

Doyle (J. T.)

The truth about California  
wines.

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## THE TRUTH ABOUT CALIFORNIA WINES.

I have been urged to reply to Mr. Champion Bissell's article on the vineyards of California, which appeared in "Belford's Monthly" for June. I do so with reluctance, partly because of other demands on my time, partly because I shall have to say things not entirely agreeable. Mr. Bissell's article assumes that California wine is all of one quality, which he condemns, not only on his own judgment, but fortified also by the opinions of two experts who testify against it. His acquaintance with the subject, however, is entirely derivative and quite imperfect. His reading on it appears to have been confined to newspaper articles, and the productions of newspaper writers in their moments of leisure, and it is clear, on internal evidence, that he has no personal knowledge of viticulture or wine making, and has never seen California grapes or wines, except when offered for sale in Eastern markets. Were this not so, he never would have made the astounding statement that "*all grapes raised in California, without exception, protect themselves by a tough integument, with an imperfect boundary of definition between pulp and skin,*" or endeavored to account for this very remarkable phenomenon by solar influences, which, in the tropics, give their thick skin to the banana and orange. Mr. Bissell will doubtless be surprised to learn that this statement is absolutely devoid of truth; grapes which are thin-skinned in their native countries, are equally so in California, just as oranges and bananas, raised in temperate climes are quite as thick skinned as those grown in the tropics. The California grapes that find their way to the markets of New York and Chicago, are, of course, thick skinned, for the simple reason that thin-skinned ones will not bear transportation to such a distance. But the markets of all California cities are in the fall laden with grapes, which flatly contradict Mr. Bissell's statement. The Black Hamburg, the Malvoisie, the Verdal, even the Mission grape and the Isabella, besides the whole tribe of Chasselas, load the tables of the fruiterers here in the fall, but not one of them can be carried a hundred miles by rail without spoiling, simply because they are too thin skinned and delicate to travel. There are other sorts more pronounced in these char-

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acteristics, and which are only to be obtained at their places of production. They will not bear transportation even to San Francisco. Such are the Fehersages and the Barbarossa. Had Mr. Bissell ever seen California grapes in California he could never have fallen into this conspicuous blunder, or allowed himself to quote, save in derision, "the expert Vigneron, from Bordeaux district," who pronounces so authoritatively "that California grapes are pretty good eating, and they grow in big bunches, but they are tough; and a tough grape makes—what shall I call it?—a tough wine." The "expert Vigneron," has been, I fear, misunderstood by Mr. Bissell, or else he is less of an expert than he supposes, for his language just quoted imports that wine is made from the same grapes as are supplied for the table. But this Mr. Bissell must surely be aware is a great error. There are very few exceptions to the rule—in fact I recall but two—that a good table grape will not make a good wine. Mr. Bissell's own use of language seems to have become demoralized by intercourse with these inexpert foreign experts, for he talks about the "beautiful grapes full of luscious juice," grown in California, from *cuttings of the "Pineaud" grape*. I must tell him, however, that to get beautiful bunches from the cuttings of the Pineau, he will have to plant them in some other country than California or France. Here, just as in France, the Pineau produces an insignificant looking grape, quite unattractive in appearance, and less entitled to be termed beautiful than the common wild-fox grape. And here, just as in France, it makes a delicious wine, as Burgundian in its flavor and goutiness, as if direct from the *Cote d'Or*.

Nor is Mr. Bissell happier in his quotation from the New York critic, whom he further on designates as the "expert from Beaver street." If this gentleman had limited his assertion and his criticism to such California wines as had come under his own observation, his remarks would have such weight as the extent of his experience called for; but when on the strength of such knowledge of California products,—vegetables, fruits, wines, etc., as can be acquired in Beaver street, he presumes to pronounce a judgment, such as quoted by Mr. Bissell, he simply disentitles himself to any weight whatever. It is easy to say—and it sounds epigrammatic—that every fruit grown in California gets elephantiasis, the pears weigh five pounds, and never a Duchesse d'Angouleme or a Bezi de-la-Motte among them; not even a respectable Bartlett. Where is the musk flavor? Elephantiasis has killed it." One wonders in reading this remark what its



author was thinking about when he wrote or uttered it. Did he really expect to find a Duchesse or Bartlett among five pound pears; or does he suppose that the difference between various species of pears depends upon the place they grow in, or the size they attain? Such results may attend farming in Beaver street, but outside that favored locality most readers I imagine are aware that the sort of pear a tree produces depends on the scion with which the stock was grafted, and that five pound pears are one sort, Duchesse another, and Bartlett a third, and none of these trees ever produces the other sort, any more than a gooseberry bush produces watermelons.

In the production of all fruits soil and climate are the great factors; nationality has nothing to do with the result. Alsace and Lorraine have not changed the character of their agriculture with their national flag, nor do Savoy and Nice grow different products since their annexation to France from what they did under the dominion of Victor Emmanuel. We have in the present day so many facilities for learning all particulars on these heads as to all civilized countries, that the superstition that prevailed seventy-five, or even fifty years ago, that wine could only be produced in France, must give way to the hard facts of natural history. As to soil the "*Ampelographie Francaise*" gives us the chemical analysis of that of many notable vineyards in France, among which the most conspicuous feature is the very large proportion of insoluble matter (viz. gravel and sand) which prevails in all the "*grands crus*,"\* ex. gr. in Burgundy, "Montrachet" has 80 per cent. (p. 209), "Romanée Conti" 75 per cent. (p. 218), "Chambertin" 89 per cent. (p. 222), and in the Bordeaux "Chateau Margaux" has 85 per cent. (p. 431), and Iquem 84 per cent. (p. 443). Now I have, from the University of California, the chemical analysis of the soil of "Las Palmas," made at the time of establishing the first viticultural experiment station there, and I now present it side by side with that of Chateau Margaux, as given on the authority just quoted. Here they are.

LAS PALMAS.			
Ingredients.			
University of California.			
Soluble Silica.....	3.538	Peroxide of Manganese.....	.007
Potash.....	.384	Peroxide of Iron .....	3.280
Soda.....	.374	Alumina.....	2.820
Lime.....	.710	Phosphoric Acid .....	.004
Magnesia .....	.710	Sulphuric Acid .....	.004
		Water and organic matter....	2.020
		Insoluble matter.....	86.200
			<hr/> 100.000

CHATEAU MARGAUX.	Magnesia .....	.263
Ingredients.	Oxide de fer.....	3.341
Ampelographie Francaise.	Alumine.....	1.590
	Acide phosphorique .....	0.147
Silice soluble.....	Matières organiques.....	6.670
Potasse de Soude.....	Residu insoluble.....	85.427
Carbonate de Chaux.....		100.000
		.891

Most intelligent and well informed people will, I imagine, find it difficult to believe that on two soils so strikingly similar as these, plants of the same identical sort will produce fruits differing very widely from one another, unless the climate in one of them be so very unfavorable as to prevent the fruit from coming to maturity. This is so obvious that I feel warranted in assuming that if "Las Palmas" from the same sort of grapes as are planted at Margaux fails to produce a wine of substantially the same character it must be conspicuously the fault of the California climate. But climate is just the particular in which for the culture of grapes California, confessedly exceeds all other countries. This is a truth quite indisputable, and easily proved too. There are newspapers in France, devoted exclusively to the viticultural interest, such as the "Moniteur Vinicole," the "Feuille Vinicole," etc. It is impossible to look over a file of one of these without being struck by the importance attached to the character and state of the weather during the growing season. From the beginning of June, when the fruit sets, till the close of the vintage in October every beam of sunshine is chronicled with exultation, every rain storm, shower, or even cloudy day deplored. The news columns and correspondence of these journals, during the season referred to, are filled with accounts of the weather changes and with discussions on their probable effect on the crops. They say themselves, "*Une vigne doit toujours regarder le soleil*," and in accordance with this idea the sunshine is always spoken of as "*le beau soleil*," and rainy or cloudy weather as "*mauvais temps*." Now I would ask Mr. Champion Bissell, who must be quite aware of what I have just stated, whether he does seriously think or expect any one else to believe that nature is so

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\*The quality of the wine produced seems to bear direct relation to the proportion of gravel in the soil; and such is also the popular belief. Thus in Les Olivottes (p. 235) the gravel is given at 51 per cent. and in "Vallmorillon" (p. 234), it is 33 per cent. Both these *crus* are said to produce good wine, but not comparable with those named in the text.



capricious in her operations on the Pacific coast that the uninterrupted fair weather and magnificent sunshine of our California summer, can produce on the grape grown here, effects just the reverse of what such weather does in all other countries? Can such a paradox find credence with any one having the least experience in agriculture?

"But," says the Beaver street critic, "a choice claret or sherry from California with a bouquet is impossible. It cannot be, and that settles it." As regards sherry, I will neither affirm nor deny this prophecy, though I deem it, like all prophecy, rash; for sherry is an artificial compound, not a pure wine. But as regards claret, I hope Mr. Bissell will allow me, with great deference to the authority of his Beaver street expert, to express a doubt whether that does settle it or at least whether it will stay so settled. I venture to appeal from his absolute *dictum* to the proverbial proof of the pudding, for I am myself convinced that quality and price, both considered California table wines, white and red, are quite equal to the French; and I propose to prove it by a competitive test, to which Mr. Bissell and the Beaver street expert may both be parties if they will. There is now in the hands of Messrs. Hegeman & Co., 196 Broadway, New York, little more than half a mile from Beaver street, a lot of claret grown and made in the Cupertino Wine Co.'s, vineyard, Las Palmas. Incontestible proofs of its California origin will be furnished. Let a person appointed by Mr. Bissell, purchase a case of it at whatever the current price may be, and let him select and name to me a French claret of that price, of which I will purchase a like quantity, the guarantee of its French origin to be equally satisfactory. Let these two cases of wine be placed at the disposal of a committee of competent and disinterested gentlemen, selected as we will agree, and precautions against prejudice being taken by obliterating all external evidence of nationality of the wines; let the committee after sampling the whole, pass judgment on them, their report and awards to be published in BELFORD'S MONTHLY, or elsewhere, and the whole test to be at the expense of the losing party.

Or if preferred I will name a California vineyard or vineyards at which Mr. Bissell may purchase a barrel of red wine and another of white of sorts indicated by me; to insure his obtaining them at the current price, let a stranger make the purchase at such a time as he pleases. He will then designate French wines of corresponding price of which I will purchase a like quantity

from the importers in New York. Let both lots be bottled and set aside for competition at the World's Fair, eight months hence, where the proprietors of this magazine can arrange for a fair competition and decision on their merits by the proper jury. By a test of this sort, we shall, I think, obtain more real light on the relative merits of California and French wines than by any amount of assertion by either side. I have no fears for the result. The fact is that California, like all other wine growing countries, produces wines of different sorts and various degrees of merit. The bulk of the crop is a *vin ordinaire* simply because the grapes first introduced in the State were such as bore abundant crops, but of an inferior order of wine, and the bulk of the crop continues to be such because the mass of consumers demand a low priced article. Hence producers, as a rule, look for quantity in preference to quality, and with the products of the vine these proceed in inverse proportion. But Mr. Bissell is most unhappy in his suggestion (on page 94) that Horace's verse, "*Cælum non animus mutant*," etc., cannot be applied to the transplantation of the grape, for the fact is exactly the reverse of what he states. On this question all authorities agree, and their verdict is confirmed by the experience of all who have submitted the question to that crucial test. As this is the very kernel of the question, I may be excused for dwelling on it at some length.

The greatest authority France has produced on the vine and its products is Dr. Jules Guyot. His eminent qualifications were recognized by the Imperial government, which commissioned him to make a viticultural survey of France, from his report on which, his *Opus Magnum* "*Le Vignoble*," in three octavo volumes, was compiled and printed by the Imperial press. French viticulturists in their public writings and discussions, reverently term him "*Notre Maître*." Here is what he says on the question Mr. Bissell disposes of so jauntily. In his "*Culture de la Vigne et Vinification*," Chap. V, after pointing out the characteristic differences between different varieties of the same plant, in the case of other vegetable products, he continues (p. 61) as follows:\*

TRANSLATION—"The vine has its sorts and varieties, like most other useful or agreeable products which mankind have sought to multiply and bring to perfection, by cultivation. *These sorts and varieties have their essential and distinctive qualities and characteristics which they preserve, in all soils, climates and exposures.*

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\* It is difficult to translate these passages into idiomatic English, for want of exact equivalents in our language for the technical terms of viticulture.



"It is just so with the different varieties of grapes. The Muscat will never become a Cabernet, nor the Cabernet a Pineau, the Pineau a Gamai, nor the Gamai a Chasselas. That is an incontestable truth which prejudice, on the subject of soil, has so far obscured as to mislead some of the keenest œnologists and accomplished grape growers. Misled by slight diversities of vegetation—more or less vigorous; by the different names bestowed on the same sorts in different provinces; confirmed in these errors by shades of difference in bouquet and flavor, the species of grape grown (*cépage*) without being entirely lost sight of by them, has only been adverted to as a circumstance to be noted in connection with the wines produced in great, or middling or inferior vineyards (*crus*.) The idea of the vineyard (*crus*) has absorbed that of the variety of grape (*cépage*) whereas it is the variety of grape that determines the character of the vineyard. Chateau Lafitte planted in Gamai or Gonay would produce a wine simply detestable. Substitute those sorts for the ancient stocks of Clos Vougeot, and it would yield a wine worth fifty francs per barrel. On the other hand transport the Cabernet Sauvignon of the Upper Medoc or the Franc Pineau of Burgundy to Madeira, to the Cape of Good Hope, to Spain, to Algeria, or even to Auxerre,—Wherever grown they will yield you excellent wines, recalling perfectly the best vintages of Bordeaux and the finest products of Burgundy. Their value will doubtless vary more or less; because the soil of the vineyard, its exposure, the climate, the character of the season, the cultivation and mode of making the wine, all undoubtedly contribute their part toward its lightness, richness, taste and bouquet. But the product, whether grown at the Cape or at Navarre, Madeira or Auxerre, will recall at once the fine wines of Burgundy, and of Bordeaux, as the case may be. *This is a truth established by experience, and experience on an extensive scale.*".....

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"Our great vineyards have deserved and retained their high repute, because they were originally planted by intelligent men with superior varieties of grapes which have been preserved in them as objects of a veritable worship. Faith in particular sorts of grapes preceded confidence in vineyards; but the superstitious reverence for particular vineyards has supplanted the religion of sorts. The real principal has disappeared in the spread of the renown due to it."

"Il en est exactment de même pour les variétés de raisin: Jamais le muscat, ne deviendra cabernet, jamais le cabernet ne deviendra pineau, jamais le pineau ne deviendra gamai, jamais le gamai ne deviendra chasselas. C'est là une vérité absolue, que la passion du terroir est parvenue à obscurcir, au point de troubler les idées des plus savants œnologues, et des meilleurs ampélographes; trompés par la différence des végétations, plus ou moins vigoureuses, par les noms différents imposés aux mêmes espèces, dans les différentes provinces, confirmés dans leurs erreurs par les nuances dans le bouquet et la saveur des vins, Le cépage,\*

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\* We have no single English word the equivalent of *Cépage*, and it is not even found in any French-English dictionary I know. It signifies the *sort of grape*.

sans être tout-à-fait méconnu par eux, n'a figuré dans leur estime. que comme fait observable et spécial aux grands, aux moyens, et aux mauvais crus. *L'idée du cru a absorbé l'idée du cépage, tandis, qu'en réalité, le 7 cépage domine le cru.* Plantez Chateau Lafitte en gamai, ou en gouais, et vous aurez un vin détestable; substituez ces mêmes cépages aux vieilles souches de Clos Vougeot, et vous aurez du vin à cinquante francs la pièce. *Portez le cabernet Sauvignon du haut Medoc, le Franc pineau de la Bourgogne, à Madère, au Cap. en Espagne en Algérie ou bien à Auxerre, partout ils vous donneront d'excellents vins qui rappelleront parfaitement les meilleurs Bordeaux, et les plus fins Bourgognes;* ils vaudront plus ou moins sans doute, par ce que le terroir, l'exposition, le climat, l'année, la culture, et le mode de confection du vin, ont une part réelle et incontestable dans la légèreté, la richesse, le goût, et le bouquet du liquide; mais le Cap, la Navarre, Médère, et Auxerre, vous rappelleront les bons vins de Bourgogne, et les bons vins de Bordeaux. *C'est là une expérience faite, et faite en grand;*" and again on page 63 he continues: "Les grands crus\* ont mérité et conservé leur belle réputation par ce qu'ils ont été dotés par des hommes intelligents de cépages d'espèces supérieurs, et que ces cépages y sont restés l'objet d'un véritable culte. La religion du cep a précédé celle du cru; la superstition du cru a tué le cep; le principe a disparu, dans l'exploitation de sa renommée;" and these truths are amply confirmed, if confirmation were needed, by our California experience.

We have another work called "Le Vignoble" compiled by Mas and Pulliat (8 vo. Paris, 3 vols. G. Masson 1874-79) which gives a pictorial representation of the leaf, wood and fruit of some three hundred different European grapes, together with a careful description of the plant, leaf, habit of growth, time of maturity, and character of the fruit of each, the wine it makes, etc. This work is accepted as the standard for identifying different sorts, and we find in every case that the California grown grape corresponds perfectly with the representation of the European original. The same correspondence is found with the description in Victor Rendu's "Ampelographie Francaise," and Count Odart's "Ampelographie Universelle." I have myself an experimental plot established and directed by the

\* *Cru*, growth; then place of growth; hence vineyard. The vineyards of the vicinity of Bordeaux are classified and distributed into 1er. crus classés, 2me. classés, etc., besides crus bourgeois superieurs, crus bourgeois inferieures, crus artizan, crus paysan, etc. *Cru* in viticulture is *vineyard*.



State University containing some hundred and twenty varieties, which enables me from personal observation to affirm the same truth, and to prove it to doubters every October, by comparison of the text and plate with the living example. If Mr. Bissell can be prevailed upon to visit California, and see for himself I will take pleasure in showing him all this and wringing from him (however reluctant) a confession that the basis on which his whole criticism proceeds is fallacious. He has simply been misled into an egregious error by want of personal acquaintance with the subject and a too ready credence given to unfounded statements.

These fine sorts of grapes have within the last few years, been imported into California, with every precaution to secure genuineness. They are now propagated here in several vineyards, and the wine produced from them fulfills all the expectations formed of it. Its production is, however, much more costly than that of the common sorts. The pruning, staking and tying of the vines is more laborious; much of the work of cultivation has to be done by the hoe instead of the plow, the crop when harvested is incomparably smaller, and the wine instead of being potable at six months from the vat, must tarry at least three years in wood before it is fit to bottle, and will then be better for passing a year or more in glass before consumption. All these circumstances call for more capital, patience and courage than the growing of common wine, and deter most growers from leaving the beaten track. Hence wines of superior excellence are no more common in California than in France or Italy. Here, as in Europe, they are a product quite distinct from *vin ordinaire*, or *vin du pays*, which is grown all over the country. But that they are produced and in appreciable quantities is proved by the very fact quoted by Mr. Bissell to show their non-existence, viz: "The ominous figures, nineteen cents per gallon," given in the census returns as the average price of California wines. The great bulk of the crop from which that average was obtained, was sold at, or under, twelve cents per gallon; indeed, large lots went as low as seven and a half cents, and ten was quite generally accepted. Now taking the whole crop at 17,000,000 gallons and assuming that 16,000,000 of it was sold at an average of eleven cents, it is clear that the other million must have brought an average of \$1.28 per gallon to bring that of the whole up to nineteen cents. The actual figures were probably somewhat different from these, but, all the same, a general price of nineteen

cents per gallon, with the great bulk of the crop sold at twelve or under, proves that an appreciable part brought a price very much above the average.

That the wines I refer to have not found their way into the ordinary channels of commerce is very easily explained. They are practically a new commodity and have to force their way to recognition against the competition not only of the foreign article (which has all prejudices in its favor) but also of our own inferior products, which, tricked out in attractive labels and even netted with wire to prevent adulteration, are, under the stimulus of over production, pushed by the trade in every direction. They have to contend with the ignorance and prejudices of consumers, of whom very many have really no knowledge or judgment as to the quality of wine, and adopt what they deem the safe rule of preferring the foreign article merely because it is foreign,\* and others invent or blindly accept as true such sage aphorisms as that "all California fruits get Elephantiasis which kills their natural bouquet," and that "a choice claret with a bouquet from California is impossible. It cannot be, and that settles it." Each producer too, has to fight his way to recognition single-handed, for unhappily there is no commercial house which makes a business of dealing in our fine wines, and the trade does not want such goods except at a price materially below the cost of production.

What should trade, as such, want of a wine that would cost, say seventy cents per gallon, young, and have to be kept four years before selling it, when an article quite as good looking, and which will answer its purposes as well can be bought at twelve

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\*In a conversation lately with a wealthy New Yorker, I asked him what wine he drank at home. He told me it was a claret called Mèdoc which he imported in glass. It cost him, landed in New York, forty cents per bottle, or \$4.80 per case. He preferred it because he was assured that it was unblended, and he thought wines blended or made from more than one sort of grape did not agree with him. He was undoubtedly sincere in this, and not at all actuated by parsimony. Yet taking shipping charges, freight and duty into account and deducting the cost of the case, bottles, etc., he is evidently importing a wine, worth in Bordeaux, *at retail*, not more than forty francs per hectolitre, or say a franc and a half per gallon. It would be interesting to hear the opinion of Mr. Bissell's "expert Vignerons from the Bordeaux district" on the purity of that wine. For myself, judging only from published market reports, I should *guess* it to be a Barcelona claret, not blended perhaps, but let us say mildly attenuated by the water of the Garonne, and perhaps flavored with some of the extracts so liberally advertised in the "*Moniteur Vinicole!!!*" But he knows it to be French, for he imports it from Bordeaux himself, and that is the main point



cents and sold readily when it has attained the mature age of twelve or fifteen months, and even passed off with most persons, by means of a label, for the very thing they are in quest of? In vain will he appeal to the wine merchant to add these fine products to his stock and cultivate a trade in them as a new branch of business. The answer is, "My customers are satisfied with what I give them now; if any one wants a finer article than what I offer him, I have it ready with a different label and a higher price. I see no need of your high grade wine, nor do I desire to add any new branches to my business." If he attempts to introduce it at some first-class hotel, his negotiation is unlikely to get further than the mention of the price. The moment he names six, seven and eight dollars a case, he is told that we have a very good California wine that we pay \$3.00 or \$3.50 per case for, which answers all our purposes. Should he address himself to a leading club in one of our great Eastern cities, among whose members must be found real connoisseurs of wine, capable of appreciating what is good without seeing the outside of the bottle, he will probably find that the wine committee, without whose sanction no new brand can be put on the wine list, is composed in whole or in great part of gentlemen, or the friends of gentlemen, who import and sell foreign wines, and are, after the manner of Beaver street, prejudiced in favor of their own merchandise. If he proposes to leave his goods with some first-class family grocer and endeavor through an agency of that kind to obtain consumers, he finds the ground preoccupied, and is told, "We are already agents for a very nice brand of Zinfandel, and we could not do justice to your wine, and do it simultaneously."

He is by some perhaps advised to open a little *bureau* to keep samples, and take orders, and thus sell his own goods; but that involves a deal of expense and even a change of occupation as well as of residence. He is a wine grower, not a retailer of wine, and he knows that qualifications are required in a salesman which he does not possess. What wonder if under such discouragements "his poverty and not his will," consents, in order to dispose of his product, to the putting of a French label on it\* and

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\*Mr. Edward Muybridge, of the University of Pennsylvania, so well known in connection with photographic studies of animal locomotion, lately paid a visit to California, after an absence of many years. In relating to me incidents of his calls on various old friends, he mentioned spending a day at the vineyard of Mr.—— (he suppressed the name) where he drank a bottle of excellent claret, but on being shown through the establishment observed the packers put-

letting it go as "Haut Medoc" "Vin de Graves" "Saint Emilion" or even "Chateau Margaux" "Chateau Iquem" or "Chateau La Rose," as the case may be.

There is much wanted a commercial house in San Francisco, that will purchase the fine wines produced in the state when young, mature them carefully, and then put them on the general markets, challenging the competition of the better wines of France and Germany; and I know no such good opening in business in the United States as it affords, for the wines can be purchased the spring after their production at from sixty to seventy cents per gallon, and sold when four years old at two dollars and upward. Every year they are kept adds to their value. Such a house must have capital to carry a stock of four years' consumption, and until the market has been fairly conquered must employ all the usual commercial methods of effecting sales. It should of course have the courage to sell its goods for what they really are, discarding all reliance on meretricious ornament and fictitious nomenclature. And such a house we will have ere long I am persuaded, for "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum*" the stupid prejudice against high class California wine cannot long survive the Columbian exposition at Chicago, for all the world will be there to judge it, and we will poll the jury on the truth of the statement, in an earlier part of this paper, viz: *That quality and price both considered, the wines of California are quite equal to those of France.* When the verdict is rendered some enterprising Chicagoan will present himself here to take up the business suggested, and he will find it a straight avenue to fortune. He may organize it as a corporation in which the growers themselves will take a considerable part of the stock, and he will, as the first in the field, secure for several years a practical monopoly of a lucrative business, which must expand indefinitely with the increase of population, and growth of luxury in the United States.

*Menlo Park, Cal.*

JOHN T. DOYLE.

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ting French labels on the bottles, and packing them up in cases, externally very French in appearance. He was rather shocked at this, and in talking it over with his host, asked him whether he thought that right? "Well," said the latter, "as a matter of sentiment I hate to do it, but I am not clear that there is anything wrong about it. It is pure wine, and good wine too, and the men I sell it to know perfectly well that it is grown and made right here at my vineyard. They request me to pack it in this way, and won't buy it otherwise. What can I do? I must sell my wine to live."





