

total sum invested here by these three American companies would then only be about equal to the investments in the States of this one Canadian company.

### WINE PRODUCTION.

Throughout Southern Europe wine is a necessary of life. We can hardly appreciate this in Canada. The French or Italian peasantry live on food that a laborer in this country would starve on. A piece of hard brown bread and a cup of red wine is the morning, noon, and evening meal of the large majority of Southern Europeans. If the wine be poor or be it costly it is a hardship, and short crops of grapes produce distress that equals semi-starvation, by depriving many of their sole substitute for tea and coffee, and compelling them to use water which brings disease and death to their families. Large quantities of dyestuff wine are sold in the heart of the wine-growing districts; and if this be true there, what chance have we here?

Montreal, as the great distributing centre for wines in this country, has been an objective point for imitation brands, and the only resource left to purchasers is to deal exclusively with houses of well known reputation in the trade. There are firms here whose manipulations in compounding, adulterating and manufacturing would not disgrace even the clever operators of Hamburgh or Cotte.

"*Tei*," will a Cotte industrial, with the greatest coolness, write over his *Porte Cochere*, "*Tei, on fabrique des vins*." All the wines in the world, indeed, are made in Cotte. You have only to give an order for Johannisberg or Tokay—nay, for all we know, for the Falernian of the Romans or the nectar of the gods—and the Cotte manufacturers will promptly supply you. They are great chemists, these gentlemen, and have brought the noble art of adulteration to a perfection which would make our own adulterators and compounders pale and wan with envy. But the great trade of the place is not so much adulterating as concocting wines. Cotte is well situated for this notable manufacture. The wines of Southern Spain are brought by coasters from Barcelona and Valencia; the inferior Bordeaux growths come pouring from the Garonne by the Canal du Midi; the hot and fiery Rhone wines are floated along the chain of etangs and canals from Beaunaise. With all these raw materials, and of course a chemical laboratory, to boot, it would be hard if the clever folks of Cotte could not turn out a very good imitation of any wine in demand. They will doctor you up bad Bordeaux with

violet powders and rough cider, color it with cochineal and turnsole, and out-swear creation that it is precious Château Margaux, vintage of '35. Champagne, of course, they make by hogsheads. Do you wish sweet *liqueur* wines from Italy and the Levant? The Cotte people will mingle old Rhone wines with foiled sweet wines from the neighborhood of Lunel, and charge you any price per bottle. Do you wish to make new claret old? A Cotte manufacturer will place it in his oven, and, after twenty-four hours regulated application of heat, return it to you, nine years in bottle. Port, Sherry and Madeira, of course, are fabricated in abundance with any sort of bad cheap wine and brandy for a stock, and with half the concoction in a druggist's shop for seasoning. Cotte, in fact, is the very capital and emporium of the tricks and rascalities of the wine trade, and it supplies almost all the Brazils and a great proportion of the Northern European nations with their after-dinner drinks. To the grateful Americans it sends out thousands of tuns of Ay and Moët, besides no end of Johannisberg, Hermitage and Château Margaux, the fine qualities and dainty aroma of which are highly prized by our trans-lineal amateurs. The French West Indian colonies also patronize their ingenious countrymen of Cotte, and Russian magnates get drunk on Chambertin and Romanée Conti, made of low Rhone and low Burgundy beverages eked out by the contents of the graduated phial. It may be presumed that the English people and ourselves in Canada come in, in the matter of fine golden sherries, or peculiar old crusted port, for a share of the Cotte manufactures; and it is very probable that after the wine is fabricated upon the shores of the Mediterranean it is still further improved on the banks of the Thames and the St. Lawrence. The Rhine wines, Hocks as we sometimes hear them called, have greater celebrity in Europe than America. They are much the most expensive of European wines, the rarer kinds and qualities commanding readily prices that would be considered extravagant here, where it is not uncommon to see a greenhorn pay from three to ten dollars for wine that he finds so marked on a hotel bill, not dreaming that he could have the same wine for two if he ordered it by another name.

One of the sights of the Rhine is the Château of Johannisberg, standing back from the river a little below the village of Geisenheim, where this celebrated wine is grown. The position is elevated, and the slope, though southern, is by no means especially warm. In ancient days this

vineyard belonged to an abbey, as did most of the famous vineyards of Europe. But it passed from the monks of the saint whose food was locust and wild honey, and became the property of the Prince of Orange. Napoleon snapped it up as a choice bit, and gave it to Marshall Kellerman, but he held it only during the days of the empire, and in 1816 it was presented by the Emperor of Austria to Prince Metternich. It contains sixty-two acres; and the books say that it produces, in the best years, about forty butts of seven and a half ohms each, which makes about fifty-two thousand five hundred bottles as the total annual product. The grapes are not gathered here until they are more than ripe, and even rotten. Those which fall on the ground are carefully preserved. As a result, the vintage is much later than elsewhere. Every bottle of Johannisberg is signed in autograph by the steward. This, of course, is not a complete protection, especially in hotels, when the empty bottles can be refilled with poor wine. At Wiesbaden, not far from Johannisberg, a bottle of the blue seal is sold for about four dollars; a bottle being the smallest wine bottle known (except what are called half bottles), and holding about a pint. The wine of certain years, especially that which grew over the cellars of the castle, a particular choice spot, is not to be purchased for money. Such vintages are reserved for princely presents, and no one may hope to taste it except in a palace.

Near Erbach, on the Rhine, not far from Johannisberg, lies the celebrated Steinberg vineyard, which is esteemed second only to Johannisberg. The castle, which was once the convent of Elberbach, contains choice collections of wines. One of the old churches, built in the twelfth century, is filled with wine presses. In 1836, the ducal owner sold half his wine at auction. The best cask, the bride of the cellar, as the German called it, which was Steinberger vintage of 1822, was bought by Prince Emile, of Hesse, for 6100 florins or about \$2,500. It contains about three and a half ohms, or about six hundred bottles, which made the price a little over four dollars a bottle, a higher price than was ever paid for Johannisberg in the quantity.

We mention these two Rhine wines, because they alone compose the first and best class. They are produced on one hundred and sixty-two acres of land. There is, probably, more Johannisberg and Steinberg wine, so called, sold in the United States in any one year than was grown in the vineyards in any ten. Rudesheim, Marcobrunner and Hockheimer