



Special Inducement.

As a Special Inducement to our Viticultural Friends to help us and the general viticultural interests in extending the journal which is their recognized organ, THE

SAN FRANCISCO MERCHANT. We will mail free to any person sending us the names of two new subscribers with their subscription money (six dollars) a handsome copy, bound in bound and cloth.

THE WINE PRESS AND THE CELLAR, BY T. B. HENKIN. For press notices see advertisement in another column.

DEMAND RECOGNITION FOR YOUR WINES.

Our wine men should see to it that not only all hotels in the State, claiming to be first-class, should keep the leading varieties of California wines on their wine cards, and at reasonable prices, but that the sea-going steamers sailing from this port should do the same. We believe that this matter has only to be brought to the attention of such companies, and they would see the importance of it. Everything that benefits a great California production must indirectly benefit our transportation companies. These companies have no great interest in the prosperity of the wine districts of France or of Germany; their best regular patrons are chiefly Californians, or at least Americans, and even a foreigner cannot think much of our products when he finds them lighted or ignored at home.

A California subscriber to the MERCHANT, not engaged in the wine business, writes us: "I was lately a passenger on the Dakota, sailing from Victoria, B. C. At the dinner table, the first day out, I asked for a bottle of Zinfandel wine, and was told after a short delay, that there was none of that brand on the ship. I then asked for a bottle of California wine of any kind, and was then upon interviewed by another steward, who said with some emphasis that the ship did not keep any California wine in store, but that I could have the best brands of French wine. Of course, I declined to take my poison in that form, and went wineless during the voyage. It may be in place to mention that my neighbors at the table were a Canadian Dominion official and his Secretary, returning East, who had before them some bottles with French labels. These gentlemen were, no doubt, confirmed in their poor opinion of California wines by the contempt which this seeming California authority treated them.

"As a pendant to this experience, I give another incident that occurred to me here. An importer of French wines told me some time ago, that the captain of a French ship who had been in this port before, and was then taking in stores for his return voyage, declined to buy French claret, in cask, even out of bond, whereby he would save the duty of fifty cents per gallon, saying that he had tried the stuff exported from France to this market and preferred taking California wine for use on the voyage. The consignee urged on him the French wine, but he persisted in his

preference for the pure product of California grapes, evidently knowing the ropes of the Bordeaux wine trade as well as those of his ship."

Our correspondent concludes: "I leave your readers to comment on this and your able pen to point the moral."

The writer of the above has been a member of the Union Club, of this city, for twenty years, and, as a consumer, knows something of wine, and does not pronounce on the quality only when he has read the label.

We think it would not be out of place for the State Viticultural Commission to address a communication to all our coast and foreign going steamship companies, asking them to order that at least three or four varieties of California wine, in pints and quarts, be placed on the wine cards of every steamer, at reasonable prices, and that their servants shall not speak contemptuously of one of the most important products of this great State. We know that on one of the Australian steamers an ordinary California red wine can be had, but that is the only kind. On the same ship there was to be had Australian Riesling, but the latter partook more of the character of a light sherry, and no one who knows our noble Riesling wine would have supposed it came from the same variety of grape. It would be only proper for the Australian vessels to carry the leading varieties of both countries, and neither would any reasonable person object to such vessels carrying some European wines, but Californians have a right to object most strenuously to our best varieties of wine being disguised under fraudulent labels and sold at exorbitant prices, on steamers hailing from this port and chiefly dependant on California patrons.

THE LATE EUGENE MOREL.

All our viticultural readers know personally or by reputation the late Eugene Morel, who died of consumption at San Jose on Tuesday, January 29th. In hope of a little relief, he had gone there but two days before, and died alone, away from all his friends, except such attention as Mr. Le-france and other viticulturists could show the sick man. Mr. Morel first became known in this State as cellar master for Colonel Wm. Scheffler, of Edge Hill vineyard, St. Helena. Here he showed himself a thoroughly capable vigneron and won much reputation for the excellence of the wines and brandies produced under his supervision. While with Mr. Scheffler, he contracted the disease which has cut short a life so valuable to this State. From St. Helena he went to Fresno in hope that the dryer climate of the San Joaquin would restore his health or at least check the progress of the disease. All our readers know how successful he was in managing the cellar of Robert Barton, of the Barton vineyard, Fresno, and the superior quality of the wine, especially the Zinfandel which he produced from the vintage of 1883. Alas, poor fellow! that was his last work, and it shows the courage of the man that while suffering from the distractions of disease and with certain death staring him in the face, he performed his allotted task so ably. In future years we may perhaps count one hundred Morels, at present California can ill spare this one.

From the *Courrier de San Francisco* of February 3d, with whose editor Eugene Morel was on terms of intimacy, we copy the following interesting particulars of his eventful life, written by himself in anticipation of early death:

A POSTHUMOUS LETTER.

[Translated from the *Courrier de San Francisco*.]

It will be remembered that in our number of the 31st of January, 1884, we announced according to a telegram received the evening before from San Jose the death of our lamented correspondent, Mr. Eugene Morel, who expired after a long and dangerous illness. What, therefore, was our surprise on receiving yesterday morning a letter written by the de-
parted, bearing a postage stamp of February 1st from San Jose. On opening it, we at once saw that the letter had been written by Mr. Morel on the 25th of January, 1883, with the evident intention that it should reach us after his death. We produce it textually, if only to show with what heroic courage this man regarded his approaching end:

EDGE HILL, 25th January, 1883.

To the Editor of the *Courrier de San Francisco*—DEAR SIR:—When a man disappears from this world, his friends, those who have known him, say about him very often that of which they know nothing. In a country of immigrants more than in any other it is very difficult to know Peter from Paul. Therefore, when I had the idea, doubtless a curious one, of addressing you after my death the following lines:

I was born on the 13th of October, 1841, in the Canton de Vaud, Switzerland, of a French father and a mother of the same nationality. At the age of ten my father was divided between the paths of the vineyard and the mill; mixed up with the laborers of my father, the vintage found me at the wine press and in the cellars. At ten years of age I went to school, not an amusing but a necessary event; it was required to go through the five classes. At fifteen and a half I entered the normal school of Lausanne, the capital of the Canton de Vaud. I remained there two years, a troublesome pupil, although generally one of the first in my studies and one of the first in all the rows, mentioning my progress, making fun of them, and getting my name on the black list. One fine day, tired of this pedagogic routine, and finding myself about as suitable for becoming a professor as a Turk to be a Christian I let everything go to the devil. I went to see my father, and asked him for 300 francs with which to go to Africa, which, after very much hesitation, he gave me. I joined the Army of Africa in 1860 for three years. After the expiration of my term I bought a printing shop. After three years' possession I married. I then married, and went to settle down at Le'Gond Dheb and Sefi, province of Constantine, an immense agricultural colony of 6,000 hectares, about 15,000 acres. After four years of great successes and crushing reverses, among which count 1869 and 1871, I collected the remnants of my fortune, total 2,250 francs, plus a wife and child. I arrived at New York on the 4th of October, 1868, about as rich as a church mouse, speaking my own and the Turkish language, but without knowing one word of the English. But in the next part of the North I found miserable and I went to Missouri. To say that I suffered there is useless, but I do not wish my worst enemy to go through what I did. Disgusted with everything, I went to North Carolina. To that place I had taken several people to come with 100,000 vine cuttings from the middle part of France. This was in 1870 to 1871. Mourvedre, Grenache, Carignan, Cinsaut, Mourastel and Clarette. I got into my head, against contrary advice, that the vines of the middle part of France would do well in the State of Missouri. Five years' experience showed me that it was foolish to cultivate the *vitis vinifera* beyond the Rocky Mountains, even by grafting them on the possible *vitis* of the United States. Defeated and disgust-d, still carrying on my love and my labor for the vine and the wine, I arrived in California from which I have not stirred, and where I died, after arriving with certainty at the proof that under her skies a good and beautiful wine country exists for those who understand their business.

You will do as you wish, my dear editor, with this letter, since when it reaches you I shall be dead.

Good bye! EUGENE MOREL.

Otto Hann,

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