properties of the wines of Burgundy, the Count de la Loyère, President of the Agricultural Society of the Côte d'Or, declared as the result of his experience, "that the labourers who drink Burgundy consume one-quarter less bread than those who do not habitually drink this wine;" and he adds, "that the inhabitants of Burgundy are singularly exempt from gout and kidney diseases."

The learned Erasmus was extremely fond of Burgundy; a good draught of this generous liquor was, he declared, as new blood in his veins, quickening his pen into brightness and life. He attributes the cure of his gastritis to Beaune wine, and was very desirous to live in that town *pour boire*, as he said, *vin sain et délicieux*, and apostrophising Burgundy he exclaims, *Ah! Bourgogne heureuse mère des hommes, que tes mamelles ont de bon lait.** The

* Notes on Burgundy. C. R. Weld. Longmans & Co. 1869.

Bretons, when desirous of doing honour to Duguesclin, presented him with a hogshead of Beaune, which the renowned warrior says the chronicler accepted *moult gracieusement*. Popes and cardinals were for many years great consumers of Burgundy wines. Leo X. drank papally of them. When Petrarch urged Urban V. to remove to Rome, his Holiness found the cardinals opposed to leaving Avignon. On his demanding their reason, they replied *Il n'y a point de vin de Beaune en Italie, et sans vin de Beaune notre vie sera mal heureuse*. They speak the truth, said Petrarch, for they adore it *comme le nectar des dieux*. But the difficulty was got over; Beaune wine was sent across the Alps with the cardinals; and every year the papal cellars were replenished with it. And see how a jolly monk was inspired by the wines of the Côte d'Or.

“Nous les boirons lentement,
 Nous les boirons tendrement,
 Ton Clos Vougeot, ton Romanée:
 Par nous la sainte liqueur,
 Qui nous rechauffe le cœur,
 Ne sera jamais profanée.”

Louis XIV. granted special privileges for the transport of the wines of Burgundy to Paris, but the monarch had especial reasons for acting

thus liberally. During his convalescence, after a long illness, his physician (Fagon) ordered him to drink Burgundy instead of Champagne. This medical judgment had the effect of bringing the wines of Beaune into fashion. This led to a fierce quarrel between Charles Coffin, the poet laureate of Champagne, and Bénigne Grenau, the Burgundian poet laureate; and as the former could not obtain the satisfaction he desired by attacking his adversary in verse, he proposed that they should fight with swords for their respective mistresses, but Grenau declined fighting, alleging that the honour accorded to Beaune wine by the King was quite sufficient to justify its renown. No wonder that the very arms of Beaune should reflect the vinous character of the town. Formerly these consisted of the figure of Bellona, grasping a sword in her right hand. In the middle of the sixteenth century, Bellona gave place to the Virgin bearing the infant Jesus on her left arm, while the right hand holds a bunch of grapes. Beneath the Virgin was the motto *Causa nostrae laetitiae*. But as many persons connected these words with the grapes rather than with the Virgin, the motto was changed to *orbis et urbis honos*. Beaune has indeed been aptly called *un univers de vignes*; and, if you would see this

little wine world to advantage, visit it during an abundant vintage.*

As a rule, Burgundy, when properly pure, attains maturity in from five to twelve years, according to quality. In my experience I have found that after twelve years—say three years in wood and nine years in bottle—it ceases to improve. I have found it in perfection at fifteen years old, but after that it becomes *passé*, not sour, but as the French say, “*ce vin est eventé*.” There was, a few years since, a discovery made by M. Pasteur, who showed, or attempted to show, that though wine deteriorates by long keeping, having a tendency to become sour, by being heated in a temperature of about 140° Fahrenheit, it at once acquires the character of age, and may be preserved to any length of time. It was stated that the process answered perfectly, and had been adopted by several wine merchants. I am unable to give any information upon this system, and, not having heard latterly of its adoption, I conclude that it has not been so successful as its promoters anticipated. I have more confidence in the operation of natural laws, and I do not believe that any forcing appliances will give to wine the character acquired by age. I class the Pasteur system with

* Notes on Burgundy.

that of breeding “fino” in Xerez, discussed in a former chapter.

On my first visit to Burgundy I became accidentally aware that cane sugar was added to the must in making Burgundy, to supply the deficiency of grape saccharine. Whilst tasting with a broker some wines belonging to a grower in his cellars at Nuits, I noticed a want of life, finesse, and delicacy in all the wines; they were heavy, heady, powerful, but with no nice character. It was a mere speculative inquiry that I made when I asked if sugar had not been added when the wine was being made. Without the slightest hesitation the broker replied in the affirmative, and, further, that all the wines in that cellar were sugared—called *chaptalise*, after the chemist Chaptal. He informed me that wines so prepared were more readily purchased for England than the natural wines. I expressed my opinion that such a practice was “more honoured in the breach than the observance.” The brokers are very honest and candid, and if you state to them that you do not require sugared but pure wines, they will obey your instructions. This most reprehensible practice is thus referred to in Messrs. Thudicum & Dupré’s “Treatise on Wine”:

“The infusion wines resemble natural wines in all

essential qualities ; they contain all the essential ingredients, and almost in the same proportions, as the natural product. The non-essential ingredients, or those which are frequently hurtful to the natural wines, are diminished in the infused wines to such an extent that their absence is a favourable circumstance. The method promises to increase the quantity of cheap beverage, and affords to the less opulent classes the means of making for themselves a cheap, wholesome beverage, even from grapes from which wines could not be obtained fit for commerce or transport."

Further on the same authorities say :—

" Indeed, anybody who will consult old cookery books will find therein numbers of prescriptions for making gooseberry, currant, and all sorts of fruit wines, and he will find in all of them that water is added to the fruit juices, and then their sweetness brought up to a certain point before they are allowed to ferment. The process of Gall was therefore only an extension to wine must of a practice which, for a very great length of time, had been commonly applied to ordinary fruit wine. We have, ourselves, made several descriptions of fruit wine according to this process."

The *London Times* of April, 1872, in a very able article headed "The Chymistry of Wine," reviewing Dr. Thudicum's book, says :—

" From a practical point of view, of course the whole question admits of an easy *reductio ad absurdum*. We have not hitherto made wines in England, because we have only a small growth of grapes, and cannot depend

upon their ripening in our climate. If Drs. Thudicum and Dupré are right, these circumstances need no longer stand in our way. We may, in spite of the niggardliness of nature, make all the wine we want, and render ourselves independent of duties and treaties of commerce. The quantity of grapes employed has only an insignificant bearing upon the quantity of wine produced, which is chiefly determined by the supply of water and of artificial sugar. Unripe grapes are better than ripe ones, for they yield a must which will admit of more free dilution. In fact, there seems to be no reason, save want of knowledge or want of enterprise, why the proprietor of a single bunch should not use them as a sort of talisman with which to supply the cellars of the world. There are certain chymical substances which possess the property of inducing, by their mere presence, changes in which they do not participate; and this, according to the new light now shed upon us, is the true relation of the fruit of the vine to the beverages of man. The function of the grape is to induce fermentative changes in solutions of potato sugar! It is impossible not to regret that scientific men should put forward such statements which will admit of being used to justify any amount of sophistication that vintners or wine dealers may think it profitable to practise. We do not care to drink chymical messes under the name of wine, and we fully believe that these messes, even if undistinguishable from wine in the laboratory, would be distinguished with extreme promptitude and certainty by the stomach and the brain. We have heard with pleasure that a recent attempt to chymicalize the making of wine in Spain, although undertaken with much confidence, and carried on under conditions favourable to success, has resulted in

a failure which was indeed signal, but which, in the interests of the public, we cannot bring ourselves to call disastrous."

These mixtures of sugar, "infusion wines," are almost poison to some constitutions. Men of sedentary habits and the victims of indigestion should avoid these compounds, as they irritate the stomach. They are precisely of the same combination as British wines, which are frequently given to children at evening parties—the consequent derangement of their stomachs the next morning being probably attributed to other causes. How frequently do we hear the observation, "I cannot drink Burgundy; it invariably upsets me." This would not be the case were the wine unsugared. Pure Burgundy is no more likely to disorder the stomach than Claret, or any other pure wine. The Mâconnais and Beaujolais are very agreeable and useful wines. The Mâconnais is situated around the town of Macon, and here will be found all classes of the growths of Beaujolais, as well as those known as Mâconnais. In France the Beaujolais wines are more commonly sold under the name of Mâconnais. In England there appears to be a preference for the name of Beaujolais. I do not think I could give the wine tourist better advice than to make the

acquaintance of Mons. Terrel, des Chenes villé en Beaujolais, Romaneche. Mons. Terrel is a member of the National Agricultural Academy, secretary of the Agricultural Society of the Haut Beaujolais, &c., &c. He is well known as an able writer upon wine growing and wine making, and will give every advice to those who are seeking information upon the wines of Beaujolais. Of the list of the Beaujolais I have found the Juliennes the best suited for the English market. They are strong, deep coloured, and long lasting. Chenes and Fleury are light and mature early. Of Macon the best are Thorins and Moulin à Vent, both near Romaneche. Pouilly, to which I made special reference in my first edition of 1862, is a wine of great merit. At Juliennes I have found Pouilly fuisse, which turned out remarkably well. The white wines continue to improve by age, whilst the red after twelve or fourteen years deteriorate. The following, taken from the hotel carte at Macon, gives the retail prices per bottle of—

Ordinaire Rouge... 1 franc.	Chenes 3 francs.
„ Blanc... 1 „	Morgon 3 „
Pouilly fuisse do. 3 „	Thorins 4 „
Pouilly „ 4 „	Moulin à Vent 4 „ 50 c.
Fleury Rouge 3 „	Do. Premier... 5 „


The inexperienced frequently get sold to them as Chablis the wines of Pouilly. I do not remember to have seen any quotation of Pouilly in circulars until my introduction of the wine in 1858, and I found in Burgundy that Pouilly was sent to England as Chablis. It is seldom found at the present time in quotations of Burgundy wines. A French dinner is usually preceded by oysters, which delicacies are saluted with a treble volley of Chablis, or, for greater solemnity, libations of Pouilly or Mont Rachet. I have spent some time at Meursault. Messieurs Charles Serre et Fils are eminent proprietors, and their cellars contain all descriptions of the growth of the district, as well as those of the Côte d'Or. In the neighbourhood of Meursault are grown the wines denominated *passé tous grains* by the French. The situation to the south-west of Meursault, where that district joins Puligny, is noted for the delicious white wine called Mont Rachet, of exquisite perfume, and considered the finest white wine of France. French connoisseurs say it is superior to Imperial Tokay. The vine ground of Mont Rachet is divided into L'Ainé Mont Rachet, Le Chevalier Mont Rachet, and Le Bâtard Mont Rachet. The department of the Yonne contains more space devoted to the culture of the vine than the Côte

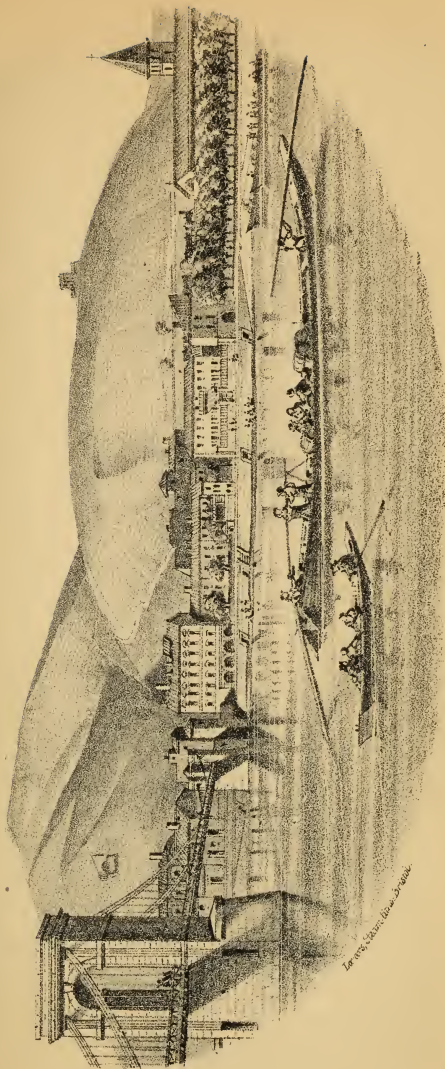
d'Or. They are not to be compared with that renowned district, though there are to be found some wines of very good quality. Of the white wines of the Yonne, the best class is produced from the Pineau Blanc, and the chief of these is Chablis. So much white wine is sold in France, as well as in other countries, especially England, that is not Chablis at all, that the wine gets an ill reputation which it does not deserve. I have known *petit* Graves labelled and sold as Chablis, and I question if the real produce of Chablis is to be had at any hotel or restaurant. The genuine Chablis is very fine, firm, and dry: it is in perfection at five to six years old, but it is liable to get cloudy when much longer in bottle. It is a difficult wine to manage, as are all Burgundies, both red and white. By some Burgundy wine is called the Wine Merchant's "child of anxiety."

Chapter x.

Tain—Search for the Hermitage—Trespassing amongst the Vines—An Alarming Adventure—All's well that ends well—M. Octave Calvet—Excursion with him—The Origin of the Hermitage—Its Present Condition—View from the Hermitage—Wines of the Hermitage—Croze—Château Grillet—De Loche Blanc—Letter from M. Octave Calvet—The Phylloxera Vastatrix again—Arrondissement of Lyons—Côte Rôtie—Montpelier—Vintage Operations at—Size of Grapes—Produce—Making the Wine—The Late Mr. Gordon—Letter from him—Report upon Samples—Fined and Not Fined—Cette—Wine Manufacturers at—Mr. Shaw upon the Wines of Cette—Wine for Ships' Use—Medal for Imitation Wines at the Vienna Exhibition—Muscat Frontignac—Cette to Perpignan—Collieure—Tasting Wine of 1797—Port-Vendres—M. Durand's Establishment—Masdeu—M. Benaventin Reigs—Strength of the Wines—Going up the Pyrenees—The Vintage—The Lighthouse—Spanish Frontier.

THE HERMITAGE, MONTPELIER, CETTE, PERPIGNAN, COLLIEURE, AND PORT-VENDRES.

FROM Macon I have generally gone to Tain, where my genial old friend, M. Octave Calvet, has always given me a hearty and



Engraved by W. H. Stodart

TAIN AND THE HERMITAGE.

hospitable reception. It would be impossible to find a more energetic character. He was born and bred amongst the vines, and his knowledge is unsurpassed by any one. In my first visit in 1862, in the memorable six weeks' tour with Mr. T. G. Shaw,* I found M. Calvet was with his family at his residence in Bordeaux, and I had to make my explorations amongst the vineyards alone. My friend, Mr. Shaw, was not disposed to long, fatiguing walks, but would spend any amount of time in tasting; and we had together a pretty good bout at Tain; and the memorandum of the tastings in his book, page 353, is from my notes, supplied to him, at his request, in 1864, just previous to the publication of his book. I agree with Mr. Shaw, that it is almost a loss of time to go into a cellar without making notes of the wine tasted for future reference; but I confess I cannot see any object in their publication. They can be of no assistance to the reader, unless he, at the same time, was furnished with samples to approve of or condemn.

I arrived at Tain on this occasion just as the grapes were ripe, and preparations were being made for the gathering. I had some curiosity to look for the ruined hermitage, and ascended the vine-terraced hill to the top, where I found the

* See page 218.

ruins of what appeared to me more like a shepherd's cottage, and I was satisfied that the shelter never harboured a monk. The way was long and toilsome, up a winding track, and I thought I might be able to shorten the journey on my return. I did not know that it is worse than a trespass to pass through the vineyards at the time the gathering draws nigh. However, I was soon made aware of my indiscretion; for, hearing some shouts, and looking in the direction from which they came, I found both on my left and right side men with guns, which they threatened to discharge if I continued my trespass. I made the best explanation I could, pleaded ignorance, and offered payment if they would put me on the right track. They became very courteous, and one of them guided me out of the labyrinth in which I had involved myself, went with me into Tain, and introduced me to his employer, who was the proprietor of the vineyards in which I was caught trespassing. He was rather amused at my adventure; he said the watchers had neither powder or shot, and the guns were only exhibited to frighten trespassers. I tasted the wines in his cellars; all were of excellent quality; and I secured a few dozens of sparkling St. Peray, his own manufacture, the finest I ever met with.

In 1864 my energetic friend, M. Calvet, took me over the principal vineyards of the Hermitage. We visited also Château Neuf du Pape, since entirely destroyed by the ravages of the *Phylloxera Vastatrix*. He then showed me what is called the veritable Hermitage, of which tradition says that "an inhabitant of Condrieu determined to turn hermit, and established his cell on an uncultivated hill near Tain. He amused his leisure hours by breaking the stones and rocks to pieces which surrounded his dwelling, and planting among them some vine slips from Condrieu; they succeeded to admiration. His example was followed by others, and the sterile hillside was soon converted into a vineyard." The famous vineyards of the Hermitage are on a granite hill immediately behind the town of Tain, on the left bank of the Rhone. A ravine divides the southern bank into two nearly equal portions. In the western half, in which are the ruins of the Hermitage, the rock is more compact, and exhibits a larger proportion of feld spar than on the eastern side, where it is loose and friable. There is not much of a residence remaining. The only noticeable portion of the ruins is the archway of a cellar, as nearly as I could calculate in dimensions about 15 feet square. If this was the original extent

of the cellar, it was of no great capacity for the storage of wine. To me the ruins looked more like those of a limekiln than of a sanctuary, and one account says that the ruins are those of a place of retirement which one Gaspard de Sterimberg, a courtier of Queen Blanche of Castille, built for his old days in the year 1225, and hence the name of the Hermitage. If fond of retirement, he must have had an eye for the picturesque, for a more gorgeous and glorious sight is not to be found on the earth. The river Rhone can be traced for miles, until in the extreme distance it looks like a narrow ribbon. Immediately before you is Tournon, with its ruined towers and castles, and its vine-clad hills. Mont Blanc and adjacent mountains (occasionally lost amid the clouds that cap their summits) are very distinct. The effect of the sun bursting forth, illuminating for your wonderment some especial point that otherwise would have escaped observation, is most charming. I am poor at a description of such entrancing scenes, but they will ever exist in my remembrance.

The wines of the Hermitage which I have found give the greatest satisfaction, and which are, at the same time, of moderate price, are Croze, a red wine, which will improve in bottle

longer than the generality of the red wines of the district. The Château Grillet is a charming white wine of excellent quality and flavour, either as a dinner or dessert wine it will be found suitable—in fact, a wine for all times and seasons—unlike the general class of French white wines, which become *passé* if not drunk the same or the next day. Château Grillet may be treated almost like Sherry. It possesses naturally a large amount of saccarbine, and it should be at least four years in wood before bottling. It is a very difficult wine to manage, and requires careful watching in wood. As it is liable to re-excite fermentation, and get out of order, it must be in brilliant condition before it is put into bottle. It improves every year in bottle, and increases in value. Mercurel is a red wine of this neighbourhood, of a medium character. De Loche Blanc is a wine of a flinty character, but very agreeable.

I have received a letter from my friend, M. Octave Calvet, dated Bordeaux, 26th January, 1877, which contains the following:—

“The Phylloxera, I am sorry to say, is steadily devastating all our vineyards, and, if it goes on at the same rate, I don't think we shall have any more wines grown in the South of France in three or four years' time. The whole country about Tain is most sadly afflicted by this

most abominable insect. There are scarcely any wines grown there at present; and I anticipate that, within a couple of years, I shall have to shut up my several establishments in that part of France. All properties consisting in vineyards are offered for sale, but there are no purchasers, not even at one-fourth of their first cost."

In the arrondissement of Lyons there are no wines excepting the Côte Rôtie which can be arranged amongst the first class. In my tour in 1862 with Mr. Shaw, he introduced me to his old friend, Mr. Gordon, an English gentleman, residing at Montpellier, and a proprietor of vineyards at St. George. The latter took me to his vineyard. He had just commenced gathering the grapes; the bunches were of immense size, as large as the golden bunches seen occasionally as a sign over a tavern—the berries as large as good-sized damsons. Here I first witnessed the process called *de grappee*, a very adroit method of separating the stalks from the grapes. It is done with a stick about three feet long, with three prongs or forks at the top. The operator takes about half a tub of fresh-gathered grapes; then by a particular movement he scratches and turns over the whole, and in a very few minutes every stalk is at the top of the tub, and the grapes are as free from the stalks as if they had been picked by hand. The produce of the

entire vineyards of St. George, I was told, reached to an average of 12,000 hogsheads per annum. The system of making the wine is slightly different from that described in other districts. On the top of the *cuvé* there are planks sufficiently close together to prevent the husks from falling into the *cuvé*, but leaving enough space for the grape juice to run through. Upon these planks the men crush the grapes with their feet in the usual manner. When the grapes are sufficiently trodden, the husks are allowed to fall into the *cuvé*, and the whole is stirred together. When the fermentation commences the husks rise to the top, forming what is known as the *chapeau*. As long as the *chapeau* remains stationary (and it is so firm that I am told it will bear a man's weight) the fermentation is allowed to proceed, but as soon as it begins to sink the *cuvé* is tapped below and the wine is racked into the *foudre*, where it remains until it is drawn off in the spring of the year, or whatever the maker thinks the most judicious time. The husks that remained in the *cuvé* are taken to the press; sometimes water is mixed with it to make small or *petit vin*. It is impossible that grapes so large should make a wine with much spirit. I tasted wine after three days' and eight days' pressing; the fermen-

tation, of course, was not complete, and the wine was wanting in saccharine. The grapes are splendid for dessert, and whilst I was at Montpellier I saw despatched every evening a special train freighted entirely with grapes for the Paris market.

Mr. Gordon was well versed in viniculture, but, I think, not entirely conversant with the treatment after fermentation. He was a great invalid, and I regret to say he died not long after my visit; he was an amiable man, and much beloved. He showed me wines of several vintages, but they were wanting in perfect condition, which I attributed to the wines not having been racked and fined at proper intervals, and it was my intention to have had a few hogsheads over to see what I could do with it under my own treatment.

The following letter, addressed to me from Mr. Gordon, dated Montpellier, 13th November, 1862, is worth transcribing:—

“When we had the pleasure of seeing you here in September, you intimated that you should not be sorry to have a sample of our wine then vintaging, under the impression that it might suit the English market. The wine is now become perfectly clear, and, without being surpassing, it is, to say the least of it, of a very fine average quality. Its principal deficiency is its somewhat feebleness of colour, the prevailing fault of this year's

vintage. Here, however, it may be well to remark that our wines of good quality generally gain colour in the wood. As you study vinous physiology, I may here mention that in general the wines, after being vatted, become fine in the course of a fortnight, whereas ours remained in a gentle simmering state, and was not limpidly clear to the end of a month. This we wine producers look upon as a good sign, as indicating the full maturity of the grape and the richness of its quality. We are now only waiting an unclouded sky and a fresh N.W. wind to rack off our large *foudre*—an operation we shall repeat in May, when our vines begin to sprout. Should you, as I trust from more than mere commercial purposes, still wish to have a sample of our wine, be good enough to let us know by what manner we are to send it. Will a simple sample of this year's vintage suffice, or shall I send you others of 1858, '59, '60, and '61, *finéd* and *not finéd*, to show the effect age has upon this wine, and, moreover, to elucidate the oft-mooted question of fining and not fining? In spite of your very high authority, which in all other instances I willingly acknowledge, I still persist in my opinion:—if for immediate use, fine; for keeping, never do so."

I subsequently received bottles of vintages 1858, finéd and not finéd; 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, finéd and not finéd. The last sample was the wine I saw making, of which six bottles were sent. Although the weather was cold the fermentation was going on rapidly in the new wine; several bottles had burst, and the others would have shared the same fate had the corks not been

drawn upon arrival. The wine was as brisk as Champagne. The fined wines came perfectly sound; the unfined were out of condition and in a state of semi-fermentation, so that my opinion was confirmed by this experiment. The result was that I declined shipping the wine. It could have been only done with safety by highly fortifying before shipment, and the difficulty in getting the wine to the port of Bristol, the length of the voyage, and expenses, showed me that it was not likely to be a remunerative investment.

Fifteen miles S.W. Montpellier is the port of Cette. Here are extensive manufactures of wines of all countries—Port, Sherry, Madeira, Claret, Burgundy, or any other known wines. Mr. Shaw is an apologist for Cette fabrications. He says:—

“Cette is a by-word for adulteration, but its bad name is not deserved. Adulteration means the admixture of foreign matter with the juice of the grape. This is practised in Cette as well as in many other places, but probably comparatively little there, because there is such an ample choice of every description of grape juice for honest blending that some of the kinds are cheaper and more suitable for the imitations desired than anything else. It is alleged that if you tell a Cette merchant at 9 a.m. you wish to have 50 pipes of Port, 50 butts of Sherry, and 50 hogsheads of Claret, he will promise

to deliver them at 4 p.m. There is a good deal of (exaggerated) truth in this, but he can accomplish it, because he possesses an almost unlimited supply of a great variety of wines, with body and flavour which his experience has taught him how to use, so that by certain combinations he will produce a remarkably close resemblance to that of any other quality or country."

Most decidedly the Cette manufacture is far preferable to that of Hamburg, as in the latter place there is little or no wine used in the manufacture; and were I compelled to trade either with Cette or Hamburg (wines?), I should certainly prefer Cette, because, as Mr. Shaw says, there "is such an ample choice of every description of grape juice for honest blending."

At Cette you may observe sailors taking for ships' use large bottles of a red wine, holding nearly two gallons each. I asked one of these sailors to let me taste his wine, which he did readily. It was a very good common wine, and he had paid for it four sous a litre, the two gallons costing about 2s. 10d. English money, or about $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. per quart. It was a natural wine of good body, invigorating and wholesome. It would be a great boon to the working classes if such a wine could be introduced into England in substitution for the

heavy half-fermented public-house beer, which intoxicates without affording proper nourishment to the system.

I have already excited the ire of some of the merchants of Cette by my letters in 1862, addressed to the *Wine Trade Review*, and, as I have before narrated, incurred my friend Mr. Shaw's displeasure when tasting the wines at Cette. I have records of tastings innumerable, but I condemned the whole,* saving a really fine Muscat Frontignac, vintage 1861, some hogsheads of which I was tempted to purchase, and which turned out most favourably. I believe most of the concocted wines are shipped to the Brazils and all parts of America; some to India and Australia; but I do not think much is imported into England, the monopoly of that class of wines is with Hambro'. I was shown Oporto Port and Burgundy Port, Madeira, and white wines which treatment would in a few hours convert into either Chablis or Sherry, Champagne, or Sparkling Hock, or Moselle. Houdin, the great conjuror, would not be equal

* At the Vienna Exhibition medals for progress and merit were given to MM. ——— respectively for their *imitation wines*, a well-known house in Cette, the hotbed of this nefarious industry, being simply rewarded by honourable mention for its efforts in the same objectionable direction.—*Mr. Vizetelly* (*"Wines of the World"*).

to such transformations. The spirit used is principally the *trois-six*, usually written thus:— $\frac{3}{6}$, made at Montpellier. The $\frac{3}{6}$ denominates the strength, and in the common alcohol of France marks 33° in the scale of 19° Cartier and contains consequently 84.4 vol. per cent. of absolute alcohol.

In many places in Cette I noticed hundreds of casks of wine, not in enclosed places, but where, as it appeared to me, they would be accessible to any one; these were exposed to the sun and rain and all degrees of temperature. Some of the casks bore the marks of long exposure; in many the hoops had started; some were without bungs. I could only presume this was another *growing* or *breeding* process to soften the effect of the copious use of *trois-six*, but it struck me that wine could be of little use that was so exposed, and that perhaps its quality was so well known that there was little risk of its being plundered.

From Cette I went to Perpignan, where I made the acquaintance of M. Durand, who gave me a letter to his firm at Port-Vendre. A gentleman whom I met at the hotel, who was a resident of Montpellier and a wine grower, told me that salt was much used by some wine makers in Montpellier, and plaster (gypsum) to

lessen the colour and give it the appearance of age. It behoves every one to denounce such practices. When shall we see the day when producers will awaken to a sense of the offence they are committing in converting one of the most beneficial gifts which creation has afforded us into an unhealthy compound? If you argue with these fabricators, they try to justify such practices by saying it was the custom of their forefathers, and is at the present time that of their neighbours.

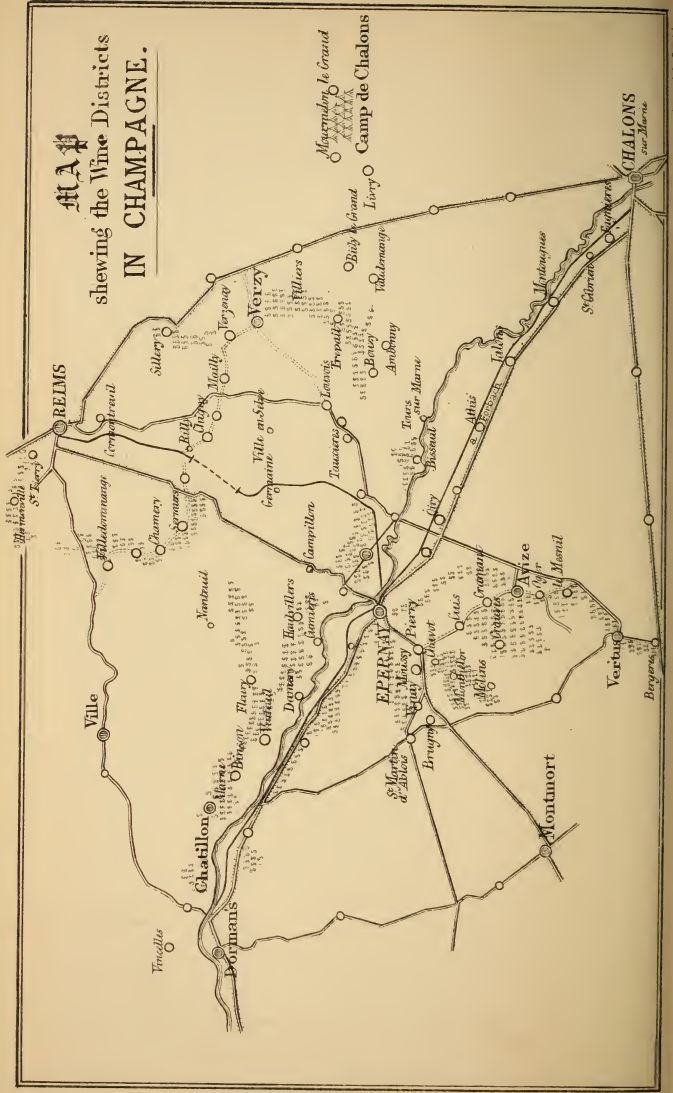
Wine is one of the most interesting subjects of study, affording almost unlimited opportunities of research. Here men must no longer blindly follow the customs of their forefathers; and in this, as in all other subjects of wide commercial and social interest, it will be found that in the end "honesty is the best policy," and that practical experience may be largely aided by theory.

Halting, *en route* to Port-Vendre, at Collioure for a few hours, I called upon a M. Vincent Bernardi, a wine grower. He showed me a good sample of the previous year's vintage (1861) without any spirit; the price was fifty francs the hectolitre; a hectolitre here is 120 litres; it was a fine, excellent wine, and very cheap. The white wine of the same

vintage was strong and coarse, not of good character, dosed with $\frac{3}{6}$. As an especial favour he brought a sample of Collieure, made by his father in 1797. It was a rich liqueur wine, of marvellously fine character, resembling choice old Malmsey Madeira. This wine was shown at the wine exposition at Perpignan in 1861. At Port-Vendre, availing myself of M. Durand's introduction, I visited his large establishments and tasted his wines, with which I was somewhat familiar, as much is imported into England under the name of Masdeu. In one warehouse there were five casks for vatting which would hold seventy-five pipes each. A much larger establishment was that of M. B. Reig. Whilst I was there the stock of wine in the establishment was 30,000 hectolitres, equal to 5740 pipes. Their wines are much in demand in America and the Brazils. M. Bonaventin Reig, the proprietor, said that the natural alcohol of their wines contained 15 per cent. by Gay Lusac, which is 24 per cent. by Sikes; that they add 5 per cent. of $\frac{3}{6}$, which would make it over 32 per cent. by Sikes. To me the wine appeared to be much stronger. Very serviceable wines may be had from Collieure and Port-Vendre, at moderate prices, by those disposed to search for them.

The wines in the English market, and offered as Roussillon wines, are not carefully selected. There are good wines of the Pyrenees Orientales that are admirably suited for consumption in Great Britain. Whilst at Port-Vendre I ascended the vine-clad heights of the termination of the Eastern Pyrenees (Pyrenees Orientales) to the lighthouse situated on the Spanish frontier. It was a tiresome ascent, but worth the exertion. The views were grand in the extreme. The gathering of the grape was in full operation at certain stations on the way, cart-loads of grapes were on the ground, waiting to be conveyed to the station below. Hundreds of men and women were busy in gathering and conveying their heavy burdens. Towards the summit, where the vines were not planted, the mountain was covered with heather; and the rosemary plant grew in luxurious profusion, and filled the air with a delicious perfume. I was thoroughly exhausted when I arrived at the lighthouse. The attendant found me refreshment, and gave me a bottle of a very fine and pure wine, as good as I could wish to drink upon such an occasion. It was grown near to the place where it was consumed.

MAP shewing the Wine Districts IN CHAMPAGNE.



Chapter xi.

CHAMPAGNE.

The Inventor of Champagne—King of Bohemia, his Excesses—Henry VIII., his Vineyard at Ay—Jolly Monk, Dom Perignon—Marrying the Wines—First Application of the Corking Process—Rheims and Epernay—Immense Cellars—The Champagne Country—A Tour amongst the Vineyards—A Suggested Route—Black and White Grapes—Their Order of Merit—Their Characteristics—Process of Champagne Manufacture—Advantage of Scientific Applications—Magnates of Rheims and Epernay—The Coupage—The Tirage—Losses from Breakage—Treatment of the Wine in Bottle—Dégorgement—The Chopineur—The Boucheur—Champagne Corks—Liqueur in Champagne—Its Object—Champagne as prepared for Different Countries—Champagne Tasting—Technical Terms explained—Importance of the Champagne Trade—Further Remarks upon Noted Brands—Some Practical Advice on the Subject—Atmospheric Pressure on Champagne in Bottle—Table of Atmospheres—Sparkling Saumur and Vouvray.

“ When fortune frowns, and friends forsake,
And faith in love is dead—
When man has nothing left to stake,
To hope, nor yet to dread—
One godlike pleasure doth remain,
Worth all the joys he’s lost—
The glorious vintage of Champagne,
From silver goblets tossed !”

TO the renowned Royal Monastery of St. Peter's, at Hautvilliers, Sparkling Champagne is said to owe its origin.

This monastery formerly gave (says its historian) nine Archbishops to the See of Rheims, and twenty-two Abbés to various celebrated monasteries.

One of these monks (Benedictines), Father Perignon, who died in 1715, has the reputation of being the first to gather the wines from various districts, to mix and make them sparkling. Before this period Champagne was in good repute, but it is not probable that the scientific treatment requisite to produce what is now known as Champagne was understood prior to the last century. We have it on record that in 1357, Venceslaus, King of Bohemia, on coming to France to negotiate a treaty with Charles VI., arrived at Rheims, and tasting for the first time the wine of Champagne, spun out his diplomatic errand to the latest possible moment, and then gave up all that was required of him in order to prolong his stay, getting intoxicated on Champagne daily before dinner. And we learn likewise, that amongst the potentates of Europe who were partial to this wine, was our own Henry VIII., who had a vineyard

at Ay, where he kept a superintendent in order to secure the genuine production for his table. Mention is likewise made of Francis I., Pope Leo X., and Charles V. of Spain, as reserving for their use vineyards in Champagne.

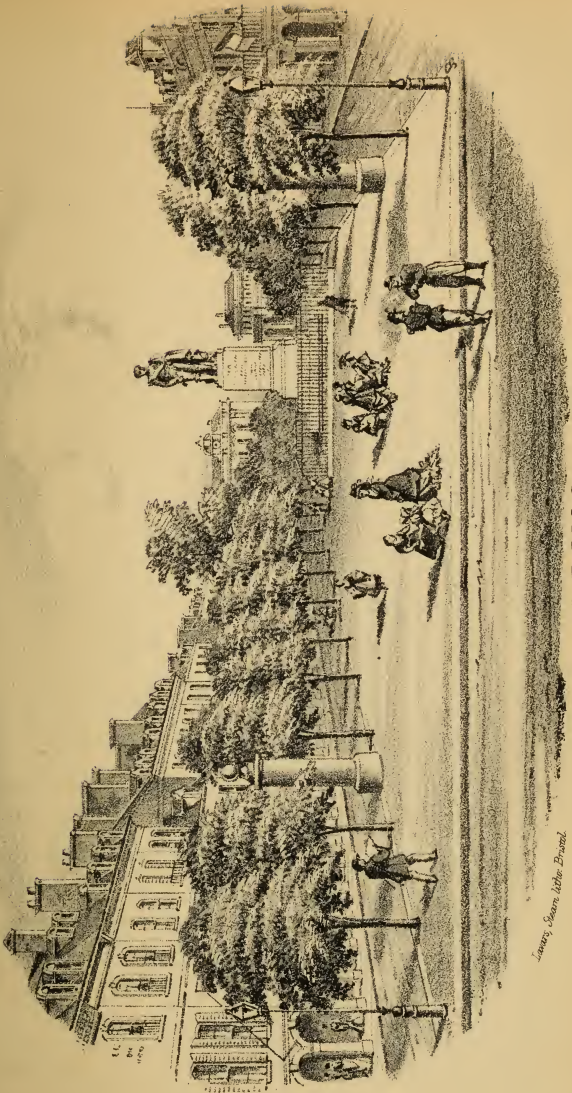
The celebrity of this wine then is not of modern date. But it is to the jolly monk Dom Perignon we are indebted for the enlivening qualities for which it is now so popular.

He was chosen *procureur* of the great Abbey for the purity of his taste and the soundness of his head, and devotion to his occupation does not appear to have shortened his days, for he lived to the ripe old age of fourscore years. His chief duty was to take charge of the vineyards (of which the monastery possessed the broadest and the most favourably situated in the whole country), to receive from the neighbouring cultivators the tithe of the wines they made (their due to the spiritual lords of the Abbey), to press the grapes from the monastic vineyards and blend this wine with those which had come to the Abbey as tithes. "In the decline of life, Father Perignon," says an old chronicler, "being blind, ordered the grapes of different vineyards to be brought to him, recognised each kind by the taste, and said, You must marry (mix) the wine of this grape with that of

another." In the course of his wine mixings, and blending of one quality with another, Dom Perignon, who had already by his skill raised the wine of the holy Fathers of the monastery to the greatest perfection, discovered the process of making the wine effervescent, and as it was utterly impossible to keep it in this condition by the old process of a bit of flax or wool steeped in oil, which was the only stopper then in use, he further added to his celebrity by the employment of the cork, which he secured with string.

The two marts for Champagne, where "merchants most do congregate," are the famous places of Rheims and Epernay. In the latter will be found the more modern establishments and buildings and cellars, with architectural pretensions exceeding those of the more ancient city of Rheims; nevertheless, there are some fine antique buildings in Rheims, and the cellars are very capacious and interesting, both within the ancient city, and more especially on the outskirts, where there are immense caves, some of them said to be two thousand years old. These are all formed with little or no masonry, and are cut out of the solid rock, or rather beds of chalk, of a very firm character, but easily worked.

There is some diversity of opinion as to the



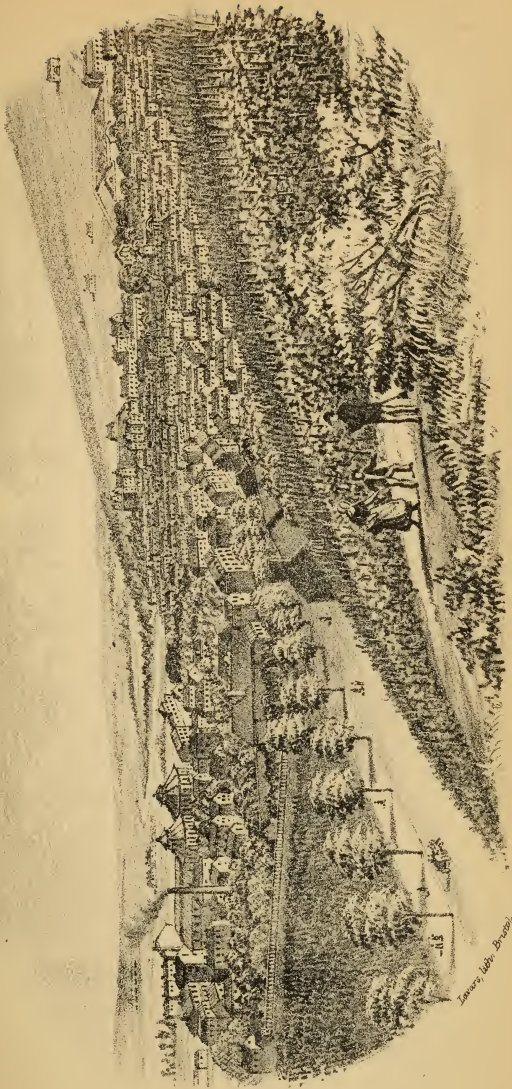
Luxury Seams like Brandy

REIMS

origin of these enormous excavations, so many of them having been discovered the existence of which was unknown to the oldest inhabitants. It is generally believed that they were quarries from which the original builders of Rheims obtained the materials for the construction of the town.

I do not know whether similar discoveries have been made in Epernay. The cellars there are mostly hewn out of the solid chalk which underlies the thin soil of all that portion of the country which produces the Champagne grape. As I have before observed, these are of modern construction. In one establishment there are seven vast compartments, which contain five subterranean passages, and ten large and a hundred and seventeen small cellars, in which are arranged in order two millions and a half of bottles of Champagne. The whole establishment covers an area of twelve acres and a half. The total length of the vaults is nearly two miles. Independently of the large establishments in Rheims and Epernay, there are many others in the Champagne district. It is a gratification to me to indulge in reminiscences of my tours in Champagne. Its inhabitants are most hospitable; their kindness and courtesy is universal. The country is surpass-

ingly lovely, exhibiting immense plains, varied in tone and colour; surrounded by vine-clad hills, all distinctly defined. There is no cloudy or smoky atmosphere to intercept the view, only a bright cerulean sky; and the air is so cheering and invigorating that it would seem as though the very atmosphere had stolen sips of the delicious wine whose fruit it assists in perfecting, so inspiriting to the traveller are the refreshing breezes that waft over this favoured land. For some years it has been my good fortune to meet with delightful weather throughout my visits, and it would be difficult for me to imagine the Champagne country other than I have described it. Those who may desire to see a little of the country, and some of the best vineyards from which the genuine Champagne is produced, I would advise, if they make Epernay their first halt, to drive from thence to Pierry, Monthelon, Cramant, Avize, Ay, and to Avenay. They can at this place dismiss their *voiture*, take the railway to Rheims, and visit the celebrated growths in that vicinity, which extend for six miles south and east from Rheims. They would thus have on the right Ville-dommange, and on the left Rilly, where excellent red wines are made, but principally for home consumption, though I have yet to



EPERNAY

Leaves, lith. Bryson.



learn why these really excellent and sterling wines have not found a market in England. In many districts I have met with capital red wines, possessing much of the character of fine Burgundy, of as great merit and much less price.

Bouzy grows red wine, which, at from five to six years old, is of an especially fine character. These red wines have always their place at the tables of the resident proprietors, and but little more is cultivated than is required for their own consumption. Continuing our tour we approach to Sillery, and thence, ascending the hill, we reach Verzenay, the vineyards of which commence their rise just at the outskirts of the little hamlet of Sillery.

From Verzenay, leaving Ludes, Chigny, and other places of less note, we get to Bouzy; from thence we reach the banks of the Marne. We have now left *Le Vin de la Montagne*, and, turning westward along the bank of the river, we reach Mareuil-sur-Ay and Ay. Continuing the same course we arrive at Dizy, thence to Hautvilliers. All these latter vineyards are distinguished from those of the mountain, and produce what is called *Vin de la Rivière*. Hautvilliers I mentioned as having possessed a famous monastery and a jovial monk, whose

fame has outlived the walls that sheltered him. The abbey no longer exists; it was destroyed by the iconoclasts of the first Revolution.

The traveller can now cross the river Marne, and will soon arrive at Epernay, which was his starting point. As I have taken the reader over the principal districts, I will now give the order of merit in which the various growths are classed, distinguishing the black grape from the white :—

Black Grapes.

1st Order.—Ay, Verzenay, Bouzy, Ambonnay.

2nd Order.—Rilly, Pierry, Armiere, Ville-dommange, Virtus, Moussy, Chigny, Mareuil, Monthelon.

3rd Order.—Cuis Chanery, Avenay, Reuil, St. Martin (2nd and 3rd), Vigny, Epernay (2nd and 3rd), Chevaux.

4th Order.—Tusquan, Château Thierry, Velesque, Veneil, Trelau, Chapen, &c.

White Grapes.

1st Order.—Cramant, Avize.

2nd Order.—Oger, Lesmisnil, Chouilly, Grauve.

3rd and 4th Orders.—Verzey, Villers.

It may be observed, that in the most favoured of the above districts the quality of the grapes is not always uniform. Adjoining the very finest, there may be half a hectare of an inferior quality. A dip in the surface of the ground, a slight difference in the aspect or the soil, will

produce a different fruit. The grapes may be larger, finer in appearance, and more inviting to the palate, and the uninitiated would be likely to infer that they would make the finer wine; but the practical, experienced vintager will at once know which are suited for the choicest wine, and will reject those which the novice would have selected. The choicest grapes used for making up the finest cuvées are in size very little larger than our English currants. The characteristics of the produce of the principal growths are:—

Ay.—Very delicate.

Verzenay.—Full, vinous, and spirituous.

Bouzy.—Full flavour and spirituous.

Cramant.—Delicate in the mouth, but, as it goes off the palate, somewhat coarse.

Avize.—Very fine and delicate.

The French are the most accomplished of all nations in the scientific manipulation of wine—an art required above all others in the management of Champagne, which, from the gathering of the grape until it is perfected as wine, and disposed of to the consumer, demands incessant care. No mother, anxious for the proper nurture of her infant child, can be more attentive to its requirements than is the Champagne-maker to the progress and development of his wine.

There can be no doubt that those who call in the assistance of science in their treatment are more successful than others who depend alone upon their presumed knowledge and experience. The latter class of operators are so uncertain in the result of their experiments, since the effect of thermal influence and of excess or defect in saccharine can be estimated only by scientific knowledge. The old practitioners go by "the rule of the thumb," make their wines as their fathers did, and with great pertinacity reject scientific appliances. Since my first visit to Champagne, I have observed many introductions of a scientific character, which not only assist the manufacturer by lessening the amount of breakages and ullages, but tend to produce the wine in an improved condition, and at a less cost. The more the public is enlightened with respect to the growth and manufacture of Champagne, the sooner will the absurd delusion as to the superiority of certain brands be dispelled. This delusion has for many years tended to create a monopoly most profitable to those who are so favoured, but no less prejudicial to the interests of the consumer. Fortunes, the accumulations of enormous profits, are evidenced by the palatial residences, as well as the large possessions belonging to the magnates of Rheims

and Epernay; nor is their immense wealth their only advantage. They are the Plutocracy—the wine aristocrats—looked upon as a superior race, heroes, or something more, celebrated in song and immortalized in history.

Having conveyed the reader over the principal Champagne districts, and given the properties assigned to the various grapes, I will, as shortly as possible, describe the process of manufacture. I have shown that the wine differs in quality according to the district in which the grape is grown. It is the great art of the manufacturer to blend these various products, and to form the happy marriage technically called the *coupage*. The *coupage* varies each year according to the character of the vintages, as it often happens that hail-storms, frost, or blight may affect some districts and leave others untouched. The produce of the different vineyards, after leaving the wine-press, is brought to the fabricant, who, after examining each quality, and this most carefully (for an expert taster, even at this early stage, is enabled by taste and smell to recognise the flavour and bouquet of each produce), tests accurately, by means of the saccharometer, the quantity of sugar in each cask. This and other considerations determine him as to the proportions he shall allot for each *coupage*. The casks

in which the wines are mixed are called *foudres*; they vary from thirty to one hundred hectolitres, according to the requirements of the season and the quantity of wine to be made. The wine, or rather grape juice, after being well rummaged, is drawn off into casks of two hectolitres (forty-four gallons). Some allow the wine to ferment in the vats, others in the smaller casks, from which they draw off and fine. After a certain period the wine is removed into the cellars underground. Here it is carefully watched, and requires, perhaps, frequent rackings, fining, change of air, and scientific management. About the middle of April is a busy time with the Champagne manufacturer; this is the period known as the *tirage en bouteilles*. The wine is now put into bottle, and, although it had fermented in the cask, the process is vigorously renewed in bottle, and generally reaches its height in about three weeks. This is a period of great anxiety to our fabricant—the loss from breakage, in consequence of the inordinate development of gas, being sometimes enormous. In the years 1857 and 1858 it amounted, in some establishments, to upwards of 25 per cent. Probably from the improved knowledge in treatment, the loss now is, I believe, under an average of 10 per cent.

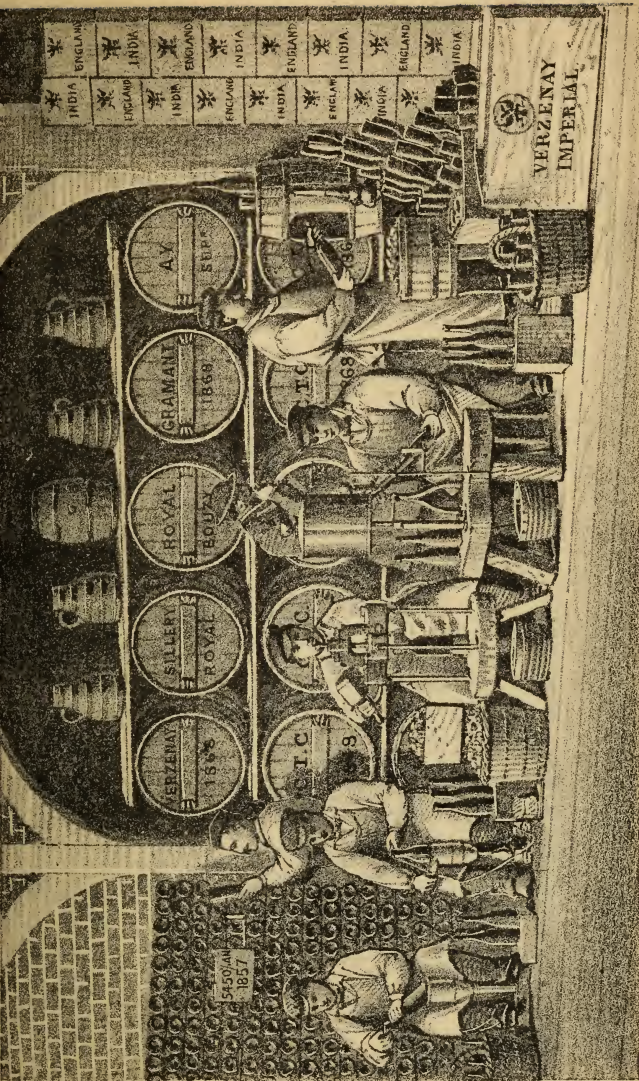
The wine now in bottle continues under surveillance for two, three, four, or more years, according to its quality and destination. The ordinary Champagne of commerce is seldom retained more than two years; the cheaper quality even a less time. The wine, before it has undergone further preparation, is known as *brut*, or raw. For some months after it has been in bottle it is thick and turbid; after awhile a settlement takes place, and above the deposit the wine will appear perfectly clear. It will be seen that it is important to put the bottles in such a position that they may be removed without disturbing the sediment, and for this purpose the bottles are placed *sur point*, in racks made of two boards united in an acute angle, like a half-opened portfolio with the edges downwards; the sides are pierced with holes; into these holes the necks of the bottles are thrust, and the bottles rest at an angle of about 45° . After the bottles are thus arranged, a workman daily, for six weeks or more, takes hold of each bottle by the bottom, and with a succession of slight turns with his wrist makes a half-rotatory motion, and changes slightly the original position of the bottle; he uses both hands, and turns two bottles at the same time. As a check upon his labour, he is generally followed by a

superintendent, who with a brush daubs each bottle with whitewash to indicate the last movement. The sediment is thus finally shaken down into the neck by means of this daily process, aided by the inclination of the bottle, placed diagonally in the rack. Sometimes the sediment clings obstinately to the side of the bottle. The workman then strikes the bottle at the particular spot with an iron rod, until he effects its disengagement. This clinking noise has a peculiar effect upon the nerves in those mysterious, dark, and vast cellars, where several are engaged in this employment, and the workmen are not visible. When the sediment has all passed into the neck of the bottle and rests upon the cork, the wine is ready for the interesting process called the *dégorgement*—the getting rid of the sediment. In a portion of the premises (generally on the ground floor) the visitor is introduced to a row of workmen all seated on very low stools, except the chief operator, who is known as the *dégorgeur*, who stands before a hood-shaped contrivance, having a basin in the middle with a reservoir below; but for the basin this machine might be taken for a sentinel's box; it is made either of iron or wood.* Before this the *dégorgeur* takes his position,

* Some use an upright cask, with an orifice in the middle.

and makes more reports in one day than a whole company of riflemen in active service. His uniform is the ordinary blouse, with the addition of a leathern apron, and his arms none other than a piece of hooked steel called a "crochet," an enlarged edition of the instrument of the same name used by ladies in their favourite occupation. He takes the bottles with which he is constantly supplied from baskets so placed that he can grasp each without any change of position, seizes the bottle with its neck downwards, removes its iron fastening (*agraffe*) with his "crochet," and the cork, driven out by the gas, comes out with a bang, followed by the sediment and a flow of frothy wine; this the operator checks with his finger as soon as he knows that all the sediment is discharged. So quickly is this done, that before you have recovered from the first explosion another comes upon your ear, and when many are employed in the same building, you may fancy yourself in a miniature engagement, the firing is so continuous, the resonance so considerable. At seasons when the fermentation is unusually active, there is some risk to the operator from the bursting of bottles, and at such times he is generally protected by a wire mask over his face. The bottles, as soon as

disgorged, are passed on to the next operator. I have already explained that the wine, up to this time, is known as "*brut*," the natural wine; it now comes into the hands of the workman familiarly called the "*chopineur*," whose business it is to change the character of the wine by adding such proportion of liqueur as may be required, according to the palate of the consumer. This liqueur is prepared with the very finest sugar candy, the best Champagne, and the oldest and finest Cognac. I will remark upon the application and purpose of this liqueur hereafter. The old-fashioned method was to measure out the liqueur in a tin cup, of which there were various sizes proportionate to the percentage required, and then to pour the same into the mouth of the bottle; but this process has been supplanted by one more speedy. The bottle is now put under a properly regulated tap, which instantaneously infuses the exact quantity required. The bottle is then passed to the next workman, the "*boucheur*," or corker; he is placed before an apparatus like a miniature guillotine. This machine has a twofold action; it compresses the cork, and serves to assist in driving it into the bottle. When George III. was King, his satirist, Peter Pindar, makes him wonder how



Verzenay, Louis Brévart

BOTTLING CHAMPAGNE

the apple found its way into a dumpling; it is more mysterious to many, who may attempt to refit a Champagne cork into the bottle from whence it has just escaped, how it ever got there; and if any one is desirous of ascertaining the original shape and size of the cork, he has only to immerse it for a short time in warm water, and it will be restored to its first dimensions. The selection of the cork is of very great importance; a faulty cork will occasion leakage, and be detrimental to the wine in other respects. It is a foolish economy to purchase inferior corks. The best corks used cost as much as threepence each; they should be of large size, of fine quality, and require to be well driven into the bottle. After some years in bottle they will lose their elasticity, the action of the saccharine and alcohol causing them to shrink; but if they are of the best quality, they will always prevent the escape of the wine, for they become hard but not porous. After the cork has been branded with the proprietor's name it is ready for the "*boucheur*" (corker), whom we have kept waiting some time. His corks have already been soaked in water. Some of these workmen have at their side a tin can (similar to that used by pie-men or baked potato merchants), in which there is a compartment for

steaming the corks to make them more elastic. The workman lifts the lid off this and selects his cork, places it at the bottom of the guillotine-looking apparatus, and puts the cork into an orifice at the top provided with a pair of claws which pinch and reduce the size of the cork to fit the mouth of the bottle waiting underneath to receive it. The cork is either driven down with a mallet, or a string is let go which suspends on a pulley an iron weight of twenty pounds or more ; this descends upon the cork, and forces it into the bottle. The bottles when corked are passed to the man whose business it is to apply the string. The cord is very strong ; and as the workman applies it with all his strength, using a leverage he brings down the edges of the cork until the top becomes round, as we see it only in Champagne bottles. After giving the bottle two or three rapid turns, he passes it on to the next man at his side, who attaches the wire ; each one who has occasion to touch the bottles repeats these turns or shakes, in order to mix the wine and liqueur well together. The experienced *facteur* will then stack his wine in some convenient place where the temperature is about equal to that of the country for which it is destined ; and he will allow it to remain for a

certain time, in order that by careful inspection he may ascertain whether the wine is in perfect condition and the corking has been effectually done.

It will be observed that the original cost of the wine is not the only item to be paid for; the labour, the bottles, corks, cases, packing, envelopes, freight and shipping charges, have likewise to be added.

In relating the system adopted when the wines are disgorged, I incidentally mentioned the addition of liqueur. Wines of inferior vintages, which are constitutionally weak and acrid, must have an extra dose of *liqueur* to make them at all marketable; while those of good vintages, containing naturally much saccharine and spirit, require but little sophistication. In my analysis of various Champagnes, where the percentage of liqueur has been given to me, I have been unable to make the result of my chemical examination agree with the furnished proportions. Such failures are accounted for on further investigation. One *facteur* will make his liqueur twice as sweet as another, some using as much as fifty-six kilos of candy to a hectolitre, whilst others will use only one-half, or perhaps only one-third of that quantity; hence to give to a wine an equal proportion of

saccharine there will be needed only a small quantity of the rich, or a considerable quantity of the poorer liqueur. It is evident that where the weaker liqueur is used, the less there will be of actual wine, and if the wine is not of good character this may be of little importance. Now this is one of the secrets attending the marvellously low-priced wines which are brought into the market by some unscrupulous dealers who care more for their own pockets than for the stomach of the consumer. There are wines which though sweet are of fine character. They are light and elegant. This is the style of wine consumed amongst the higher orders of the French, Belgians, and Germans. They allow no Brandy in the liqueur. To my palate wine of this kind is *eau-sucré*, with just the flavour of Champagne. The wine principally consumed in Russia is made up with a large proportion of liqueur highly fortified. The Americans have a more modified taste, somewhat between the Russian and the French style. In England the taste is rapidly inclining towards dryness, and is certainly the purer. If the Champagne *facteur* studies his own immediate pecuniary interest, he will desire that a taste for a very sweet wine should predominate. A dry Champagne must be a perfect wine. If it

is not sound, its acidity is immediately discoverable; if it is coarse, or has a bad flavour, it cannot be sold as a dry wine. These defects must be covered with a good dose of well-fortified liqueur. To some extent it is fortunate that dry Champagne is not generally appreciated, for it would be somewhat difficult to meet the demand, as none but wines of the first quality are palatable in their natural condition. A sweet Champagne may be made from almost any wine, although it will be all the better if it is made from the finest growths. The choice between a sweet or a dry wine is a matter of taste, but it is certain that, whilst there are many converts from the sweet to the dry or moderately dry, the connoisseur who has a taste for the unsophisticated wine will never venture upon a second glass of the rich or sweet, however fine the quality may be, or whatever celebrated brand the cork may bear. Your real judge of Champagne is quite independent of popular brands; he has a reminiscence of former sufferings, and dreads the dyspepsia following an indulgence in frothy, sweet, and potent liquids. For many of the inferior wines which occupy a somewhat prominent position, not only at hotels, but at the tables of the affluent, the public is responsible. They require

a noisy, effervescing, frothy Champagne, and the manufacturer does his utmost to gratify his patrons. A strong effervescence generally accompanies excessive sweetness, and the latter, as I before observed, serves to cover the meagreness and acidity of an inferior wine. There are seasons of so favourable a nature for the full ripening of the grape grown in some districts, that the wine is found to contain an abundance of saccharine, and the vintages of 1865 and 1868 furnish quantities of the finest wines to be had in their natural state. These wines are perfect, both in bouquet and aroma. They sparkle briskly in the glass. The effervescence is of a creamy, not a frothy nature, continuing to rise up in bubbles and sparkle for hours, the reason being that good wine absorbs largely the carbonic acid gas generated in the course of its manufacture. The effervescence from inferior Champagne vanishes like soda-water. The gas, instead of being absorbed in the wine—matured in it—accumulates in the vacant space above the liquid, and thus, when the bottle is opened, the cork is ejected with great violence, and is followed by a torrent of froth. Champagne, as it is generally prepared for consumption, improves very little by age, although the natural wine (*vin brut*), if of good quality, is better year

by year. I once tasted, at Pierry, Champagne in its natural condition, made in the year 1817; it had a slight bead upon it when poured into the glass. I should have anticipated that it would have become *hard*, but it was beautifully soft, what the French term *velouté*, and of exquisite flavour and bouquet. In tasting Champagne, in order to get at its true character, plenty of time must be taken. Brain, palate, and sight must be brought simultaneously into action. There should be no conversation going on, and the faculties should be concentrated, during the tasting process. The opinion of any one who gulps down a glass of Champagne and at once pronounces his judgment, is worth nothing. The skilful taster has learned that the organs of taste are placed not only at the point of the tongue, but also at the root; that whilst the first will immediately detect any gross imperfections, such as acidity or bad flavour, thus acting as a sentinel to the palate—stopping, in fact, any further transit by an instinctive action—it is left to the more delicate organs at the root to discriminate all the fine distinctions which belong to the wine; and it will be observed that he who is experienced in tasting sips the wine submitted to his

judgment, and turns it slowly over his tongue, bringing it again and again backward and forward in his mouth until his palate has its full flavour. If he is tasting in his sample-room he takes a larger quantity into his mouth, bringing it in full contact with the whole tongue, but especially with the root of it, and after awhile prudently rejects it. If he were to swallow sample after sample, his brain would soon cease to assist in his judgment. I have my doubts whether the judgment of those who cultivate an extensive moustache can be relied upon as to a nice perception of bouquet in wine, if after smelling they proceed to taste. With one operation they may be successful, but it is impossible to avoid the wine coming in contact with the moustache; this absorbs some portion of it, however small, and must leave its odour upon the lips and interfere with the bouquet of the next sample. I speak from experience, as when in earlier days I cultivated this appendage I was for a long time perplexed, and imagined that my sense of smell was less acute than usual. After tasting wines redolent of *œnanthic æther*, the moustache becomes impregnated, and wines subsequently submitted to the nostrils appear to possess a fragrance which does not belong

to them. A friend of mine, who was almost as proud of his moustache as he was of his cellar of fine wines, once complained to me that he could not discover any bouquet in his wine after his soup. I soon enlightened him as to the cause (which was simply that the savoury and greasy particles of the soup adhered to his moustache, effectually intercepting the enjoyment he might otherwise have had from the bouquet of his wine).

It is not to be expected that the general reader will comprehend many terms which are technically applied to the character of wines; even qualities so distinct as "flavour" and "bouquet" are often confounded. The flavour of wine, called by the French *sève*, indicates the vinous power and aromatic savour which are felt in the act of swallowing the wine, and continue to be felt after the passage of the liquor. It seems to consist of the impression made by the alcohol and the aromatic particles which are liberated and volatilised as soon as the wine receives the warmth of the mouth and stomach. The *sève* differs from the *bouquet* inasmuch as the latter declares itself the moment the wine is exposed to the air; it is the criterion of the vinous force or quality of the alcohol present (being in fact greatest in the

weak wines), and influences the organs of smell rather than of taste. In the red wines of Médoc and the Graves, the *sève* and the *bouquet* exist only in old wines, and experience only has told the brokers that when wines of particular growths present themselves without harshness (*veredeur*), with colour, body, and vinosity, they will when old acquire a balsamic flavour, *sève*, and become mellow (*moëlleux*); besides possessing colour and body, they will also keep well, which constitutes the perfection of wine.

In order to show the vast importance of the Champagne trade, it is desirable that the reader should be acquainted with the extent of country devoted to this particular vine culture. I give it from the best resources I can command, published statements from the Chamber of Commerce at Rheims. The vineyards in the whole of the department of Champagne, comprising the Ardennes, the Marne, the Aube, and the Haut Marne, cover an extent of 55,540 hectares, or 138,870 English acres of vines; and it is calculated that in the whole department there are not less than 23,000 proprietors; those in the department of Rheims number at least 12,000. It must not be supposed that the whole of this extent of vine land is employed in the culture of the grape used in making Vin

Mousseux (sparkling Champagne). The portion of the country producing the grapes used for this purpose I have already made the reader acquainted with, and it is shown upon the map; it is said to cover 18,000 hectares of land (45,000 acres). The quantity of wine produced varies, of course, with the season; but the average may be taken at 636,200 hectolitres (13,996,400 gallons). This quantity, however, is not all converted into Vin Mousseux. There are, as before mentioned, choice red wines made at Rilly and Bouzy, besides large quantities of ordinary red wine used for common consumption.

I have in former pages alluded to the wealth possessed by Champagne manufacturers, the fortunate possessors of a brand which is in repute. It is really and truly solely the monopoly of this brand which enables the proprietors to add year by year to their already largely accumulated gains. There is no superiority of quality in the wine, as those know who are well acquainted with the Champagne trade either as manufacturers or dealers. Whilst it is sometimes amusing, it is often trying to the patience to listen to the would-be connoisseur who believes in no other wine but that which has a certain brand upon the cork

or label upon the outside of the bottle. The quality is a thing which he knows nothing about; he believes in the brand, and he gets his hobby and pays for it. It is the knowledge of this weakness (a very prevalent one with John Bull) that prompts many competitors to most strenuous efforts to get up a name, and all manner of practices are resorted to to this end. Advertisements cunningly worded, extra allowance to Wine Merchants who will promote the sale, bribes to hotel-keepers and proprietors of steam-boats, the same to the managers of public establishments, paragraphs in newspapers that at such a dinner the Champagne was So-and-so's, and was pronounced to be of extraordinary quality; fees to waiters at hotels, and gratuities to stewards and butlers in the service of the nobility. All these manœuvres are followed up by a well-organised method of touting. Showy labels meet you at railway stations; everything is done to familiarise the public with the name; and all these combined attractions have successfully brought many a wine into a demand which its real quality did not deserve. Sometimes it is a noted *carte blanche*, and there are many noted *cartes blanche*; but if one *carte blanche* in particular can be got on the Royal table, or the Prince of

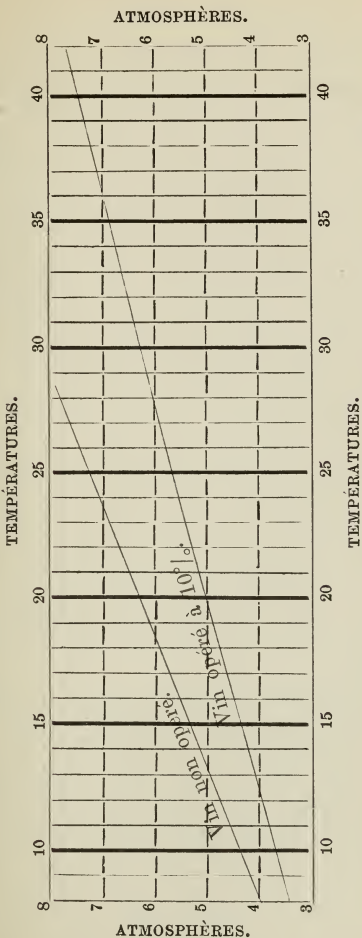
Wales can be induced to pronounce a favourable opinion upon it, the *carte blanche* proprietor's fortune is made. He adds from ten to twenty shillings per dozen to the price of his wine, and there are found people in the world willing to pay it.

Upon this subject I offer a suggestion to the English Wine Merchant, to have nothing to do with the brand of the foreigner. Get the best possible wine you can, but insist upon your own brand upon the cork, and your own name upon the label. It is you who are responsible for the quality to your customer, the consumer; it is to you the reputation and credit of the selection belongs, and why should you pay a premium to others for advertising their names, and thus encourage a monopoly prejudicial to your own interests? The exercise of a little judgment and perseverance would soon place the English merchant in a far better and more independent position than he is at present. It is to the existence for so many years of a short-sighted policy that we are indebted for the prejudice in favour of particular brands.

There is a wine known in Champagne as *Non Mousseux*—in England it is called *Still Champagne*. It is not much in demand; but, if well made, and properly matured, it has great

merit, possessing very striking characteristics. It is seldom to be purchased in Champagne under five or six francs per bottle. A wine with very little *mousse* is called *Crémant*; a third is *Mousseux*; but, where there is much effervescence, it is *Grand Mousseux*. The table on the opposite page, compiled from careful experiments by the aid of manometers, may be of use to those scientifically interested in ascertaining the pressure in a bottle of Champagne according to the amount of liqueur it contains. When the wine is in its natural or *brut* state, the internal pressure is enormous, and if it reaches 7 or 8 atmospheres in a temperature of 100° Fahrenheit, the bottles will burst. This pressure is much less where the wine is liqueured. Thus a wine operated upon with 10% liqueur will sustain a temperature of 130° Fahrenheit. Wine Merchants who are unaware of this fact should store their dry wines in the coolest part of their cellars, if they wish to avoid ullages or breakages. In shipments to India of *Vin Brut*, or *Très Très Sec*, where the wines have been stowed in the hold of a steamer near the engine boilers, I have lost as much as 25% by the bottles bursting, whilst with the fully-liqueured wine the loss has been covered by 5%.

PRESSION DU VIN DE CHAMPAGNE
 À DIFFÉRENTES TEMPÉRATURES.



EXEMPLE.—À la température de 20° la pression intérieure d'une bouteille de Vin opéré à 10° s'éleve à 5 atmosphères.

SAUMUR CHAMPAGNE.

Saumur is in the department of the Maine-et-Loire, 182 miles from Paris, 40 from Tours, and 29 miles from Angers, the capital of the department. In this place, and at Vouvray, in the neighbourhood of Tours, are immense manufactories of wine. Such have been sent to England for the last half-century, and sold as veritable Champagne. Neither in Mr. Shaw's book, "Wine, the Vine, and the Cellar," nor the more ponderous volume of Thudicum and Dupré, is there any mention of the sparkling wines of Saumur or Vouvray. I was for many years aware that the secret of the lower-priced Champagne was due to a blend with cheaper wines from the South, but of the existence of Saumur and its important establishments for making sparkling wines I was unacquainted until the year 1865.

I had received several samples of Champagne from a merchant who professed to have a house at Ay. His letters were dated from that town, and the labels on the bottles and cork brands gave every appearance that all was correct. The quality of the wine was by no means inferior, and the price was considerably lower than wine of a similar quality. As I had

business in Champagne in 1865 during the vintage, I went to Ay to call upon my correspondent, but I found that he had no house there, and that letters addressed to him, when received at the Post Office, were forwarded to Saumur, where he had an establishment for the manufacture of sparkling wines. As I was going South, I took Vouvray and Saumur *en route*. I found my *Ay* correspondent in the midst of his vintaging operations. On remonstrating with him for giving me a false address, his explanation was that if he offered his wine as any other than the growth of Champagne he should not be able to do business in England. He declared that he sent continually many hundreds of hectolitres and thousands of bottles of his wine to Epernay and Rheims, which no doubt subsequently found their way to Great Britain and other parts of the world. As I objected on principle to such a deception, I made no purchases either at Saumur or Vouvray. I made this circumstance known in a letter which appeared in the *Wine Trade Review* in November, 1865. Subsequent exposures have occasioned the wine to be introduced under its proper name, and in the advertising portion of the *Wine Trade Review* there is now a list of thirteen Saumur firms, with their

London agents, from whom price lists and samples can be obtained.

The wines of Vouvray and Saumur are honest, sound, wholesome wines, not over sweet, for, growing as the grapes do towards the South, their richness renders only a moderate addition of liqueur requisite. They are wanting in the delicacy and *finesse* of pure Champagne; they have more decided character than the sparkling wine of the Charente Inférieure mentioned in page 301, but they are not so clean and refreshing. They will be found useful wines to those who demur to the exorbitant prices commanded by the leading Champagne brands, which, owing to an increased consumption, contain every year less of the real Champagne grape. The best sparkling Saumur may be purchased at a price not exceeding 30s. per dozen. I have noticed at the railway stations at Ay and Epernay a considerable number of casks of wine from Saumur. What becomes of them?

Chapter xii.

WINES OF GERMANY.

Consumption not great in England—Charlemagne—Cultivation of the Grape in the Rhineland—Uncertainty as to Produce—Drinking Songs—Error concerning Unwholesomeness of Rhine Wines refuted—Liebig—Dr. Prout—The Rheingau—Its Extent—The Grape generally grown—The Schloss Johannisberg—Its Proprietors—Its Produce—M. Leclerc on Johannisberg—The Author's First Visit—The Cellar—Scientific Appliances—Drinking Saloon at the Schloss—Preis Courant—The Cabinets-Wein 1857—Vineyards and Residence of Mr. P. A. Mumm—Wines of his Growth—The Duke of Nassau—Steinberg, its Soil, &c.—Rüdesheim-Berg—Hinterhaus—Hochheim—Assmannshäusen—Marcobrunner—Geisenheim-Rothenberg—Claus—Vollraths—Raenthal—Hattenheim—Winkel—Hallgarten—Erbach—Elsfeld—Lorch—The Palatinate—Rupertsberg—Deidesheim—Forst—Ungstein—Dürkheim—Wachenheim—Königsbach—Franconian Wines—Stein and Listen—Scharlachberg—Nierstein—Oppenheim—Laubenheim—Bodenheim—Liebfraumilch—The Nahe, Wines of—Prince Bismarck's Report upon at Creuznach—Markgräfler—Bergstrasse—Four Great Tuns—A Stück—Its Contents.

Bright with bold wine
From the old Rhine,
Take this goblet in thy hand!
Quaff the Rhenish bumper gleely.
Let thy true blood flow as freely
For our German Fatherland!

Burschen Melody.

IT is somewhat remarkable that in England German wines are comparatively but little in demand, and few persons appear to know or to care anything about them. The sale of good Rhenish wines has, no doubt, been hindered by the importuning practices referred to in the introductory chapter. It is narrated in the records or legends of the Rheingau that in the eighth century, during the reign of Charlemagne, he remarked from his palace at Ingelheim that the snow disappeared earlier from the Rudesheim hill than from the surrounding country, and with admirable penetration he selected this congenial locality for planting the Orleans vine. To this day the Rudesheim-Berg produces some of the most powerful and highly esteemed wines of the Rheingau. No country in the world can exhibit a scene of cultivation so careful and perfect as that which meets the eye from Mayence to the vicinity of Bonn, and however France may predominate in her red wines, the best white wines of the Rhine and Moselle may safely be pronounced, in body, bouquet, flavour, purity, and wholesomeness, to be unequalled in any country.

The cultivation of the grape in the Rhineland may be almost said to assume the form of a

passion, pervading all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. The princely proprietors of Schloss Johannisberg and Steinberg spare no amount of money and enterprise to maintain the proud celebrity of their respective properties; whilst the studious and fond assiduity with which the peasant tends his little patch of vineyard is an evidence of the undaunted perseverance of the inhabitants of the wine districts of Germany. In no other wine-producing country is the produce more precarious than in Germany. A continuance of bad weather up to July destroys the hopes of the vine grower; but, should his anticipations be raised by favourable weather up to September, heavy rains in October, or early frosts in November, may destroy all his produce.

The quotation from the Burschen melodies with which this chapter is headed is a type of the ballads and drinking songs which are such favourites in Germany. Whilst in England, France, and other countries the poet is love-sick, the German is wine-sick. Here it is no coy maiden to whom the lover quaffs the flowing bowl—it is the *wine* they toast, and in its honour their glasses are eternally clinked; and yet they are not an intemperate race—they are second to no people in sobriety.

If Rhine wines were obtained from trustworthy

sources, the prejudices which exist in many towards them would soon be dispelled. Nothing is more groundless than the impression which prevails of the *unwholesome* acidity of the German wines. Free acids are present in all wines. The natural acidity of wine must not be confounded with *acetic* acid, which is simply wine turned into vinegar by the oxidation of alcohol. A free acid is necessary for the evolution of the bouquet, cenanthine for the agreeableness, and probably for the hygienic properties of the wine.

Liebig unhesitatingly affirms—"That while to the free acid the exquisite bouquet of the Rhine wines is owing, to the tartar present in them some of their most salutary properties belong." Unto this he attributes the immunity enjoyed by those on the Rhine and Moselle—indeed, of all who use the German wines—from the *uric acid diathesis*. This testimony to the utility of these wines might be suspected to originate in national partiality, but it is abundantly confirmed by Dr. Prout and many others who have attended to the subject, and have investigated it free from prejudice or favour.

In the following pages I have adopted much of the arrangement of the growths of the Rhine from a small anonymous pamphlet which I met

with at Mayence in 1865 ; its title is, "Some Words about Rhine Wines." It would appear to have been printed for private circulation. The author is one who evidently possesses much local knowledge and experience.

THE RHEINGAU.

The most highly favoured of all the Rhenish wine-growing districts is known by the name of the Rheingau (Gau=district), and consists of an area of about nine English miles in length by four in breadth, beginning at Walluf, and extending as far as Lorch. This spot has been known for many centuries for the excellent quality of its produce, which superiority over the adjacent neighbourhood, the fitness of its soil, and the extraordinary favourableness of its aspect, combine to give it.

In the Rheingau, the grape most suitable to the purpose, and most generally cultivated, is the Riessling—a small white species—not well adapted for the table, but possessing a remarkably fine bouquet, and producing the richest and most aromatic of all wines.

In the centre of the Rheingau, on a gentle eminence, stands the celebrated Schloss Johannisberg, in the midst of vineyards of about 40 English acres in extent, which produce a white wine, in its own characteristic point of excellence inferior to none in this, or probably any other, country. This small but highly-prized domain has passed through the hands of many possessors; and none, probably, were better capable

of appreciating its exquisite produce than the monks of the convent, founded in 1106, by the Archbishop Ruthard, of Mayence, under whose sway it remained till 1715, when it came into the possession of the Abbey of Fulda. In 1802, by the treaty of Luneville, it became the property of the Prince of Orange, whose tenure was very brief. In 1807 the Emperor Napoleon bestowed it on Marshal Kellerman. It once more changed hands in 1815, when, by the treaty of Vienna, it fell to the share of the Emperor of Austria, who presented this rich prize to his prime minister, Prince Metternich, and his successor retains it to this day as an hereditary Austrian fief. The hill on which the castle stands (and a building less like a castle it is impossible to conceive) produces, in good season, about 40 tuns (stück) of wine, each of 240 gallons. The largest yield ever known was that in 1857, which reached 60 stück, of the value of 150,000 florins=£12,000—a sum realized in a public sale of a few hours.

On account of the limited extent of the vineyard, the difficulty of procuring genuine Schloss Johannisberg of a good vintage is, it is needless to say, very great, and an enormous quantity of wine is sold as Johannisberg which has no right to the name. Nor is the label on the bottle to

be implicitly relied upon, for this is imitated without the slightest compunction. The safe course is to employ a wine merchant whose character will be a guarantee that the wine is what the label declares it to be. The best Schloss Johannisberg, of which there are four sorts, invariably commands a high price; the first quality of 1857 was sold at 14 florins=23s. a bottle; some of the vintage of 1822 is said to have realised from ten to twelve thousand florins a tun. A vivacious French writer, M. Leclerc, an emissary from the Agricultural Society of France, who visited the château and was permitted to taste the real Olympian juice, thus extols it:—"Quand il est mûr le grand Johannisberg montre une limpidité parfaite, et perle gracieusement au tour du verre: la couleur est d'une incomparable beauté, la sève pleine d'énergie, le gout franc, relevé, fort agréable, avec une imperceptible saveur combinée de muscat et vieux rhum. Le charmant bouquet et l'arome surtout sont d'une rare puissance c'est le plus savoureux et corsé; c'est viril dans toute l'étendue de l'acceptation," etc. This tribute, if paid by a German, might be attributed to national vanity; coming from a Frenchman, its impartiality is the more to be relied upon. I have made many visits to the Schloss Johannis-

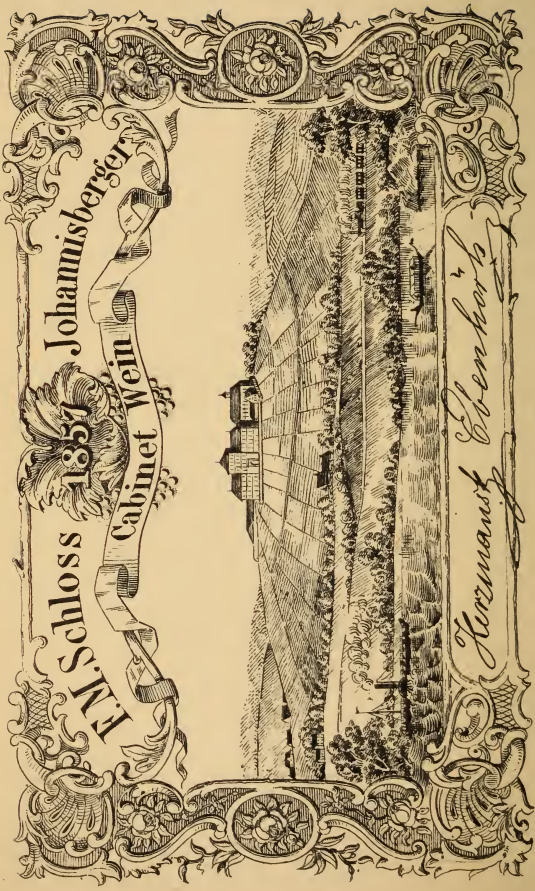
berg; the first occasion was in 1862. Prince Metternich was in residence, and it was against the regulations to admit visitors to the cellars, and, as I understood there was very little wine in them, I was not much disappointed. I had many opportunities in subsequent years, and found in the Kellermeister a most intelligent friend, who informed me upon the whole treatment of the wine from its entrance into the cellar until it became perfect. Whatever is applicable in science to wine-making would be certainly found in the cellars of the Schloss Johannisberg. Much of the apparatus I saw in action was very interesting; one instrument in particular, which showed what was going on in the casks, the progress in maturation, &c. This was a very simple apparatus, composed of glass tubes communicating with the interior of the casks and connected with indicators outside, so that there is no need to disturb the wine by drawing samples. There were many other appliances, which it is unnecessary to mention.

It appears rather strange to English notions, but at the Schloss there is a drinking-saloon where anyone can call for a bottle of wine as they would at an ordinary hotel. The wine is drunk from the old green German glass with a furrowed hollow foot. I think this form

especially ugly—very thick, egg-shaped, and uncomfortable to the lips; but it is approved by the Germans, who say that the bouquet is thrown off better in a glass narrowed at the mouth than in one of the ordinary shape. My opinion is that such choice wine should be drunk from the thinnest glass with a large surface; the bouquet would be quite as prominent, and certainly there would be less discomfort in drinking the wine. If the glass is more fragile, it certainly is more elegant and more in character with the valuable wine it is to contain. From a placard in the drinking saloon I copied the following:—

PREIS-COURANT
der
in Flaschen-Verkauf befindlichen
SCHLOSS-JOHANNISBERGER CABINETS-WEINE.

			Per Bottle.	
			fl.	kr.
1846.	Cabinets-Wein mit Silberlack gesiegelt-	-	7	—
„	„ mit grünem Lack gesiegelt-	-	4	—
„	„ mit gelbem Lack gesiegelt -	-	2	30
1857.	„ mit blauem Lack gesiegelt -	-	14	—
„	„ mit weissem Lack gesiegelt-	-	7	—
„	„ mit rosa-Lack gesiegelt - -	-	4	—
„	„ mit braunem Lack gesiegelt	-	2	30
2/2 Flaschen kosten 6 kr. mehr.				
Schloss Johannisberg im Jahre 1862. Fürstlich von Metternichsche Verwaltung.				
JOH. EBENHÖH.			JOH. HERMANSKY.	



Johannisberger

1857

F.M. Schloss

Cabinet Wein

Kurzmaier Ebenholz

Zimmer, lith. Druck.

To celebrate my first introduction to the Schloss Johannisberg, and that I might discover what peculiar satisfaction there might be in drinking the 1857 Cabinets-Wein, with the blue sealing wax, at 14 florins per bottle, and record my opinion of its merits, I ordered a bottle for myself and a kind friend, the principal of the College at Geisenheim, who accompanied me. We found it veritable nectar, combining the flavour of all descriptions of grapes and the perfume of the choicest flowers. However we might question its value, we could not doubt its quality; it was the very cream of wine, and I thoroughly agree with the encomium of Monsieur Leclerc.*

Adjoining the Schloss, and almost at the same elevation, are the vineyards and elegant residence of Mr. P. A. Mumm, the well-known Wine Merchant and Banker at Frankfort. In September, 1867, whilst staying with my family at Geisenheim, we accepted an invitation to

* At the time the jury were tasting the samples from the Schloss Johannisberg the last remaining cask of the 1861 vintage, containing 1500 bottles, was sold direct from the cellars to Consul Bauer, of Moscow, at the rate of 33s. 4d. per bottle. These extravagant prices are the result rather of the factitious reputation which Schloss Johannisberg enjoys than of the special qualities which the wine undeniably possesses.—*Report of Vienna Exhibition, 1873.*

spend a day at Mr. Mumm's, where we were most kindly and hospitably entertained. Upon that and subsequent occasions I had an excellent opportunity of tasting, in Mr. Mumm's cellars, wines of his own growth. I found many of them quite equal to, if not surpassing, the wines of the adjoining Schloss. And why not? They are grown on the same soil, the grape is the same, and, above all, they have an advantage which the wines of the Schloss do not possess in the personal superintendence of the proprietor. The Schloss Johannisberg estate is possessed by an owner who seldom visits it, and its management is necessarily left to subordinates. Mr. Mumm and his son are most painstaking and energetic, and, possessing ample means, spare no pains to bring their vines to the highest state of cultivation.

The Schloss Johannisberg vineyards have a very formidable rival in the estate of Steinberg, exclusively the property of the Duke of Nassau, who spares no expense or care to sustain the celebrity to which it has attained. These vineyards once belonged to the wealthy cloister of Eberbach; and, in one of the cellar-like vaults of the vast edifice, the Duke has his cabinet of wines—an unrivalled collection of the produce of the most favoured vintages. In 1836 the half

of the contents of this magnificent cellar was sold by public auction for want of space. On this occasion a cask of Steinberg, of only three-and-a-half ohm, of the vintage of 1822, was knocked down nominally to Prince Emil, of Hessen, for 6105 florins, or at the rate of about 17s. a bottle—the highest rate ever paid for this wine in cask; but nearly the whole was given up on the spot to the old-established firm of Deinhard and Co., wholesale Wine Merchants and Bankers, of Coblenz.

The Steinberg vineyards, which are 108 morgen (1 morgen= $\frac{3}{4}$ acre) in extent, are exclusively planted with the Riessling grape, and in good years produce a wine of high aroma, combined with great body and strength. There is a marked difference between the soil of the Steinberg vineyards and that of its rival, Johannisberg, the former being considerably the heavier of the two; and this condition exercises no little influence upon the quality of the two wines in different seasons. In the case of the Johannisberg grape, from its extreme exposure to the sun, it is found to have a tendency to ripen in the hottest summers before it has arrived at its full growth and maturity. The Steinberg vineyards, from the heavier nature of the soil, and the supposed

existence of some latent springs, are not liable to this disadvantage; and thus, in the warm years of 1857, 1858, and 1859, the three best years in succession recorded, they exhibited a marked superiority over the Johannisberg.

Following in succession upon these princely properties come Rüdesheim-Berg and Hinterhaus, both of which produce first-class wines holding a high place in the estimation of the connoisseur. These are the most magnificent vineyards on the Rhine; they are above 400 acres in extent, forming of course numerous different properties, from the base to the summit of which terraces to support the soil rise one above the other, giving the appearance of a fortification, and between these terraces the atmosphere is like that of a conservatory. The soil is composed of stones of a reddish clay colour, which radiate heat duuring the night to such a degree that the grapes are surrounded by almost a southern climate. The best quality of wine is known as Rüdeshheimer-Berg; it is made from the Orleans grape, and is very powerful in becoming fit for use much later than other wines. In some cases the Riessling grape is being substituted for the Orleans. The Hinterhaus is the produce of the Riessling grape, and emits a more powerful bouquet.

On a par with Rudesheim stands Hockheim, which is at the boundary of the Rheingau, and the produce of which is classed amongst Rhine wines though situated on the Main. The borough stands on an eminence in the midst of vineyards, the soil of which is alluvial. The highest quality of the wine known as Hockheimer-Dom (deanery) Dechaney, is grown on a space of only eight acres, exposed to the genial rays of the sun, and yet sheltered from the north winds by the church and deanery; this growth always commands a high price. A short distance below Rudesheim is situated Assmannshäusen, which yields the only good red wine of the Rheingau; but nature whilst limiting the variety has been prodigal in the quality of this produce, which, it may be confidently said, under favourable circumstances equals the best French growths; it possesses an exquisitely soft and delicate flavour and is highly prized, but unfortunately, like the higher class of Burgundies, suffers much detriment by a voyage. The Duke of Nassau is here the chief proprietor.

In addition to the wines above enumerated, Marcobrunner (Count Schönborn chief proprietor) first growth of Hattenheim, Gräfenberg first growth Kiedrich (Duke of Nassau and

Baron Ritter), Geisenheim-Rothenberg (Count Ingelheim), may be mentioned as enjoying an equal repute; they are all first-class wines of striking flavour and bouquet, and comprise all the highest growth in this favoured region. Of the second growth of the Rheingau produce, the following may be enumerated as most deserving attention: Johannisberg-Claus, Vollraths, near Winkel (formerly belonging to the recently extinct baronial family of Greiffenklau), Rauenthal-Berg and Hockheim. These wines possess an excellent flavour and bouquet. Of the third class are the following: Hattenheim, Winkel, Hallgarten, Rudesheim, Geisenheim, Erbach, Elnfeld, and Lorch, and these may be regarded as the ordinary wines of commerce. In good seasons, and especially where the best grapes only are selected, many of the second and third class growths attain an excellence approaching to that of the higher growths, and often command high prices.

In Rhenish Bavaria, called the Palatinate, an immense quantity of wine is produced. In this district the vines are not cultivated on rocky declivities, but flourish on the fertile undulating ground which may be said to lean against the Haardt mountains, a branch of the Vosges. In the worst seasons these wines arrive at medi-

ocrity, but in good years the highest as well as the most inferior qualities are obtained, the first from the Riessling and Traminer, the latter from the Oestricher or "sweet water grape." The beautiful pink colour Traminer yields a wine of yellowish colour, mellow, sweet, and full-bodied; the common wines are seldom free from an earthy flavour, and at no time do the best approach the excellence of the Rheingau produce in point of bouquet. Previous to the establishment of the Zollverein, or Customs Union of Germany, these wines were much undervalued in price; the appreciation in which they are now held is carried to the other extreme.

The wines of Rhenish Bavaria may be thus classed:—Between Herxheim and Neustadt: of the first growth, the produce of Rupertsberg, Deidesheim, and Forst; of the second, of Ungstein, Dürkheim, Wachenheim, and Königsbach, besides many of an inferior growth, the enumeration of which would only bewilder the reader. Some few red wines are grown in Gimmelgunden and Kahlstadt.

Brief mention may here be made of the Franconian wines grown near Würzburg-on-the-Maine; these wines are distinguished more for their body and strength than for their

bouquet. The best, which are the Stein and Listen, are very expensive; the former is frequently sold in the well-known short-necked bottles called "Bocksbeutel." The King of Bavaria is a considerable proprietor of these vineyards, and his cellars under the royal (formerly episcopal) palace in Würzburg are amongst the most extensive in Germany.

Of the wines of Rhein Hessen, Scharlachberg (at the confluence of the Rhine and the Nahe) is the best; this is followed by Nierstein, a much esteemed wine, known as "die Glocke" (or, the bell), Oppenheim, Laubenheim, and Bodenheim. The wine so well known as Liebfraumilch grows in and around the convent garden of the old Liebfrauen-Stift, near Worms, and is an agreeable middle-class wine which perhaps owes its reputation to the singularity of its name, under which many superior wines are sold, rather than to its own intrinsic merit. Between Mainz and Bingen, on the plain of Ingelheim, grows a good red wine of great softness and delicacy. The produce of the Nahe* is nearly

* Prince Bismarck says:—"No wine has been so much to my liking, and has benefited me to so great an extent, as that which I drank at the railway station of Creuznach, in the spring of 1871. It is produced at Creuznach, in the immediate neighbourhood of the town. Unwell nearly to exhaustion, I arrived there on my return from France. In the station, as everywhere else,

related to the middling growths of the Palatinate. The valley of the Rhine between Bacharach and Coblentz produces many good wines. Urbar likewise produces an agreeable wine, but the Kreutzberg, grown at the back of Ehrenbreitstein is a red wine of very superior pretensions, only surpassed by the Assmannshäusen.

From Coblentz to the Drachenfels the hills on either side of the Rhine still appear clothed with the vine, bearing for the most part red grapes. Opposite the town of Linz the Ahr discharges itself into the Rhine, and on the banks of this beautiful little stream some red wines are produced which strongly recommend themselves to the connoisseur; these are the Ahr-Bleicherte, pale red wines grown on a slaty soil. These excellent and wholesome wines are principally consumed in the neighbourhood of the scene of their cultivation, but from the strengthening and astringent qualities and agreeable Burgundy

there was a great reception; the mayor of the town, town corporation, ladies in white, &c., and I was asked to accept a draught of honour. Truly I had no inclination to do so, but to decline was impossible; therefore I accepted the offer and drank repeatedly. At once I felt much strengthened, and on arriving at Bingen, a quarter of an hour later, my indisposition had entirely disappeared, and I remained in excellent spirits until my arrival in Berlin. This alone was caused by the excellent Nahe wine."

flavour deserve a much more extensive recognition than they at present receive.

Having reached nearly 51° north latitude, the Ahr forms the boundary beyond which the vine is not successfully cultivated for the manufacture of wine. Baden grows some good wines; the best are produced near Freiburg and Offenburg; the wines are known as Markgräfler. The great tun at Heidelberg was formerly filled with a wine grown in the beautiful district known as the Bergstrasse, which commences at Zwingenberg, and runs through orchards and pretty villages, along a range of hills, partly wooded and partly covered with vineyards, to Heidelberg. Most of my readers have heard of, and probably seen, the Heidelberg tun. Keysler, in his travels, says:—

“ At the beginning of this century Germany saw three empty casks, from the construction of which no great honour could redound to our country among foreigners. The first is that of Tübingen, the second that of Heidelberg, and the third at Grüningen, near Halberstadt. Their dimensions are not greatly different. The Tübingen cask is in length twenty-four, and in depth sixteen feet; that of Heidelberg, thirty-one feet in length, and twenty-one deep; and that of Grüningen, thirty feet long, and eighteen deep. In the year 1725 a fourth was made at Königstein, larger than any of the former.”

The use of these large casks has been discarded for many years, as it was found that the wines did not mature in them so well as in smaller ones. Those now in use are called "stück," and contain about seven ohms, of thirty gallons each.

Chapter xiii.

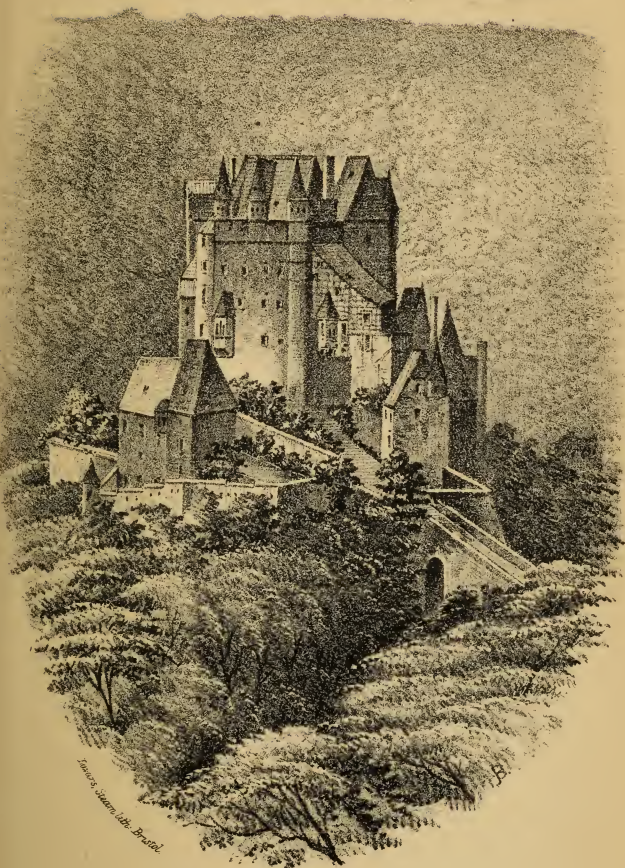
WINES OF THE MOSELLE.

Recommendation to Continental Tourists—The Moselle unsurpassed in Scenery—Steamer from the old Moselle Bridge—Zell—Trarbach—Traben—The Muscat Flavour not in Pure Moselle—Sophistication involving Deception—Wines to be found at Trarbach—Josephshofer—Scharzhofberger—Moselle Wines Light and Refreshing—Quotation Dr. Meurer—Hygienic Qualities—Prince Metternich's favourite Wine—The Doctor—A Legend—Steamers well appointed—Shallow River—Distance from Coblenz to Trier—Sugar Solutions—Systeme Petiot—Dr. Gall, of Treves—Extract *London Times*—Necessity for Refutation—The Vintages on the Rhine and Moselle from 1860 to 1876.

Ein donnernd Hoch aus voller Brust
Erkling zum Himmel laut
Dir, schönem Deutschem Moselstrom
Dir, Deutschen Rheines Braut.

JULIUS OTTO.

THE tourist, whether in search of wine or the picturesque, would find in a tour up the river Moselle one of the most charming excursions he could take in Germany or elsewhere. English travellers do not, for



ELZ ON THE MOSELLE.

the most part, know how very charming and exquisitely beautiful are the views from the shores of this lovely stream. The Rhine! the Rhine! is on everyone's lips, but the Moselle is almost wholly unexplored. Lying as she does within a district absolutely over-run with summer tourists, it is altogether inexplicable that a river presenting scenery unsurpassed in Europe should be so neglected by those who in thousands pass the mouth of her stream.

My first visit to the Moselle was in 1864, when I went up the river to Trier, and those who have time for the excursion will, if the weather is favourable, have two days of enjoyment. A steamer leaves the old Moselle bridge at Coblenz every morning at 8 o'clock, and is presumed to reach Trarbach the same evening, proceeding to Trier the next morning, but I learnt on the voyage that the river being low we could only reach Alf that evening; however, as my business led me to Trarbach, I disembarked at Zell and hired a conveyance to Trarbach. I do not recommend the adoption of this course, as the journey is anything but a pleasant or safe one. The evening had drawn in, and the roads by the banks of the river were very bad. I walked a considerable distance behind the ricketty vehicle, expecting every moment to see it, with horses

and driver, floundering in the river Moselle. I spent two days with my friend, Mr. Langguth, whose hospitality and kindness I shall ever remember.

For an acquaintance with the Moselle wines I recommend a sojourn at Traben or Trarbach; these two towns are opposite each other, and are situated in the midst of the wines most in repute. It is a general impression amongst the uninitiated that all Moselle wines should have the flavour of the Muscat grape, as the sparkling Moselle has; and unfortunately there are those to be found in the trade who imitate this flavour by adding to the natural wine a tincture made from elder flowers. Now, let me assure my readers, from experience, that there is not a single ohm of wine made on the banks of the Moselle which has naturally the Muscatel character, and if the wine has such a flavour it is made up with the tincture of elder flowers. Here is another instance showing how sophistication involves deception and practical dishonesty. Some of the low wines of the Palatinate are by the elder-flower infusion passed off for wines of the Moselle. It should, then, be made thoroughly known that wines offered as still Moselle, having the Muscat flavour, are not genuine Moselle wines.

The wines to be found in profusion at Trarbach are the Braunberger, Grach, Trarbacher Auslese, Trabner, Oberimmer Rosenberg, Piesporter, Zeltinger, and Winnengen. The lowest quality is grown near to Coblentz. Josephshofer is much stouter than the ordinary Moselle, and will keep much longer. Scharzhofberger, from the Saar valley, is a wine of fine character, but approaching in price to a good Rheingau wine. The wines of the Moselle are light and refreshing; they make a man cheerful, and after drinking a quantity I have found myself the next day feeling better for it, neither head nor stomach being in the least disordered. Dr. Meurer says:—“The undeniable fact of longevity amongst the inhabitants of the Moselle districts may be considered a convincing proof of the excellent influence of its wines.” In affections of the kidneys the Moselle wine, having but little natural alcohol, and being slightly acidulous, would be very likely to be of benefit, and would exhilarate, without heating the blood or exciting the brain. It is said that the old Prince Metternich preferred the wines of the Moselle to those of his own celebrated vineyards. It is stated as an undoubted fact that in the old times German

nobles daily drank a portion of wine equal to about sixteen ordinary bottles. In Berncastel is grown a wine known as the "Doctor," which is said to derive its name from the following legend :—

"The Lord of the Château of Berncastel sat with his Chaplain drinking his wine,—not sipping it, but pouring down huge bumpers, as was the custom then. Seeing his Chaplain did not drink, the Baron pressed him to do so, assuring him that the fine Muscatel Berncasteler would be good for his health. The Chaplain sighing, refused, saying 'it was not meet that he should be drinking while his Bishop lay sick in the town at their feet.' 'Sayest thou so!' cried the Baron, 'I know a doctor will cure him'; and, quaffing down another mighty flagon, he set off to the Bishop, carrying a cask of the precious wine upon his own shoulders. Arrived at the palace, he induced the invalid Bishop to consult the doctor he had brought with him. The invalid tasted and sipped, then, finding the liquor was good, he took a vast gulp, and soon a fresh life was glowing within him. 'That wine restores me,' quoth the Bishop. 'In truth, Sir Baron, thou saidst well, it is the best doctor.' From that time the Bishop's health mended; and returning again and again to the great phial—for he was in no wise afraid of its size—he soon was quite cured, and ever after he consulted this doctor when feeling unwell, keeping him always within easy reach. Since this wonderful cure many patients have imitated the example of the venerable Bishop, and a single barrel of Berncasteler-Muscateler is considered sufficient to cure an

ordinary patient. More must, however, be taken by those who require it, and in all cases it has been observed that the patient so loves his good doctor that he never is willing to be separated from him for long."

The steamers that ply on the Moselle are five in number, and very well appointed. There is a printed tariff for everything, and the charges for refreshment are very reasonable; you get a good bottle of Zeltinger, Winnengen, or Piesporter for about one shilling. The dinners are served on deck under an awning; for cabins there is little room, as the boats draw very little water. Sometimes in summer the stream is so low that there is not enough water to float the steamer, and so narrow and winding is the river in some parts that you may easily step from the vessel to the shore. From Coblenz to Trier the distance, in a straight line, is about ninety English miles, but owing to the circuitous bends in the river the steamer travels twice that distance.

I wish I could be assured that there was no adulteration in the wines of the Rhine or the Moselle—none of the sugar-solution process to which I have alluded in former pages; but what are we to think when we read the following in the *London Times* of April 18th, 1872? In an article upon the chymistry of wine, after alluding

to the *systeme Petiot* and the advocacy of the sugar and water addition by Dr. Gall, of Treves, the author says :—

“The practical outcome of the method has been that a very large proportion of the wine of France and Germany has ceased to be juice of the grape at all, and is a product of the fermentation of sweetened water in which husks have been steeped. A Cologne paper thus writes upon the subject, and is quoted with approval in the *Heidelberg Annalen für Ænologie* :—‘In the district of the Neuwied things have come to a sorry pass indeed. The evil has been imported by wine dealers from abroad, who come in numbers every autumn, and, whether the vintage promises well or ill, buy up the growing grapes, and make from them five or six times the quantity of wine which the press of an honest vintner would produce. The reader will ask, how is that possible? Here is the explanation. During the vintage, at night, and when the moon has gone down, boats glide over the Rhine freighted with a soapy substance manufactured from potatoes, and called by its owners sugar. The stuff is thrown into the vats containing the must, water is introduced from pumps and wells, or in case of need from Father Rhine himself. When the beverage has fermented sufficiently it is strained and laid away. The lees are similarly treated three, four, or five times over. When the dregs are so exhausted that further natural fermentation has become impossible, chymical ferments and artificial heat are applied. This cooking or stewing is continued often until mid-winter, producing wines of every description for the consumption of every class. The noble fluid is sent away by land and water to its places of destination,

and the dealers are seen no more until the next vintage season. Their business lies in the most distant parts to which the beverage can be carried, where, of course, there is no end to their praises of its purity, its sources, and of the rustic simplicity of its producers. The example thus set by strangers has been only too closely followed at home. The nuisance is largely on the increase, and the honest vintner is the greatest sufferer. He rarely succeeds in selling his entire vintage at once, partly because the quantity of grapes required by the manufacturers is constantly diminishing, and partly because the practices described have driven away desirable purchasers from the localities. The 'Gallization' of wine benefits none but the professional adulterators and the poorest class of small growers, who are indebted to it for a sure market for their small and inferior crops. Some grapes are still required for the fabrication of wine, although an infinitely small quantity is sufficient."

If these statements remain uncontradicted, they must necessarily be received by the public as facts, and nothing can be imagined more detrimental to the trade. Is it not most important that the wine growers on the Rhine, the large houses of Frankfort, Coblantz, Mayence, and other interested places, should put down such practices if they exist, or convince the minds of the public that the whole is mere invention? It would be as well that this subject should be dealt with at once, promptly and firmly.

The following show the vintages on the Rhine and Moselle from 1860 to 1876 :—

1860—Large quantity, but very bad wine.

1861—Big fine wines.

1862—Excellent in every respect.

1863—A small crop and very inferior wine.

1864—A very bad vintage.

1865—A large crop and the wine of excellent quality.

1866—Sour bad wines.

1867—Inferior quality.

1868—Very large quantity and very good quality.

1869—A very bad vintage.

1870—On the average, fair medium quantity and quality.

1871—Very bad vintage.

1872—Very inferior.

1873—Medium in quality and a small crop.

1874—An average good quality ; the Moselles very fine.

1875—Fair medium quality and large quantity.

1876—Medium quality ; the Moselles good.


Chapter xiv.

SPARKLING HOCK AND MOSELLE.

First Manufacture of Sparkling Wines—Principal Manufactories, Hockheim, Mayence, &c.—Factitious Champagne—Comparison Invited—Marvellous Resemblance—Prohibition as to Shipment of Factitious Champagne — Legal Proceedings — Sparkling Moselle; how made—Sparkling Hock—The Better Qualities—Red Wine of Ingelheim sold as Sparkling Burgundy.

THE VINE.

The Vine! The Vine!
Hurrah for the Rhine!
That gives us Wine—
Sparkling, joyous Wine;
Hurrah for the merry Vine!

ERMAN sparkling wines were first manufactured in Germany, about the year 1822, at Esslingen and Heilbronn, from the Neckar grape, and from that period to the present time the process has been carried on with increasing success on the Rhine and Moselle, the principal manufactories being at Hockheim, Mayence, Rudesheim, Coblantz, Eltvile, amongst many other places. My first acquaintance with

a sparkling wine manufactory was at Hockheim, in 1862, and I was surprised at the large amount of business carried on. The process of making sparkling Hock and Moselle is precisely that adopted in Champagne, which has been fully explained in a preceding chapter. At the period referred to an immense quantity of Rhine, Moselle, or Palatinate wine was used for the fabrication of Champagne, and I saw bales of corks branded with the names of Clicquot, Roedorer, Perrier Joûet, Ruinart, Moët and Chandon, and cases branded in imitation of the originals. There was no attempt at concealment, and you were invited to compare the spurious with the original wine. The resemblance was marvellous, and I had a few sample cases sent to me for my private use, and gave them to friends, proprietors of the real brand, who were surprised at the similarity to their own manufactures. There was one difficulty which the fabricators could not overcome, and that was the colour: the German wines compared with the true Champagne have a slight green tinge. This was not perceptible where the wine was in colour what is known as partridge eye, which in the earlier days of Moët and Chandon was their prevalent characteristic. Hence the spurious wines were more successful where a pale wine

was not required. At the time referred to the laws prevented these wines from being shipped from a French port, but they reached England by way of Rotterdam, and other parts from either Holland or Germany. Of course the practice was anything but honourable, and when it was detected in England information was laid against those in whose hands the fabricated wines were found. There was one case in which a German manufacturer had employed the marks of an eminent French firm, and legal proceedings were taken. At the trial a bottle of the German wine was submitted to an ordeal of taste, experts were employed, but it was found impossible to distinguish which was the real and which the spurious wine. But the original source of the wine was proved, and a verdict given for the plaintiff. Sparkling Moselle is more generally made from the Palatinate wines than from those either of the Rhine or Moselle. The original character of the wine is entirely changed by the liqueur which forms the flavouring matter. There are few, I presume, who do not know that the muscat flavour is not that of the grape, and that its character is due to an extract of elder-tree flowers; this, combined with spirit and cane sugar, is the flavouring ingredient. Some art is required in order to

get a proper amount of delicacy in making the liqueur. If the tincture from the elder-flower is predominant it gives a coarse character to the wine. Some of the vendors of the cheap sparkling wines use an essential oil, which a sensitive palate would find very objectionable. The finest sparkling Moselle is made from the Scharzhofberger; this, of course, is far more expensive than the wine made from the Palatinate, but is quite worth the difference in price. The ordinary sparkling Hock is made from the Palatinate wine, but the better qualities from the Rhine wines; this has no adventitious flavour, but is simply liqueured with spirit and cane sugar. I have had some remarkably choice sparkling Hock made entirely from the pure Johannisberg wine, which was far superior in flavour to any of the best wines in Champagne, but the price was too high to allow of its introduction for general sale. My readers may be surprised to hear that sparkling red Burgundy, which is supposed to be a French wine, is now principally, and I think I may venture to say almost wholly, the produce of the red wine of Ingelheim, of the quality of which I cannot speak favourably.

Chapter xv.

THE WINES OF HUNGARY.

Extract from First Edition — Former Opinion confirmed — Hungarian Wines foisted on the Public—Opinions of Dr. Henderson, T. G. Shaw, Thudicum and Dupré, Mr. Vizetelly, and Dr. Drewitt—Drawback to the Development of the Trade—Long Journey—Hungarian Wines over-estimated in value—Energy of the Vendors—Specious Liberality—Enormous Expenses of Advertisements, &c.—Cost of a Column in *The Times*—Good Wine needs no bush—The Medical Schools not complete—Dr. Drewitt on the Medical Profession—Report upon the Vintage of 1876.

You may dress a bad boy in fine clothes if you will,
And yet he will be but a bad boy still.

Nursery Rhymes.

Much cry and little wool.

Old Saying.

THE following passages are from my first book, published in 1862 :—

“Until recently the only wine known in England as the produce of Hungary was the Imperial Tokay, or Tokay Essence, which reached us in pint bottles, with certain cabalistic-looking paper straps on the seal and

cork, 'without which the wine could not be genuine.' This liquor partakes more of the nature of a syrup than a wine. The Ausbruch Tokay possesses the most vinous character, but retains notwithstanding a certain amount of lusciousness. Both varieties are occasionally used at the tables of the affluent as a *bonne bouche*, but few merchants have until lately imported these wines, which were costly and but little inquired for. The recent modifications in the duties, however, have brought into the English market several varieties of Hungarian wine. Hungary is said to produce annually from one hundred and eighty to two hundred millions of gallons of wine, or about one-half of the entire growth of the Austrian empire; and there are varieties from the Imperial Tokay, to which we have alluded, down to the lowest table wine. Many of these are adapted to the English taste. We have had several samples of the intermediate qualities, and also shipments of wines said to surpass those imported from France at the same prices. What may hereafter be the character and extent of Hungarian vinous produce we cannot pretend to say, but at the present time we incline to the opinion that these wines will not bear comparison with the red wines of France or the white wines of Germany. So equally advanced are all classes of French wines that a Claret from Bordeaux at £12 or £14 per hogshead is far superior to what is termed Hungarian Claret at the same price, and the same may be said of the white wines of Hungary at £21 or £22 per hogshead, as compared with the Pouilly of France or the Stein Wein of Germany. There will then be need of commercial enterprise and emulation on the part of Hungary, if she expects to derive any real and extended advantages from the produce of her vine-

yards; whilst under any circumstances the Hungarian wine grower will be compelled to take more care in the preparation of those wines which are intended for the English market. The wines which have fallen into our hands have generally been out of condition, and have caused disappointment to others as well as to ourselves. The desire, upon the reduction of duty, to introduce into England a wine that should possess the attraction of novelty—after her long restriction to the growths of Spain and Portugal—occasioned more haste than was beneficial to the wine, which probably required frequent rackings and cleansings before removal. Hereafter this evil may be obviated, and we are confident that there are good wines to be had, and at a price much more moderate than the present monopolists demand. We prognosticate that among the many advantages which the new tariff will afford us will be included, in a few years, good, cheap, and wholesome wine from the plains of Hungary.”

I regret that I am unable to give a more favourable report upon the much-vaunted wines of Hungary than I recorded sixteen years ago. I did not speak then without practical experience. I had for seven years previous direct importation from the best houses at Pesth, and kept up a supply of every description, but I know that these wines are inferior to the wines of France and Germany, which cost one-third less.

Hungarian wines are foisted upon the public by puffing advertisements and questionable

medical opinions as to their hygienic properties. It is necessary that we should know what are the credentials with which they are introduced. Dr. Henderson says :—

“Hungary contains numerous vineyards, but as they are chiefly in the hands of the peasantry, who pay little attention to the selection of the grapes, or the separation of the ripe from the unripe fruit, the good wines which this country furnishes are limited to a few districts.”

Cyrus Redding remarks that “the manufacture of the wine is very coarsely carried on by the peasantry.” From “Wine, the Vine, and the Cellar,” by T. G. Shaw, I get the following :—

“Hungary is said to produce some of the most exquisite wines in Europe, but I must say that I never had the felicity to meet with them. Those which are found in ordinary use are detestable. The vineyards of Hungary are chiefly in the hands of the peasants, who attend much more to the quantity than the quality of their produce.”

— Messrs. Thudicum and Dupré state that

“Viticulture is very imperfect in most parts of Hungary; but the treatment of wine in the cellar is frequently still worse. The landed proprietors particularly are only partially acquainted with the theory of vinification, and mostly spoil their products. But amongst the Wine Merchants the treatment of the wine is well understood, and skilfully used to eradicate or subdue the

faults so frequently imparted in the course of rural operations."

Mr. Vizetelly, in "Wines of the World," devotes two chapters to a description of the large quantity of samples of Hungarian Wines exhibited at the Vienna Exhibition. It is a most painstaking record, to which I refer my readers, as it mentions the characteristics of the wines of the various districts. Of course the samples were tasted under the best advantages of proximity to the place of their growth, but nevertheless Mr. Vizetelly says, "Hungarian wines are ordinarily deficient in perfume," and he states:—

"The practice of heating young wines up to a temperature of 130° Fahrenheit, according to the system of M. Pasteur, prevails to a considerable extent in Hungary, where it is carried out on a large scale and with complete success, the result being the maturing of ordinary wines without their having to rest three or four years in the wood."

I will conclude these credentials by an extract from Dr. Drewitt's report on cheap wine:—

"To sum up what I have to say on the Hungarian red wines, there seems as yet no product of such very superior excellence as to acquire a cosmopolitan reputation. . . . I never met with any positively bad Hungarian wine. If what is already imported never rises above a certain level, it never, so far as I know, sinks below it."

But were the wine in quality superior to the growths of Spain, Portugal, France, or Germany, and were it both in quality and price capable of competing with those nearer wine countries, there must always exist one great drawback to the development of the trade—the long and expensive railway journey the wine must make before it reaches the seaboard. It must either go by the way of Vienna, Prague, Dresden, Bodenbach and thence on to Bremen or Hamburg, or it must come up by rail to Gazendorff (about twenty miles from Vienna) and then return southwards *viâ* Laybach, and over the Soemering mountains to Trieste, and thence be shipped to England. The cheapest route brings the cost of conveyance of a hogshead of forty-six gallons to the bonded vaults in London to about £1 16s., or over £2 to any out-port, whilst the cost on a hogshead of French wine from Bordeaux to the London Docks, all charges included, seldom exceeds eight shillings. Ninety-nine out of a hundred experienced Wine Merchants would, if asked their candid opinion, say that the Hungarian wines are over-estimated in value, and far inferior to the ordinary wines of France or Germany that are to be obtained at one-third or one-half the cost. They know that age will effect no improvement, and those

who sell the wine at all only care to have just as much as will meet immediate requirements.

The popularity for a while was due to the persevering energy of some of its active vendors, who by a certain specious liberality sent cases of an assortment of Hungarian wines to the medical profession throughout the kingdom. These presents were accompanied with an analysis of the hygienic properties of the wine, and the recipients were solicited to recommend the wine to their patients as being that of all others most beneficial for invalids.

The profits upon the wine should be large to admit of such profuse liberality, but in addition to this, enormous expenses are incurred in the issue of circulars, railway station placards, advertisements in every newspaper throughout the country, and frequently may be seen, in the *London Times*, a whole column repeating the merit and medical properties of Hungarian wines *ad nauseam*. One column of such an advertisement costs £30. Now let the reader consider how these several charges must add to the price of the wine, remembering that the purchaser must pay for the outlay in every bottle he consumes.

There surely must be some radical defect in a wine which requires to be thus perpetually

forced into public notice. It would be imagined that, if the wine was appreciated, its quality would, after its introduction twenty-four or more years ago, have now been its own recommendation, and there is an old adage that "good wine needs no bush." I desire not to speak disparagingly of the medical profession. To their general intelligence, assiduity, and self-sacrificing labours, society at large is deeply indebted; but I cannot help expressing my opinion that the curriculum of the faculty is not complete without a thorough knowledge of the properties of the wine they prescribe for their patients. I should like to see added to the schools of medicine a school for œnology, so that every student should be expert in the analysis of wine, and hereafter be independent of the quack advertisements, which lead him to attribute to wines elements which they do not possess. Upon this subject I refer to some observations upon page 253 in reference to the iron in Carlowitz. Dr. Drewitt, in his report on cheap wines,* is somewhat hard on his medical brethren. In a chapter on "the hypothesis that the virtues of wine are due to phosphorics," he says:—

"I am ashamed to hear that such things are talked of in medical consultations. I have been told that an

* H. Henshaw, 1865.

eminent physician in consultation asked, ‘Don’t you think we had better order our patient to drink Carlowitz wine?’ ‘Why?’ ‘Because it contains phosphuret of iron.’ ‘Who says so?’ ‘Why, have you never heard that it was ordered for the Lady Dulciana, and for the ricketty eldest son of the Marquis of Carabbas, because it contains phosphide of iron?’ My informant bowed in grim silence, hoping the day would come when physicians would discard the logic of Mrs. Gamp. For our parts, let us wait till the phosphide of iron is produced from wine.”

Again:—

“All these things are humiliating enough when we discuss them in the innermost circles of physic. They make one say to one’s juniors, ‘Vides mi fili quantulâ sapientiâ curantur ægri.’ But we ought to sit in sack-cloth and ashes when we find such hollow rationalisticism creeping out of the domain of physic and invading the counting-houses of our Wine Merchants by our vicious example. What will become of us if Wine Merchants take to arguing like physicians?—if, when we remonstrate and say that our wine is hot, or sour, or flat, or flavourless, or else, perhaps, polluted by some horrid earthy taste, we are presented with a certificate assuring us that the horrid liquid is perfectly good, because it is particularly ‘rich’ in bone, earth, and in the salts that give its value to guano? What are we to think of the matter-of-fact character of a profession which can recommend wine because of its phosphate of iron, and Carlowitz for its supposed excess of that salt?”

Messrs. Franz A. Jalics & Co., of Budapest,

wine growers and shippers, with respect to the vintage 1876, report as follows :—

“The last vintage in Hungary has, unfortunately, been almost a failure, drought having completed what the frosts and inundations in the early part of the season had left undestroyed.

“The quality of what little has been gathered is reported as very variable, but as a rule good, useful wines are the exception.

“Prices of old wines, in consequence, have risen considerably; but, thanks to the very extensive stocks in hold, we are as yet in a position to maintain our last quotations unaltered, except for the 1875, with which we have been obliged to follow the general advance.”

Chapter xvi.

WINES OF ITALY.

Extract from Mr. Beckford—Leigh Hunt—Bacco in Toscana—The Paradise of Bacchus—Extract from “Roba de Roma”—Mr. T. G. Shaw not sentimental—Journey to Mombercelli—Vini d’Asti—Marsala—Barbera—Grignolino—Wine Manufacture slovenly—The Flor again—Good Wine made by Resident Proprietors—Extract from Mr. Vizetelly’s Report.

The vines in light festoons
From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
And every avenue a covered walk,
Hung with black clusters. ’Tis enough to make
The sad man merry, the benevolent one
Melt into tears—so general is the joy.

ROGERS’ *Italy*.

MR. Beckford, in his “Sketches of Italy,” thus describes the luxuriant manner in which the vine grows near Lucca:—

“Mounting our horses, we wound among sunny vales and enclosures with myrtle hedges till we came to a rapid steep. We felt the heat most powerfully in ascending it, and were glad to take refuge under a continued bower of vines, which runs for miles along its summit. These arbours afforded us both shade and

refreshment. I fell upon the clusters which formed our ceiling like a native of the North unused to such luxuries, one of those Goths Gray so poetically describes who—

‘Scent the new fragrance of the breathing rose,
And quaff the pendant vintage as it grows.’ ”

Tuscany is styled the “Paradise of Bacchus.” Leigh Hunt, in the notes to his translation of “Bacco in Toscana,” says:—

“The vines of the south seem as if they were meant to supply the waste of animal spirits occasioned by the vivacity of the natives. Tuscany is one large vineyard and olive ground; what would be fields and common hedges in England are here a mass of orchards producing wine and oil, so that the sight becomes tiresome in its very beauty. About noon all the labourers, peasantry, and small shopkeepers in Tuscany may be imagined taking their flask of wine. You see them all about Florence fetching it under their arms. The effect is perceptible after dinner, though no disorder ensues; the wine being only just strong enough to move the brain pleasantly without intoxication. A man can get drunk with it, if he pleases, but drunkenness is thought as great a vice here as gallantry is with us.”

But those who desire to know more of this “Paradise of Bacchus” should read a description of a vintage festival in the neighbourhood of Rome, written by William W. Story, called *Roba de Roma*. I am sorry my space will not

allow me to give much of it to my readers ; it commences thus :—

“In the latter end of September comes the vintage festival, which is the most antique and picturesque of all. It is the remnant of the old Dionysia, purged of its ancient licentiousness, but retaining many of its most salient peculiarities. Bacchus alone of all the antique gods of Rome still survives. In some places on the confines of Naples his *oscilla* or masks are still hung upon the trees in the vineyards for luck, and songs are sung in his praise, and masks are worn in the procession of the vintage as in ancient days.”

These are the poetical and sentimental aspects of Italian wine culture, and I feel loth to destroy the pleasurable impressions which such a glowing description must create. My friend Shaw says :—

“It is fortunate for the happiness of mankind that all are not prosaic and matter-of-fact, and that some indulge in flights of fancy, and, by communicating these, impart the highest sensations of pleasure. How enviable are they, compared with persons like myself, devoid of the imaginative powers, and thus lost to one of the purest enjoyments.”

It is now necessary that I should descend to the practical description of the character of the wines ; and here I must confess to a great disappointment. I can only speak to a personal knowledge of the wines of Piedmont, more

particularly those termed *Vini d'Asti*. Some ten or twelve years since, being anxious to know more of Italian wines than from repute, I availed myself of an invitation from Count M., of Mombercelli, some twenty miles from Asti. At the hotels at Turin I could get no Italian wines of which I would care to drink a second glass—and to my surprise Marsala such as is sold in England was the wine most in repute. At Asti I was supplied with a wine supposed to represent Champagne. Of mousse there was an over-abundance, and, as the weather was intensely hot, it was refreshing with a lump of ice; but it was unclean and deposited much sediment, of which it should have been deprived if managed properly. Herefordshire Perry was a far preferable beverage.

At Mombercelli I was in time for the vintage. The wines grown in that neighbourhood are known as Barbera, Grignolino, and Nebbiola. The Barbera was considered the best wine, and fetched the highest price. It was more potent than the others, and its price was quoted at from 40 to 50 francs the brenta. If, as I was informed, the brenta was only equal to 35 bottles, or about 6 gallons English, the wine was absurdly dear.

All that I observed in my few days' sojourn

in Piedmont convinced me that the whole process of wine manufacture was of the most slovenly description. The grapes, after being trodden, were all thrown together, ripe and unripe, with no separation from the stalks, into vats that had not been cleansed from the last year's vintage; and, whilst the fermentation was going on from the first pressing, there was constant addition to the must until the vintage was over.

At Mombercelli and at Asti I was shown varieties of Barbera, the Grignolino, and Nebbiola, in bottles of from two to four years old. It will astonish an English cellarman to know that the wines, instead of being laid down on their sides, were kept standing up either on the ground floor or on shelves. Instead of being *needle-bottled*, which might have kept them sound even whilst standing up, they had an ullage, and, of course, what would have delighted a Xerez capitas, plenty of "flor" between the cork and the bottle. Those bottles that had lost their "flor" were quite sour. After my experience in Asti I did not feel inclined to proceed further, for I was informed it was nearly the same throughout the country. The wine suited the home consumer, and this being the principal object of the grower he was

careless as to any improvement. There did not appear to be the slightest care taken, and a lack of common sense and judgment was universally displayed. I was told that there were some who grew vines upon their own lands who made excellent wine, in the manufacture of which they took immense pains, but that it was never drunk beyond their own families, and did not at all correspond in quality with the wine sold in the country.

In Mr. Vizetelly's report of the wines at the Vienna Exhibition many varieties of Italian wines are classified, but he says:—

“Italy, with all her natural advantages, has not yet learnt to produce a really fine dry wine. Judging from the samples displayed at Vienna, the principal cause of the mediocrity of the Italian wines arises from their imperfect fermentation, which renders them liable to become muddy, or turn into acetous acid.”

Chapter xbvii.

WINES OF SICILY.

Bronte — Marsala — Origin of Bronte — Moderate Price — Substantial Wine — Wine Grocers' Mixture — Hambro and Marsala — Consumption of Marsala in Italy — Zucco — An Universal Gauge advocated — Brown Wines of Marsala — Messrs. Woodhouse & Co. — Founders of their House — Exports of Wine from Sicily in 1876 — Interesting Contract between Admiral Lord Nelson and Messrs. Woodhouse — Autograph Copy — Price of Marsala in 1834.

IN my early days the wine from Sicily shipped to England was known as Bronte, subsequently as Marsala-Bronte, and latterly as Marsala. Bronte was the name of an estate belonging to Lord Nelson, who reckoned amongst his titles that of the Duke of Bronte: thus from him the wine first derived its name. The necessity for a wine of moderate price obtained for Bronte or Marsala, on its first introduction (more than half a century ago), a considerable demand, and the consumption has hitherto been maintained. This is on account of its cheapness. The best wine is very commendable, and there are many who prefer it to

a Sherry at the same price. Some constitutions need something more substantial than the light wines of France and Germany, and Marsala supplies such a requirement. It would be impossible to sell without loss genuine old Marsala at the low prices quoted by grocers and cheap vendors. The grocer wine manufacturers alluded to at page 4 in the introductory chapter, blend the Hambro produce with the cheapest Sicilian wine, and make a concoction which is neither Hambro Sherry nor Marsala. It is far better to pay 4s. or 5s. per dozen more for a good, wholesome wine, than risk the health and constitution by drinking a spurious one. In Italy itself the English have brought this produce of the Sicilian vineyards into extensive repute, and, as I before stated, I met with it in Turin and Piedmont. Strange to say, the Italians have to a great extent taken the cue from their insular visitors, and Marsala is consumed in large quantities at the hotels in Italy by the natives themselves. In my edition of 1862 I referred to a Sicilian wine called Zucco, the produce of an estate belonging to the Duc D'Aumale, of which a sample of the vintage 1857 was sent to me. I have recently received samples of vintage 1871. This wine is stouter and shows more of a Madeira character than

the ordinary Marsala, but is much higher in price, and the gauge is decidedly against its being adopted by the trade generally. If every shipper of wine is at liberty to regulate the contents of a pipe by what suits his purpose, the trade will be in greater difficulty as to gauges than they are at present. The regulation contents of a pipe of Marsala have hitherto been 93 gallons, but the *fondé de pouror* of the Duc D'Aumale arbitrarily alters the gauge, the pipe being 86 gallons only, the hogshead 42, and quarter-cask 21 gallons. It would much simplify the business of the Wine Merchant if there were an universal gauge for casks, so that Portuguese, Spanish, French, German, Sicilian, and Madeira wines might all have one standard measure. I have tasted several other Sicilian wines, and some years ago I had from the island a very fair brown wine which with age was remarkably good, but subsequent shipments were not equal to the first, being coarse and highly fortified.

I always endeavour to collect as much information as I can of historical records in relation to the produce of a wine-growing district, but I find many to whom I apply very reticent, and who consider such information unnecessary. I am, then, the more thankful to Messrs. Woodhouse, the well-known shippers at Marsala

(whose wines have always held the highest reputation in the market), for the following, which I received after the former part of this chapter was in type :—

“The firm of Messrs. Woodhouse & Co. was founded about the years 1789 or 1790, by Mr. John Woodhouse, who was subsequently joined by his two younger brothers, Messrs. William and Samuel Woodhouse. We send you a copy of a contract, made in 1800, between Messrs. Woodhouse and Lord Nelson. This document may be of use to you.”

Messrs. Woodhouse further inform me that the exports of wine in 1876 from Sicily have been 37,871 $\frac{43}{400}$ pipes.

My readers will, I feel assured, be much interested in the annexed lithographed copy of the contract between Messrs. Woodhouse and the hero of Trafalgar. It will be noticed that the latter portion of the contract is in the handwriting of Lord Nelson; this addenda evinces on the part of the Admiral much shrewd business-like capacity. It must be remembered with regard to the low price that the old wine measure was one-fifth of a gallon less than the present imperial measure. Marsala is now nearly double the price it was in 1834. At that period I shipped Marsala free on board at £10 per pipe of 93 gallons, the duty being 5s. 9d. per gallon.

An Agreement made and entered into by the Right Honble
Rear Admiral Horatio Lord Nelson K. B. Duke of Bronte in
Sicily &c &c with John and William Woodhouse Merch^{ts} of Marsala
at Palermo the Nineteenth day of March 1800 to furnish His
Majesty's Ships off Malta with five Hundred Pipes of the best
Marsala Wine to be delivered there free of freight and all other
Charges without loss of time at One Shilling and five pence
Sterling per Gallon Wine measure and to be paid for in Bills
upon the Commissioners for Victualing His Majesty's Navy
at the usual date by the respective Pursons of His Majesty's Ships
to which the Wine is delivered, and should any of the Casks be
wanted with the Wine an additional Charge is to be added of One
pound Sterling each pipe The Wine to be delivered
as expeditiously as possible and all to be delivered
within the space of six weeks from this date, a
Convoij will be wanted for the vessel from Marsa-
sala but all lists are to run by Mr. Woodhouse.

Horatio Nelson

for Another self
John Woodhouse

Chapter xviii.

WINES OF GREECE.

Extract from Mr. Beckwith—His Disappointment with Greek Wines—Messrs. Thudicum and Dupré's Opinion—Extract from Mr. J. L. Denman—Dr. Drewitt's Report—Personal Experience—An Acquired Taste.

Strike other chords!
Fill high the bowl with Samian Wine;
Leave battles to the Turkish herdes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine.

BYRON.

MR. E. L. Beckwith, the associate juror and reporter on the wines at the Paris Exhibition, 1867, says:—

“I was considerably disappointed in the examination of the wines of Greece. After the glowing accounts I had lately heard of them, I was scarcely prepared to find the wine called Santorin so very light in body, though of good bouquet, while the wine of Patras was very mediocre indeed, and that of Athens decidedly bad. I was informed that the Greeks were improving steadily in the manufacture of wines, and that, although they already produce from sixty to seventy millions of gallons

annually, the yield might soon be very considerably increased."

Messrs. Thudicum and Dupré give a less favourable account of Greek vinification, which they say—

"Is mostly imperfect, so that the wines contain more volatile—*i. e.*, acetic acid—than any we have met with. Many wines last only through the winter, and in summer turn into vinegar. To avoid this result the proprietors still adopt all the horrid preservatives of antiquity—smoking with wood smoke or vapour of rosins, such as mastic, olibanum, cloves, Rhodus wood, Buchari-Jagh, and labdanum. The Commendaria (Cyprus) wine is said to get its flavour from these rosins and gums and spices, which are suspended in the wine, enclosed in a bag; pitching the barrels, adding turpentine and real pines; addition of gypsum, chalk, salt, and of tannin, particularly in the form of hypericum perforatum, a resino-tannous plant, which is said to conserve and colour wine yellow. Most wine has also the taste and smell of the goats, in the hides of which it is kept or transported. In Cyprus and other parts jars are still in use, but in Santorin and other islands barrels are becoming more frequent."

Opposed to the opinion of Mr. Beckwith is that of Mr. J. L. Denman, who somewhat severely criticises Mr. Beckwith in a work called "What should we Drink?"* Mr. Denman says:—

* Longmans, Green, & Co., 1868.

“Greek wines, however, I consider do possess the necessary qualifications for satisfying the public want, inasmuch as in them there is sufficient natural strength, combined with flavour, to meet all requirements. . . . Moderate as they are in price, they must be tested to be properly appreciated by the standard of the highest-priced wines. Compare, for instance, the red Kephisia at 20s. with Burgundy at 40s., or older Kephisia with the finest Burgundies; in the same way the white Kephisia with Chablis or Sauterne, the white Patras with Hock, the old Thera with Madeira or Sherry, Santorin with very fine old dry Port, the Amo with fine full-bodied rich Port, the St. Elie with Amontillado or Montilla, tasting severally the one with the other, with and without water. Of all these Greek I can assert that every year adds to their value, and makes them more mellow. They are not in reality become more sweet with age, but as they deposit their tartar and tannin on the sides of the bottle they acquire a greater mellowness.”

Mr. Denman says :—

“Until his introduction of Greek wines, no wines had ever been offered in England that could in any way compete, in point of intrinsic quality, with the supposed strong wines of Spain and Portugal, whose chief strength consists in added alcohol, not in vinous power.”

Mr. Denman found in Dr. Drewitt a valuable patron and able advocate, and the Greek wines so favourably pronounced upon are fully described in Dr. Drewitt's report, whilst the particulars and prices are likewise to be found in

Mr. Denman's advertisement at the end of the book. If the wines realise all that is said about them by their introducer and Dr. Drewitt, then Mr. Denman is entitled to credit for his energy in bringing them more into notice; but he is scarcely entitled to the credit of first introducing them, for in the year 1840 I had a small shipment, but failed to impress my friends with their merits. However, it is for the public to pronounce their judgment. I can only say of those I have tasted latterly, and the greater part were eulogised by Dr. Drewitt, "*Chacun à son goût*;" but it must be an acquired taste which could prefer Greek wines to the growths of France or Germany.

Chapter xix.

WINES OF AUSTRALIA.

Extract from Edition of 1862—Mr. Busby's Letter to the Secretary of State—500 to 600 Wine Cuttings planted—Founders of Viticulture in Australia—Gratifying Result—Mr. Fallon's Paper read at the Royal Colonial Institute—Mr. Lumsdaine's Report on Strengths—Mr. Moody's Report—Deputation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer—The Author's Prognostication in 1861 verified—Samples of Australian Wines at the Vienna Exhibition—Mr. Vizetelly's Report—A Diploma of Honour awarded—Evils of Imprudent Haste in Shipment—Instance shown—The Auldana Wines—Samples described—Their Purity affirmed to—Tintara—Bukkulla—Advantage of Age in Bottle—Australian Wines to be as carefully treated as Foreign Wines—Colonial Wines to have Fair Play—Mr. J. B. Keene's Report to the Commissioners of Customs—Average Strength of Fortified Red Wines of Australia, France, Spain, and Portugal—Explanation from the Author.

As cold waters to a thirsty soul,
So is good news from a far country.

Proverbs xxv., v. 25.

B COMMENCE this chapter with an extract from my edition of 1862:—

“The history of the progress of vine culture in this vast British settlement will, perhaps, be more interesting

to many of our readers than any other portion of this treatise. There are few families in England who have not relatives or friends residing in Australia, and as any information concerning the produce of that country is looked upon with interest, we think that the facts we have collected relative to its vine culture may prove acceptable, especially as we have recently had the opportunity of somewhat critically examining samples of several varieties of Australian wine. In Mr. Busby's journal will be found an account of a visit to the principal vineyards of Spain and France. This journey was undertaken, as the writer informs us in his preface, in order to obtain information relative to the vine culture in those countries, whose climates were analagous to that of New South Wales. The degree of spirit with which the plantation of vineyards had commenced in the colony previous to his departure in 1831 left in his mind no doubt of ultimate success. He had been the medium of distributing upwards of 20,000 vine cuttings among about fifty individuals during the previous season, and many others were disappointed in their desire to obtain a supply. Mr. Busby brought with him to England ten gallons of wine made in the colony, of the vintage of 1829-30, one-half being in a cask, the remainder in bottles. On his arrival in London he had the whole put into pint bottles and distributed among persons interested in the colony. That which was in the cask, although it had never been racked off or clarified, was perfectly sound, and was pronounced by each person who tasted it, including an eminent Oporto Wine Merchant and the principal in a very respectable Bordeaux house, to be a very promising wine. The latter told Mr. Busby that he had opened one of the bottles, in the presence of several

guests whom he was entertaining at dinner. Amongst the company were two of his own countrymen. 'You know,' he observed, 'that my countrymen always drink very light wine; they, therefore, found it strong, and thought it resembled Port without Brandy.' I said I found it more like Burgundy, and they agreed with me that it was so. The Oporto merchant observed that the wine was sound, but that it would very soon turn sour if not fortified with Brandy. Mr. Busby adds, that on the 25th October, 1832, he opened a bottle which he had taken back with him to Sydney, and he found it perfectly sound, and a well-flavoured strong-bodied wine. Mr. Busby entered upon his mission with thorough zeal, and his success will be evident from the following letter, which, after his journey to the vineyards of Spain and France, he addressed to the Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies:—

“ ‘ LONDON, 6th Jan., 1832.

“ ‘ MY LORD,—

“ ‘ Having occupied myself a good deal during my residence in New South Wales, in endeavouring to promote the plantation of vineyards and the making of wine in that colony, I could not allow the opportunity afforded by my visit to Europe to pass without attempting to ascertain to what peculiarities of climate, soil, or culture the most celebrated wine provinces are indebted for the excellence of their respective products; and to make a collection of the different varieties of vines cultivated in each. I have just returned to England, after an absence of four months spent in pursuit of these objects in France and Spain, and the results of my journey have fully satisfied me that the opinion I have always entertained of their great importance was not exaggerated.

“ ‘My reason for troubling your Lordship on this subject, however, is the following:—

“ ‘I had the good fortune to find in the Botanic garden at Montpellier, a collection of most of the varieties of vines cultivated in France, and in some other parts of Europe, to the number of 437, and, on application to the Professor of Botany, he (with the greatest liberality) permitted me to take cuttings from the whole. I afterwards added to this collection 133 from the Royal Nursery of the Luxembourg at Paris, making in the whole 570 varieties of vines, of all of which, with two or three exceptions, I obtained two cuttings.

“ ‘It is my wish to place this collection of vines at the disposal of His Majesty’s Government, for the purpose, should it be deemed expedient, of forming an experimental garden at Sydney, to prove their different qualities, and propagate, for general distribution, those which may appear most suitable to the climate.

“ ‘As independently of the above, I have secured a competent quantity of all the most valuable varieties which I found cultivated in the best wine districts of France and Spain, both for wine and raisins, it might at first sight appear superfluous to bestow attention on a collection which must include many of a very inferior description; but it is, perhaps, the most remarkable fact connected with the culture of the vine, that even a slight change of climate or soil produces a most material change in the qualities of its produce; and for this reason the best varieties of France and Spain may prove (as several of them have already proved) of no value in New South Wales; while, on the other hand, the most indifferent kinds may produce in that climate the most valuable wines.

“ ‘For this reason I am of opinion that the establishment of an experimental garden at Sydney could not fail to be of the highest value to the colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen’s Land, and subsequently to that of the Cape of Good Hope also ; while at the same time, being placed under the care of the superintendent of the Government garden, adjoining which there is abundance of vacant ground, it would add little to the present expense of that establishment.

“ ‘It is my intention also to place a part of the collection I have made, in the different parts of France and Spain which I have visited, in the public garden, to be propagated for general distribution. I trust I may, therefore, be excused for requesting that your Lordship will give orders that the cases containing these plants (those from France being now in London, and those from Spain being expected by the first arrivals from Cadiz and Malaga) may be received on board any of the convict ships about to sail, in order to secure their early and safe arrival in the colony.

“ ‘I have the honour to be, my Lord,

“ ‘Your Lordship’s most obedient humble servant,

“ ‘JAMES BUSBY.

“ ‘The Right Honourable Lord Gooderich, His Majesty’s Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, &c.’

“ ‘The desired accommodation was immediately granted, and the whole of the plants reached Sydney in excellent condition with the exception of five varieties produced in the more northern districts of Burgundy and Champagne, and fifteen varieties procured at Paris, some of which failed. All the rest, from 500 to 600, succeeded admir-

ably, not ten cuttings having failed. Very few of the varieties of the vine previously imported into the colony had been found to suit the climate, hence we may infer that the rapid strides which have been made in the vine cultivation of South Australia are attributable to the introduction of other sorts. Mr. Busby gives a catalogue and the names of 570 cuttings which he sent to New South Wales."

Although he was not, perhaps, the founder of viticulture in Australia, very great credit and much gratitude is due to Mr. James Busby for his great energy and ability. Other of the earliest vine growers of Australia who deserve special notice are Sir William Macarthur, Mr. Jas. Macarthur, Mr. Patrick Auld, and probably many others with whose names I am not acquainted. To all it must be gratifying to learn that the character of the Australian wines, which, from want of care and knowledge of the qualities that would bear a long sea voyage, were at first condemned, have now redeemed their character; and that which many of the wealthy colonists commenced as an interesting occupation, and to produce a drinkable wine for their own consumption, or as a present to their friends in the mother country, is now likely to prove one of the great resources of the country, with a permanent and remunerative return for capital invested.

In my former work, I gave an opinion of some samples of wine that had been sent to me by a friend in Australia in 1860. Messrs. Thudicum and Dupré make use of these opinions in the following graceful manner:—"We extract from a publication on wines by *Toovey* a few notes on Australian wines sent to England in the year 1860." Shakespeare says, "Who steals my purse, steals trash . . . but he who filches from me my good name," &c. Messrs. Thudicum and Dupré are welcome to the extract, but if they publish another ponderous volume, and make use of extracts from my work, I trust they will observe the usual courtesies in such cases. The *London Times* says:—

"No amount of chymical knowledge that Drs. Thudicum and Dupré may possess can shut our eyes to the essential wrong-doing of the processes which they describe and, in some degree, advocate; and our confidence in their work is still further shaken by the fact that a curious error in a pamphlet published by well-known Wine Merchants is repeated in the pages before us, and that another pamphlet, which was issued as an advertisement some time ago, is absolutely reprinted in them almost word for word."

The important question as to the admission of wine at a duty of one shilling per gallon, over 26 degrees of proof spirit, is one that requires much consideration. I am not an advocate for the

admission of notoriously fortified wines at a duty which will be more than equivalent to that upon the same degree of spirit of British manufacture, and upon this matter I shall say more hereafter. But the wine growers of Australia afford sufficient evidence that most of their natural wines exceed 26 per cent. of proof strength. And my readers will be convinced of this by the extracts which I shall give from a paper read by Mr. Fallon, of Australia, on the 20th June, 1876, at the Royal Colonial Institute, for which I am indebted to the report in the *Wine Trade Review* of July, 1876 :—

“ Mr. Fallon, referring to a previous paper on ‘ Vines and Wines,’ read in the hall of the Society of Arts, stated that in many favourable districts of Australia pure natural wines as a rule range above the maximum strength fixed by the English customs tariff of 26 per cent. of proof spirit; and he considers it unjust that the Australian producer should be charged for an article made from the pure juice of the grape the maximum duty of 2s. 6d. per gallon, which in effect excludes Australian producers from the English market. Dr. Thudicum at that time, in reply, entered a protest against the statement that Australian wine was produced from a must which would yield a larger percentage of proof spirit than 26°. He stated that it was easy to be seen that there was no grape in Australia, as there was none anywhere else, which, by the ordinary method of vinification, could give wine of the strength mentioned. As to the duty, Dr.

Thudicum could not assume that Australian wines were above the standard of 26°, and further stated that if in Australia there were grapes grown which by a natural course of fermentation produced a wine with 29 per cent. of proof spirit, that fact ought to be established by a scientific commission and thoroughly authenticated, because it would simply upset the whole scientific facts established throughout the world. In reply to Dr. Thudicum, Mr. Fallon then asserted most strongly that grapes had been grown in his own vineyard which in favourable seasons gave a higher amount of alcohol than that mentioned. The grapes mentioned in his paper, Reisling, Verdeillo, Aucarot, Shiraz, Burgundy, Carbinet, he had tested frequently, and found them to yield from 26 to upwards of 30 per cent. of proof spirit in good seasons. The same result could be obtained from many of the vineyards in the country bordering on the river Murray, from the Albury and Corown district on the New South Wales side of that river, from Wagunyah, the Ovens, and the Sandhurst districts in Victoria, and from the wines of South Australia as a rule. In fact, the wine-producing country in New South Wales may be said to be fairly divided by the great Australian Alps or dividing range. The wines produced on the south side are of a comparatively low spirit strength. On the north side the climate, soil, and seasons are different, the grapes being exposed for a considerable time before and at the vintage to a warm sun and a cloudless sky. The result is a continuous dry heat, and by this means a must of far greater density is produced, and consequently wines of a higher spirit strength. After giving this explanation as to the relative strength of the wines, Mr. Fallon proceeds as follows:—‘Many persons

who may probably have had inferior wines put before them, which had been imperfectly made, and from an unfavourable locality, condemn Australian wines generally. I met a gentleman who was a connoisseur of wine, and who said he had tasted Australian wines, but did not like them. I asked him to come and taste some samples which I had. He did so, and went away with a very different impression. We have such diversity of climate and soil, and the extent over which Australian wines are produced is so great, that no wonder persons not conversant with these facts should be induced to form erroneous impressions. In order to get exact information on this subject, and prove what I had stated to be true, I communicated with the Hon. the Commissioner of Trade and Customs in Victoria, and with the Hon. the Colonial Treasurer, requesting them to appoint thoroughly competent officers to examine and report upon the must produced from the vineyards in 1875. The result was that the Chief Inspector of Distilleries in each colony was appointed to conduct precise technical examinations, to obtain samples of must and grapes, and, by means of the most rigorous tests, ascertain the spirit strength of our pure natural wines. The officers of both Governments met by appointment at Albury, viz. :—Mr. Moody, Chief Inspector of Distilleries, Victoria; Mr. Heath, Inspector; and Mr. H. A. Lumsdaine, Chief Inspector of Distilleries for New South Wales. The better to enable them to certify to tests made by them, they operated on fruit instead of a must reduced to a liquid. Samples were secured from the principal vineyards in the districts bordering on the Murray and Ovens in the north-east part of Victoria, and operated upon by the officers above named. The results reported conclusively

‘upset the whole scientific facts’ which Dr. Thudicum believes to be ‘established throughout the world.’ I submit, therefore, that in this matter, experiment has upset a widely-received scientific fact. Mr. Lumsdaine, in his report, says that the hypothesis that 26 per cent., and in rare and exceptional cases 28 per cent., is the highest percentage capable of development, is certainly not supported by the recent experiments made in Sydney and in Victoria. He further remarks:—‘In concluding my observations, I consider it not inconsistent with my duty to point out that the determination of a higher percentage than 26 and 28 per cent. of proof spirit in Australian wines having now been, as it appears to me, conclusively established, it will be alike unjust and discouraging to the wine makers of this and other wine-producing colonies of Australia if the present tariff be adhered to by the Imperial Government. Such an adherence is tantamount to a differential duty in favour of meagre Continental wines, and against many superior wines of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, which, though containing more natural alcohol than wines of the Continent, are, at the same time, richer in other properties which give excellence to the quality of wines generally.

“The following statement, the result of Mr. Lumsdaine’s work, will be interesting, showing as it does the alcoholic strength of the under-mentioned samples of wine, made from grape must, collected at Albury and other Murray River vineyards, during the vintage of 1875, by the chief inspector of distilleries of Victoria and the chief inspector of distilleries, New South Wales, as ascertained by distillation conducted by the latter officer in Sydney:—

Name and Mark of Wine.	Original Gravity of Must.	Sp. Gr. of Wine before Distillation.	Percentage of Pf. Spirit. Standard '9196 at 60° F
Pineau, F.	1142·2	990·9	32·4
Muscat, F.	1132·5	989·0	31·6
Verdeilho, F. ..	1123·1	988·8	28·7
Aucarot, S.	1142·5	1008·9	29·3
Verdeilho, S. ..	1132·2	990·1	31·8
Verdeilho, B., No. 7	1134·3	1000·1	29·2
Verdeilho, R. ..	1135·5	986·1	30·8
Pineau, A.	1120·0	989·0	28·4
Verdeilho, B., No. 2	1120·0	988·5	30·0
Verdeilho, C. ..	1125·0	988·7	28·0

“The next report is that of Mr. Moody, dated from Melbourne, September 4th, 1875. He states that ‘the quality of the wines tested was in general very good, and in many cases might be called excellent. The speciality of most of the produce of the vineyards in the northern parts of the colony is that it is full-bodied, rich, and fruity, caused doubtless by the greater warmth and dryness of the climate there, which ripen the grape thoroughly, and give a very high gravity of must. The characteristics of these wines are similar to those of Spain and Portugal, while those made in the southern districts resemble the wines of Germany and the Rhine, and the northern and midland districts of France.’ Mr. Moody’s experience of the vineyards of the colony leads him to the conclusion that ‘the character of the wine made is improving year by year, and as Victoria possesses soils and climates of such variety, and so suitable for the growth of wines of many descriptions and of a superior class, he is sanguine of a great future for this produce, when greater experience, knowledge, and capital are brought to bear on it, and vigneron can

be induced to see the policy of limiting the vines grown to those only which experience shows to be suitable to the soil and climate of their vineyards. One or two good wines will find a readier market, will be more easily and cheaply manufactured, and therefore will be more profitable, than a large variety of medium quality.' Mr. Moody goes on to state that 'the musts he examined contained a percentage of proof spirit much higher than it has hitherto been supposed a wine would develop naturally, the limit under exceptional circumstances being supposed not to exceed 26 per cent.' It cannot, therefore, be now said that the wines which exceed that limit are necessarily artificially fortified. Indeed, Mr. Moody expresses his belief 'that the practice of fortifying wines is by no means general in Victoria, and is only resorted to for the purpose of bringing up wines of a low and inferior quality and for particular trades. The better class of wines do not require it.' A special commission was also appointed by the South Australian Government, who, after careful examination into the matter, brought up an elaborate report, showing results as to the proportion of alcohol corresponding to, if not exceeding the proportions found in the wines of New South Wales and Victoria. These reports Mr. Fallon, in his paper, points out, show that Australia is capable of producing full-bodied natural wines of a high order, and that the statement made by him upwards of two years ago, 'that Australian wines by the ordinary course of fermentation produced a wine containing upwards of 26 per cent. of proof spirit,' was perfectly correct. 'My experience (Mr. Fallon proceeds) in shipping wines from Australia to London is, that whatever may be

the spirit strength before shipment, the wine acquires additional strength during the voyage. It will be seen from the above statement that the great bulk of Australian wines exceed 26 per cent. of natural spirit, and could not be admitted into Great Britain without paying 2s. 6d. per gallon duty, thus exposing the Australian producer to adverse competition in the markets of the mother country, equal to a surcharge of 150 per cent. The effect of this difference in duty is to exclude almost entirely the colonists from sending their pure, genuine, and unadulterated wines to a market where they are so heavily handicapped. I submit that the Australian vignerons have a right to ask the British Government to alter the maximum from 26° to 30°. This would to a great extent meet the case, and would place the Australian product in fair competition with European wines and afford encouragement to an industry which is doubtless destined to be one of the leading staple produce of Australia, and one which will not only give healthy employment to a number of Australian vignerons, but also open up a large field for the surplus labour of Great Britain.' ”

On the 27th July, 1876, an important deputation waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer in reference to the subject of Australian wines, and the way they are affected by the English system of levying the wine duties. The deputation consisted of the following gentlemen:— Mr. J. Holmes, M.P.; Mr. A. McArthur, M.P.; Mr. P. A. Jennings, of New South Wales; Mr. A. Michie, Agent-General for Victoria; Mr. F.

Dutton, Agent-General for South Australia; Mr. John Todd, Mr. W. Clarke, and Mr. W. Clarson, of Melbourne; Mr. James Croyle, Mr. J. T. Fallon, and Mr. John Plummer. It is unnecessary, after the space I have devoted to Mr. Fallon's paper, to give the observations of the various speakers, as their arguments were in support of those quoted from Mr. Fallon's paper. I think it will suffice to give my readers the remarks made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the rejoinders of some members of the deputation. The speakers upon the general questions were Mr. Holmes, M.P., Mr. McArthur, M.P., Mr. Jennings, and Mr. Michie.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said—

“I am much obliged to you for the information given, and for this pamphlet of Mr. Fallon's. Of course you will understand that, at the present period of the session, this is a question which cannot be taken up. All the arrangements for the year are made, and everything is going on, and even if changes were in contemplation they could not be entertained just now; it would be disturbing trade, and doing all sorts of mischief, if we were to hold out that these questions were to be considered in view of alterations. In regard to the wine trade, I am always glad to receive all the information that comes to us. This is a trade of an interesting character, and we are always glad to watch and receive any further information. I think the general principle on which the wine duties were settled in 1860 was that

the low duty of one shilling should be applied to natural wines ; and the first idea was that there should be a low duty on wines below 18°, and that there should be another rate of duty between eighteen and twenty-six, with a third for a higher grade. It was found that caused inconvenience, and so the low duty was carried up to twenty-six. Now, I understand Mr. Michie speaks of twenty-eight and a half, and Mr. Jennings of thirty and thirty-two. It is rather difficult to know what is the limit of natural wine production, because we must not consider only Australian wine. We must have reference to wine generally, and any alteration you make in carrying the alcoholic point higher will make the pressure still greater. I should like to know whether there is much difference between the wines of different parts of Australia. Is there much difference ?”

“ Mr. Jennings supplied some figures giving the desired information. As far as his knowledge went, the description given by Mr. Michie applied to these colonies ; the wines grown on the coast side of the Australian range usually were a light wine coming below 26°. There was nothing as dry as a Bordeaux, but something of the same quality without the dryness. There was also something resembling in character the Rhenish wine. Inside the range they had wine resembling Sherry, and even Marsala. It was not so much the difference between North and South as the altitude which made the difference in strength.

“ The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—‘ What is the value of the wines ?’

“ Mr. Fallon.—‘ We can send a wine here at about £20 per pipe. Our best wines grown on the coast side of the range, can be produced for a smaller sum. But the wines

from the inland and the north side of the range have to pay a higher rate of freight to bring them to the sea-board, and they are of a stronger character. We can send them over at about £20 a pipe.'

“The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—‘What would be the strength?’

“Mr. Fallon.—‘It would vary from 26° to 30°. I may here mention that the wines, whether grown in Victoria or New South Wales, are pretty nearly the same.’

“The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—‘With regard to the wines you speak of at £20 a pipe, what would they compare with in French wines?’

“Mr. Fallon.—‘Rich Burgundies—Rousillion.’

“The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—‘Do you think there is a taste for Australian wines in this country?’

“Mr. Fallon.—‘Wherever I have sent wines to this country they have given great satisfaction. The trade is but in its infancy yet.’

“The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—‘Where is the demand for Australian wines likely to arise—in the upper circles or in general consumption?’

“Mr. Fallon.—‘I think in general consumption and in the upper circles. These wines have a special peculiarity of their own which would commend itself if they were properly introduced here.’

“The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—‘It is difficult to get the English to have new wines.’

“Mr. Fallon.—‘We had to overcome the same prejudices in the colonies to get them to take to these wines, and now not only the better classes drink them, but also the working men, who instead of drinking brandy or other spirits as they used to do, are now content to take their own wine.’

“The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—‘Are the wines sent brandied from Australia? Will they carry without it?’

“Mr. Fallon.—‘They will, Sir. I have sent them often. We get a high quality of Australian wines which are not brandied—which are unfortified and in their natural state. The cheaper wines we are not obliged to brandy. Wines intended for immediate use may be treated that way, but not wines for export.’

“Mr. Dutton (Agent-General for South Australia) said that the South Australian growers showed that the wines they sent were not brandied.

“Mr. Michie said there were many instances of good wine leaving the colonies and arriving here in a bad condition, and the transition which the wine had undergone came about again; it was good again after passing through its sickness. He had a remarkable proof of this in some wine which he had had in his cellar which at first was awful rubbish, but at the end of two years it was all right, and had a bouquet which surprised every one. That wine would most certainly have come in at the 2s. 6d. duty. It was beyond 26° and certainly below 28°.

“The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—‘I do not know that we can go much further. I am glad of the information.’

“After thanking the right hon. gentleman for his courtesies, the deputation withdrew.”

In the concluding remarks upon the Wines of Australia which I wrote in 1861, I observed:—

“From these accounts it will be perceived that a spirit of the most honourable rivalry has been excited amongst the wine growers in Australia. The most favourable

accounts continue to be received, and every Englishman must look forward with gratification to the prospect of drinking—perhaps, at no very distant period—pure wine, made by our own countrymen from grapes grown in our British possession.”

This prognostication, written sixteen years ago, has been amply verified. An intimate friend, a resident at Coblenz, who was appointed one of the jurors for the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, assured me that he was surprised to meet with such a collection of fine wines, and he gave to some of the best the most unqualified praise, as being equal to the produce of any country in Europe. He was not one of the jury selected to judge the Australian wines, but he had an ample opportunity of tasting them quietly. Mr. Vizetelly says :—“The Australian wines were accidentally subjected to a severe test at Vienna owing to the peculiar constitution of the jury who judged them, as they were experts of the first class, and no Australian wine-grower amongst them.” I must again refer my readers to Mr. Vizetelly’s report, extracting only a few salient points, one especially deserving notice :—

“So excellent, indeed, were the samples of Hermitage that, when a third specimen showed the same striking affinity with the famous wine of the Drôme which had been already remarked in the previous samples, the French experts seemed struck with astonishment, and

insisted it was a fine French wine which had been matured by a voyage to Australia and back again to Europe that was being offered them to taste. Assurances to the contrary were at once given to them, but when a fourth bottle exhibited precisely the same high qualities they required a distinct affirmation from the agent in charge of his conviction that the wines were of genuine Australian growth, and that no substitution was being practised, before they were willing to resume their labours."

The following will show that in Mr. Vizetelly, as one of the judges selected, the Australian wine-growers had a good friend. He says,—

"The Australian wines having secured a far larger percentage of higher-class rewards than fell to the share of any other country, I asked that a diploma of honour might be granted to the colony for this reason, and the request was unhesitatingly complied with. Owing, however, to a rule having been laid down by the wine jury that no diploma of this character should be given to an individual holding an official position, or to any person or society trading for profit, I was embarrassed in my choice as to the individual or body to whom the diploma might properly be granted, but eventually fixed upon the Acclimatisation Society of Victoria as being, if not the actual representative of the Australian wine-growers, at any rate the one corporation with which an identity of interest might be presumed to exist. . . . 'I ask for this diploma,' the memorial proceeded to say, 'as an acknowledgment of the energy and enterprise displayed by a few colonists who, unaided by Government grants, and regardless of the risks and outlay they incurred, sent for vines from a distance

of more than 12,000 miles across the ocean, planted them in soils of the suitability of which they were by no means certain, tended them, and after persevering in their efforts during five-and-thirty years, have arrived to-day at a result the nature of which is shown by the protocol to which I have already drawn your attention.'

"A diploma of honour awarded by the international jury of the Vienna Exhibition will not only be held in high esteem by the colonists of Australia, whose eyes are continually turned towards Europe, but will have an important material effect, for the fact of its being granted will become known throughout the whole continent, and by tending to favour the consumption of wine in the country of its production, will contribute more than anything else to promote an abstention from alcohol, the abuse of which is the bane of the Australian colonies."

To all this I am gratified in being able to give further publicity, for I know that there is a certain amount of prejudice against Australian wines. This, I believe, is due to the imprudent haste of some young growers, who, from want of knowledge and due consideration, in their eagerness to send their wines to England, give the wine no time to mature itself, and send over young wines wholly unprepared for exportation. Of this I can speak from experience. The attention I had given to Australian wines in the edition of 1862 was much noticed in the colony,

and about twelve years ago I had consigned to me eight hogsheads of red and white Australian wines. I have forgotten the district that produced the wine. The proprietor had a brother, an influential citizen of Bristol, and the grower requested him to place the wines under my care.

The following memorandum gives my analysis and description of the wines. I should observe that the casks were very inferior, being old Brandy hogsheads, which were probably not properly cleansed, and to this may be attributed in some respects the bad character of most of the wines. They were shipped, per Suffolk, from Melbourne, and reached London in September, 1865, when they were forwarded per railway to Bristol:—

	Specific Gravity.	Pf. Spirit per cent.	
No. 1.—Shiraz or Red Hermitage ... }	692	47.8	{ Was sound and a full wine, but with little character.
No. 2.—Ditto	691.80	34.2	Very inferior, acid.
No. 3.—Riesling Red...	693.70	32	Very poor, acid.
No. 4.—Riesling White	711	36	{ Sweet and sour, slight muscat flavour.
No. 5.—Ancorat	696.40	34	{ A dry wine, slightly acid.
No. 6.—Verdeilho	703	38	{ Rather a rich wine; a sweetened Cape flavour with a subdued acid.

	Specific Gravity.	Pf. Spirit per cent.	
No. 7.—Muscatel	702·60	38	{ Sweet and sour, flavoured with muscat, but little vinous character.
No. 8.—Shiraz Coast ...	710·97	37·2	
			{ Coarse, rather full and sweet, but no character of good wine in it.

The free acid in No. 1 showed 5 grains in a gallon; No. 2 6 grains; Nos. 4 and 5, 7 grains each; 6 and 7 were between 5 and 6 grains.

The wines were not worth the duty, and I suggested starting the bungs and letting the contents of the casks into the gutter; but this was objected to, and the duty was paid upon seven hogsheads, and one was started. Some were fined and bottled. I believe the bulk was sold at less than the duty to vinegar and British wine makers. From that period until very recently I have had no experience of Australian wines. As I well understood the cause of failure in the consignment made to me, no prejudice was created in my mind against Australian wine; and with a view to the compilation of this chapter, I wrote to several Australian wine growers having establishments in London for information as to produce, &c. I had but little response to my application, with the exception of Messrs. Auld, who most courteously complied with my request, and furnished me with samples

of various qualities, to which I will refer hereafter. In a pamphlet upon the Auldana wines are the following sensible remarks :—

“ We have referred to the fallacious opinions current about Australian wine in consequence of having observed that our wine is frequently tried and judged by persons who had evidently made up their minds beforehand (unconsciously, of course) as to what they would think of it. Now, we do not hesitate to assert that it is utterly impossible to fairly appreciate the true character of a wine if the mind of the would-be judge is previously biassed. The true connoisseur in wine has no leaning to the productions of any particular country. He values wine, not by its name, but by its purity and natural strength of character, and his judgment is as infallible as that of the juror in grain. The peculiar fragrance and aroma generated in the unadulterated juice of the grape, and producible by no other means, are what he regards as essential; without these the liquid, whatever be its country, is not, in his opinion, deserving of the name of wine.”

I take from the *Adelaide Observer* of December 29, 1866, an extract from a paper on the Auldana vineyards :—

“ They (the Auldana vinyards) are situated just above Magill, about five or six miles from Adelaide, on the sloping sides of the lower portion of the Mount Lofty range. The greatest care has been taken in the selection of the sites, so as to secure shelter from the winds and freedom from the frosts. Mr. Auld bought the

property twenty-six years* ago. When he applied for it, it was not even surveyed. We believe a very large amount has been spent on the property altogether. There are three vineyards—the Home Auldana, which contains 40 acres; the South Auldana, of 34 acres, including the nursery; and the Home Park, of 21 acres. The number of acres planted with vines is 95, including two acres of nursery. Mr. Auld confines himself to two kinds of wines—Auldana ruby and Auldana white. He has, as the result of years of toil, succeeded in obtaining an admirable classification of his vines. He has, like many others, had to pay dearly for his experience; but, at whatever cost, he was determined to grow only such vines as experience, observation, and reading have shown him to produce a superior kind of wine. The particular kinds used for the ruby wine are Espanior, Donzelinha, Shiraz, Malbec, and Carbonet; and for the white—Verdeilho, Pedro Ximines, Palomino Blanco, Belas Blanco, and Tokay. By blending those grapes in certain proportions Mr. Auld has succeeded in making wines which have received the highest praise from connoisseurs.”

The samples I received from Messrs. Auld, Burton, & Co., and which I tasted most carefully, were three qualities of Auldana white and three of Auldana ruby.

No. 1 ruby contained 22 per cent. proof spirit; a wine of very moderate price, without much character, but a pleasant wine.

No. 2 ruby, 6s. per dozen more, I did not

* Now thirty-seven years.

think highly of; it did not go off the palate clean. The condition of the wine was not good, and here I will observe that I think it would be an improvement if these wines were made of a darker colour, more approaching that of Port. The present colour is not good, and the wine to be perfect should be brilliantly bright. Even then the colour is indefinite, and not attractive to the eye.

No. 3 ruby was a remarkably fine wine, in advance of 6s. per dozen over No. 2. Here there was the colour of a deep Burgundy. It had a full, round, fine flavour, and had much the character of a fine Hermitage. Four or five years in bottle would make this a magnificent wine.

I was more gratified with the Auldana white—not that I was disappointed in the red wines; but I think it probable that the long sea voyage is likely to be more detrimental to the condition of the red than the white. Be this as it may, there is certainly more quality and value in the white than in the red wines—which they really are not; they approach nearer to a pale or amber straw colour, which would be their natural condition. The lowest priced wine was very clean, and similar in flavour to a good Barsac—a thoroughly well-made wine. No. 2, 6s. per

dozen more than No. 1, was an excellent wine, with more flavour and character than the first. No. 3, 6s. per dozen more than No. 2, was a capital wine; it so much resembled White Hermitage—an especial favourite of mine—that I compared it with a bottle of Château Grillet, and he must have been an expert to have discovered the difference except in the colour, the Château Grillet being much paler. With reference to comparing the Auldana wine with that of any other country, Messrs. Auld & Co. say in their circular:—

“ We have noticed in many of the favourable opinions we have had of the wine, a disposition to class it with well-known wines, such as Claret, Burgundy, Sauterne, Hock, Old Port, &c. Now we wish it to be distinctly understood that the Auldana does not pretend to be similar to any of the Continental wines, nor yet to any other Australian wine. It has an individuality of its own, as marked as either of the above-mentioned wines; and it is impossible to arrive at a true estimate of its quality by simply ascertaining wherein it differs from, or agrees with, some other wine. Were we disposed to have our wine definitely classed under any description of Continental wines, the necessary alteration in its character could be effected, but it could only be done by destroying the natural fragrance and exquisite ethers which constitute the life and soul of a pure wine, and wanting which it would be a dull, flavourless, intoxicating compound, incapable of imparting one genuine throb of sober cheerfulness or strength.”

In reply to an inquiry as to whether any sugar was used in making the Auldana wines, Messrs. Auld & Co. replied :—

“ We highly appreciate your candid inquiry as to the addition of sugar or saccharine to our wines, and we as candidly and freely assure you that not a grain of sugar or a drop of spirit of any kind has ever been added to any of our wines, and for a reason that will be obvious to you—viz., that our soil and climate produce wine with an excess rather than a deficiency of both elements, we work on the principle of adding nothing to our wine, and taking away only that which, in its natural course, it shows a disposition to get rid of by way of sediment. In other words, we try to guide or control the work of nature ; so that, if people are not pleased with the result, the inference is that they have no palate for natural wines. Our wines are all imported in casks, and are bottled in our own cellars. The fact of wine, containing only its own natural spirit, travelling with safety—and, we may add, to its advantage—from Australia here, is sufficient to dispute the truthfulness of the assertion so frequently made by those interested, that the wines of Spain and Portugal cannot with safety be shipped unless previously fortified. As Colonists, we offer you our very sincere thanks for your most disinterested desire to give fair play to our (Colonists’) produce.”

The following account of samples must finish my report upon the wines of Australia ; they were sent to me by friends in my locality, who, disliking them, wished to have my opinion. I knew little of their origin, the labels upon the

bottles being all that I could get information from. The first to note is Tintara—Vineyard Association. This had been recommended by a medical practitioner to his patient for some presumed hygienic properties. It had much the character and flavour of an old bottled Port, a wine that from age had lost its colour in wood. It was not a wine to be condemned, as it was perfectly sound, but very thin. It did not pass clean off the palate. One might say of it in the French phrase, “Ce vin sent le terroir.”

The following samples were given to me in exchange for Port and Sherry, by a client who purchased the wines in 1872, and had used very little, as he did not like them. I had not tasted the wines when I consented to the exchange, but I had the best of the bargain. The bottles were labelled simply Bukkulla, white and red. The white wine was a well-matured, clean, and very pleasant wine. I compared it with an old Pouilly about the same age in bottle, to which it had a very close resemblance. If my informant is correct as to the price he paid for it, it is a remarkably cheap wine; but we must remember that, as was the case in the next sample, it possessed the advantage of six years in bottle. The red wine quite astonished me. Accustomed as I have been to drink Burgundy for nearly

half a century, and being from my professional knowledge acquainted with every variety in the Côte d'Or, before tasting it, from the bouquet alone I at once pronounced it to be Burgundy. On tasting it I found it was a full, round, generous wine, and very similar to Pommard. I compared it with a bottle of that which I thought it resembled, a Pommard of my own selection, five years in bottle; and not only in my own judgment, but in that of others, the wines were exceedingly alike. The Bukkulla, if the price given to me was correct, was much the cheaper wine. The conclusion from tasting the two last samples is that, to judge Australian wines fairly, they should be allowed to have the same time and care given to them for maturing as we allow to our Ports, Sherries, and other Continental wines. We do not think of drinking them until they have been laid down for some time in bottle. Let us give our colonists fair play, and allow their wines the same advantages we concede to those of foreigners, and I shall be much disappointed if in a few years we do not find our colonial wines classed amongst the finest in the world. The greatest care should be taken in their treatment, and no wines should be shipped until sufficiently matured, and quality for the present time should be more considered

than quantity. I have from want of space been compelled to omit very much more than I should like to have said. If this work reaches another edition, I will endeavour to make it more acceptable to those interested (and all true Britons should be) in wines the growth of our own possessions.

Mr. J. B. Keene, in his report to the Commissioners of Customs upon the wines of the International Exhibition of 1873, says the Australian wines are wonderfully advanced in improvement of quality and area of production since the Exhibition of 1862, while the scope for further increase is to a great extent almost unlimited, and they are evidently a most important item of colonial produce. The defects that existed in their earlier stages of culture have been greatly remedied, and they have generally a full, rich, vigorous character, and quality of a favourable kind. He regrets to observe that the practice of adding distilled spirit to the wines seems to be very widely spread, and from a careful estimate he found the number of wines to which more or less spirit had been added amounts to the following proportions:—

South Australia	60	per cent.	of samples.
Victoria	34	„	„
New South Wales	12	„	„

It is also most noticeable that the wines of the highest quality are those which have no more spirit than their natural fermentation has produced, and with slight exceptions the coarsest of the samples were those in which nature had been assisted by art. The system of fortifying has really nothing to recommend it, for experience has proved that well-made Australian wines, shipped in the course of the second year after the vintage, not only bear the voyage to England without injury, but are really improved by the transit.

In a table of average strengths of wines of various countries, Mr. Keene shows the highest strength of the fortified red wines of—

South Australia as	40·6°
Victoria	31·2°
New South Wales	26·1°
	—
France, the highest.....	23°
Spain, ,,	36·8°
Portugal, ,,	36·8°

This work has extended far beyond the limits I originally prescribed for myself, and yet I have mentioned the wines only with which I have some acquaintance. Of the wines of Algeria, Switzerland, many of the Austrian, Styrian, Transylvanian, the Balearic and Canary Isles

—wines of the South of Italy—wines of Turkey and Roumania, America, and Cape of Good Hope—even had I space, I could only give the opinions of others.

Mr. Vizetelly, in concluding his report upon the wines at the Vienna Exhibition, observes:—

“The tasting for well-nigh two months of wines from nearly all the nations of the world, coupled with much special information which I was able to obtain from my associates, left upon my mind the broad impression that the sources of our wine supply are daily multiplying, that great improvements are steadily, if somewhat slowly, taking place both in viticulture and vinification in regions where until quite recently the most primitive practices had prevailed for centuries.”

The following, from the same authority, is interesting:—

“With all the increased consumption of wine in the United Kingdom, a comparison of the quantity drunk during the year 1872 by 1,851,792 Parisians with the quantity consumed during the same year by 31,628,338 inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland shows how little a wine-drinking people we really are. The Parisians drank no less than 85,849,304 gallons of wine, equal to upwards of $40\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per head; whereas the entire population of the United Kingdom drank merely 16,878,169 gallons, or less than one-fifth of the quantity consumed by the inhabitants of Paris alone, and only a little beyond half a gallon per head. No doubt we more than made up the deficiency by beer and spirits. During the quarter of a

century that London and Paris have been within ten hours' journey of each other, with the two nations intimately linked together for two-thirds of that period by liberal commercial treaties, we have been slow to follow the one good example set us by our neighbours."

Chapter xx.

UPON THE REDUCTION OF THE WINE DUTIES.

“SHAW’S SHILLING.”

Former reference to Mr. Shaw—The *London Times* of November, 1850 — Extracts Shaw’s Shilling — The Distillers’ Interests discarded — Their Memorial to Government — The Uniform Shilling a Mistake — Desirability of Extending the Shilling Duty upon Wine to 30° — Personal Experience of the Present System — Calculations showing Comparative Duty upon Wine and Home-made Spirit — Opinion of Twelve of the first Wine Houses — How the Distilling Interest would suffer, and the Revenue be Defrauded — Friendly Advice to Mr. Shaw.

IN page 218 of this volume I recognised the able services of my friend, Mr. T. G. Shaw, in the exertions he has made for so many years for a reduction of the wine duties. I suggested to him to “rest and be thankful,” and not impair the purity of wines under the present concessions by further attempts to get in at one shilling per gallon duty alcoholised wines.

Mr. Shaw, in his recently-published pamphlet,*

* Shaw’s Shilling. H. Sotheron & Co. 1877.

gives the following extract from the *London Times* of the 5th November, 1850:—

“ Mr. Shaw contends that the present high rate of duty on wines is the cause of much moral evil, and that there is also much to demonstrate, by reason and experience, that the alteration which he urges would constitute one of the most direct means of increasing the revenue, and that we are, in fact, suffering unduly from other burdens because we have never sufficiently developed the means of a larger income, and, at the same time, of extending commerce.”

Mr. Shaw still perseveres, and I take the following from his recent publication:—

“ For my own part, I have studied the question for forty years, during thirty of which I have publicly advocated the imposition of a duty upon the wines of every country, whether such wines be weak or strong, of one shilling per gallon. The objection against this, in so far as strengths are concerned, was never alluded to until Mr. Gladstone, in 1860, astonished everyone by the new idea. The day after his Budget I wrote to him, expressing my opinion, and he did me the honour to reply that he himself much preferred my suggestions, but added, ‘ I must attend to the advice of the guardians of the revenue.’ The guardians, ignorant of the difference between Gay Lussac, of France, and our Sykes, first recommended 18° as the strongest natural wine, and, when driven from that, made it 26°, which, though nearer the truth, is far from it; but they have felt ashamed to admit this and other marks of their ignorance, though so often proved to them. For long they

were supported by distillers and a wine publication, which advocated the idea that if wines were admitted at a shilling duty they would be distilled, sold as spirits, and the spirit revenue be thus injured. While declaring the absolute fallacy of this view, I was requested by the Board of Trade to get the opinion of some of the first wine houses in London, and twelve to whom I applied gave me most decided denials of the practicability of this being done with a profit. The increased extension of competition, owing to the reduction of duty, has already caused a general diminution of profits. This was easy to foresee, and has naturally caused much discontent amongst many of the old-established houses against me for my persevering exertions. Strange as it may appear, I have never yet met with any man in the wine trade who has agreed with my proposal for the uniform shilling rate, and the fixing this rate without reference to percentages of strength. Two gentlemen of high standing in the wine trade (Mr. Cosens and Mr. Feuerheerd) have, however, both been very energetic for a reduction and simplification, but both urge a restriction of strength, and do not insist upon a uniform shilling rate, thus adhering to the fallacy of testing, &c. It seems to be utterly forgotten—though often alluded to in my numerous letters—that this testing and strength-taking was never even heard of until 1860.”

Mr. Shaw omits all reference to the existing duty upon British spirits, and treats with indifference the interests of the British distiller. In the year 1860, the same year that the duty upon wine was reduced from 5s. 9d. per gallon to one

shilling, the duty upon British spirits was raised from 8s. 1d. per gallon to 10s., in order to supply the anticipated loss of revenue from the reduction of duty upon wine. That this was an injury and an injustice to the distillers' interest, and a loss to the revenue, by leading to an increased amount of produce from illicit distillation, was shown in my work upon "FOREIGN AND BRITISH SPIRITS," where will be found memorials to the Government remonstrating against the imposition of the latter duty, which memorials, say the petitioners, "show that a too high rate of duty has generally been productive of loss in the return of revenue, and that its effects are highly calculated to give encouragement to the trade of the illicit dealer."

As I observed in the last chapter, the question as to the admission of wines at a duty of one shilling per gallon over 26 per cent. of proof spirit is one that requires much consideration. I am not an advocate for the admission of notoriously fortified wines at a duty which will be more than equivalent to the same duty charged upon British spirit at a corresponding strength. In fact, as the fortified wine will contain a foreign spirit, it should be charged at the rate of 10s. 5d. per gallon, to protect the home-made spirit. In the paper read by Mr. Fallon, and

the report of the deputation which waited upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 27th of July, 1876, it was conclusively shown that the colony produces natural wines containing from three to four degrees more than 26 per cent. of proof spirit; and this I fully believe, and think that it is not improbable that during the transit to this country some of the saccharine may be converted into spirit. I can speak from personal knowledge of one instance, where I purchased a wine in the Herault which I knew had no more than its own natural alcohol. I tested it before it was shipped to England; its strength was just 25° proof. When it arrived and the duty was paid, it was declared over 26 per cent.—in fact, 26·9—and was charged with the duty of 2s. 6d. per gallon. As I had purchased this wine for a customer at a stipulated price, instead of profiting by the transaction I became a loser. I think the Government should at once make the concession asked for, and allow natural wines up to 30 per cent. of proof spirit to come in at one shilling per gallon, beyond which wine should be charged in proportion to the duty levied upon home-made spirits, *i. e.*, 10s. per gallon proof, or, more properly, that upon the foreign spirit of which they are composed, 10s. 5d. per proof gallon.

Before I proceed further I will show, by a very simple calculation, the proportionate amount of duty on British spirits compared with that chargeable upon wine. Mr. Shaw says he has studied the question for forty years, and he advocates "a duty of one shilling upon wines from every country, whether such wines be weak or strong." Although he does not state as much, I will presume that he would be satisfied with 50 per cent. of proof spirit.

The duty upon home-made spirit being 10s. per gallon *proof*, the duty is equivalent at 50° to 5s. per gallon upon the same strength in wine.

The proposed duty is 1s. per gallon; advantage upon the wine spirit of 4s. per gallon. 40 per cent. on home-made spirit is 4s. per gallon; advantage upon the wine spirit of 3s. per gallon.

30 per cent. upon home-made spirit is 3s. per gallon; advantage upon the wine spirit of 2s. per gallon.

20 per cent. upon home-made spirit is 2s. per gallon; advantage upon wine spirit, 1s. per gallon.

10 per cent. is 1s. per gallon, which is the duty levied upon wine up to 26 per cent.

The present charge of 2s. 6d. per gallon duty upon wine at 42° is equivalent to a duty of 4s. 2d. per gallon, which shows now an advantage upon wine spirit of 1s. 8d. per gallon.

Mr. Shaw says, in the extract given above, that "one of the objections to an uniform duty of one shilling per gallon, irrespective of strength, was that the wine would be distilled and the spirit revenue injured; and that, whilst declaring the fallacy of this view, he was requested by the Board of Trade to get the opinion of some of the first wine houses in London, and twelve to whom he applied gave him most decided denials of the practicability of this being done with a profit." I think my calculations will show that the twelve merchants knew very little about the matter. It is quite probable that there would be the risk of detection and loss of reputation, but, as Mr. Shaw would allow wines, irrespective of strength, to come in at one shilling per gallon, the profit would be enormous. But there is no necessity for such risk. Fortified wine (so called) may be used with a great remunerative profit, without distillation, for making up cordials, such as Peppermint, Cloves, Ginger, Orange Brandy, Orange Gin, Bitters, Cherry and Raspberry

Brandy, and many other sorts. The wine spirit would be quite as efficient as the British; in fact, the more saccharine matter it contained the more useful it would be. Cordials, in these days of active competition, are made up at a low strength, but if Mr. Shaw carries his proposition there will be a good opportunity for making them stronger. In the best I have analysed I found the strength to be 60 per cent.—that is, 40° proof spirit—which would give a duty upon home-made spirit of 4s. per gallon. If these were made with fortified wine, the cost would be for duty 1s., showing an advantage to the cordial maker of 3s. per gallon. Now, this fortified *wine*—for it must be called *wine*, or it would not pass the Customs—may be used at a great saving in the manufacture of British Brandy, in the reduction of Foreign Brandy and Rum. To British wine makers it would be a great boon. The first cost would not be more than that of British spirits. Either at Hambro or Cette a sweetened spirit, with a slight acid or a dash of a very low-priced wine, would make a concoction which would pass the Customs, as Hambro mixtures do at the present time.

In conclusion, whilst Mr. Shaw is sanguine as to the success of his universal shilling, I am equally certain that there cannot be any altera-

tion without a corresponding reduction upon British spirits, and there rests the only alternative. Now, Mr. Shaw, who has plenty of energy left, should throw up the universal shilling for awhile, and devote himself to obtaining a reduction of the duty upon home-made spirits. In so doing he will receive the thanks of the community generally, and the distilling interest in particular.

Chapter xxi.

WHAT WINES TO DRINK, AND HOW AND WHEN TO ENJOY THEM.

Absence of a general Cultivated Taste in Wine—Additional Enjoyment resulting from Careful Selection—Remarks upon Dinner Wines—Good Dinners spoilt by Injudicious Management—A Personal Anecdote—Creosote and Curaçoa—Extract from Mr. Redding—Dinner Tables—Contrast of Refinement and Vulgar Plenty—Dissertation upon Wine Glasses—Cleaning Glasses—How they are Broken—Tribe of Makeshifts—Decanting Wine for Dinner—When to be done—The Proper Temperature for a Cellar—When Claret Jugs are required—Substitute for—Icing Wine—Objection thereto—Turtle and Punch—Order in which Wines may be taken—Extract from Mr. Walker on the Art of Dining—Francatelli's "Cook's Guide"—How Wines at Dinner should be served—His Remarks upon Wine Decanting—Varieties of Wine to different Temperaments—A few Remarks upon Tea—To some Constitutions an Irritant Poison—An Agreeable Substitute suggested.

"Of all drinks wine is most profitable, of medicines most pleasant and of dainty viands most harmless; provided always that it be well tempered with opportunity of the time."

PLUTARCH'S *Morals*.

ALTHOUGH stated rules have been laid down upon the subject of this chapter,

it is probable that they have had but little practical effect. Very few are those who devote much attention to a systematic cultivation of their tastes in wine ; and yet, with every allowance for diversity of preference, there can be no doubt that much additional enjoyment would result from a careful selection, varying with the circumstances under which wine is taken. At the table, for instance, the nature of the edibles will go far to determine what wine should be chosen. It is in the selection that refinement of taste and good judgment are shown to the best advantage ; the possession of these qualities ensures the habitual diner-out immunity from the carbuncled face, the florid complexion, the dyspepsia, and the disordered liver of his not more intemperate, but less careful, neighbour. There is even more room for the exercise of refinement in drinking than in eating ; nor is it alone in the quality of the wine consumed, but in the order in which its varieties are taken, that there is so much room for improvement. To very many such hints are unnecessary ; but how frequently are persons suddenly thrust into position and fortune who, however otherwise they may be adapted for such a change of circumstances, yet are unaware what to provide for their guests, or, if so far successful,

how to serve properly the wines provided. These remarks are not speculative, but the result of observation; and I may save mortification to some, by imparting a little information upon this subject.

Too frequently the wine arrangements are left to servants; and if they are committed to an old experienced butler, who has had his instruction in the families of those who know how to manage such matters, things will not go very wrong; but all are not so fortunate in their servants; and that which might have been an excellent dinner is spoiled by injudicious management. I have observed, and that at very sumptuous dinners, waiters (especially hired ones) quite ignorant of the proper names of the wines they are pouring out. Foreign long-necked bottles they think must contain Hock or Sauterne, they are not particular which, and whilst they proffer you the one they pour you out the other. But the most alarming of all my experiences in this respect took place at a civic banquet, when I was startled by the waiter offering me what he called *Creosote*, but which I found to be *Curaçoa*.

Before I proceed to introduce the wines to the table, let me offer a few suggestions as to the vessels from which they should be drunk. Mr. Redding says that—

“Many who are of the earth, earthy, imagine that as long as they get wine into the stomach it is no matter how the thing is done; such persons may be styled ‘stomach drinkers,’ and may as well attain the lodgment of the fluid in the part desired by means of a forcing pump and a tube as any other mode. The palate to them is secondary to the warmth of this general magazine of liquids and solids.”

There are great differences in the appointments of tables; and whilst one may have abundance of the most costly glass and plate upon it, there may be an absence of refinement and taste, a vulgar plenty, and nothing else.* Such a state of things is quite possible in the establishments of gentlemen of education and refinement who have not paid attention to what has been termed “the science of aristology.” It is, however, an exception, as it will be generally found that a man of refinement endeavours to observe refinement in all things. Essential, then, to the perfect enjoyment of wine is the character of the glasses from which it is drank,

* A very great improvement has been effected in late years. Instead of the massive silver or electro-plated epergnes and wine coolers, that in former days encumbered the table, so that hostess and host were screened from half their guests, and the diner could not see his opposite neighbour, their place has been supplied with light and graceful stands in silver, glass, or porcelain, which hold flowers, and leave to every guest a full command of the table.

and for this purpose they can scarcely be too large or too light. A glass with a short stem, and in substance thick, is the very essence of vulgarity. It may do for the dining-room of a public-house, but should be discarded from the table of a man of taste. The foot of the glass should be broad, the stem from three to four inches long, and the bowl should contain at least one-sixth of an imperial pint, or the eighth of an ordinary wine bottle. It does not follow that the glass should be filled upon every occasion. There is an old adage which says, "Fill a bumper with old Hock; let other wine have daylight through the glass." In delicate wines especially there is a better chance of meeting with the bouquet when the surface is wide, and there is a certain fascination in dwelling over the perfume, and slightly agitating and enlivening the contents. The objection to thin glasses is that they are easily broken, and are consequently too expensive. They require more care in cleansing. Servants generally, in wiping with the towel, hold fast the foot of the glass in one hand, rubbing hard the bowl with the other, and thus separate the stem. There should be some system observed in putting the wine glasses on the table. There should be at least four glasses to the right of

each diner, which may be arranged thus: the Madeira or Sherry glass nearest to the edge of the table; then the Hock or Sauterne glass to the right, the water glass to the left, with the Champagne glass for the centre of the array. Of course, special glasses will be brought for particular wines.

Glasses provided, a more important consideration is that of the wine. In the higher circles of society, or where expense is no consideration, we may anticipate that the wine, of whatever description, will be of the best; but there are some of the tribe of *makeshifts*, who would be ashamed to put before friends watery soup, stale fish, tough mutton, or inferior poultry and game, who nevertheless spoil the whole repast by the introduction of bad wine—the refuse of the auction mart, or some of those abominations we see advertised in omnibuses and railway carriages, such as “Natural Sherry,” placarded by the side of Sydenham trousers and Corazza shirts.

Presuming, then, the wine is what it ought to be, attention is required in bringing it to table, and the operation of decanting is of some moment. Strong white wines, such as Madeira and Sherry, may be decanted some hours before dinner. With old wine there is frequently a

deposit, care is therefore required in keeping the bottle steady whilst drawing the cork. The best description of corkscrew is the lever; the bottle is placed on its end, and the cork extracted without the slightest agitation to the wine. Strainers are worse than useless, they frequently impart a mouldy flavour. A steady hand and watchful eye will prevent any deposit from entering the decanter. If the weather be cool, it is advisable to bring these wines into the dining-room some hours before dinner, as a little warmth brings out the flavour. Port, if kept in a cellar of uniform temperature, from 55° to 60° , will be in condition. Should it be exposed to a lower temperature, it may be cloudy, and some care is then required. It may be brought into a warm room with the Sherry, but not decanted until a short time before it is required. French and German wines, whether white or red, should not be uncorked until they are about to be used. Whilst there is something more elegant in the appearance of the Claret jug than of the bottle, much of the bouquet and aroma is lost in the operation of decanting, and both Claret and Burgundy are much better drunk from the original bottle if there be no sediment in the wine. There is a recent contrivance, to be had of most silversmiths, a portable handle and lip,

with a stopper, which may be fixed to any bottle, and answer every purpose of a jug.

I cannot at all fall in with the prevalent notion that icing white wines, and especially Champagne, is an improvement. Even to chill wine possessing high character and delicate flavour, completely destroys both. Ordinary and common wines may be iced with impunity, and if the object be simply to imbibe a cooling and exhilarating fluid the expense attending high-class wine may be avoided. If, however, we wish to recognise flavour and character, then the temperature should rather be increased above that of the cellar from which the wine was taken than lowered to almost freezing point.

Sparkling Hock and Moselle are agreeable introductions, and the perfection to which these wines are now brought make them worthy competitors with Champagne. The order in which these wines should be introduced is, of course, arbitrary, but it is in a great degree dictated by fashion, and many have no more reason to urge for the absurdities practised at the table than that such is done by the *beau monde*, or that of long-established custom. Thus, with turtle, a mixture of sweetened rum and lemon juice, called Punch, is generally taken—a combina-

tion I could never appreciate. The palate that could recognise the delicacy afterwards of Pouilly, Chablis, Sauterne, or Hock, must be one especially formed for the purpose. After soup I should recommend a glass of good dry Sherry or Madeira. With fish, take freely of Pouilly or Chablis. If still wines are preferred to sparkling, continue with either Pouilly, Chablis, Sauterne, or a good Hock. It is better to keep to one wine, and that of the lightest.

Mr. Walker, in his papers upon the art of dining, says :—

“To give Champagne fair play, it ought to be produced at the very beginning of dinner, or, at any rate, after one glass of Sherry or Madeira. Any other wines rather unfit the palate for it. The usual mode is, as with other delicacies, to produce it after the appetite is somewhat palled, and I have often thought it particularly ungallant and ungracious, where there are ladies, to keep it back till a late period of dinner, and such a practice often presents an absurd contrast of calculation and display. According to my doctrines, the Champagne should be placed upon the table, so that all may take what they like, when they like, till the presiding genius pronounces in his own mind that there has been enough, which is not difficult to a practised eye. This supposes a supply at discretion up to the Champagne point, which is very agreeable on particular occasions, or now and then without any particular occasion, but would not be con-

venient to most people, or even desirable if convenient. I am far from objecting to a limited supply, even the most limited—that is, one glass round, but I do object to the period when it is usually served, and to the uncertainty with which it is served.”

Francatelli, in his “Cook’s Guide,” dictates the following order in which the wines at dinner should be served :—

“When it happens that oysters preface the dinner, a glass of Chablis or Sauterne is their most proper accompaniment. Genuine old Madeira, or East India Sherry, or Amontillado, proves a welcome stomachic after soup of any kind—not excepting turtle—after eating which, as you value your health, avoid all kinds of Punch, especially Roman Punch. During the service of fish, cause any of the following to be handed round to your guests :— Amontillado, Hock, Champagne, Pouilly, Meursault, Sauterne, Vin de Grave, Montrachet, Château Grillet, Barsac, and generally all kinds of dry white wines. With the *entrées*, Bordeaux and Burgundy; with the second course, red wines—Pommard, Volnay, Clos-Vougeot, Chambertin, Rhenish wines, red Champagne [I presume sparkling Burgundy]; and white wines—Ay, and other Champagnes; with dessert, Muscats, Madeira, Malaga, Tokay, &c.”

His opinion that the different kinds of Sherries, Ports, Madeiras, and all Spanish and Portuguese wines are improved by being decanted several hours before dinner, is thus expressed :—

“During winter their aroma is improved by the

temperature of the dining-room acting upon their volatile properties by an hour or so before dinner-time. By paying due attention to this part of the process, all the mellowness which good wines acquire by age predominates to the delight of the epicure's grateful palate. The lighter wines, such as Bordeaux, Burgundy, and most of the wines of Italy, should be most carefully handled, and decanted an hour before dinner-time. In winter, the decanters should be either dipped in warm water or else placed near the fire, to warm them, for about ten minutes previously to their being used. In summer, use the decanters without warming them, as the genial warmth of the atmosphere will be all-sufficient, not only to prevent chilling the wines, but to develop their fragrant bouquet. Moreover, let these and all delicate wines be brought into the dining-room as late as may be consistent with convenience."

In attempting to adapt the varieties of wine to different habits and temperaments, Francatelli suggests—

"That those of a sanguine habit should drink a light moistening wine, like Champagne or Hock. The phlegmatic man," he says, "requires an ardent wine, as that of Languedoc and Dauphiny, to dissolve the phlegm that obstructs his system; the man of melancholy, a mild wine, to restore his wounded spirit and invigorate his wasted frame, for which purpose he should choose the produce of Roussillon and Burgundy, or the vinous wealth of Italy and Spain."

For bilious habits he recommends a generous and astringent wine, as fine as Claret, which

not only braces the system, but counteracts the bile. "Coldness" he denies to be a property of the Bordeaux wines, as is sometimes asserted, and maintains that "they are of all wines the easiest of digestion. Although drunk unsparingly, they leave the head cool, and will bear removal; whilst Burgundy is very stimulating, and is injured by being disturbed." He concludes by remarking "that Burgundy is aphrodisiac; Champagne, heady; Roussillon, restorative; and Claret, stomachic."

Far is it from my intention to prejudice my readers from the use of tea, so poetically described as the "cup that cheers, but not inebriates;" but there are some persons upon whom tea acts as an irritant poison, exciting the heart's action, affecting the nervous system, producing indigestion and debility, and causing sleepless nights. And coffee is very little better. I am fond of both tea and coffee, but from the effect upon my nervous system I am prohibited by medical authority from taking either. And to those who are similarly affected I would recommend at breakfast Claret; it assimilates better with meat foods than either tea or coffee, and will refresh the body without producing inflation and the nervous feeling to which the majority of tea and coffee drinkers are liable.

Chapter xxii.

HOTEL WINES.

English *versus* Continental Hotels—Extract Charles Dickens—Mr. Gladstone's Measure for the Reduction of the Wine Duty a Dead Letter—The Holiday Season—Hotel Charges—Charges for Wine—Hotel Keepers' Calculation—Percentages ignored—Personal Experience—Obstacles to obtaining a Reform in the Wine Tariff—Showing the Reason why—A nice German Gentleman—German Claret—Wine at a Paddington Hotel—Difficulty of pleasing Everyone—Hotel Keepers' Difficulty—Numerous Qualities of Champagne—How some Wines get on the List—How all kinds of Wine may be made out of Port and Sherry—Changing the Subject—Cold Meat or Chop—A Suggestion—A Reform Wine Tariff submitted.

“Come, pilgrim, I will bring you where you shall host.”

All's Well that Ends Well.

“Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.”

SHENSTONE.

“So comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
The dreadful reckoning; and men smile no more.”

GAY.

IN page 280 I referred to wines from which an hotel keeper may derive

considerable profit, and I asked, "When will the hotel proprietors of the British Nation come to their senses in this particular?" I promised also, that before I finished my labours I would devote a few pages to their especial benefit.

Far be it from my purpose to write down English hotels or their management; in solid comfort, in general cleanliness, and fair charges (with the exception to which I shall presently refer), as well as in external structure and internal arrangements, our English hotels are greatly to be preferred to those upon the Continent. Charles Dickens, in one of his papers in *Household Words*, speaking of Continental hotels, says:—

"You have a chest of drawers, with a grand mahogany top, but with all the rest sham—sham keys, sham drawers (to judge by their obstinate refusal to open), sham locks, and especially sham handles, which last artfully pretend to give you a good purchase to pull open a drawer, and then come off sarcastically in your hands, and throw you backward. These interesting articles of furniture are plentifully provided with skirtings, bronze cornices, and sham veneering work, which tumbles off of its own accord, to your destruction, and for which you are made to pay. With a nicely-damped ceiling; with partition walls just thick enough to hear your next-door neighbour every time he turns in bed, and with the agreeable certainty that he has heard every word of your ill-tempered soliloquy upon things in general; with a

wash-hand basin not much bigger than a pie-dish, an ewer about the size of a pint pot, and the towels almost equalling, in superficial area and variety of hue of iron-mould, the pocket handkerchiefs on which the flags of all nations are printed; with a little dark dressing closet, utterly useless from its obscurity for any toilet purposes, but which is full of clothes' pegs, gloomily tempting Miserrimus, who has but one coat, to hang himself on one of the vacant pegs; with, in all seasons, an insufficient quantity of sheets and blankets (the former of strange texture, and full of ribbed seams; the latter a sleezy, cobwebby, hairy genus of coverlets, bearing very little resemblance to the stern but serviceable British Witney); with windows that never shut properly, and gauzy curtains that wave to and fro in the draughts like banshees; with a delightful door, which if you happen to shut by accident from the outside, leaving the key inside, can never be opened till the locksmith—who most likely has his *logement* also *dans l'hôtel*—is summoned and fee'd to pick the lock; with never the shadow of a portmanteau stool; with very seldom even an apology for a foot-bath; but always with two gleaming wax candles in bronze sconces; and haply, for another franc a day, a cornice of artificial flowers round the ceiling, and your bed curtains tied with silken cords in a true-lovers' knot. All this you have. Countless little dark corridors—now soup-smelling, now sewer-smelling, but always narrow, and with highly-polished floors—lead to these chambers of delight; and what a gratification it must be to think you can retain one of these paradises at so low a rate as three francs a day, that you are living in a first-class hotel, and that on the first floor there may be residing the King

of Candy (*incog.* Count Sucre d'Orge) or the reigning Duke of Shinkelstein-Phizelwitz in saloons with malachite doors and velvet hangings, and who have dinners of five-and-twenty covers served every day."

There is not much exaggeration in this sketch. I thought it but justice to show the contrast (in some respects) between the solid comfort of an English and the tawdry uncomfortableness of the Continental hotel. So much, then, in favour of our national hostelries.

On the other hand, when Mr. Gladstone passed his measure for the reduction of the wine duties, it was naturally and reasonably expected that hotel and restaurant keepers would at once avail themselves of the opportunity for introducing a variety of light, wholesome, and inexpensive wines. But although good sound drinkable Claret, Chablis, Graves, or Sauterne can be sold in London and elsewhere for less money than in Paris, because the duty and the carriage together do not amount to so much as the octroi charged at the barriers of the latter city, the measure for the reduction of the wine duties, as far as the hotels are concerned, might be a dead letter, and there are few establishments where you have not to pay about four times the real value of the wine. It would be a remarkable circumstance to meet with any one person who could conscientiously

say he was satisfied with hotel wines. There may be some exceptions, and I have heard that in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square there are restaurants where light French and German wines may be obtained at prices varying from one to three shillings per bottle; and, if this be correct, there is no solid reason why hotels generally should not adopt the same system. At the period of the year when multitudes are taking their annual holiday trips and have left their homes with their families to visit the beautiful scenes to be found in our own island, they necessarily go in the first place to hotels, but are too frequently driven on account of the exorbitant charges, especially for wine, to take lodgings, and get from the local Wine Merchant wine as good as that for which they were charged at the hotel treble the price.

For years, at the holiday season, the subject of hotel charges has been treated by writers in the public journals, and letters upon letters complaining of the exorbitant charges for wine have periodically made their appearance, and the public generally know more about wine than it did in former days; it is, therefore, somewhat extraordinary that hotel keepers do not sell their wines according to a more just and reasonable tariff. To the initiated in the

trade the present list of prices of hotel wines is an absurdity. The hotel proprietor refuses to know anything of per centages, but expects to derive as much profit upon light and natural as he does upon the strong and alcoholic wines, that is if he pays, for example, at the rate of 3s. per bottle for his Port and Sherry and sells them at 6s. per bottle, he must have 3s. per bottle profit upon his Claret or any light white wine that cost him but 1s. per bottle. This is scarcely an exaggeration. In the autumn of last year I spent three months in the lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Scotland. We were four in family—myself, wife, and two daughters. All the hotels were well filled, it being the height of the season. Whilst the general charges at the hotels were high, the accommodation was good and the board excellent; but the wine bill was a serious item, not that we were extravagant in its use, but we had extravagant prices to pay for very inferior wine. Thinking to economise in this particular, I ordered wine to be sent to me from my own wine cellars, at a considerable cost for carriage, but I was forbidden to use it in the hotel without being mulcted in one shilling and sixpence per bottle (corkage) for quarts, and one shilling for pints, and even with the additional charges for

carriage and corkage I had better wine at a less cost than the hotel tariff. With the object of getting such evils remedied, I had friendly conversations with the proprietors or managers of several of the hotels where we sojourned. I found few of them possessed much knowledge of the wine business, but I derived some information which showed me the obstacles to obtaining a complete reform in the hotel tariff for wines. The hotel proprietors or managers of limited liability hotels had no independent action in either regulating the prices or quality of the wines. In some instances the property of the hotel belonged to a brewer and Wine Merchant, and in the lease there was a covenant that the hotel keeper should purchase his ales, wines, and spirits from the owner of the property, and submit to whatever prices the latter charged. Hence there was not much chance of his being enabled to reduce his prices.

A similar case was mentioned to me by the manager of an hotel under the Limited Liability Companies Act. Amongst the shareholders and directors were two Wine Merchants, who had invested considerably in the undertaking, and it was only considered fair that the wine and spirit account should be shared between them. The wines supplied were of good quality, but the

prices charged were such as would leave but little profit to the proprietary if the hotel tariff for wines was reduced. Another proprietor was a shrewd cannie Scotchman. He informed me that he purchased all his wines in London, at brokers' sales; that he received their catalogues regularly, and when in want of wine he made a special journey to London. The first day he devoted to tasting the samples, and marking the wines suited to his purpose, and the next day he attended the sale. He took me into his cellar to taste his wines; he had several butts of Sherry, a few hogsheads of Port, and cases of Claret and Champagne—all being a recent purchase. The prices he paid for them were very low, and the qualities were in proportion to the prices. On my alluding to the enormous profit he must get upon such wines, he observed that three-fourths of his customers knew very little about wine; that they were birds of passage, and made but little stay; the season was a very short one, and he must make as much money as he could while it lasted.

My next informant was both owner and landlord of a well-conducted hotel, and paid great attention to the comfort of his guests. His wine was of a very mixed character, and varied

in quality. The prices were the usual ones—6s. per bottle for Sherry, more for Port, and 4s. per bottle for Claret. He told me that he made it a point to deal with those in the trade who supported his hotel, whether merchants or their representatives; and that the preceding year he had a very nice German gentleman, a Wine Merchant, staying with his family for some time in his house, to whom he gave an order, but that twice the amount he ordered was sent, with which he was not quite pleased. The wines sent were Hock and Moselle, still and sparkling, and a quantity of Claret. As the whole came direct from Mayence, I was curious to know what the Claret was like; and having ordered a bottle, I found it, as I anticipated, to be Ingelheimer, although labelled Claret. There was not much disguise in the matter, as the Hock and the Claret label bore the vendor's name, and the maker of the label, a resident of Mayence, had also added his name.

I found more of this nice German Wine Merchant's so-called Claret in other hotels, the proprietors being totally unconscious that they were selling an inferior Rhenish wine instead of the genuine article.

As I have before stated, Mr. Gladstone's measure for the reduction of the duty upon wine

has been to all intents and purposes a dead letter to hotel keepers. Far from tending to reduce the prices, there has been an increase upon the original charges. For instance: for 5s. per bottle a good fair Sherry was to be had, but 6s. is now the general price. This is not confined to the country; most of the hotels in London are notorious for charging high prices for wines of a very mediocre character. I have frequently stayed at a noted hotel at Paddington. Upon one occasion I had a bottle of Claret at 4s. per bottle, which I found only fit for the vinegar cruet. After some demur it was changed, but for a wine not worth 2s. per bottle. Upon another occasion I had a pint of Sherry at 3s. for the pint, which tasted similar to the wine which is known in the trade as *baggings*, that is, the bottoms from a butt of Sherry passed through linen bags to fine it, which always leaves a peculiar taste. I thought this was a mistake, and I asked the waiter to take it, with my card, to the manager, and ask him to taste it and send some other wine in its place. He shortly returned stating that the manager had tasted it, but could not agree with me in my opinion; he considered it very fine wine.

I have no doubt that hotel and restaurant keepers have very much to put up with in their

endeavour to suit the palates of their customers, and I believe there is more pretension shewn upon the subject of wine than upon any other matter in creation. For instance, it is amusing to note the numerous brands of Champagne to be found in some wine lists in the city hotels, and more especially at the restaurants. Most of this displays the result of an ingenious system of touting. Some of the employés or friends of a Champagne house, anxious to advertise their wines, will dine for a while at a certain restaurant. They ask for the Champagne they desire to recommend, but which is not on the list; they inform the proprietor it is far superior to any other, and it is the only Champagne they drink. At last the proprietor yields, gets the wine, and adds it to his list, but he sees little of its advocates afterwards: they transfer their operations to another house, and there get the wine well advertised. I could add very much to this if space permitted, but for the reader's amusement, and as a relief after this long dull dissertation, I will conclude with the following, in which there may be some truth:—

“HOW ALL KINDS OF WINE MAY BE MADE
OUT OF PORT AND SHERRY.

“In ‘Poole's Tales’ the reader gets an admirable insight into how wines are made at some hotels.

“The author, meeting a stranger in a country church-yard, recognises Burley, the late landlord of an inn he used to frequent near Cambridge, but now, it appears, retired to enjoy the fruits of his industry. Falling into a confidential discourse about the way in which this worthy conducted his business, the author receives from him a most luminous and satisfactory account of his wines.

“ ‘You can’t deny it, Burley; your wines, of all kinds, were detestable—Port, Madeira, Claret, Champagne —’

“ ‘There now, sir! to prove how much gentlemen may be mistaken, I assure you, sir, as I’m an honest man, I never had but two sorts of wine in my cellar—Port and Sherry.’

“ ‘How! when I myself have tried your Claret, your —’

“ ‘Yes, sir—*my* Claret, sir. One is obliged to give gentlemen everything they ask for, sir. Gentlemen who pay their money, sir, have a right to be served with whatever they may please to order, sir—especially the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. I’ll tell you how it was, sir. I would never have any wines in my house, sir, but Port and Sherry, because *I knew them* to be wholesome wines, sir; and this I will say, sir, my Port and Sherry were *the—very—best* I could procure in all England.’

“ ‘How! the *best*?’

“ ‘Yes, sir—at the price I paid for them. But to explain the thing at once, sir. You must know, sir, that I hadn’t been long in business when I discovered that gentlemen know very little about wine; but that if they didn’t find some fault or other, they would appear to know much less—always excepting the young gentlemen

from Cambridge, sir; *and they are excellent judges!* (And here again Burley's little eyes twinkled a humorous commentary on the concluding words of his sentence.) Well, sir; with respect to my dinner wines I was always tolerably safe; gentlemen seldom find fault at dinner; so whether it might happen to be Madeira, or pale Sherry, or brown, or ——'

“ ‘Why, just now you told me you had but two sorts of wine in your cellar!’

“ ‘Very true, sir; Port *and* Sherry. But this was my plan, sir. If any one ordered Madeira:—From one bottle of Sherry take two glasses of wine, which replace by two glasses of Brandy, and add thereto a slight squeeze of lemon; and this I found to give general satisfaction, especially to the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir. But, upon the word of an honest man, I could scarcely get a living profit by my Madeira, sir, for I always used the best Brandy. As to the pale and brown Sherry, sir—a couple of glasses of nice pure water, in place of the same quantity of wine, made what I used to call *my delicate pale* (by the by, a squeeze of lemon added to *that* made a very fair Bucellas, sir—a wine not much called for now, sir); and for my old *brown* Sherry, a *leetle* burnt sugar was the thing. It looked very much like Sherry that had been twice to East Indies, sir; and, indeed, to my customers who were *very* particular about their wines I used to serve it as such.’

“ ‘But, Mr. Burley, wasn't such a proceeding of a character rather ——’

“ ‘I guess what you would say, sir; but I knew it to be a wholesome wine at bottom, sir. But my Port was the wine which gave me the most trouble. Gentlemen seldom agree about Port, sir. One gentleman would say,

‘Burley, I don’t like this wine; it is too heavy!’ ‘Is it, sir? I think I can find you a lighter.’ Out went a glass of wine, and *in* went a glass of water. ‘Well, sir,’ I’d say, ‘how do you approve of *that*?’ ‘Why—um—no; I can’t say ——’ ‘I understand, sir, you like an *older* wine—*softer*. I think I can please you, sir.’ Pump again, sir. ‘Now, sir,’ says I (wiping the decanter with a napkin, and triumphantly holding it up to the light), ‘try this, if you please.’ ‘That’s it, Burley—that’s the very wine; bring another bottle of the same.’ But one can’t please everybody the same way, sir. Some gentlemen would complain of my Port as being poor—without body. In went *one* glass of brandy. If that didn’t answer, ‘Ay, gentlemen,’ says I, ‘I know what will please you; you like a fuller-bodied, rougher wine.’ Out went *two* glasses of wine, and in went *two* or *three* glasses of brandy. This used to be a *very* favourite wine—but *only* with the young gentlemen from Cambridge, sir.’

“ ‘And your Claret?’ ”

“ ‘My good, wholesome Port, again, sir. Three wines out, three waters in, one pinch of tartaric acid, two ditto orris-powder. For a fuller Claret, a little brandy; for a lighter Claret, more water.’ ”

“ ‘But how did you contrive about Burgundy?’ ”

“ ‘That was *my Claret*, sir, with from three to six drops of bergamot, according as gentlemen liked a full flavour or a delicate flavour. As for Champagne, sir, that, *of course*, I made myself.’ ”

“ ‘How do you mean “of course,” Burley?’ ”

“ ‘Oh, sir,’ said he, with an innocent yet waggish look, ‘surely everybody makes his own Champagne—*else what CAN become of all the gooseberries?*’ ”

It is not my purpose to say much about hotel viands, but I will venture to give a suggestion which may lead to some good. You arrive at an inn or hotel *sachant manger*, either too late or too early for the ordinary meals, and you want something better than cold meat; the alternative is the everlasting greasy mutton chop. A savoury omelette is a very simple dish, and prepared in a few minutes—a satisfying meal, and acceptable to an epicure; and yet (says the author of the “Epicure’s Year Book”) there is not a country inn in England, nor indeed many hotels in our great cities, where the hungry traveller can confidently pull the bell, and in a firm voice say, “Waiter, an omelette.”

WINE TARIFF.

I submit the following as a tariff for hotel wines. The prices leave a good margin for profit for the hotel proprietor, and will meet the objections raised by consumers to the present charges.

WHITE WINES.

			Bottle.		$\frac{1}{2}$ Bottle.	
			s.	d.	s.	d.
Sherry, good table wine	3	0	...	1 6
„ superior	4	0	...	2 0
„ choice pale or golden	5	0	...	2 6
„ Amontillado	6	0	...	3 0

	Bottle.	$\frac{1}{2}$ Bottle.
Madeira	7 0	3 6
Bucellas Hock	3 0	1 9
Hock, Geisenheim	3 6	2 0
„ Liebfraumilch	5 0	2 9
„ Marcobrunner	7 0	3 9
Moselle Braunberger	4 0	2 3
Graves	2 6	1 6
Sauterne	3 0	1 9
„ superior	5 0	2 9
Pouilly	4 0	2 3
Chablis, the finest	5 0	2 9

SPARKLING WINES.

Champagne, Saumur	3 6	2 0
„ Cramant	5 0	2 9
„ Sillery Royal, dry or rich	6 0	3 3
„ Royal Bouzy, dry or rich	6 6	3 6
„ Verzenay Imperial, very dry, dry, or rich ...	7 0	3 9

RED WINES.

Port, tawney, from the wood	3 0	1 6
„ old crusted... ..	4 0	2 3
„ older, finer quality	5 0	2 9
„ choice and superior	6 0	3 3
„ fine vintage wine	7 0	3 9
Claret, good table wine	2 0	1 3
„ better quality	3 0	1 9
„ St. Emilion	4 0	2 3
„ St. Julien Medoc	5 0	2 9
„ Leoville	6 0	3 3
„ Margaux or Lafitte	9 0	4 9

				Bottle.		$\frac{1}{2}$ Bottle.	
Burgundy, Beaune	3	6	...	2 0
„ Pommard	4	0	...	2 3
„ Nuits...	5	0	...	2 9
„ Chambertin	9	0		

SPARKLING HOCK AND MOSELLE.

Sparkling Hock	5	0	...	2 9
„ „ very choice	6	0	...	3 3
„ Moselle	5	0	...	2 9
„ „ very choice	6	0	...	3 3

Appendix.

BORDEAUX—P. 266.

THERE are few cities upon the Continent in which may be found a greater mixture of modern and mediæval characteristics than in the city of Bordeaux. In the new and fashionable quarter—say the Passé de l'Intendance—you have fair open streets, squares, promenades, and avenues, with public gardens laid out with most exquisite taste. From these, a few minutes' walk will bring you to narrow lanes and curious old houses, models of which may be found in Steep Street, the Pithay, and other places in Bristol. In this old-fashioned quarter there are many historical monuments and memorials. In the Rue de Bartrutiers, &c., there are curious old houses which promise a still more interesting interior. In the Rue des Ayres is the church in which Montaigne lies buried, and the old inn where the Black Prince had his guard room and stables; and where, a few years later, that fine old warrior, Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, "the scourge of France," usually resided.

But, see, there is the church of St. Michel. The church was built in the twelfth century, and its form is the Latin cross, with side aisles. Its beautiful round points, the exterior balustrades with their little pyramidal spires, the curious ornaments of the south porch, and the interior of the three naves with all their details, remind one of the structures of the twelfth century. Remarkable in this edifice is the Chapel of St. Joseph, a fine specimen of the renaissance work. There appears to be a fatality attending the tower. It is distant nearly or quite thirty yards from the church, and was originally erected in the fifteenth century; its height was more than 300 feet before its upper part was blown down by a hurricane in 1768. It was then rebuilt, and within the last twenty years it was furnished with a double telegraph to communicate with Paris and Bayonne. It was again partially destroyed, and it was determined to pull it down altogether and erect it upon a safer foundation. The persevering Bordelais went again to work, but after raising the structure to the height of 150 feet, the south-west buttress, owing to the superincumbent weight, was thrown out of the perpendicular, and further proceedings were stopped. As far as we could gather, in spite of all the

fates, it is determined not to give the matter up. The tower is to be erected when it is ascertained that the settlement has found its bearing.

Associated with the venerable old church and its eccentric tower is the remarkable collection of bodies, which were formerly in a vault in the interior of the old town, but have since been removed to another adjoining the church. About seventy years ago, in making some alterations in the streets, it was necessary to trespass upon an old burial ground, intramural interment having for some time been prohibited. In excavating the workmen came to many graves, and found numerous bodies, not, as might have been supposed, in a state of decomposition or gone to dust, but nearly all in wonderful preservation. The dry sandy soil in which they were imbedded has a peculiarly preserving property. By order of the authorities the bodies were carefully removed—first, as before stated, to a vault in the interior of the town, but subsequently to their present resting place, where they are exhibited to the public for the small charge of fifty centimes for each visitor, with what you please for the attendant. You enter a small room of anything but sepulchral appearance, where you will find some one to take your money. When we visited the place,

there was plenty of animation in this little apartment : two or three children tumbling and crawling about the floor, and three or four birds in as many cages, contributing their quota of noise,—Madame shouting vociferously to the children, and Monsieur the exhibitor, whilst preparing his candles, scolding Madame for some alleged irregularity, which the latter disputed. From this Babel we were ushered into the still solemnity of a half-lighted vault, having only a small window of an oval form at the end, at an elevation of fifteen feet. Our attendant, or exhibitor, was furnished with a long-handled iron candlestick, of which implement he made some use.

Whatever awe or reverence the visitor may have felt before entering the vault, is soon dispelled after he has become familiar with the scene around him. There is a Madame Tussaud-like arrangement in the disposition of the bodies, which is yet not so imposing or terrible as her Chamber of Horrors, with Fieschi, Burke, Greenacre, and other monsters. There is, in these poor remnants of mortality, none of that appearance of vitality which is attempted in the waxen impersonations of the Baker Street show. This exhibition, for so it may be called, consists of about 150 bodies, arranged in standing

postures. The arms are not placed by the side, as is the custom in laying out after death in this country, but they remain in the same position as when death took place. To this may be attributed in some degree the peculiar effect produced upon the spectator. It required some credulity to believe all the showman told us. He had a biography for each of his subjects. Commencing with the first nearest the entrance of the vault, he gives him a rattling poke with the candlestick. "See how tough this fellow is," he exclaims, and then he gives him another poke. "Feel his arm," he continued, a contact for which we did not feel disposed; "look at his hand: what teeth and hair the fellow has!" He was indeed a fine specimen of a mummy, the skin completely tanned and as firm as leather, with a plumpness in the body not exceeded in life itself. Giving a parting poke, which the poor object seemed to expect, our exhibitor next called our attention to a miser who had tried to live upon nothing, and failed in the attempt. There had been no decay of flesh since the interment of the body; so frightfully emaciated was it that there was not much to lose. No doubt our readers may have noticed about our streets a very old woman, with an emaciated frame, sharp pointed features and face, and skin

resembling leather; such was the appearance of this willing victim to total abstinence. Then we were shown a whole family which had been poisoned with fungi, mistaken for mushrooms—a father, mother, four children, and the domestic. The agonised contortions in the countenance of each, as well as the distortions in the bodies, tended to a confirmation of the statement. As they were taken from one grave, there is every reason to conclude they belonged to the same family. The next, with whose biography our exhibitor was well acquainted, was an officer who was killed in a duel. This body is in excellent preservation, and there is distinctly seen the gaping wound in the side where his antagonist gave the last finishing lunge. The *posé* of this unfortunate reminds us much of that other victim in Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," with which every one is familiar. Next we saw a form of herculean proportions. Protruding from the body is a portion of the intestines. This we were informed, was a local Samson who presumed too much upon his strength, and who, attempting to lift up a laden cart, perished in the effort. Another hideous spectacle is the body of a girl who was buried alive, the position of the arms and feet leading to such a supposition. On one

corpse—said to be that of a rich man, from the fine texture of his linen, and the costly lace with which it was decorated—the beard and moustache were as luxuriant as in life, and arranged with as great care as if for a ball-room. No doubt he was the Beau Brummel of Bordeaux. One lady, many years older than the last-mentioned gentleman, must likewise have belonged to the wealthy class; her grave-clothes were also finished with the finest point lace. It is extraordinary that these textile fabrics should have remained for so many years in such excellent preservation, and the characteristics of the soil, which has the property of preventing not only putrefaction of the flesh, but the decay of such perishable material as linen, are well worthy of the investigation of the scientific. It may lead to some practical applications, and prove of great public utility. We have nearly exhausted all that we remember of the particular objects that attracted our notice, but we must not omit the priest, who, being in an elevated and prominent position, looked a perfect *curé*. With his shaven crown and sacerdotal robes, you might have thought him surrounded by his flock, but that their backs were irreverently turned towards him. All the bodies are draped (if we may use such an expression)

by the bones and skulls of many hundreds of human beings.

Wishing to observe the general effect without the flickering candle, we requested it might be extinguished. We then had only the light which the small window, already referred to, allowed; and this sepulchral gloom was more in harmony with the scene and place; but we still failed to realise the impression such an association with the dead would be supposed to create; the quaint features of many of the bodies, with the almost living expression in the countenance of others, impressed us with a mingled feeling, in which the deep unfathomable mystery of death had but an inconsiderable share.

As we were leaving the vault, our exhibitor could not depart without one more poke at the unfortunate victim at the entrance, which he accompanied with the former remark, "Oh! he is a rare tough fellow." Whatever maledictions the "rare tough fellow" bestowed upon his tormentor, we did not hear them; for as we walked pensively away, our mind was full of reflections upon the remarkable exhibition we had just witnessed.

However questionable such a use of the dead may appear, we must forbear to discuss the point, for we felt we were *particeps criminis* in

letting our curiosity get the better of our sense of propriety by such an intrusion; and we could almost imagine some of the faces of the mummies wore an expression of indignation, as though repelling our scrutinising glances.

Indifferent as many are to the fate of their remains after death, there are few who would leave a willing consent to being exhumed and publicly exhibited, however excellent their state of preservation. One most anxious to leave something behind for his heirs and assigns, would yet shrink from bequeathing such a legacy as might be derived from an admission at sixpence each person to a view of the testator's body and a sketch of his life. Indeed, whilst an indignant expression might be imagined on some of the faces, we fancied we detected in the countenances of others a lurking smile of grim humour when our exhibitor was giving us some extreme touch of the marvellous, and we could scarcely divest ourselves of the impression that those upon whom we were gazing were cognisant of our presence. This feeling many will recognise when visiting such institutions as pauper or lunatic asylums. All come, to use a military phrase, to "attention," and you feel that you are an intruder, and that you have disturbed

the various groups from some occupation, to be resumed when you retire. Upon this exhibition chapters might be written. Poets may be there; painters; men who, in their time, adorned the society in which they lived; orators whose voices riveted, dazzled, and excited multitudes, but in whom now—

“Changed is the countenance revered,
And mute the instructive tongue.”

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IN the reign of Edward I., the wine trade with Bordeaux began to flourish. In 1290, the price of wine had been fixed at three deniers per gallon, in consequence of which, in 1299, as many as seventy-three vessels, each having more than nineteen tuns on board, arrived at London. An Act of 1302 appoints six sworn tasters to verify the wines, and throw them away if they prove bad. In 1309, we find serious disturbances in London, occasioned by the quarrels between the citizens and the Gascon merchants; several persons were killed on both sides. In 1311, wines were dearer than they had ever been before. It is therefore enacted, that nobody save the King's *bouteiller* (butler) is to go to meet the merchants to buy up wine; and even

this functionary is to buy only what is necessary for the royal table. It is further enacted, that no tavern-keeper shall sell wine till it have been inspected, marked at both ends, and its value indicated: the value of the best wine is fixed at five deniers per gallon.—(RYMER, vol. ii. p. 239; JOANNET, p. 201; LINGARD.)

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IN 1845 the town was again honoured with a visit from a part of the royal family. The Duke and Duchess of Nemours, with the Duke of Aumale, made their entrance into Bordeaux amid the roar of cannon and the joyful acclamations of thousands of spectators. For several weeks the town and its vicinity presented a most animated appearance. All the roads leading to the village of Saint Médard en Jaler, where a camp had been formed, were daily crowded with every variety of conveyance, actively employed in transporting the merry-making population to the scene of military evolutions. Reviews, levées, balls, and various other entertainments, which lasted several weeks, diffused a general feeling of happiness among the people; and the extreme urbanity and benevolence of the royal guests, which

were eminently conspicuous on more than one melancholy occasion, will cause the visit of the princes to be long and gratefully remembered by the loyal people of Guienne.— (BORDEAUX, by G. COCKS, B.L. LONGMAN & Co. 1846.)

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The *Sunday Times*, after copious extracts, says, "The information contained in these extracts constitutes a small and comparatively unimportant portion of Mr. Tovey's work, but it is that which most commends itself at the present season. The particulars of the spirit trade, the various processes of distilling and refining, with other similar subjects, we find herein treated of at some length. There is a little antiquarian information as to the origin of the names of various liquors, &c., and many curious circumstances connected with the illicit manufacture of spirits are recorded. Anecdotes are given of the curious precautions taken to defraud the revenue officers, and the exciting scenes to which the chase after offenders gives rise. Much of this portion of the book is taken from various sources already tolerably well known and easy of access, and so far, the work lays itself open to the charge of 'book-making.' Still, the information it contains is pleasantly conveyed, supplies at a glance, and in a ready and accessible form, particulars, the search after which in original sources would involve much trouble, and enlivened as it is by anecdotes, will interest the reader's attention far more than its title would lead him to expect. In his 'WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,' Mr. Tovey achieved success in an undertaking in which he could count such formidable predecessors as Cyrus Redding and Henderson. In the present work he has to fear no such dangerous rivalry; it is, therefore, more of a desideratum than his former work, and in point of merit is its fit and worthy associate."

The *Medical Times and Gazette* says, "As the seraphs Abdiel and Raphael, if when off duty they chanced to meet some fallen

angel—some spirit who mingled a spice of fun and jocosity with his devilry—might perchance be visited by some recollection that they had once been members of the same family, and might bestow on him a friendly nod and a few words for old acquaintance sake, mingled with regrets that he had taken to such bad courses, so the Divine hygieia Chemici, and whatever goddesses preside over medicine and chemistry, may cast their eyes over those fallen spirits, British and Foreign, which form the subject of Mr. Tovey's book, and may condescend to remember that alcohol is a child of the chemist's laboratory, that the earliest recipes, cordials, and strong waters are to be found in the pharmacopœias of physicians, and that the gin palace, if a pandemonium upon earth, is yet but an exaggerated and overgrown offshoot of the apothecary's shop. Most of the celebrated *Liqueurs* were, and are still, made in the laboratories of religious houses, to which most people resorted for advice in medicine; and most of the popular drams, as Gin, Ansie, and Peppermint, were originally prepared as medicines. It is as childish to ignore the occasional use of these substances as it is to palliate the enormous amount of misery and wretchedness caused by the abuse of them. Mr. Tovey tells us all we need know on their composition and properties; and we commend him for a back-handed stroke which he gives at one of those bits of exaggeration so characteristic of, and damaging to, sanatarian and philanthropic parties," &c., &c.

The *Gloucester Journal* says, after a dissertation upon the subject, "For the materials of this article we are indebted to a valuable work just published by Mr. Charles Tovey, a gentleman already favourably known to the public for his excellent treatise, 'WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES.' Mr. Tovey has, we believe, had a large experience in the wine and spirit trade, and he writes, though by no means obtrusively so, with a fulness and confidence of one who is thoroughly familiar with his subject. He has given us a large amount of very useful matter, occupying nearly 400 pages. Having an intimate acquaintance with general literature, he writes in an agreeable and scholarly manner on a subject which, under ordinary circumstances, would not attract every-day readers. He has, in a careful and painstaking manner, traced the history of British and Foreign Spirits, and given a clear and concise account of their manufacture, and an analysis of their various properties. In short, he has conveyed the results of his experience and research in a very pleasant and readable manner. The book, which is well printed and attractively bound, is one that every spirit merchant should keep in his counting-house; and even the student may glean information and amusement from its pages. An appendix contains a mass of statistical and tabular matter, which would be especially valuable to those engaged in the trade to which it has reference."

The *Social Science Review* says, "Already known as the author of a pleasant and useful book on 'WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,' Mr. Tovey has added to his reputation by the publication of this work on the history, manufacture, and properties of British and Foreign Spirits—a work which will be read with interest both by those persons who are connected with the spirit trade, and by those who care for 'creature comforts'; the pages show clearly that Mr. Tovey has studied his subject thoroughly, and that he has had much practical experience in the manufacture of alcoholics."

The *Examiner* says, "Mr. Tovey's work on British and Foreign Spirits is a practical and really useful and amusing little volume on the manufacture and the trade in Gin, Whisky, Brandy, Rum, and Punch making, with a short chapter upon Liqueurs and Cordials."

The *Bristol Times* says, "This is the second, we should rather say, if we include a pamphlet, the third, work on an *inspiring* subject, by Mr. Tovey, who—if we are to suppose the topic most congenial in life to be the likeliest to regulate the order of a man's obsequies after death—should have a butt of Malmsey for his family vault. However, we do not desire to see the author of 'WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES' down amongst the dead men in general and the Duke of Clarence in particular, so long as his fingers are able to hold so lively and interesting a pen. Were we destined to outlive him, we should prefer hearing of his easy descent to some quiet and flowery bed under a green willow, to the genial refrain of sorrowing and surrounding friends, 'He is gone, what a hearty good fellow.' Mr. Tovey has certainly the knack of giving information on a practical subject in a very pleasant way. The dictum of the Roman satirist that 'there is nothing to prevent one, while laughing, from telling the truth,' has many modifications, and one of them Mr. Tovey has well illustrated. He can write about that with which he has an every-day working acquaintance in a manner that one in the same line of business with himself may learn from it, and yet so engage the attention of the ordinary reading world with agreeable anecdote and embellishing matter, that they shall peruse the book for its own sake, apart from the precise knowledge it imparts. If Mr. Tovey's volumes were not on the whole rather more calculated for coming on with the dessert than the dinner, we should say we know few who have a neater hand to adjust the parsley in a decorative fashion round a substantial dish than our author."

"'BRITISH AND FOREIGN SPIRITS' may be taken as a companion book to 'WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,' and it is written and put together in very much the same style. There is the literary fancy and the practical acquaintance—the exact informa-

tion and the illustrative story. There is a good deal of odd, quaint erudition, too, introduced, which shows he has given no little time to reading up his subject," &c., &c.

Southend & Co.'s Circular.—"A work has been recently published entitled 'BRITISH AND FOREIGN SPIRITS,' by Mr. Charles Tovey, which will prove a valuable addition to our trade. It is a companion to a previous work by the same author, entitled 'WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,' and contains numerous tables and statistical references, besides other information of a useful and necessary nature. The matter is not too dry, but is written in an attractive form, interspersed with anecdotes and reminiscences; so that it will not only be interesting to the general reader, but to those engaged in the branch of trade on which it treats it will be of great importance as a work of general reference."

The *Northampton Mercury* says, "The volume is a natural sequence to Mr. Tovey's former book on 'WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,' and is equally instructive and pleasant. The author has a life-long acquaintance with the various kinds of spirits, and a practical knowledge from his boyhood of the method of their production. While, therefore, his book manifests a good deal of careful reading and research, it speaks with the authority which belongs to actual experience. His book is divided into eight chapters, under the following heads:—Distillation, Gin, Hollands, Geneva, Whisky, Brandy, Rum, Punch, Liqueurs and Cordials; and these are supplemented by an appendix containing numerous tables and other documents, of value especially to persons interested in the spirit trade. [Copious extracts follow.] . . . We have given sufficient insight into Mr. Tovey's book to show that it contains useful as well as entertaining matter, and that it is an excellent handbook on the subject with which it deals."

The *Bristol Mirror* says, "Mr. Tovey, in issuing this work does not come before the public as a novice, having already acquired a reputation as the author of two clever books on kindred subjects. The present volume is the result of great experience and observation, and there are evident traces in many chapters that the writer speaks with an authority which an experimental knowledge of his subject justifies. . . . Those who enjoy a glass of Toddy or Punch, or even the class of persons who indulge in 'summut short,' have very little idea of the extent of labour and the many processes required before the distilled material produces spirits in a fit state for the market. Mr. Tovey, who was acquainted with the working of a distillery at an early period of his life, details with remarkable clearness the process of distillation and the various modes of producing spirituous liquors. . . . It must not be supposed that Mr. Tovey's book is only suited to the general reader. There is an appendix, containing a

collection of statistical information, tables, lists, &c., which will be found valuable to the trade, and render 'BRITISH AND FOREIGN SPIRITS' a handy book for persons connected with the spirit business. We should also state that Mr. Tovey has compiled a map of the vineyards producing the finest Brandies in the vicinity of Cognac. Each district is coloured, and there are references which make the map very clear. Speaking of the book generally, we must congratulate Mr. Tovey on achieving a decided success. He has selected a subject with which he is familiar, and consequently has written with an ability and clearness which will command readers," &c., &c.

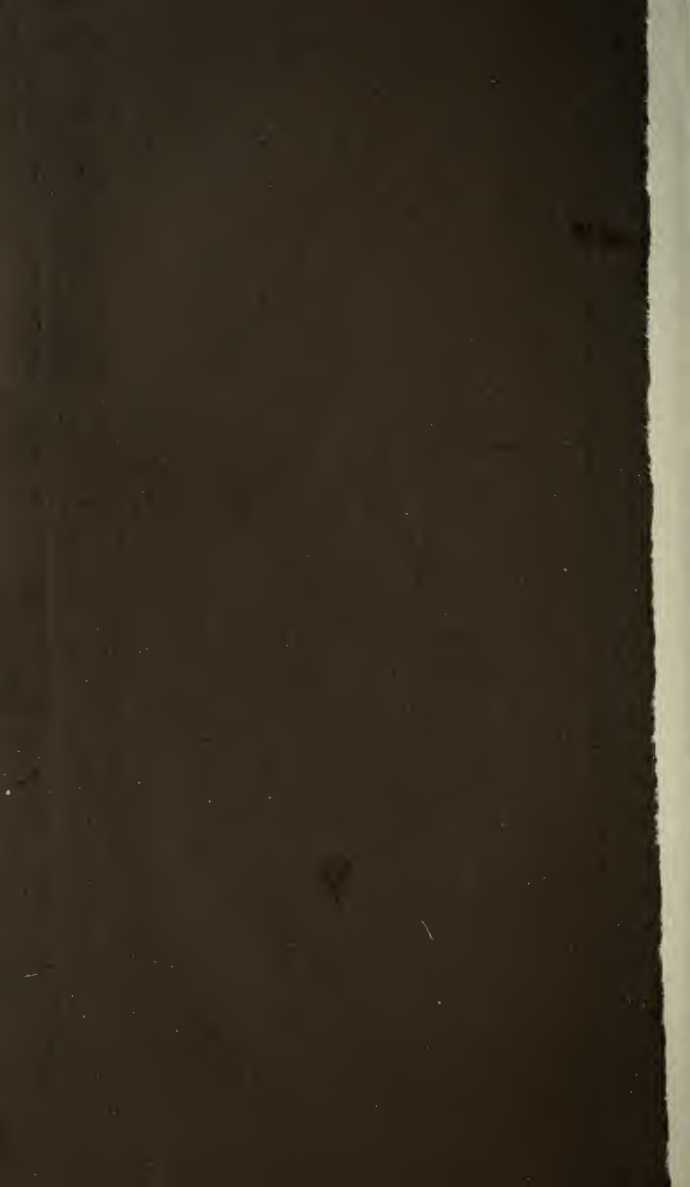
Social Science Review.—"To make the book one of authority and reference for business men, he has collected information and statistics from every available source, and has visited a very large large number of foreign and British distilleries. But although he has compiled tables of the prices and strengths of spirits, with the localities of distilleries, and has thus made his work a handy book for the spirit-merchant, he has not forgotten the general reader. The great bulk of the treatise consists of a clearly pleasant written description of the origin of the several alcoholics and of their manufacture and use," &c., &c.

Berrow's Worcester Journal says. "Encouraged by the success of a former work, 'WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,' the author gives to the world the useful book under notice; and we confess it is the best work of its class we have ever met with. It treats of spirits of all kinds, giving a mass of information, useful to consumers as well as dealers, and interesting to general readers. The author has gathered information from many sources, and has added thereto grains from his own garner of experience," &c., &c.

The *Gloucester Mercury* says, "This is a companion volume to the author's well-known 'WINE AND WINE COUNTRIES,' of which it is in every way worthy. He brought to his present work the same experience, the same literary ability, and the same conscientious love of his labour so conspicuous in his other works. These excellent qualifications being so nearly co-ordinate in Mr. Tovey, he was well fitted to give us what we find here—a sound, a useful, and an interesting history of native and foreign spirits, together with a practical analysis of their properties; and we are scarcely prepared to say whether we admire his utilitarianism more than his literary smartness, since both are so much on a par. With the good taste of a true man of letters, he in no way advertises his own commercial connexion with his subject, though writing in the plenitude of an experience as a merchant, dating, we believe, from a very early age, that renders him more than an ordinarily competent authority in the matters of which he treats; for in these book-making days the funda-

mental rule, that an author should thoroughly understand his subject in all its branches, does not seem very generally to obtain."

The *Weekly Record* (a temperance or total abstinence journal) says, "Our readers will no doubt recollect that some few months since we reviewed in the pages of the *Weekly Record* an anonymous pamphlet, entitled 'ALCOHOL *versus* TEETOTALISM.' The history now before us is by the same author as the anonymous pamphlet; but in this case he has not only put his name to the title-page, but he has also had the courtesy to send us a copy for review, at the same time intimating to us that we may lay on as heavily as we please, his back being sufficiently broad to bear it. But really the history of 'FOREIGN AND BRITISH SPIRITS' is a very charming book. A very *dry* subject is made sufficiently interesting to enable the reader to go right through with it. There are a variety of illustrative anecdotes, all of them well told; also many interesting extracts from all sorts of authors, poets and divines, politicians and novelists; so that the book is altogether an amusing and instructive one. We have no fault to find with Mr. Tovey for writing a history of British and Foreign Spirits, although we may fairly question many of his facts. Mr. Tovey has written really a very readable book on a very unreadable subject, and containing a great amount of useful information. We hope he may hereafter be induced to try his 'prentice hand' upon some subject of a still more elevating character," &c., &c.



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