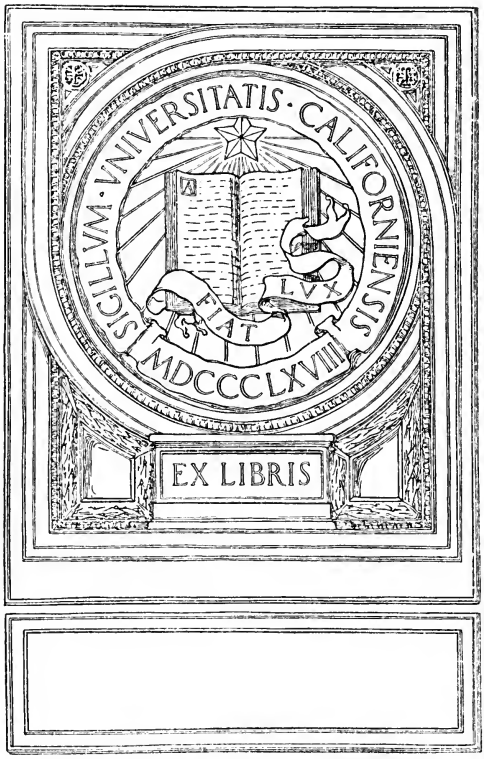
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The Inner Man

Good Things to Eat and Drink and Where to Get Them

BY
DANIEL O'CONNELL

SAN FRANCISCO
THE BANCROFT COMPANY
1891

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE NAMES MENTIONED IN THIS BOOK

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The Inner Man

INTRODUCTORY

ATE CANNOT HARM ME, I have dined to-day," sang the poet of a period when bards were not always sure of that important portion of life's necessities. In this favored land the percentage of those who are compelled to omit this pleasing duty is small indeed. The question is not "can he dine?" but "where shall he dine," so various and inviting are the places where he may take his ease, and tickle his appetite according to the extent of his inclination, and the measure of his purse. Moreover there is a charm about the restaurant life of San Francisco possessed by no other city on this continent. This is a mosaic, as it were, of the characteristics of the European *cafes*. If the man, pondering on the dinner problem, sighs for the *plats* of the Genoese, he has a dozen Italian restaurants to choose from, where Italian waiters will carry his orders to Italian cooks, who will serve him Italian dishes breathing those pungent odors so delightful to the nostrils of the Latin race.

If he would have the *cuisine* of France, there is a large field before him. Not even in Paris itself is there a greater variety of places where, from the minimum to the maximum sum, he may be served with those dishes which have made the *chefs* of that refined nation the monarchs of the kitchen. Nor is Germany without its representatives. The emigrant from fatherland, as far as the affairs of the inner man are concerned, has no good cause to feel homesick in this city. Spain, Mexico, Portugal, China and Japan—all offer to their wandering children those dishes which are associated with the land of their birth.

The progress in the refinements of the table has been most marked during the last decade. The result from a sanitary point of view is most gratifying. Dyspepsia, that universal curse of the American, that demon which thrives upon poorly cooked food, grease-impregnated, and digestion-proof, has comparatively few slaves in this capital of the ultimate west. If we have taught the Frenchman and Italian lessons in progress and free institutions, he has repaid us amply by instructing us how the raw material may be improved by art, and filled us with respect for the important science of the kitchen. His influence has permeated every household. We have been enlightened upon points of preparation of meats before their subjection to the fire, and we have been imbued with a wholesome reverence for sauces, and a faith in flavors of which we were devoid before. He has presided over our Egyptian fleshpots, and thus repaid our hospitality a hundred-fold. Figuratively seated at his feet we have abjured the fallacy that a man does not merely eat to live, but that the pleasures of the table, when keenly but rationally enjoyed, occupy a large space in the sum of human comfort.

Withal we really have no knowledge yet of how well off we are in this respect. Occasionally one reads in the newspaper a description of some new restaurant or his eye is attracted by the announcement of some banquet, the publication of the *menu* concluding with a perfunctory compliment to the cooking and the service. We will now, to use a hackneyed but useful phrase, supply a long felt want, and in "The Inner Man" travel from restaurant to restaurant, go into the salon, examine the *cabinet particulier*, visit the kitchen, chat with the *patron*, interview monsieur *le chef*, inquire from whom he obtains those rough blocks from which he fashions the dishes that delight the epicures, and make him the high priest of the shrine whose threshold is barred to Dull Care and its attendant imps. No place where the good things of life are provided shall fail to receive suitable mention in this volume, nor shall its merits be presented in aught but veracious phrase, for truth is the basis of all history.

CHAPTER I

THE SCIENCE OF COOKING—THE GRIDIRON, THE THERMOMETER OF CIVILIZATION—EARLY CALIFORNIAN COOKING—DO WE OVER-EAT IN SAN FRANCISCO?—FALLACIOUS THEORIES REGARDING EATING AND DRINKING—ECCENTRIC HABITS OF OTHER COUNTRIES.

CALIFORNIA'S EARLIEST SETTLER, the Spaniard, and after him the Mexican, had some very sound views on the science of cooking. The gridiron is the thermometer of civilization, but the naked coals the Californian's *grille* preceded the gridiron, giving the same, if indeed not superior results. In proportion as men become cultured, and well to-do, in that proportion do they give up frying and substitute broiling. In the wild, ignorant and unsettled portions of this country, far away from the refinements of the cities, meat is almost always fried; the gridiron is little known. Horace Greeley once declared on his return from a visit to Texas that among other civilizing influences, an army of twenty thousand cooks was needed in that section. But that is over a decade ago, and it is to be hoped that since then the Lone Star State has seen the error of its ways, and has abandoned the frying pan. The rude art of outdoor cooking of the Californian is to this day most acceptable to the epicure. The *asado* or meat broiled on live coals, is one of the few methods of preparation which can make the flesh of an animal killed a few hours before, wholesome and palatable. The great heat to which the meat is immediately subjected, coagulates the albumen on the surface, and prevents the juices from flowing out.

From time to time we hear of strange and startling theories in regard to eating and drinking. Some scientists declare that only one or two varieties of meats or fish should be taken at a time; that there should be no drinking at meals, and that the appetite is to be subdued rather than guided. "The Man," says one, "who gets up from his meals without feeling he could have eaten more is guilty of a sin against himself." This all depends upon his construction

of the word satiety. Certainly he who departs from a well-furnished table without feeling that he has eaten just as much as his appetite calls for, does not deserve to be amply entertained. He who eats more than his appetite demands is a glutton and is rarely found among those who make a study of the pleasures of the table.

We have everything to be thankful for in California in regard to the inner man. A clever Statistician has said that of the thirteen hundred million inhabitants of this globe, only a small portion systematically get enough to eat. The majority of the inhabitants of the world are underfed. How few in San Francisco arise in the morning not knowing where or how they shall get their breakfast? In Great Britain, where among the upper classes the art of dining has been carried to its highest perfection, hundreds of thousands behold the morning sun with this problem unsolved in their minds. There is enough wasted in the streets, about the markets, at the wharves, and vegetable stands to provide if collected, for all the hungry tramps the city could muster. And not tainted meats or fish, or poor vegetables, but matter which in the very wantonness of our plenty, has been allowed to fall in the dust of the streets.

Do we over-eat in San Francisco? Has the number, excellence and cheapness of our restaurants inculcated this sin? These are questions which may be truthfully answered in the negative. We eat well, but excess is the exception, and not the rule. Among the civilized portions of all society in these times the number of those who over-eat is very limited. In the old civilizations of Persia and Rome, and with our forefathers in Great Britain and Northern Europe, gluttony was a prominent if not universal vice among those who could obtain the materials on which to be gluttonous. The vice is a relic of savagery, of a social state when food was scarce, or at least uncertain, and men were tempted to gorge themselves in order to compensate for the famines of the past, and anticipate those that were to come. Then again savages have so little intellectual culture, and so few amusements, that the gratification of the appetite has no limited restraints.

Our greatest epicures are among the most moderate eaters. Savarin, the most refined of writers on cookery says that the vice of enormous eating is in general too disgusting for him to discuss. All the Bourbon Kings of France were gourmands. Louis XIV could eat for a meal four platefuls of soup, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of salad, mutton hashed with garlic, two good slices of

ham, a dish of pastry and plenty of fruit and sweetmeats. Louis XVIII invented the famous dish truffles *à la paree d'ortolans.* He and his *maitre d'hotel*, the Duc d'Escurs composed it themselves for the first time, allowing no menial to approach. Then they ate of it to excess, and in the night the Duc was taken very ill. He sent to rouse the King whom he feared might have a similar attack. His Majesty was very angry. "What," said he, "what, dying of my *truffles a la paree?* Ah, I was right, I always said I had the better stomach." The Duc died, but the King continued to enjoy his famous discovery.

M. de Semblacy, Bishop of Bourges, who ate six meals a day and never rose satisfied, attributed his magnificent appetite to the fact that he said grace not only before and after each meal, but at the removal of each service.

A man used to go every Thursday for years to a famous restaurant in Paris, and eat one after another the forty odd soups on the menu. After that he had a *meringue glace au citron*, and went away without having drank a drop of wine.

A well-known restaurateur, Brebant, had a customer who was ashamed of the immense appetite with which nature had gifted him. He would go to Brebant, and order a dinner for himself and party of eight friends. He told the restaurant keeper that he went in for military punctuality. When his guests did not arrive at the appointed hour, he ordered the waiters to serve, and ate all the nine dinners himself, grumbling audibly all the time about the impoliteness of his friends. He carried out this farce habitually.

An amateur gourmand wished to enter into an eating match with Le Mardelay, proprietor of the Rocher de Cancale.

"Shall we settle the menu at once?" he asked of Cancale, "Of what use?" replied Cancale, "we will eat whatever there is according to the morning's market, beginning with twelve dozen oysters apiece, twenty-four cutlets, three capons"—"Each?" asked the challenger, "Of course," said Le Mardelay, "and for the rest we will take whatever there is." The rash man went away and did not come back.

Gus Bisson, a friend of Savarin, drank eight bottles of wine to breakfast every morning, without seeming to feel any effects from it.

English men of the last century habitually ate and drank to excess. Horace Walpole, writing to a friend who urged him to give up his temperate diet, said that he daily saw men who were mountains of roast beef, and seemed just roughly hewn out into human out

lines, like the giant rock at Pratolino. He shuddered when he saw them brandish their knives in the act to carve, and looked upon them as savages who devoured one another.

At Dolly's chop-house in Queens Heap Passage, near Ludgate Hill in London, the ingenious anatomist and chemist, Dr. George Fordyce, dined every day for more than twenty years. He believed that since many animals thrived on one meal a day, so could men. He entered the chop-house at four in the afternoon. A silver tankard of strong ale, a bottle of port, and a measure containing a quarter of a pint of brandy were placed before him, and a piece of rump steak weighing a pound and a half was put on the grille. While the steak was preparing he ate a grilled chicken, or other similar morsel. Then he drank a glass of brandy, and started in to eat his steak, during the consumption of which he drank his ale and port. When he had finished his steak he drank the rest of the brandy. This meal occupied him just one hour and a half, and then he hurried away to his professional engagements, and took no other food during the day.

MAISON RICHE.—Brillat Savarin, whose name shall forever remain dear to the epicures of all climes, has said that when every other pleasure palls, the delights of the table alone remain to smooth man's path through life. Justin Ladagnous, an earnest believer in the doctrines of this great apostle of the refinements of the table, has quaintly remarked that the *elixir vitæ* is not found in the grim regime of the ascetic—the pulse, and pease of the recluse, but in generous food, eaten in moderation and in good company.

In January 1887 Justin Ladagnous, with his partner John Somali, recently deceased, opened the Maison Riche, on the northeast corner of Geary street and Grant avenue. It occupies three upper floors of the large building where it is situated, and has three entrances, Grant avenue, Geary street and Morton street. The dining-rooms are on the first floor, and on the upper floors are sleeping apartments and reception rooms, for the Maison Riche has the dual character of hotel and restaurant. Mr. Ladagnous attends to the office and main dining-room, and caters and exercises a general supervision over the other departments. Cool, pleasant and artistic is the big dining-room, with its tessellated marble floors, its wainscot of porcelain tiles, and the soothing splash of the fountain in the center. Here the tranquil diner pays little heed to the busy hum from the street beneath, as the sympathetic waiter places before him the most

delicate creations of the cook's art, and thrills with the self-consciousness of the perfection of the service. There is no clatter, no noise, no confusion. All is quietly systematic, and Repose, that divinity inseparable from the perfect dinner, is here enshrined, the goddess of the temple. Through the art-glass windows the light strikes softly in, so even the garish rays of the sun are subdued to be in harmony with the intense peacefulness of the place. The same freedom from rush and clatter reigns in the corridors, in the snug *tête-à-tête cabinets*, and even in the kitchen, where monsieur *le chef* blends and tastes, and marshals his skillful assistants to conquer insipidity, and minister to the most fastidious appetites.

The banquet-hall of the Maison Riche has been the scene of many a brilliant entertainment. To enumerate the festal dinners that have been held in this artistically furnished and comfortable apartment would exceed the capacity of this volume. It is sufficient to say that in every instance those gatherings have been a success, and the skill of the *chef*, and the health of the cook, and of Justin Ladagnous, have not been the least enthusiastic toasts of the evening.

About a year ago a discussion arose among epicures in regard to expensive *menus*, and the amount that one might pay for a grand dinner, and receive the full value of his money. Mr. Justin Ladagnous was asked as an expert to give his opinion as to the resources of civilization in the gastronomic line, and this gentlemen decided that $60 a plate might be easily expended in a first-class dinner at the Maison Riche. As the details of such a banquet cannot fail to be interesting to epicures we shall quote from that gentleman:

"In the first place to give a grand dinner with the flowers, decorations and table service, and a lot of little things to make the surroundings of a really superb repast perfect, which every man who is a good liver and not afraid of the cost, understands, will cost $25 a plate. Now it is the wines that really make a dinner expensive. It will be as reasonable to harness a fast horse to a scavenger's cart as to ask a gentleman to sit down to a $25 dinner with any but the best of wines. We would not feel like furnishing a grand dinner unless the wines were the very best that our cellar affords. Now, about the cost. We will suppose a little party of eight sitting down to a $25 breakfast or dinner. Of the Sauterne eight glasses would go to a bottle, one for each guest. Of Bordeaux, half a bottle to each, Burgundy one pint each, Champagne one-half bottle each,

and this is by no means excessive. It frequently happens that the guests will consume more than that, particularly of Champagne.

"With the oysters, of course, should be served Montrochet. This is a white Burgundy, and one of the finest of that class of wines. It is remarkable for its exquisite delicacy and has a fine body combined with a most pleasing dryness. The vintage of 1864 costs no more than $15 a bottle, but if the host should select Chateau Yquem, of '68, he can have it at $10 a bottle.

"Now, with the soup comes sherry, and we can serve Amontillado, the magnificent dry production of Cordova, which every connoisseur knows to be the greatest of all dry Spanish wines, at $12 a bottle. Next we come to the German wines, and will give you a genuine Schloss Johannisberger at $25 a bottle, a price which I assure you leaves us but a small margin of profit. This is the superlative wine of the Rhine, and grows on the estate presented by the Emperor of Austria to the late Prince Metternich. No German wine is more esteemed; none commands a higher price, and but very few people can afford to drink it. Then there are such wines as Romanee Conti, of '64, and the famous Lachryma Christi, from the island of Cyprus, at $15 and $12 a bottle. The Lachryma Christi is neither a white nor a red wine. It is remarkably clear with a royal flavor, and is always at big dinners served after the Champagne."

The Maison Riche has its prices graded for all good livers, and the service is the same to all. The difference between it and Delmonico's of New York, is in favor of our side of the continent. There, the man whose purse is not long, well-filled and bound by loose strings, will be apt to find himself out of place in that luxurious and expensive café. Not so with the Maison Riche. The excellent *table d'hote* dinner with good *vin ordinaire* is served in the large dining-room at $1.50 a plate, and a still more elaborate repast in the private dining-rooms at $2.50 a plate. And what dinners they are to be sure, blossoms culled from all the gardens of this State where the good things grow. Meats that have gathered flavor from rich, luxurious grasses, fruits which seem almost too beautiful to be amalgamated with our human clay, fish which carry the fresh suggestions of the ocean with them, vegetables delicious enough to constitute in themselves a repast, and *confitures* as tempting as the rosy lips of sweet sixteen.

Many of the most distinguished people who have visited San Francisco, have enjoyed the good things served at this admirable

restaurant. Sara Bernhardt, the immortal, has feasted here, and men and women of high rank in the domain of art, letters and politics, have been entertained at the tables of the Maison Riche. Could the brilliant scenes which have taken place in the great banqueting hall, the good things said, the jests made when the wine went round, the songs sung when the champagne bubbled in the glass, be reproduced, what a brilliant chapter in the festal life of this hospitable city it would make! Here has the man who won the laurel crown, received the appreciative applause of his admiring friends, and listened with exultant heart to his health drank with all the honors.

This Home of Good Cheer is a credit to San Francisco, and its management, and has won a lofty place, which it must ever retain in the appreciation of those who delight in the higher art of the kitchen—the best ministrations to the wants of the inner man.

POMMERY SEC.—There is a charm in those words which thrills every one of epicurean taste who has inhaled the aroma, and sipped the sparkles from a goblet of this most delicious wine. Its popularity on the Pacific Coast is a credit to the good taste of the ultimate West, for it has been of steady and ever increasing growth. Heralded as the favorite wine of the best known connoisseurs and royalty of the old world, its merits were at once recognized, and its character appreciated by the refined of the new. And not among the least of these is the fact that unlike most of the pleasures of this life, there is no sorrow, no indisposition in the wake of Pommery Sec. It stands alone as one of the few keen enjoyments in this vale of sorrows where remorse for indulgence has no place in its train. None but pleasant memories, and the *mens sana* and *corpore sano* attend upon the devotees of Pommery Sec.

The late Madam Pommery was in every respect a most remarkable woman. She possessed the faculty of discrimination to the extent of selecting the best people to manage her vast interests, and finding for each guest that place where his peculiar talents would have the widest scope, and conduce most to the prosperity of the entire management. The members of the firm now are Louis Pommery, Comtesse de Polignac and Henry Vasnier the experienced directeur, to whose great adminstrative capacity and unswerving fidelity to the interests of the business, the elevated position that Pommery Sec now holds, is largely due. The firm has ever held to one

steadfast motive, one unswerving purpose, namely, the production of a high grade of champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost. Therefore while their champagne stock is the largest in the world it also commands the highest price in the market. They paid in 1889 the enormous sum of $3,000,000 for one-sixth of the entire fine vintage of that year. The importation of Pommery Sec last year for the United States was 74,576 cases, out of which the Pacific Coast consumed 10,800 cases, a truly remarkable showing for its population, and the most convincing proof of the high esteem in which this wine is held. In evidence of the extreme care used in placing none but a perfect wine upon the market is the circumstance that the house of Pommery has in one season been known to destroy several hundred thousand bottles because the wine did not, for some slight reason, come up to the high standard they had established. In view of such broad and conscientious principles, it is not to be wondered at that the plaudits, and endorsements from all sides are hearty and numerous. On one occasion at a banquet at which the Prince of Wales sat with some of the leading nobility, a witty lady of title produced the following impromptu acrostic:

Prince of wines, and princes' wine,
Only thy presence is nectar divine,
Many have chanted thy praises, Oh draught!
Many a bumper to thee has been quaffed,
Endless the joy that was born with thy birth,
Radiant gem of the wines of the earth;
Youth cometh with thee to bloom in our hearts,
Sorrow before thee forever departs,
Eyes sparkle brightly with ecstatic glee,
Care flys wherever we touch lips to thee.

The sole agents for Pommery Sec on the Pacific Coast are William Wolff & Co., to whom much of the success of this wine upon the Pacific Coast is due. Mr. Wolff is also president of the Pommery Sec Club, an organization composed of some of the best known bonvivants of San Francisco.

CHAPTER II

SETTING THE TABLE—THE ART OF DRINKING WINES—HINTS ABOUT THE HANDLING OF WINES—THE NECESSITY OF FLOWERS AS AN ORNAMENT.

TO SET A TABLE seems, perhaps, very easy, but to set it properly and tastefully is not such an easy matter. Place the table in the center of the dining-room, under the chandelier, and see to it that it is perfectly steady; that is to say that there is no danger of its being shaken while the dinner is in progress. Should it not rest firmly, perhaps an old relic, in the shape of a Bland Dollar, could be made serviceable by placing it under one of the feet. See to it that there is plenty of space between each cover; it is annoying to come in contact with every move of your neighbor. A table for six persons should be six feet long. Take a woolen cloth and put it over the table and then place a linen cloth on top of it, this will deaden the noise of plates and glasses. Flowers should never be absent from the table when you have guests; they can be procured at all seasons. A large basket or bouquet should be placed in the center of the table; a large bouquet on the right side for each lady; and a small *boutonnière* for each gentleman, also on the right side of the cover. On each side of the center piece place a fruit stand, nicely arranged with the choicest fruits of the season. Next to this place a *compotier* with assorted cakes. Place celery, olives or radishes symmetrically in the space that is left between the centre and the covers. Fish knives, soup spoons and oyster forks must be placed on the right side of the plate and the fork on the other side. If desired, place fancy pieces on the table *(pieces montèes)*; but as the foregoing items pertain only to a dinner for six persons it would crowd out much available space. Napkins can be arranged in various styles and figures; into flowers or any other desired form. The latest and most fashionable way is to arrange them folded plainly, so as to show the monogram of the family. A small salt-cellar should be placed by each cover, to avoid asking the servant for it. Menus, either written or printed, should be placed at each cover. It is not a

breach of etiquette to refuse a course you do not desire; by knowing what is coming you can with propriety refuse a course and take the next one. About ten minutes before the commencing of dinner fill the decanters with Sauterne and with Sherry and place the same on the table. Nearly every family of means is in the habit of giving a few dinners during the year to its friends. As a matter of course the members of the family are in return invited to "dine out." If you invite your friends to dinner you should not wish them to go away dissatisfied. It should not be forgotten that much depends on the appearance of the table, and by the manner of serving the courses. In fact more success can be attained by studied attention to the room, the tables and the serving of the courses, than in the preparation of costly viands. On entering the dining-room the first object which strikes the eye is the table. If the table is void of flowers, and the other side decorations, including olives, radishes and celery, tastefully arranged wine glasses and napkins, an impression is given of a boarding-house table. On the contrary when you see a beautifully decorated and artistically arranged table, the heart is immediately gladdened. A proper regard should be paid to the comfort of the guests as regards temperature. Have the room neither too cold nor too warm. The temperature should never exceed sixty degrees. The dining-room should be well aired before dinner commences. Great care should be taken that the dinner is served hot. Noises with plates and glasses should be avoided. There is as much system in serving a dinner as there is in running a railroad, or in any other business. French dinners are generally served in three main courses, viz., *Releves*, *Entrées*, and *Rôtis*; all the rest are considered side courses. It depends entirely on the taste of the host as to how many main courses he desires served. Naturally what you shall serve will depend entirely on what there is in market at the season. For instance, you cannot serve brook-trout in January, or canvas-back during the months of June, July, August or September. However, the very best in the market should invariably be selected. Care should be taken to have the wines at the right temperature. Sherry, Sauterne, Chablis and Rhine wines should always be served cold. Champagne should be served very cold, almost at the freezing point. Bordeaux and Burgundy should be kept twelve hours before dinner in a room at a temperature of seventy degrees. Servants should be instructed not to fill the glasses more than three-fourths full; for guests are in danger of soiling their dresses, and, again it is not considered good form. The art of knowing exactly

how and when and where to drink wine, belongs only to the experienced epicure; to understand minutely the proper wines to provide for his guests, belongs only to a house-master gifted with refined taste. A picture of a great artist requires certain light, and in fact a surrounding of favorable accessories to enable us to appreciate the talent of the painter; just as a woman, however regal may be her beauty, neither ignores nor disdains to heighten her charms by harmonious accord and judicious contrast. So it is figuratively with wine: the art of drinking the superior wines is also a science. The first essential being a thorough acquaintance with the different characteristics distinguishing the respective wines to be produced on the table. To know exactly what wines to serve with certain meats, so as to better appreciate their flavor, observing the judicious graduating scale, allow each wine its appropriate entrance and exit. After studying the bill of fare, it should be decided which are the wines to be offered and in what order they are to be partaken. The selected bottles should be taken from the cellar four hours previous to the repast, cautiously carrying them into the pantry in the same horizontal position they had in the cellar and in the same sense, so that the dregs or lees may remain at the bottom of the bottle; particular attention must be given not to shake the bottles when removing them from the cellar to the pantry. The bottles should not be decanted until just before drinking, in order to preserve the aroma and bouquet. The decanter into which wine is to be poured, ought to be of a slightly tepid heat in Winter, but the wine must not be heated. In what order should the wine be served? The following rules should be observed for the proper accordance of wines with meats; with fish white wines; with meat the fuller red wines; at the end of the repast the oldest red wines; at the end of dessert the liqueurs and sparkling white wines. White wines ought to be drank very cold. On a point of view, of flavor, or taste, the liquorous white wines, such as those of Sauternes, have two schools among epicures: the one perferring this wine at dessert, the other at the commencement of the repast, with the fish. The rule for the degration of red wines is to commence by the youngest and least celebrated. We shall see in what manner these rules are applied by epicures. Some spoonfuls of soup having by their soft heat prepared the palate and stomach to fill their useful and agreeable functions, the least drop of Madeira gives these organs all the necessary activity. With oysters, following salmon or turbot appear the grand rather dry liquorous Bordeaux, which we prefer to iced

Champagne used in the North. As soon as the fish have been removed, the butler ceases to serve them. When the cook has served the meats, the fine ordinary and the superior Bourgeois of Medoc, full of body, purple color and perfumed bouquet are produced. It is with roast meat, venison, etc., that are served the racy and capital first growths of "Saint-Emilion" and Burgundy. When toward the middle of the repast, the guests have at this satisfactory state of the taste, been now prepared by a series of skillful sensations, the grand red wines of Medoc make their triumphal entry and the butler proudly announces their names and dates: Château-Margaux 1864, Château-Lafite 1869, Château-Latour 1870. After those wines the rich Sauternes may again be finely tasted as well as some glasses of sparkling Champagne!

THE OCCIDENTAL RESTAURANT.—Pierre Klein, the proprietor of the Occidental Restaurant, 332 Bush street, is among the pioneer and most popular restaurateurs of San Francisco. The original "Occidental" was on Washington street, and here in the "fifties" a number of choice spirits used to congregate and enjoy the good things that Pierre provided for them. There was in fact a regular dining-club of the young men of that time at the Occidental. The best carver used to sit at the head of the table, and to the most experienced salad mixer, the bowl of cool, crisp lettuce was passed. But Washington street became too remote from the city's center for Klein's increasing business. Nor was the old Occidental large enough to accommodate his patrons. So some years ago the Occidental was transferred to the present handsome brick building at 332 Bush street. The lower portion is divided into two dining-halls, the inner of which is mostly used by ladies, though no special reservation is made in this respect. The private dining-rooms upstairs are elegantly and comfortably furnished, and so arranged that several can be thrown into one long banqueting hall. It would be difficult to say for what specially good thing the Occidental is remarkable. Everything that comes from the kitchen is artistic, and the service is prompt, while the utmost neatness everywhere prevails. If one might exercise a preference it is for the game dinners at the Occidental during the Winter season. Pierre Klein has a knack of securing the plumpest and biggest canvas-back duck in the market, and flanking them with teal, mallard, sprig, everything of the wild duck family that flies over the marsh. To make the duck dinner complete, the Occidental cellar contains fine

imported Burgundies and the best of Champagnes and Sauternes. Mr. Klein is also noted for his fine discrimination in California wines, and the very best of the native vintages are set before those guests who have faith in the viticultural productions of the coast. The care used in the cooking of these game dinners is extreme. If the epicure wants a sixteen-minute duck, or a bird which has been eighteen minutes exposed to the fire, he may be assured that the chef will not err a second either on the side of expedition or delay. Mr. Klein has moreover the advantage of being himself a sportsman, and is so well acquainted with those localities from which the primest wild duck comes, that he is never in danger of being deceived. It is not necessary to enumerate the many excellent things for which the Occidental is remarkable. Its lunches, *à la table d'hôte*, though most moderate in price, are held in high esteem by the good livers of this city. The breakfasts and dinners are equally good, and comfort, neatness, and promptitude everywhere obtain.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.—The wines of Ay from an early date found favor in the eyes of poets and princes, and one has sung:

Ay produces the best wine—
I call the world to witness this
Though you may for Rheims opine
Ay produces the best wine,
It ranks the first and the most fine.

The largest Champagne establishment at Ay is that of Messrs. Deutz and Gelderman whose extra dry Gold Lack Champagne has been long and favorably known on this coast through the energetic exertions of their agents here, Charles Meinecke & Co., 314 Sacramento street. The cuvées of Deutz and Gelderman consisting usually of 50,000 gallons each, are made in a vat of gigantic proportions. Their splendid range of cellars now comprises eight long and lofty galleries no less than seventeen feet wide, and the same number of feet in height, and of the aggregate length of 2,200 yards. They are capable of containing several million bottles of Champagne in addition to a large quantity of wine in cask. Gold Lack Sec is held in high estimation by the connoisseurs of the old world, and to-day it is the favorite at numerous regimental messes, and the principal hotels. In the Clubs of this city as well as the houses of our best known epicures this delicious wine is

always in demand. Its bouquet, and its refined and pleasing flavor combine with the fact that no ill effects ever follow a too free indulgence in this delightful wine. Among the many things good for the inner man for which this firm are the agents, is the superb Port of Messrs. Feuerheerd & Co. Of this Vizetelly, the celebrated wine expert says in a recent volume of his: "Of the numerous vintage ports we tasted none were more interesting than the collection shown to us at the lodges of Messrs. Feuerheerd & Co. This firm keeps certain of its vintage wines from particular quintas intact; and here we tasted a splendid wine of 1870 from the Quinta do Ronaco, remarkable for its great delicacy, and fine perfume; also a sample of 1873 from the same quinta, dry and full of flavor, and some beautiful wines of 1875, from the Quintas Bom Retiro and Zimbro. We were further shown some natural ports made without any addition of spirit, vintage 1875, being beautifully fresh tasting." This Port has a splendid color, and a rich, soft, delicate flavor.

Of Duff, Gordon & Co., the oldest shipping house at the Puerto de Santa Maria, sherries for which Messrs. Meinecke & Co., are also the agents, the same authority says that for some of the amontillados and olorosos of subdued pungent taste, and rich aroma £400 per butt had been offered and refused, it being considered much too valuable for blending purposes to be parted with even at this price.

Among other good wines for which Messrs. Meinecke & Co., are agents, are the Bordeaux clarets from A. De Luze & fils, Bordeaux, hocks from G. M. Pabstmann, Sohn Mayence, Mosel wines from Haussmann and Lenz, Traben-on-the-Mosel and fine brandies, gin, rum, and mineral waters. Of the Mosel wines Berncastle is known locally as "the doctor," because, as the legend goes, a Knight was cured of a fatal illness after an extravagantly deep potation of this, his favorite beverage. The French sparkling wines which furnish perhaps the best substitutes for Champagne, are first those from Vouvray in the neighborhood of Tours, notably the wines of Dupanloup & Co., Carte Blanche of which Messrs. Meinecke & Co., are the agents, and which possess the requisite lightness and exhilarating qualities of a *vin mosseux* combined with a decidedly pleasant flavor.

OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.—There is no more delightful trip on the broad face of the oceans of the world than the voyage from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands. Between those points the Pacific well deserves its name. It is for months as calm as a mountain lake, which is sheltered on all sides by sentinel peaks from the winds. The Oceanic Steamship Company, John D. Spreckels & Bros., has done everything to make this voyage to

"Those summer isles of Eden lying
In dark purple spheres of sea,"

pleasant and enjoyable to the tourist. They run the following steamers to Honolulu direct, fortnightly the *Australia*, 3,200 American register; the *Zealandia*, 3,200 tons Hawaiian measurement which alternate with the *Mariposa*, 3,000 tons American register; the *Alameda*, 3,000 tons ditto, and the *Manitowa*, 3,200 tons New Zealand measurement. The through steamers sail every four weeks and in combination with the direct Honolulu steamers give the Sandwich Islands nine days communication with the coast.

To say that this fine fleet is furnished with all the modern improvements does not fully convey the extreme comfort which is enjoyed in the voyage. The staterooms are furnished with electric bells, and electric lights, the table is up to the standard of the best first-class hotels ashore, and good order and cleanliness everywhere prevail. No better opportunity of making the acquaintance of the romance of a life in the tropics can be obtained than by a run to Honolulu, for in that strangely beautiful country is found the extreme luxuriance of tropical vegetation, and the langour and fascination of an existence where the sunshine is perpetual and the coral reefs are washed by seas as blue as the skies above them. The rate of travel by these steamers is very moderate, and there is no limit to the courtesies extended tourists. The pleasures of a voyage across that placid ocean are infinite. There is the pure invigorating air for the invalid, the enjoyable association and the wonderful sunsets and moonlights of the tropical seas. The hospitality of the people of Honolulu is well known. The stranger is always made welcome there, and nothing pleases those good people so much as his appreciation of the beauties of these picturesque islands. The great volcano on Hawaii is one of the wonders of the world, and the facilities for seeing it have been so improved within the last few years that the journey is now one without danger or fatigue. The office of J. D. Spreckels & Bros. is 327 Market st.

CHAPTER III

AN INCIDENT OF THE CUISINE—THE COOK'S BELIEF IN THE EFFICACY OF HIS ART —THE MENU COOKED UNDER TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.—THE FATE OF A TOM CAT.—AN INSULT TO FRANCE AVENGED.

HE FOLLOWING SKETCH, illustrative of the pride of the chef in his art is well adapted to the purposes of this volume:

"The Franco-German war was just over when I commenced my medical studies in Paris. I lived in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, which, as you know perfectly well, is just at the back of the Odéon Théâter, in the heart of Quartier Latin —I and Mr. Magloire. We both were students,—I of medicine, he of the culinary art. Magloire was an enthusiast; so was I. I believe each of us loved his own particular art, as a true artist should, above everything else. Magloire had begun life as a *marmiton*, he rose to be a journeyman; he became a *sous-chef;* and then he came to Paris to carry out the ambition of his life. He came to Paris to study under the great Capilotade—Capilotade, the cook of cooks, the Napoleon of the culinary art. He was ambitious, you see, this M. Magloire, my fellow lodger. 'The day will come,' he would say to me, 'when my talent will be recognized. The day will come—ah, and you will live to see it, my friend—when every fashionable dish will be accommodated *à la Magloire—soup à la Magloire, entrées*, pastry, all *à la Magloire*. The bills of fare of the fashionable restaurants will bristle with *plats à la Magloire*. Discreet waiters, on being consulted by their habitual customers, the great *bon vivants* will suggest that the latest style is *à la Magloire;* and the man who intends to dine well will order the artistic masterpiece of his proposed dinner to be confectioned *à la Magloire*, and he will never, never, never repent this decision. The receipts for those inestimable *plats* are here,' the little man would say with a self-satisfied smile, pointing to his bomb-shell forehead.

"But his art was not his only passion; he hated the enemies of his country, the Germans, with a ferocious hatred. I believe there

is nothing he would have cooked with greater pleasure than Prince Bismark himself. 'There is nothing good about a German,' he would say, 'except his enormous appetite and wonderful digestion.'

"We lived in adjoining rooms then, Magloire and I, and we had a little box of a kitchen, as is frequently the case in French lodging-houses, in common. I was only too glad to mess with M. Magloire. We lived for next to nothing, and he always gave me *déjeûner* of four *plats* at twelve o'clock, Magloire had not an enemy in the world, except Mephistopheles, the cat of our landlord, who occupied the first floor. This Mephistopheles pervaded the house. He was a past-master in the predatory art. Mephistopheles was a red cat, a fiend in feline form. The measure of his iniquity was full; he had eaten the canary of Mlle Lucie, the pretty milliner on the floor above; he had devored the favorite starling of the wife of the *concierge;* and many a time and oft he had stolen choice morsels from the laboratory of my friend Magloire.

"'Magloire,' said I to my fellow lodger one night, as we were consuming a *grog au vin* in my room, 'I have taken a liberty with you. I have invited my friend Dr. Von Wurst, to breakfast to-morrow and felt certain you wouldn't mind when I gave the invitation. But after I left him, I remarked he was a Prussian, and, knowing your hatred for Prussians, perhaps I have better take him out to breakfast. Can you lend me five francs, for I am dead broke?'

"M. Magloire upset his tumbler over his trousers; what was in the tumbler was hot. 'Doctor,' cried M. Magloire, and his eyes sparkled with mingled rage and pain, 'when you ask me to cook for the enemy of my country, you insult me. I would cook for the ignorant, for the uncultured, even for the converted cannibal; but for the enemy of my country, never! Farewell, perfidious Englishman, you've hurt my feelings,'and he rushed from the room. I heard him lock himself in his bedroom, and there was a dead silence for a full quarter of an hour. It was suddenly broken by a confused noise of running about in my fellow-lodger's room. Then there was a sound of a heavy blow—then a silence. Five minutes afterward, there was a tap at my door and Magloire appeared. He was very red in the face, and he looked very much ashamed of himself.

"'Dr. Labels,' he said, 'forgive my loss of temper; forgive my apparent rudeness. I have repented; embrace me my friend, 'Labels,' he cried hurriedly, 'your friend—your Prussian friend—shall not be disappointed. I will do my best for you to-morrow, and for him. You are hard up, my friend, but you still have credit with the wine

merchant. Send in a couple of bottles of wine, then, and look to Magloire for the breakfast; leave that to me. I will provide a breakfast—such a breakfast—a breakfast that Lucullus himself would not be ashamed to assist at. But I have one stipulation to make' cried the little man, 'I will compose a special dish of honor for your friend, the Prussian, a '*civit de lapin à la Magloire*,' a delicious *plat*, but you must promise me not to partake of it.'' 'You're not going to poison him?' I asked. 'Heaven forbid!' cried the disciple of Soyer, 'but I know the German taste. I prepare a special dish for him, and there will not be enough for all.' I agreed to the bargain; I thanked Magloire, effusively, and we bade each other good-night. 'Don't forget that you're to provide the wine,' cried Magloire as he disappeared.

"At ten minutes to twelve the next day I arrived with my friend, Dr. Von Wurst, at my humble home in the Quartier Latin. On the road I broke it very gently to him that my fellow lodger was an amateur cook. Prussians are very proud, you know; they were prouder than usual at that particular epoch. Dr. Von Wurst laughed. 'I don't care how the food's cooked,' he said, brutally, 'as long as there's plenty to eat.' As we ascended the stairs, a delicious odor assailed our nostrils. There was Magloire in his Sunday clothes; he looked much more like a marquis than a cook. He received Dr. Von Wurst with effusion; he bowed, he gesticulated, he smiled—there seemed something treacherous and diabolical in that smile of his; and I noticed that he never shook hands with the Prussian. The table was decorated with flowers; there was a written menu on it which ran as follows:

Snail Soup à la Trochu.
Pied de Mouton à la Gambetta.
Pigeons à la Franc-tireur.
Civit de Lapin à la Magloire.
Confitures Diverses.

"I must confess Dr. Von Wurst swaggered in an offensive manner; but my friend Magloire bore it bravely. The German was helped twice to snail soup.

"'We did not live like this during the war,' he said with a great laugh. And then the conversation turned to cooks and cookery. And then the miserable German was guilty of a wretched epigram: 'Every man should stick to his trade,' he said, with his mouth full of *pied de mouton à la Gambetta;* 'we Germans are soldiers born—

haw! haw!—Frenchmen should leave fighting alone and stick to cookery, the finest of the fine arts. That's where they shine.'

"M. Magloire made a horrible grimace and helped the doctor liberally to a great plateful of the rich and fragrant stew entitled *civit de lapin à la Magloire*. For full five minutes my German friend did not speak a word. He ate—how he ate!—silently, enthusiastically, voraciously; and then he held out his plate for more. He picked the bones, he mopped up the rich gravy with his bread, and then he had a third helping, and he finished the entire dishful. 'I never tasted anything like it he said,' and there were tears of gratitude in his eyes.

"'I don't suppose you ever did,' said M. Magloire, dryly. 'France is avenged,' he whispered to me behind his hand.

"Then the German gorged himself with *confitures*, and drank a good deal more than his share of the wine. 'I verily believe,' said Dr. Von Wurst, turning a little pale, 'that I have eaten too much breakfast.'

"A dreadful thought passed through my mind. Had Magloire poisoned him?

"We were alone, and then M. Magloire began to laugh, until I thought he had gone mad; my friend, the cook, must have laughed fully five minutes by the clock. When he left off laughing I asked him what he meant by his mysterious statement that France was avenged.

"'Swear that you will not betray me, my friend, and I will tell you.'

"I gave the required pledge.

"'You have not seen Mephistopheles to-day,' he said in a whisper, 'at least, not to recognize him. Last night,' he went on, 'last night he died. I slew him—alone and unarmed. I did it. Mephistopheles is dead, my friend, and I have buried him, all except his skin and head, in a living tomb. The man—that German man with the unpronounceable name, that man who has insulted my country and my noble profession—has swallowed the mortal remains of Mephistopheles; he is now digesting him. I hope it will disagree with him; and I don't think it will. A Prussian medical student, sir, can digest anything, even a tomcat. Hadn't we better have a glass of Chartreuse?'"

EL MONTE HOTEL.—The nearest and most delightful suburb of San Francisco is Sausalito. Within a few years the growth of this seaside resort has been unequaled. The hills facing the bay have been dotted with handsome villas, many of them as imposing and costly as the homes of San Francisco. The principal hotel of Sausalito has been for years the "El Monte," J. E. Slinkey, proprietor. It has kept pace with the progress of the town. Mr. Slinkey, with commendable enterprise, has every year added to the El Monte, for the increasing popularity of Sausalito as a Summer-abiding place, demanded a first-class family hotel, comfortable, well kept, and suitable for transient as well as permanent occupation. The "El Monte" is located on the most inviting spot in the vicinity of San Francisco. It is surrounded with spacious and well kept gardens, and the trees, which have such an abundant growth in this portion of Marin County, have been carefully preserved with the view of affording that shade so pleasing and necessary in the warm days of Summer. The view from the verandahs of the El Monte is exceptionally fine. To the west lies San Francisco, and in the middle distance Alcatraz with its frowning batteries, and picturesque citadel. Northward, Mount Tamalpais lifts its grizzled head in that purple haze, peculiar to the California atmosphere. To the eastward is Angel Island, with the military port, Camp Reynolds, snugly established between two sheltering ridges, and to the northeast Raccoon Straits and the full sweep of Richardson's Bay are disclosed. The attractions which the El Monte offers its habitats are numerous. They comprise everything that one may expect in the country. In the first place the rooms are neat, well ventilated and well furnished, not alone with what is ordinarily comprehended in the word, but nearly all have a portion of this grand, marine picture of island, bay and shipping. Then the boating, fishing, sea-bathing and romantic walks along winding and wooded paths with every few yards novel and ever varying glimpses of the sea, combine to make this place of rest and enjoyment complete.

The drives in the vicinity are incomparably fine. Over the hills to Point Bonita, where the lighthouse stands on a a jutting crag, lashed by the great waves rolling in from the ocean, is one of the most attractive. Along the bay shore to Mill Valley where groves of huge redwood trees still exist, and where the road winds to the summit of Tamalpais; to San Rafael, through Ross Valley, and on toward Nicasio if an extended trip is desired, are among the many points of interest which the sojourner at the El Monte may enjoy.

About the grounds are handsome and well arranged cottages for families desiring more privacy than the hotel affords. Another advantage is its proximity to the steamer landing. About five minutes from the starting hour gives one quite time enough to get comfortably aboard. The climate here is unsurpassed. There are no shrill, biting winds, and no fog. The huge masses of mist which in Summer roll in through the Golden Gate, halt on the summits of the lofty hills in the rear, but never descend upon the mesa where the El Monte stands. There are hot and cold salt water baths attached to the hotel, and every modern convenience to make the visitor's stay agreeable.

BERGEZ'S RESTAURANT.—In the very heart of the business part of the city is the Bergez restaurant, 334 Pine street. There are few caterers better known on this coast than John Bergez. Himself an epicure and a sportsman, he knows just what epicures and sportsmen need. Therefore Bergez's is the favorite resort of the anglers of San Francisco, who, over the well spread table, relate incidents of stream and lake which add a jest to the repast. Bergez is noted for the great variety and great excellence of the cuisine. Monsieur Jean himself is an early visitant to the markets where he selects good things for the inner man, fish fresh from the ocean—delicate pompano, Spanish mackerel, delicious sole, and the plumpest of poultry, and the tenderest of beef and mutton. It is difficult, by the way, in this connection to conceive of a place where one can get a sole *au gratin* to excel those in delicacy of preparation and artistic service sent forth from Bergez's kitchen. In the game season the array of wild fowl is always very tempting at this cosy retreat. Mallard, canvas, sprig, snipe, everything in the line of marsh bird that the season affords may be found at Bergez's. The private dining-rooms for ladies and families are quite comfortable, and the service there, as in the main dining-hall, without reproach. The Bergez waiters indeed are noted for their attention and ability, and their anxiety to make the guests of Monsieur Jean perfectly at home. The wines are particularly well chosen. In Bergez's cellar rest some of the very nicest products of our California vintages and some fine old Burgundies from across the water and which, when the cork is drawn, exude an aroma of the most delightful fragrance. A peculiarity about the patrons of the restaurant is, that when they have been accustomed to the cuisine they desire no other. They never change. Week after week,

month after month, and year after year, one sees the same familiar faces at John's tables, which is one of the best indications of the even quality of solids, wines and cooking. There are so many nice things served at this restaurant that it would be difficult to give any one the preference. A cool salad, preceded by a tasty soup, and followed by a roast mallard, the same washed down with a bottle of John's Burgundy, is a repast which much conduces to longevity. The sweetbread pates in this house are also most excellent, as indeed are all the delicate *petit plats* which one chooses for an entree. The salads are superb. The knack of mixing a delicious salad seems hereditary in this restaurant. Although a change of waiters seldom occurs, yet when a new man comes in he seems to catch the art and makes no mistake in the blending of those condiments which make a cool, crisp salad, a dish which can be appreciated at all times. The situation of the restaurant is also fortunate. That portion of Pine street is quiet as far as wagons are concerned, though thronged with the busy men of the stock market, and being on the north side is sunny, well lighted, and in every respect sweet and pleasant. The lunch hour is perhaps the busiest of the day, and then one sees around the tables the faces of men whose names are a familiar household word in the financial history of this city and State.

WILLIAM M. DUNPHY.—Among those gentlemen of the Pacific Coast who thoroughly understand the art of furnishing the "Inner Man" is William M. Dunphy, Esq., the cattle king of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Dunphy is a pioneer Californian, and has been prominently identified with the cattle interests since the days of '49. His rancho La Posa in the southern portion of Monterey County is a typical California ranch. The Salinas River flows through it, and upon its fertile hills graze thousands of the finest cattle in the State. His domain in Humboldt County, consisting of 175,000 acres and 80,000 acres leased with privilege of purchase, all fenced in and watered by the Green River, would be considered in Europe a principality.

A rodeo, or round up and parting out of cattle on the La Posa ranch, is always a period of extensive and quaint festivity. Mr. Dunphy's friends for miles around are bidden to the feast, and to those unacquainted with old California customs, the scene is a most novel and picturesque one. A huge trench is dug in a shady grove, and filled with oak logs. The Spanish attendants then pro-

ceed to roast prime beeves whole and fat sheep on a gigantic spit, suspended over the fragrant embers. Meanwhile others are preparing a *plat*, indigenous to and much esteemed at these gatherings - the heads of bullocks, which have been cooking all of the night previous in a hole in the ground, lined with rocks and heated by great fires, When the fire is removed the bullock heads, wrapped in sacks, are lowered in, covered over, and permitted to bake until morning. This savory dish is served with a sauce, composed of green chilis, onions, tomatoes, and deliciously seasoned. A feast of this nature at Mr. Dunphy's hospitable ranch is an occasion to be remembered. Of course the liquids flow in quantities as large as the viands. Nor do the festivities cease with the night, for the guests are usually bidden to a week's visit, or, indeed, just as long as they choose to remain. This unbounded hospitality is a delightful feature of California life; but, like many of the old customs, is falling into disuse. The parting out of the cattle next morning, and the daring riding of the vaqueros, serve to amuse Mr. Dunphy's visitors until the approach of evening witnesses a renewal of the feast.

The La Posa ranch is a veritable picture of beauty. On the west it is bordered by the Coast Mountains, rising to an altitude of several thousand feet. Along the margin of the Salinas River, and almost for its entire length across the ranch, the magnificent growth of live-oak trees are an evidence of the great richness of the soil. The water supply is most abundant; five wells sunk in as many different enclosures with windmills and large tanks, furnishing this most important feature of a successful ranch. An enclosure of several hundred acres is used by Mr. Dunphy as a deer-park, and is so well stocked that any of his guests who can handle a rifle with moderate skill, may be sure of a fat buck, any morning, with a reasonable amount of exertion.

CHAPTER IV

How Port Wine is Made—The Casa dos Lagares of the Juinta—A Gang of Sixty Treaders at Work—The Beating of the Wine.

VIZETELLY, the celebrated wine expert, in a series of letters to the Pall Mall *Gazette*, which were afterward published in book form, gives some very interesting descriptions of port wine making on the Upper Douro. The Juinta do Sexixo which he visited in the height of the vintage, is entered through an imposing gateway, surrounded by the armorial bearings of its owner. From the roomy terrace where the casa and lagares are situated one looks down upon a long flight of descending terraces of vines, dotted over with a score or two of vintagers singing one of their favorite ditties. Among the singers are detected many countenances the exact counterpart of faces met with in Sligo, and in the wilds of Connemara. Jewish faces also are not uncommon, while as regards the few moderately good looking women, it is evident that Moorish blood courses through their veins. The latter have the prim and graceful carriage, the almond shaped eye and straightish eyebrow, the regular white teeth, and rich transparent olive complexion peculiar to their race. Several of them —barelegged, coarsely clad, uncleanly, and unkempt though they were—wore handsome filigree brooches and ear-rings of antique Mauresque design, it being a common practice with the women of their class to invest their savings in trinkets of this description in order to escape the importunities of impecunious relatives, bent upon borrowing from all who are known to hoard.

While the women are busy gathering the grapes, the men, with heavily laden baskets, continue ascending the steep steps at the ends of the taller terraces, frequently twelve feet in height, and then file off with their burdens to the lagares, the largest of which has to be filled by noon. Across this lagar, planks are placed for the vintagers to walk on when shooting the grapes into the remoter corners, whereby the crushing of the fruit already in the lagar, and any premature fermentation of the juice thus exuded, is avoided.

When the midday meal is over, the grapes having been already spread perfectly level in the lagar, a band of sixty men is told off to tread them. The casa dos lagares is a long building with a low pointed roof, lighted with square openings along the side, and contains four lagares, in the largest of which sufficient grapes can be trodden at one time to produce thirty pipes of wine. As is universally the case in the Upper Douro, these lagares are of stone, and about three feet in depth. In front of each, and on a lower level, is a small stone reservoir, called a Jorno, into which the expressed juice flows after the treading of the grapes is concluded, and which communicates by pipes with the huge tonels in the adega below, although not beneath the lagares. In front of the lagares runs a narrow stone ledge to which ascent is gained by a few steps, and here while the treading is going on the overseers post themselves, long staves in hand, in order to see that everyone performs his proper share of labor. The treaders, with their white breeches well tucked up, mount into the lagar where they form three separate rows of ten men each on either side of the overhanging beam, and placing their arms on each other's shoulders commence work by raising and lowering their feet alternately, calling out as they do so, "right, left," varying this after a time with songs and shoutings in order to keep the weaker and the lazier ones up to the work, which is quite as irksome and monotonous as either treadmill or prison crank. But the lagariros have something more than singing or shouting to encourage them. Taking part with them in the treading is a little band of musicians with drum, fife, fiddle and guitar, who strike up a lively tune while their comrades chime in, some by whistling, others with castanets. Occasionally, too, nips of brandy are served out, and the overseers present cigarettes all round, whereupon the treaders vary their monotonous movements with a brisker measure.

This first treading—the *sovar o vinho*, or beating of the wine, as it is called—lasts, with occasional respites, and relays of fresh men, for eighteen hours. A long interval now ensues, and then the treading or beating is resumed. By this time the grapes are pretty well crushed, and walking over the pips and stalks strewn at the bottom of the lagar becomes something like the pilgrimages of old, when the devout trudged wearily along with hard peas packed between the soles of their feet and the soles of their shoes. The lagariros, with their garments more or less bespattered with grape juice, move slowly about in their Mauve colored, mucilaginous bath in a listless kind of way, now smoking cigarettes, now with their arms folded or

thrown behind their backs, or with their hands tucked in their waistcoat pockets, or raised up to their chins while they support the elbow of one arm with the hand of another. The fiddle strikes up anew, the drum sounds, the fife squeaks, the guitar tinkles, and the overseers drowsily upbraid. But all to no purpose. Music has lost its inspiration, and authority its terrors, and the men, dead, beat raise one purple leg languidly after the other.

By the time the treading is completed, the violent fermentation of the must has commenced, and is left to flow its course. According as the grapes are moderately or over ripe, and the atmospheric temperature is high or low, and it is intended that the wine shall be sweet or dry, this fermentation will be allowed to continue for a shorter or longer period, varying from fifteen hours to several days, during which time the husks and the stalks of the grapes, rising to the surface of the must, form a thick incrustation. To ascertain the proper moment for drawing the wine off into the tonels, recourse is usually had to a saccharometer, when, if this marks four or five degrees, the farmer knows that the wine will be sweet; if a smaller number of degrees be indicated the wine will be moderately sweet, while zero signifies that the wine will be dry. Some farmers judge the state of the fermentation by the appearance of the wine on the conventional white porcelain saucer and the vinous smell and flavor which it then exhibits. When it is ascertained that the wine has sufficiently fermented, it is at once run off into large tonels, holding their ten to thirty pipes each, the mosto extracted from the musks of the grapes by the application of the huge beam press being mixed with the expressed juice resulting from the treading. It is now that brandy—not poisonous Berlin potato spirit, but spirit distilled from the juice of the grape—is added at the rate of five and one-half gallons to eleven gallons per pipe, if desired that the wine should retain its sweetness. Should, however, the wine be already dry, the chances are that it will receive no spirit at all. The bungs are left out of the tonels until November, when they are tightly replaced, and the wine remains undisturbed until the cold weather sets in, usually during the month of December. By this time the wine has cleared and become of a dark purple hue. It is now drawn off its lus and returned again to the tonel, where it receives about five gallons of brandy per pipe. In the following March it will be racked into pipes, preparatory to be sent down the Douro to the wine-shippers' lodges at Villa Nova de Gaia. A great quantity of the wine vintaged in the Upper Douro is shipped to Aporto in the

ensuing Spring from Pinhào, although many growers ship their wines at favorable points of the river, contiguous to their own quintas. The pipes are sent down from the adegas fastened with ropes on to bullock carts, the massive framework, and low solid iron-tired wheels of which are much the same pattern as in the days of the Romans. The powerful oxen have a difficult task of it in restraining the too rapid descent down the fearfully steep and rugged roads with the dead weight behind them always compelling them forward.

The yoke is fixed to the horns of the oxen, instead of to their necks, and is provided with a leather cushion—often set off with a long fringe—to prevent it from chaffing their foreheads. Were the yokes fixed in the usual manner to their necks, the chances are that the animals would be throttled while ascending or descending these steep mountain tracks. The wheels and axles of the cart revolve together, screeching loudly. The peasants say this unearthly sound, known as the "chilareda," frightens the wolves and would scare away the devil, which is not unlikely, if he has only a moderately sensitive ear. It certainly has one advantage; in the narrow mountain track you hear the cart coming a long way off, and are able to look out for a place where it is possible for it to pass without unhorsing you. When the bullock cart has arrived on the strand, the pipe is gently lowered on to the sand, and then rolled up a plank laid against the side of the high-prowed, flat-bottomed boat which is to receive it on board. If the incline is very steep ropes are had recourse to. These Douro wine boats are of various sizes, some of them carrying as few as ten and others as many as eighty pipes. The charge of carrying a pipe down to Aporto, is ten shillings exclusive of the cost of getting it to the boat and the landing of it at Villa Nova de Gaia. During the voyage the boat has to ascend numerous rapids, the approach to which is signalled by the steersman by the shouts of "Arezonde!" whereupon the oarsmen raise their oars out of the water and the steersman, standing upon the stern-posts and, looking ahead to avoid the sunken rocks, firmly grips the tiller, whereon depends the safety of the boat and its cargo. Suddenly the vessel is precipitated down the rapid, when, with a single jerk, the steersman swings its head round, while a couple of agile men at the prow sound the bottom of the river with their long poles. The Douro boatmen are very chatty and cheerful, and frequently converse among themselves in a song, the words of which they improvise as the occasion may require. They are very strict in the observ-

ance of their religious duties, and whenever a saint is passed, perched on the summit of the cliffs bordering the river, they bare their heads and repeat a short prayer. Before commencing a meal, too, they will stand up and uncover themselves, and devoutly say grace. Their hardest toil is in ascending the river with a cargo of empty pipes, as then the boat has to be turned against the powerful current. The unloading and reloading of the cargo, too, whenever the vessel gets aground or the numerous rapids have to be ascended, is both a tedious and laborious affair.

THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.—The Hotel Del Monte is the queen seaside resort of the West. It is the great objective point of the tourist, the Mecca of the traveler from other lands. It is no exaggeration to say that it is the most beautiful, the best managed and the most surprisingly economical hotel in the world. This sounds big, but it is a fact which will be confirmed by everyone who has tarried under its hospitable roof. To quote from a writer whose judgment in these matters is of large value and who has traveled much, "no seaside hotel upon the Atlantic Coast can approach its plan of exterior, while its interior design and finish display the same refined taste and lavish use of wealth. In a word, the proprietors of this beautiful retreat had no other aim than to supplement nature by art."

The architecture of the Del Monte is of modern gothic, and favors space—breathing room, nothing cramped or confined, but everything open, expansive and comfortable. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* speaks thus: "the three days we spent at the Hotel Del Monte, Monterey—a place it is hard to classify because of its exceeding loveliness—made the pleasantest memory we had of California. We have nothing at home that approaches the exquisite setting of this exquisite house. The Pacific all along this coast seems to wear constantly that dazzling sapphire blue which we see at home only at special times—the sky carries out the same superb color with a glow and depth of sunshine superadded, which is almost too brilliant for belief—a series of curving beaches of shining snowy white sand, covered here and there, even down to the water's edge, by a growth of the most picturesque trees of this continent."

It is needless to say that the grounds are all that the taste and skill of the best landscape gardener, procurable in the country, could make them. He has over fifty under gardeners to carry out his instructions. The sea-bathing at Monterey is exquisite; one may

take the choice between surf and smooth water, and for those who are too timid to face the outside, there are warm sea-water tanks under crystal roofs, graded to different temperatures for the guests of the Del Monte. This bathing establishment is the largest and best arranged on the Pacific Coast. A brief enumeration of its facilities will give one an idea of its extent. There are two hundred and ten dressing-rooms, one-half of which are set apart for ladies, each with a double apartment—one for dressing and the other for a shower-bath. The main building which contains the tanks of fresh steam-heated salt water, is well furnished with accommodations for those who wish to amuse themselves with the gambols, and admire the bathers.

The drives in the vicinity of the Del Monte are many and various. Monterey is the most historic town in California, and on every side are encountered objects teeming with strange reminiscences of the Spanish occupation. On the sea drive one passes the old fort from which the cannon of his most Christian Majesty once thundered. Further on is the spot where the good Father Junipero Serra landed over a century ago. Then comes the Mission founded by that pioneer Franciscan, overlooking Carmelo Bay; while the rocky headlands of Point Lobos, and the drooping forms of the Sierra of the Santa Lucia appear in the distant blue beyond. In the churchyard of this ancient place repose the remains of fifteen governors of this Province and State, and the dust of the apostle who founded it, also rests here—a fitting tomb—the scene of his labor in the cause of Christianity and civilization.

To describe the fascination of this locality would far exceed the capacity of this volume. It is the great attraction of the tourist and sightseer and anyone who journeys to the Pacific Coast from any quarter of the world in search of pleasure or health, or both, must make a sojourn at the Del Monte, and a period spent among its romantic and attractive surroundings, is one of the most important features of his tour.

Monterey has some well established claims to the possession of a dry and invigorating atmosphere. The temperature is even all the year round; of course the old city is not exempt from a touch of the spring and summer fogs usual to most coast districts, but there is nothing unhealthy about those visitations. They keep the foliage green, and when the sun comes forth everything is fresh and glowing as after a spring shower in the Eastern states. The winters are as delightful as the summer months. The air is clear and invigorating,

and there is no exaggeration in saying that one may bathe in the open sea all the year round without any inconvenience. A distinguished Eastern physician, who is familiar with all the pleasure resorts of the United States and the Old World has said "California has many health resorts deserving more than passing notice, but my present object is to call the attention of the profession to the signal attractions presented by Monterey as a winter resort for invalids who require equability of climate, and a pure invigorating atmosphere.

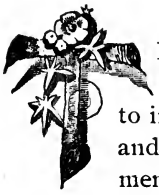
LOUIS SLOSS & CO.—One of the most important industries in connection with food supplies is salmon-canning. This has been carried on for a number of years on the Sacramento River in our State and on the Columbia River in Oregon, but within the last seven or eight years the business has spread so as to now include our Alaskan possessions, and indeed these latter have taken first place in the extent of yearly output. The firm of Louis Sloss & Co. of San Francisco, may be considered the pioneers of this industry in Alaska. It had been conducted on a small scale until they organized the Karluk Packing Company, whose Horseshoe Brand has always been known as the prize brand of Alaska canned salmon. The largest pack ever made in one year by any cannery was at this place, amounting to 101,000 cases, of which 80,000 cases were purchased by one house for the English market. Since the original company this firm has established five other similar enterprises, as follows: The Nushagak Canning Company (Moosehead Brand), at Nushagak; The Northern Packing Company (Anchor Brand), at Kenai; The Pacific Packing Company (National Brand) at Kodiak; The Royal Packing Company (Chieftain Brand), at Afognak; The Thin Point Packing Company (Coleman Flag Brand), at Thin Point; and at these canneries has produced fully one-third of the annual pack of Alaska salmon. The introduction of this product was attended with considerable difficulty at first, owing to the natural prejudices of trade against a new article. In color, the fish is of a deeper red than Columbia or Sacramento River fish, its meat is firmer, and since the public has appreciated its virtues as a cheap and wholesome food, its sale has increased wonderfully. As at first, England is our largest customer, but now the consumption in the United States has gradually grown until it has assumed proportions that argue well for the stability of the business in the future.

W. W. ERSKINE.—After a plenteous repast when the inner man is at peace with all the world and the cares of life become shadowy and indistinct, nothing is more keenly relished than a good cigar. Now comes the question, where is the best place to procure such a luxury? There are cigars and cigars, and the keenest judge is apt to be deceived by the appearance of the weed until he has got it between his teeth and inhaled its aroma. W. W. Erskine, on the southwest corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, has a class of customers who appreciate a good smoke, and who unhesitatingly apply to him for the gratification of that taste. Mr. Erskine is a direct importer from Havana, and handles the very finest qualities of those cigars. He has not alone the favorite brands of the past, but everything new in the line of fine cigars is found in his place.

The same may be said of his tobaccos and cigarettes. There is an abundance to choose from, and should the purchaser be in doubt, Mr. Erskine can give him a useful hint—the advice of a connoisseur in regard to his selection. The result is that he has the satisfaction of furnishing some of the very best cigar epicures in San Francisco with their smoking material. The "weed" is really inseparable from that comfort which pervades the material part of humanity when the cares of the day, soothed by wholesome refection, are cremated in a good cigar and vanish in smoke. Mr. Erskine furnishes just that sort of a comforter.

CHAPTER V.

EATING AND DRINKING IN EGYPT — HOW THE FOOD IS PREPARED — TABLE HABITS OF THE EARLY EGYPTIANS.



THE EGYPTIANS never committed the same excesses as the Romans under the Empires, but they gave way to intemperance and luxury after the Persian conquests, and the accession of the Ptolomies; so that writers who mention them at that period, describe the Egyptians as a profligate, and luxurious people, addicted to an immoderate love of the table, and to every excess in drinking. They even used excidants for this purpose, and *hors d' œuvres* were provided to stimulate the appetite; crude cabbage, provoking the desire for wine, and the continuation of excess. As is the custom in Egypt, and other hot countries, at the present day, they cooked the meat as soon as killed; with the same view of having it tender, which makes northern people keep it until decomposition is beginning; and this explains the order of Joseph to "slay and make ready" for his brethren to dine with him the same day at noon. As soon, therefore, as this had been done, and the joints were all ready, the kitchen represented an animated scene, and the cooks were busy in their different departments. One regulated the heat of the fire, raising it with a poker, or blowing it with bellows, worked by the feet; another superintended the cooking of the meat, skimming the water with a spoon, or stirring it with a large fork, while a third pounded salt, pepper, or other ingredients, in a large mortar, which were added from time to time during this process. Liquids of various kinds also stood ready for use, which were sometimes drawn off by means of siphons; and those things they wished to raise beyond the reach of rats or other intruders, were placed upon trays, and pulled up by ropes running through rings in the ceiling, answering the purposes of a safe. Other servants took charge of the pastry, which the bakers or confectioners had made for the dinner table, and this department, which may be considered as attached to the kitchen, appears even more varied than that of the cook. Some sifted and mixed the flour, others kneaded the paste

with their hands, and formed it into rolls, which were then prepared for baking and being placed on a long tray or board, were carried on a man's head to the oven. Sometimes they kneaded the paste with their feet, having placed it in a large wooden bowl on the ground; it was then in a more liquid state than when mixed by the hands, and was carried in vases to the pastry-cook, who formed it into a sort of a maccaroni upon a shallow metal pan over the fire. Two persons were engaged in this process; one stirring it with a wooden patula, and the other taking it off when cooked, with two pointed sticks, who arranged it in a proper place where the rest of the pastry was kept. This last was of various kinds, apparently made up with fruit, or other ingredients, with which the dough, spread out by the hand, was sometimes mixed, and it assumed the shape of a three-cornered cake, a recumbent ox, a leaf, a crocodile's head, a heart, or any other form according to the fancy of the confectioner. That dinner was served up at midday, may be inferred by the invitations given by Joseph to his brethren, but it is probable that, like the Romans, they also ate supper in the evening, as is still the custom in the East. The table was much the same as that of the present day in Egypt: a small stool, supporting a round tray on which the dishes are placed; but it is different from this by having its circular summit fixed on a pillar, a leg which was often in the form of a man, generally a captive, who supported the slab upon his head, the whole being of stone or some hard wood. On this the dishes were placed, together with loaves of bread, some of which were not unlike those of the present day in Egypt, flat and round as our crumpets. Others had the form of rolls or cakes, sprinkled with seeds. It was not generally covered with any linen; but like the Greek table, was washed with a sponge, or napkin after the dishes were removed, and polished by the servants, when the company had retired; though an instance sometimes occurs of a napkin spread on it, at least on those who bore offerings in honor of the dead. One or two guests generally sat at a table, though, from the mentions of persons, seated in rows according to rank, it has been supposed the tables were occasionally of a long shape, as may have been the case when the brethren of Joseph "sat before him, the first one according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth," Joseph eating alone at another table, where "they set on for him by himself." But even if round, they might still sit according to rank, one place being always the post of honor, even at the present day, at the round table of Egypt. The tables, as at a Roman

repast, were occasionally brought in and removed, with the dishes on them; sometimes each joint was served up separately, and the fruit, deposited in a plate or trencher, succeeded the meat at the close of dinner; but in less fashionable circles, particularly of the olden time, fruit was brought in baskets, which stood beside the table. The dishes consisted of fish, meat, boiled, roasted and dressed in various ways; game, poultry, and a profusion of vegetables and fruit, particularly, figs and grapes, during the season, and a soup, or a pottage of lentils, "as with modern Egyptians," was not an unusual dish. Of figs and grapes they were particularly fond, which is shown by their constant introduction among the choice offerings presented to the gods; and figs of the sycamore must have been highly esteemed, since they were selected as the heavenly fruit, given by the goddess Nepte to those who were judged worthy of admission to the regions of eternal happiness. Fresh dates during the season and dried at other periods of the year, were also brought to table, as well as a preserve of the fruit, made into a cake of the same form as the tamarinds now brought from the interior of Africa and sold in the Cairo market. The guests sat on the ground, or on stools and chairs, and having neither knives nor forks, nor any substitute for them answering to the chop-sticks of the Chinese, they ate with their fingers, like the modern Asiatics, and invariably with the right hand; spoons were introduced when required for soup, or other liquids; and perhaps even a knife was employed on some occasions, to facilitate the carving of a large joint, which is sometimes done in the East at the present day.

THE INGLENOOK VINEYARD.—The wines of California have had in Captain Gustave Niebaum of the celebrated Inglenook Vineyard, a consistent, intelligent and enthusiastic friend. He has made a close study of the best methods of producing the best wines and the rules he has adopted are an epitome of the art of the viticulturist. Captain Niebaum says, "To produce the finest wines to equal and excel the most famous vintages of Europe, it is necessary to have the right kind of vines grown on suitable soils, well manured: the most perfect cleanliness in handling, constant care and proper age. No art or trick of machinery can make up for the absence of any of these things." These certainly are golden rules for the viticulturists and to their strict observance is due the reputation these wines have obtained, and the credit they have conferred upon the State as a native production. Mr. F. A. Haber, 122 Sansome St., is the sole representative for the Inglenook wines, and in 1884, being then a mem-

ber of the firm of Alfred Greenebaum & Co., and recognized as a connoisseur of marked ability, reported after an exhaustive examination of Captain Niebaum's wines upon their quality. Mr. Haber's suggestions as to blends were followed out ; and then fifty cases of these wines were distributed throughout the world to experts. An almost unanimous response was received that the wines were good and a surprise expressed that California could produce such admirable qualities.

When Mr. Haber visited New York with the object of introducing the Inglenook wines to the connoisseurs of the East, his claims to possessing an article that might eventually rival the productions of the Old World vineyards, were received with incredualty. But when the leading members of the foremost importing houses tasted the Inglenook wines, they were profuse in their congratulations and assured Mr. Haber that they did not believe that California wines could attain such excellence. The demand then became immediate and the Inglenook wines found a welcome in every large city in the Union. To a very cleverly written brochure of the Inglenook vineyard the following extract is due.

"Situated a few miles from the entrance to the middle section of Napa Valley, Inglenook is a spot of indescribable loveliness in the midst of charming surroundings. Those who only know our California scenery by a dash over the Sierras and a ride through the dusty plains of the San Joaquin, can have no conception of the beauties of this magnificent estate. Behind the tree-bowered nook from which the place takes its name, rises a chain of mountains. A tall cascade leaps down their side, and goes to swell the stream that ripples through the floor of the valley. To the north Mount St. Helena, a few miles away, rears its head 4,000 feet above the sea, like a gallant sentinel overlooking an earthly paradise. East are ranges of low hills covered with verdure and adorned with evergreen tree and shrubs of all kinds from the stalwart oak to the gleaming madrono, adding variety and charm to the landscape. South the valley gradually narrows and then broadens out again into wide ranges of vineyards and orchards and vast lordly redwood trees mingle with the oak, laurel and pine in decking the sides of some of the grandest and loveliest cañons that ever delighted a lover of magnificent scenery. The Inglenook Vineyard is situated at Rutherford, Napa County, just three hours' run from San Francisco, and visitors are always courteously received and entertained. Mr. F. A. Haber's office and depot is at 122 Sansome street, but he has agents in all the prominent cities of the United States, also in London, England.

CHAPTER VI

THE CUISINE OF OTHER LANDS—THE BONNE-BOUCHE OF THE AFRICAN EPICURE—HOW DELICACIES ARE COOKED AND SERVED IN THOSE COUNTRIES—WHAT THE JAPANESE AND CHINESE CONSIDER THEIR CHOICE PLATS—KANAKA FEASTS.

AS A RULE in Africa there is only one principal meal. It mostly consists of parrot soup, roasted or stewed monkeys, alligator eggs (also well liked by Caucasians), and birds of every description. They also have moambo or palm-chops and fish. A great delicacy, so considered by Caucasians and natives alike, is elephant's trunk and feet. They have somewhat the taste of veal, and a very delicious flavor. To prepare them they dig a hole, about five feet deep, in the sand and build in it a large fire. After the sand is thoroughly heated, the fire is removed, leaving only the ashes in the hole. They place the trunk and feet in this hole covering them with leaves, and afterwards hot sand; they remain there about two hours when they are considered done. All carcasses of animals which are to be cooked, are placed on a block of wood, and pounded until every bone is broken, care being taken not to tear or bruise the skin. They are then broiled or roasted on an open wood fire, in hot sand or ashes, without removing the hide or feathers. The cooking is of a very inferior grade, the only spices used being salt and pepper. The kitchen utensils consist of common earthen or wooden ware. Very little time is spent in decorating the table. Knives, forks, napkins, etc., etc., are dispensed with. All victuals are served in large wooden vessels. After the members of the chief's household and guests have assembled, each person is supplied with a wooden spoon, and selects whatever he chooses out of the different vessels, using his hands in eating it. In the line of vegetables they have also several dishes well liked by Caucasians. N'gutti-N'suigo is a dish eaten all over Africa. It consists of egg-plant, small fish, somewhat like our sardines (N'suigo), and the roots of the cassava or manioca plant (called N'gutti), which have a knotty appearance, and often weigh as much as twenty pounds. As the latter contains poison, they soak the manioca in water for three or four days to

extract the poisonous substance. They are cut and sliced, adding small tomatoes. All is placed in a vessel with water, and seasoned with pepper and salt and boiled. Moambo, or, as the Caucasians call it, palm-chops, is also a favorite dish. The palm-nuts are first boiled in water, until the pulpy substance loosens from the pit; then the shell, which contains a very delicious oil, is placed in a wooden mortar and crushed so as to obtain the oil. Then whatever the meal consists of, meat, fish, mussels, etc., is put in a vessel, adding the oil and the pulpy part of the palm-nut, also red pepper and salt, and is boiled. Roast or boiled squash (Loenge) is generally eaten with it. Sweet potatoes (M'balla Burga) farinaceous, and sweeter than ours, but do not taste so good. They are boiled or roasted in the same way we do here. Bananas (Bitaebe) weigh about a half pound each and are fifteen inches long. When ripe they are cut in slices adding much salt and pepper and boiled. N'smsi is a little red bean, which is boiled in water without salt or pepper. Peanut bread (Chisulu): the peanuts are first roasted, then crushed. This mass is then rolled and put into the skin of a banana, adding a little pressure, forming it into a body. It readily retains this shape from the presence of the oily substance in the peanut.

As to the Chinese at their formal dinners or feasts, no menus are used. The bill of fare consists of an interminable list of dishes. The tables are laid with such dishes as shark-fins, bêche-de-mer fish, fish soup, chicken soup, duck soup, rice, rice, rice, and tea, tea, tea, and tea; not forgetting the edible birds' nests, candies and cakes. One's appetite is almost taken away on entering a Chinese house at which a banquet is to be given, the effect of burning incense and other vile herbs. The Chinese can be extremely polite. Champagne is a favorite drink among the Chinese officials at the Treaty Ports, and is always brought out when they have a foreign guest.

A most delicious sauce which the Japanese call "Thoyw," which is the basis of Worcestershire Sauce, is also used to give spice to the food. Throughout the repast the guests are served from time to time with "Saki," a pale liquor made from rice, and which tastes very much like sherry. It is served hot and is a most insinuating tipple. In a large party you are expected to exchange cups and drink with every one present. The result is that, in nine cases out of ten, you leave the house "just a wee bit fu'," as they say in Scotland. Like the Chinese, no forks, knives or napkins are used—"chop-sticks" only. To smack your lips or belch during the feast is,

strange to say of such a supremely polite people, not considered bad form. In Corea Chinese fashions are very closely followed. Greasy messes and appetite-destroying smells are their most characteristic features. The food is always conveyed to the mouth by the aid of "chop-sticks," and during the progress of a meal the mind becomes catered to by an animated conversation.

Among the Kanakas, the food eaten for breakfast, lunch and dinner, is about the same, and consists chiefly of the native dish called "Poi," which is eaten whenever they (the Kanakas) are hungry. "Poi" is made from a root called "Taro," and in shape and size resembles a raw beet. It has a dark skin, and the vegetable itself has a variety of colors—pink, gray, purple and white. The "Taro" is cooked in the ground after the manner of a "New England clam-bake"; after obtaining the softness of a cooked potato it is peeled and beaten with a large stone or iron made for that purpose into a pulp. It is then mixed with water until it forms the thickness of a paste (and which makes a very good paste as it is often used to stick bills, etc., when a theatrical company arrives), and after standing a few days, to allow it to ferment, it is ready to be eaten. The "Poi" is always eaten out of a "Calabash" (a large gourd about the size of a pumpkin), the natives *always* eating with their fingers, this being done by sticking the two fore-fingers into the "Calabash," giving it one or two twists and dexterously turning it around in front of their faces until it looks like a ball of "taffy on a stick" (no pun intended). "Taro" is sometimes cooked and eaten like potatoes and is considered very wholesome food. The next important dish is "*Raw Fish*," which are caught along the coast and eagerly eaten by the natives. Fish is also cooked in the ground and is served on large leaves about the size of palm leaves, called "Ti" leaves. Raw meat, raw liver and fragrant seaweed form delicate side dishes. Coffee, within the last few years, has to a great extent been drank as a beverage, but not so much as the Hawaiian tea, which tastes and smells like medicine. Vegetables are also eaten, but sparingly, comprising sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, cabbages, etc. Fruit, the product of the islands, is very much eaten and relished, such as guavas, mangoes, mountain apples, bananas, oranges, etc. The Hawaiians, when eating, always sit on mats. All eat out of the same calabash. After eating, it is the custom to pass the pipe of friendship, which is a small pipe made from shark's teeth.

CHAPTER VII

THE DISCOVERY OF CHAMPAGNE—AN OLD TRADITION OF REIMS—THE GOOD DOM PERIGNON—WHAT WE OWE THAT WORTHY MONK

IN THE YEAR 1860, among the sunny vineyard slopes rising from the poplar-fringed Marne, there stood in all its pride the famous royal abbey of St. Peter at Hautvillers. Its foundation, of remote antiquity, was hallowed by saintly legend. Tradition said that about the middle of the seventh century, St. Nivard, bishop of Reims, and his godson, St. Bercher, were seeking a suitable spot for the erection of a monastery on the banks of the river. The way was long, the day was warm, and the saints but mortal. Weary and faint, they sat down to rest at a spot identified by tradition with a vineyard at Dizy, to-day belonging to Messrs. Bollinger, but at that time forming part of the forest of the Marne. St. Nivard fell asleep with his head on St. Bercher's lap, when the one in a dream, and the other with waking eyes, saw a snow-white dove—the same, firm believers in miracles suggested, which had brought down the holy oil for the annointment of Clovis at his coronation at Reims—flutter through the wood and finally alight afar off on the stump of a tree. Such an omen could no more be neglected by a seventh-century saint than a slate full of scribbles by a nineteenth-century spiritualist, and accordingly the site thus miraculously indicated was forthwith decided upon. Plans for the edifice were duly drawn out and approved of, and the abbey rose in stately majesty, the high altar at which St. Bercher was solemnly invested with symbols of abbatial dignity being erected upon the precise spot occupied by the tree on which the snow-white dove had alighted. As time rolled on and pious donations poured in, the abbey waxed in importance, altogether it was sacked by the Normans when they ravaged the Champagne, and was twice destroyed by fire—once in 1098, and again in 1440—when each time it rose phœnix-like from its ashes. In 1670 the abbey was in all its glory. True, it had been somewhat damaged a century previous by the Huguenots, who had fired the church, driven out the monks, sacked the wine cellars, burnt the archives, and committed sundry other depredations, inherent to civil and religious warfare; but the liberal contributions of the faithful, including Queen Maria de Medicis,

had helped to efface all traces of their visit. The abbey boasted many precious relics rescued from the Reformer's fury, the most important being the body of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, which had been in its possession ever since 844, and attracted numerous pilgrims. The hierarchical status of the abbey was high; for no less than nine archbishops had passed forth through its stately portals to the see of Reims, and twenty-two abbots, including the venerable Peter of Cluny, to various distinguished monasteries. Its territorial possessions were extensive; for its abbot was lord of Hautvillers, Comieres, Cormoyean, Bomery and Dizy la Riviere, and had all manner of rights of *fourmage*, and *huehage*, *vinage* and *pressoir banal*, and the like, to the benefit of the monks, and the misfortune of their numerous dependents. Its revenues were ample, and no small portion was derived from the tithes of fair and fertile vine lands extending for miles around, and from the vineyards that the monks themselves cultivated in the immediate neighborhood of the abbey. It should be remembered that for a lengthy period—not only in France, but in other countries—the choicest wines were those produced in vineyards belonging to the church, and that the *vinum theologium* was justly held superior to all others. The rich chapters and monasteries were more studious of the qualities than of the quantity of their vintages; their land was tilled with particular care, and the learning, of which in the Middle Ages they were almost the sole depositaries, combined with opportunities of observation enjoyed by the members of these fraternities by reason of their retired pursuits, made them acquainted at a very early period with a method of controlling the fermentation of the grape and ameliorating its produce. To the monks of Bige we owe Chambertin, the favorite wine of the first Napoleon; to the Cistercians, Citualx the perfection of that Clos Vougeot, which passing regiments saluted *tambour battant;* and the Benedictines of Hautvillers were equally regardful of the renown of their wines and vineyards. In 1636 they cultivated one hundred arpints themselves, their possessions including the vineyards now known as Les Quartiers and Les Prieres at Hautvillers, and Les Barillits, Sainte Hèline and Cotes-à-bras at Comièries, the last named of which still retains a high reputation.

Over these vineyards there presided in 1670 a worthy Benedictine named Dom Perignon, who was destined to gain for the abbey a more world-wide fame than the devoutest of its monks or the proudest of its abbots. His position was an onerous one, for

the reputation of the wine was considerable, and it was necessary to maintain it. Henry of Andelys has sung its praises as early as the thirteenth century, and St. Evremond, though absent from France for nearly half a score years, wrote of it in terms proving that he had preserved a lively recollection of its merits. Dom Perignon was born at Sainte Ménehould in 1638, and had been elected to the post of procurer of the abbey about 1668 on account of the purity of his taste and the soundness of his head. He proved himself fully equal to the momentous task, devotion to which did not seem to have shortened his days, since he died at the ripe old age of seventy-seven. It was Dom Perignon's duty to superintend the abbey vineyards, supervise the making of the wine, and see after the tithes, paid either in wine or grapes by the neighboring cultivators to their seignorial lord of the abbey. The wine which thus came into his charge was naturally of various qualities; and having noted that one kind of soil imparted fragrance and another generosity, while the produce of others was deficient in both of these attributes, Dom Perignon, in the spirit of a true Benedictine, hit upon the happy idea of "marrying," or blending, the produce of different vineyards together, a practice which is to-day very generally followed by the manufacturers of Champagne. Such was the perfection of Dom Perignon's skill and the delicacy of his palate, that in his later years, when blind from age, he used to have the grapes of the different districts brought to him, and recognizing each kind by its flavor would say, "You must marry the wine of this vineyard with that of such another." But the crowning of the Benedictine's long and useful life remains to be told. He succeeded in obtaining for the first time in the Champagne, a perfectly white wine from black grapes, that hitherto made having been gray, or of a straw color. Moreover, by some happy accident, or by a series of experimental researches—for the exact facts of the discovery are lost forever—he hit upon a method of regulating the tendency of the wines of this region to effervesce, and, by paying regard to the epoch of bottling, finally succeeded in producing a perfectly sparkling wine, that burst forth from the bottle and overflowed the glass and was twice as dainty to the palate, and twice as exhilarating in its effects, as the ordinary wine of the Champagne. A correlative result of his investigations was the present system of corking bottles, a wisp or two dipped in oil being the sole stopper in use prior to his time. To him, too, we owe not only sparkling Champagne itself, but the proper kind of a glass to drink it out of. The tall, thin, tapering *flute* was adopted,

if not invented by him, in order, as he said, that he might watch the dance of the sparkling atoms. The exact date of Dom Perignon's discovery of sparkling wines seems to be wrapped in much the same obscurity as are the various attendant circumstances. It was certainly prior to the close of the seventeenth century, as the author of an anonymous treatise, printed at Reims in 1718, remarked that for more than twenty years past the taste of the French had inclined toward sparkling wines, which they "frantically adored," though during the last three years they had grown a little out of conceit with them. This would place it at 1697 at the latest. To Dom Perignon the well-stocked cellar was a far cheerfuller place than the cell. Nothing delighted him more than

> To come down among his brotherhood
> Dwelling forever underground,
> Silent, contemplative, round and sound;
> Each one old and brown with mould,
> But filled to the lips with the ardour of youth,
> With the latent power and love of truth,
> And with virtues fervent and manifold.

Ever busy among his vats and presses, barrels and bottles, Perignon found out a method of clearing wine, so as to preserve it limpid and free from all deposit, without being obliged, like all who sought to rival him in its production, to *dèpoter* the bottles—that is, to decant their contents into fresh ones. This secret, which helped to maintain the high reputation of the wine of Hautvillers when the manufacture of sparkling Champagne had extended throughout the district, he guarded even better than he was able to guard the apple of his eye. At his death in 1715, he revealed it only to his successor, Frère Philippe, who, after holding sway over vat and vineyard for fifty years, died in 1765, imparting it with his last breath to Frère André Lemaire. Revoked perforce from his functions by the French Revolution, he, in turn, before his death about 1795, communicated it to Dom Grossart, who exults over the fact, that whilst the greatest Champagne merchants were obliged to *dépoter*, the monks of Hautvillers had never done so. Dom Grossart, who had counted the Moëts amongst his customers, died in his turn without making any sign, so that the secret of Perignon perished with him. Prior to that event, however, the present system of *dégorgeage* was discovered, and eventually *dépotage* was no longer practiced. The material result of Dom Perignon's were such that one of the presses of the abbey bore this inscription: "M. de Four-

ville, abbot of this abbey, had me constructed in the year 1694, and that same year sold his wine at a thousand livers the quene." Their mortal effect was so complete that his name became identified with the wine of the abbey. People asked for the wine of Perignon, till they forgot that he was a man and not a vineyard, and within a year of his death his name figures among a list of the wine producing slopes of the Champagne. His reputation has outlasted the walls within which he carried on his labors, and his merits are recorded in conventual Latin of the period on a black marble slab still to be seen within the altar steps of the abbey church of Hautvillers.

A. P. HOTALING & CO.—When A. P. Hotaling & Co. accepted the Pacific coast agency of the J. H. Cutter whiskey, it was almost unknown in this part of the Union. The first agent, Mr. George Park, formerly of the Bank Exchange, had not exerted himself to bring the whiskey into notice; but now, from the few barrels sold while he had charge of the fortunes of the J. H. Cutter brand, an enormous trade has built up. The house of A. P. Hotaling & Co., who were instrumental in this result, now import and sell from 1,500 to 2,000 barrels a year, and the demand is constantly growing. The genuine Cutter Bourbon is known and appreciated in every city, town, and village, from Alaska to the borders of Sonora, and from Salt Lake to the Pacific seaboard. The foundation of Mr. Hotaling's present ample wealth, was laid in the old one-story wooden building at the northeast corner of Sansome and Jackson streets, erected by Charles Schultz, the husband of Madame Anna Bishop, early in the fifties. Mr. Hotaling occupied these premises about eight years, and his fondness for the earlier and pleasant associations connected with the place is proven by the fact that a handsome oil-painting of the unpretending store now adorns the walls of his private office. It was in this one-story wooden structure that Hotaling established that character for honesty in dealing, and persistency of purpose, which has gained him so valuable a reputation, not only in this city, but all over the Pacific coast—a reputation which, to a business man, is as good as refined gold or Golconda's diamonds. We think history and the statistics of history will show that American whiskey has had, relatively, a humanizing influence on the race. We do not think the people are as cruel, nowadays, as when the more fiery stimulants of rum and brandy were the general drinks. We really think a man becomes more amiable under the

effect of pure Kentucky corn juice than he does under the influence of the extract of Jamaica cane ; and, therefore, conclude that, for a spirit stimulant, whiskey is the best that can be taken, always keeping in view, of course, the essential condition of its absolute purity. Physicians, however, are culpably careless sometimes, in ordering whiskey, when they have patients requiring alcoholic stimulants. They should bear in mind that there is whiskey *and* whiskey ; and inasmuch as "all is not gold that glitters," so all is not the "pure Kentucky wine" that is labeled such on the bottle. The patient will receive more injury than benefit from the noxious compounds that are offered for sale under the guise of Kentucky whiskey ; compounds that injure a well man and are sure to make short work of the sick. Be careful, therefore, gentlemen, to get Mooman's J. H. Cutter Old Bourbon, at the agency on Jackson street, in San Francisco, and then you may rest satisfied that your patients are deriving all the benefit possible from this stimulant, and that no poison is being introduced into the channels of their file, to co-operate with disease already there against your curative efforts.

THE BUREAU.—A cosy resort for a little liquid refreshment, or a fragrant cigar, is the Bureau, 112 Halleck street, Samuel L. Pereira, proprietor. It is safe to say that here is found nothing but the best, for Mr. Pereira is himself a wine and liquor critic of much taste and experience. The Bureau at the noon hour is the resort of merchants, lawyers, accountants, stock-brokers, etc., who, from their busy hives in that neighborhood, flock to partake of the excellent lunch which its proprietor provides for his patrons. The chef who prepares those palatable dishes, is a Frenchman, who understands the great art of cooking to a nicety. The variety of each day's menu is not the least attractive feature of this pleasant place of refreshment. The savory stews, tender roasts, cool salads, and well prepared vegetables are washed down with the very choicest brands the market affords. Mr. Pereira handles his liquids with care, and his cellar is always kept so plentifully furnished that the charm of age is found in all he offers those who frequent this very comfortable oasis in the desert of commercial affairs that surround it. It is the perfection of neatness, and a vase of fresh roses is considered one of the daily adjuncts of its ornaments. Few places have such a steady current of customers. The same people frequent it year after year, which is in itself a good proof of the standard it has attained.

JOHN C. FITSCHEN.—Mr. John C. Fitschen entertains in his saloon at 305½ California street, a very industrious, and very energetic class of the community. His very cosy retreat is the accepted headquarters of the members of the Produce Exchange, as well as a number of those gentlemen who do business in his vicinity. He is most conscientious in keeping nothing but the highest grade of wines and liquors, and is, withal, of so genial and obliging a disposition that his patrons who frequent his place, attracted by its good repute, are also his friends. There are few saloons, if any, east of Montgomery street, which do such an excellent business, and which retain so large a number ot clients. San Francisco people are critical about their drinks, and will adhere to those who furnish them with the best, and never offer them adulterated or inferior liquors. Among Mr. Fitschen's specialties, if indeed one can point to anything in particular when all are of the highest grade, may be mentioned a sherry, a dry, pale wine, and no better is served at any bar in the city. Its flavor is delicious, and sherry-lovers will walk half a dozen blocks to regale themselves with a glass of this admirable wine.

The mid-day lunch is a very profuse repast, and is served in an inner room where tables are comfortably set out for the enjoyment of the guests. The main table is never without an abundant supply of choice and appetizing morsels, delicious cheeses, fresh and canned fish, caviar, and other delicacies enjoyed by those who like a morsel to heighten the flavor of Mr. Fitschen's good wines and liquors.

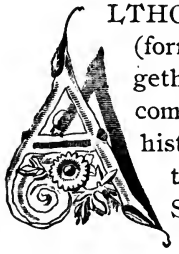
"THE BUCKINGHAM."—"The Buckingham," 141 Montgomery street, Mr. M. Balfe, proprietor, enjoys the reputation of being one of the best-kept saloons in this wide city, where kindred places of refreshment are so numerous. Mr. Balfe has had a long experience in the liquor business, and has catered to the most refined palates of the leading epicures of San Francisco. Therefore it was but natural that "The Buckingham" should have become a success from the day its doors were first thrown open to the public, to the present day. The interior fittings of this handsome resort are particularly tasteful and elegant, and the crystal of the finest, an important part of the furnishings of a first-class saloon. Mr. Balfe is a direct importer of old Bourbon whisky per case, and also receives his Hand-made, Sour Mash Horsey Rye direct from the distillery. These very choice whiskies are highly appreciated, and are served, it is needless to say, in their original purity. The wines and brandies of "The Buckingham" have been selected with no less care and discrimination, and

bear the labels of the most celebrated manufacturers on both sides of the water—the French clarets from the famous vineyards of the old world, and the native wines from those growers whose products have been adjudged the best.

At noon a very substantial and well-cooked lunch is served, so complete and good indeed that it would not be amiss to call it a very satisfying mid-day dinner. The kitchen is on the premises, and this important part of the business receives the personal supervision of Mr. Balfe. The bar-keepers are expert in compounding those mixed drinks for which California is renowned, and are at all times prompt and courteous in receiving the wishes and meeting the requirements of Mr. Balfe's customers.

CHAPTER VIII

OLD ENGLISH INNS — A SPECIMEN OF HOSTELRY DESCRIBED — ONE OF THE LAND-MARKS OF LONDON.



LTHOUGH THE ORIGIN of the Old Cheshire Cheese (formerly spelt "Ye Old Cheshire Chease"), is not altogether involved in obscurity, there is a decided want of complete, or semi-complete, details as to its very early history. I cannot trace, for example—although I have turned up not a few volumes—among old records that Shakespeare was actually one of the numerous frequenters of The Cheese; but, morally, I have no doubt whatever that he was an almost daily customer. It was one of the few well-frequented—then, in fact, fashionable—places of rendezvous and entertainment which the great poet was almost bound to pass—or enter, which is the more likely idea,—day by day, as he wended his way to, or returned from, the Blackfriars' Theatre, in Play House Yard, Ludgate Hill, and of which he was for a considerable time sole manager. At that time the play began at one o'clock of the day, and terminated about five. The latter hour was the period of the evening at which the wits of the time were wont to congregate in the famous Fleet Street haunts. But if it be not quite certain that Shakespeare frequented the Old Cheshire Cheese, it is undoubted that one very famous man did, namely, Francois Marie Arouet Voltaire; while often enough were present Bolingbroke, Pope, and Congreve. I find that the expressions, "He's not the cheese," was in former days applied to one who could not, from his presumed want of character or position, take part in the conversation of, or even be permitted to mix among, those celebrities who were in the habit of frequenting the Old Cheshire Cheese. Thus it may be fairly concluded that the "divine William," the more gifted of the many gifted men who in his day certainly patronized the now celebrated Tavern, was one of its supporters. Was it not written, some say even before Shakespeare's time?

> "Come to the Cheese, good friend, come to the Cheese;
> There I'll arrange that thou shalt quickly find
> The creature comforts that thou need'st so much.
> Thy body 's famished—first, for want of sack;
> And next, for lack of something good to eat.
> Haste to The Cheese, good friend, haste to the Cheese."

Later on that evening, when men and matters had got rather mellow, the then comforted friend thus addressed his benefactor—(he sat in the right-hand corner of the room situated to the left as the visitor enters from Wine Office Court)—

> Heaven bless 'The Cheese,' and all its goodly fare—
> I would to Jove I could go daily there;
> Then fill a bumper up, my good friend, please.
> May fortune ever bless the Cheshire Cheese!

The foregoing extracts are from an Old Play, in MS., once in the possession of Sir Richard Floyd, and now in a well-known library at Edinburgh. The writer is unknown, but he is believed to have been chairman of a coterie that met almost nightly at the Cheese, when Jonson—rare Ben Jonson—was one of the jolly frequenters. The reader may remember it was in the Old Cheshire Cheese that the dispute arose about who would most quickly make the best couplet:—

> "I, Sylvester,
> Kiss'd your sister."

When the retort was—

> "I, Ben Jonson,
> Kiss'd your wife."

"But that's not rhyme," said Sylvester. "No," said Jonson; "but it's true." And thus they passed the merry nights, "nor thought of care or woe," although there was plenty of both very much about at the time. Just about as much as there is now. It is unfortunate, indeed, that men of many letters are generally men of little money.

It was in the Old Cheshire Cheese that Isaac Bickerstaff made the epigram—

> "When late I attempted your pity to move,
> What made you so deaf to my prayers?
> Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
> But—why did you kick me down stairs?"

It was in the same good old house that the following was transcribed from the Greek—

> "Damon, who plied the Undertaker's trade,
> With Doctor Critias an arrangement made,
> What grave-clothes Damon from the dead should seize,
> He to the Doctor sent for bandages;
> While the good Doctor, here no promise-breaker,
> Sent all his patients to the Undertaker."

And this gave tremendous offense to a decent Fleet Street undertaker, who swore he would never enter the house again, but who was back again the very next day. It was in the same Old Cheshire Cheese that the perhaps too pointed epigram was written—

"Pravus, that aged debauchee,
Proclaimed a vow his sins to quit;
But is he yet from any free,
Except what now he *can't* commit?"

In fact, the Cheese was famous for epigrammatists. Ah, who would not give a year of his life to sit and listen to the wit and humor of the ancient frequenters of the Old Cheshire Cheese! But the smart things said in the same house, even in the present time of universal genius, are not to be despised. Who would not give a finger off his hand to get a look at the face of the old glutton and scandalmonger to whom, in the Cheese, the following lines were solemnly presented—

"You say your teeth are dropping out—
A serious cause of sorrow,
Not likely to be cured, I doubt,
To-day, or yet to-morrow.

But good may come of this distress,
While under it you labor,
If, losing teeth, you guzzle less,
And don't backbite your neighbour."

That in latter days, although even the period is now termed "old times," Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, Thomas Chatterton—

"The wondrous boy,
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride,"

and other great men were in the habit of frequenting the Old Cheshire Cheese, there can be no manner of doubt. Full well those great men knew what they were about in choosing their place of rendezvous, for I find a *brochure* entitled "Round London" (1725), that the house is described as "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese Tavern, near Ye Flete prison, an eating-house for goodly fare." In the time of Charles the Second, chop and coffee houses were great political clubs, where men discussed severely the conduct of his Majesty. Harris, in his life of Charles II., volume 2, page 278, says:

1675. It appears that the king afforded the citizens abundant matter for animadversion, and that they indulged themselves in this way so much to his dissatisfaction, and that of his *cabal* ministry, that a proclamation was issued, December 22, for shutting up and suppressing all coffee houses.

"'Because in such houses, and by occasion of the meeting of disaffected persons in them, divers false, malicious, and scandalous reports were devised and spread abroad, to the defamation of his Majesty's government, and to the disturbance of the quiet and peace of the realm.'"

The increase in the number of taverns and wine vaults in the year 1552, engaged the attention of Parliament; and it was enacted that the number of retailers of wine in London should not exceed forty; nor those of Westminster exceed three (Stat. 7, Edw. VI. c. 5). As remarked elsewhere, Wine Office Court, where the Cheshire Cheese is situated, took its name from the fact that wine licenses were granted in a building close by.

PERUVIAN BITTERS. — From the days of the Incas, when Pizarro conquered that gallant people to the present, Peru has been subjected to much turbulence. In its war with Chili, the lower orders broke out and made things mighty disagreeable in that land of poetry and romance. And none of its stories are more attractive than that tale of the old days, when in 1630 Count Cinchon was the vice-regal representative in Peru of the Spanish Monarch Philip IV. Count Cinchon was the descendant of one of the noblest, proudest, richest and most powerful families in Spain. The young Count sought for and obtained this position, not because of the dignity, nor yet of the emoluments which it brought with it, but because of certain political complications which he desired to avoid by a residence abroad. He was accompanied by his wife, the beautiful and accomplished Countess Cinchon. Among all the daughters of sunny Spain she was the loveliest, and the Count worshipped her, and the aim of his life was to make her happy. But to the consternation of the Count, on his way via Panama from Madrid to the seat of the Peruvian government at Lima, the lady had the misfortune to contract an intermittent fever. The Count was distracted. All the available medical skill of the country was employed, but in vain. Day after day the beautiful Countess grew weaker, and her death appeared indeed inevitable. At this critical period the monks of the Mission were called in, for their knowledge of the herbs of the country was well known, and by the dying bed of the Countess one of the oldest and wisest advised the use of Peruvian bark, or, as it was then called in the language of the country, Quinquinia, the medicinal virtues of which they had learned from the Indians. Its effect upon the Countess was immediate. She rallied from the deadly languor which

had so long possessed her, her appetite and her strength were restored, and in a few weeks she became completely convalescent. The Count could not do too much for the good monks whose knowledge and wisdom had so happily preserved the life of his beautiful wife. He made the most munificent presents to the monastery, and was enthusiastic in his praises of the wonderful remedy which had made so signal a conquest of that deadly malaria. The Count Cinchon and his wife returned to Spain in 1632, and introduced the remedy there where it passed under various names until a celebrated scientist designated it Cinchona, in honor of the lady who had brought it to the knowledge of the civilized world. Cinchona now proves the basis upon which Peruvian Bitters are manufactured, and its remedial qualities have ever since been held in the highest esteem. The late Harry Meiggs was one of the most firm believers in the efficacy of Cinchona, which undoubtedly was known to the inhabitants of Peru long before the Spanish conquest, to those who wish to preserve the inner man in all its integrity it is simply invaluable. It stimulates the languid appetite, and expels from the blood every trace of malaria. It is a most agreeable beverage, and only the best and purest materials are used in its manufacture. Wilmerding & Co., 214 and 216 Front street, are the proprietors of Peruvian Bitters, and the reputation of this old firm is the best guarantee of the purity of this popular and healthful concoction.

"GARCIA'S."—A pioneer among pioneers in the wine and liquor business is Francisco Garcia, who for years conducted in the northern portion of Montgomery Street one of the leading saloons and restaurants in the city. Everybody then knew "Frank's" as it was familiarly called. It was considered the proper courtesy to extend to a stranger to conduct him to "Frank's," and have Mr. Garcia build for him one of those great imperial punches which won him his spurs, so to speak, in this line. It was the resort of the epicures, because some of the very rarest and best liquors and wines had their abiding place in Frank's cellar. The lunch table was profusely set out with all the dainties of the season, and the cooking was beyond reproach.

But as time rolled on, and lawyers, doctors and business men drifted farther up town, Mr. Garcia wisely concluded to move with the current, and established himself at 133 Montgomery Street, opposite the Occidental Hotel. It was not long before the old habitues again flocked around him, and rejoiced in the accessibility

of the new quarters. They confidently believed that the same menages and the same system which had won Garcia his reputation in the old establishment would obtain in the new, and they were not disappointed.

Mr. Garcia always had a nice taste for appetizing odds and ends—knick-knacks in bottles and cans, such as delicious sardines, pates, and the like, and the highly appreciative of those delicacies were pleased to find that the supply was undiminished and always equal to the demand. Fine old brandies and whiskies continue to be served as in the original place, and the choicest wines of France and California find a place on the shelves. The high art of mixing palatable drinks are not permitted to languish. In fact, everything was kept up to the original standard, and this is sufficient encomium for those who well knew what that standard was.

Mr. Garcia's lunch counter is furnished daily with a variety of well cooked and appetizing dishes, and his champagne prepared hams are beyond praise. The service is excellent, and everything about Garcia's places it in the front rank of San Francisco saloons. It has never lost that old California flavor which made it the resort of some of the most brilliant men in the State. The main object ever kept in view was to furnish the very choicest, the oldest and finest liquors and wines that the cellars of the importers could furnish. Indeed many of the rare things in this line have been imported by Mr. Garcia himself from Europe.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WINES USED BY THE EGYPTIANS — THE TEMPERANCE ENFORCED ON THE WOMEN — WINES USED FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES

HE EGYPTIANS had several different kinds of wine, some of which have been commended by ancient authors for their excellent qualities. That of Mareotis was the most esteemed and in the greatest quantity. Its superiority over other Egyptian wines may be readily accounted for, when we consider the nature of the soil in that district; being principally composed of gravel, which, lying beyond the reach of the alluvial deposit, was free from the rich and tenacious mud usually met with in the valley of the Nile, so little suited for grapes of delicate quality; and from the extensive remains of vineyards still found on the western borders of the Arsinoïte name or Fyoóm, we may conclude that eminent Egyptians were fully aware of the advantages of lands, situated beyond the limits of the inundation, for planting the vine. According to Athenæus, "the Maroetic grape was remarkable for its sweetness," and the wine is thus described by him: "Its color is white, its quality excellent, and it is sweet and light with a fragrant *bouquet;* it is by no means astringent, nor does it affect the head." But it was not for its flavor alone this wine was esteemed. Strabo ascribes to it the additional merit of keeping to a great age. "Still, however," says Athenæus, "it is inferior to the Teniotic, a wine which receives its name from a place called Tenia, where it is produced. Its color is pale and weak, but there is such a degree of richness in it, that, when mixed with water, it seems gradually to be diluted, much in the same way as Attic honey when a liquid is poured into it; and besides the agreeable flavor of the wine, its fragrance is so delightful as to render it perfectly aromatic, and it has the property of being slightly astringent. There are many other vineyards in the valley of the Nile, whose wines are in great repute, and these differ both in color and taste. But that which it produced about Anthylla is preferred to all the rest. "Some of the wine made

in Thebaid was particularly light, especially about Coptos and "so wholesome," says the same author, "that invalids may take it without inconvenience, even during a fever." The Sebennytic was likewise one of the choice Egyptian wines; and, as Pliny says, was made of three different grapes; one of which was a sort of Thasian. The Thasian grape he afterwards describes as excelling all others in Egypt for sweetness, and remarkable for its medicinal properties. The Mendisian is also mentioned by Oluneus, with rather a sweet flavor: and another singular wine, called by Pliny *ecbolada*, was also the produce of Egypt; but from its peculiar powers, we may suppose that men alone drank it, or at least that it was forbidden to newly married brides. And, considering how prevalent the custom was among the ancients of altering the qualities of wines, by drugs and divers processes, we may readily conceive the possibilities of the effects ascribed to them; and thus it happened that the opposite properties were frequently attributed to the same kind. Wines were much used by them for medicinal purposes, and many were held in such repute, as to be considered specifics in certain complaints; but the medicinal men of the day were prudent in their mode of prescribing them; and as imagination has on many occasions effected the cure, and given celebrity to a medicine, those least known were wisely preferred, and each extolled the natures of some foreign wine. In the earliest time Egypt was renowned for drugs, and foreigners had recourse to that country for wines as well as herbs. Yet, Appolodorus the physician, in a treatise on wines, addressed to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, recommended those of Pontus, more beneficial then any of his own country, and particularly praised the Peparethian, produced in an island of the Ægean Sea. But he was disposed to think it less valuable as a medicine, when its good qualities could not be discovered in six years. The wines of Alexandria and Coptas are also cited among the best of Egyptian growth, and the latter was so light as not to effect even those in delicate health. In offerings to the Egyptian deities wine frequently occurs, and several different kinds are noted in the Sacred Scriptures, but it is probable that many of the Egyptian wines are not introduced in those subjects, and that, as with the Romans, and other people, all were not admitted at their sacrifices. According to Herodotus, their sacrifices commenced with a libation of wine, and some was sprinkled on the ground where the victim lay; yet at Heliopolis, if Plutarch may be credited, it was forbidden to take it into the temple, and the gods worshipped in that city were required to abstain from its use.

"Those of other deities," adds the same author, "were less scrupulous," but still they used wine very sparingly, and the quantity allowed them for their daily consumption, was regulated by law; nor could they indulge in it at all times, and the use of it was strictly prohibited during their more solemn purifications, and in times of abstinence. The number of wines mentioned in the list of offerings presented to the deities in the tombs or temples, varied in different places. Each appears with its peculiar name attached to it, but they seldom exceed three or four kinds, and among them is found at Thebes that of the "northern country," which was perhaps from Mareotis, Anthylla, or Sebernytus. Private individuals were under no particular restrictions in regard to its use, and it was not forbidden to women. In this they differed widely from the Romans, for at early times no female enjoyed the privilege, and it was unlawful for women, or, indeed, for young men below the age of thirty, to drink wine, except as sacrifices. Even at a later time Romans considered it disgraceful for women to drink wine, and they sometimes saluted a female relative, whom they suspected, in order to discover if she had secretly indulged in its use. It was afterwards allowed them on the plea of health, and no better method could have been devised for removing the restriction. That Egyptian women were not forbidden the use of wine, nor the enjoyment of other luxuries, is evident from the frescoes that represent their feasts, and the painters, in illustrating this fact, have sometimes sacrificed their gallantry to a love of caricature. Some call the servants to support them as they sit. Others with difficuty prevent themselves from falling on those behind them; a basin is brought too late by a reluctant servant, and the faded flower, which is ready to drop from their heated hands, is intended to be characteristic of their own sensations.

But this is only a portion of the business of this firm. Mr. Sresovich also is a large manufacturer of desiccated cocoanut, and the factory for this as well as the depot for green fruits is at 207-9-11 Steuart street. The firm was awarded a silver medal by the Mechanics' Institute for the display of fruits, and has received diplomas at the State fairs of California and Oregon. Mr. Luke Sresovich is himself a business man of great energy and enterprise, and like all his countrymen has a keen judgment in the quality and selection of fruits. The telephone number is 629.

"THE ARGONAUT."—The *Argonaut*, since its birth, has been recognized as the leading society and literary weekly publication of California. It has correspondents in the principal cities of the East and Europe, who contribute breezy, interesting letters, principally on social topics. Mr. F. M. Pixley, its founder, has long been recognized as one of the most forcible and original writers in the State, and Mr. Jerome Harte, under whose immediate supervision the literary department is, in addition to his excellent judgment in literary matters, is a gentleman of scholarly attainments, and wields a cunning pen.

Some of the most celebrated literators of the world have from time to time appeared in the *Argonaut's* columns. This Journal has moreover done much to encourage and foster the literary taste of California. It has offered generous inducements to young writers to join the ranks of its contributors, and while other journals have economized in the matter of compensation, the *Argonaut* has never deviated from the rates it established in the flush times. Its selections are among the most attractive features of this journal. There are hundreds of interesting scrap books in this city made up from the prose and verse of the *Argonaut*. M. A. P. Stanton directs the business end of the concern, and has assisted largely in obtaining for it the wide circulation which it now enjoys. The office is 213 Grant avenue.

C. CARPY & CO.—The city office of C. Carpy & Co., wholesale wine and liquor merchants is 515-517 Sacramento street, and the wine vaults are situated at Napa City, California. Mr. Carpy is a Frenchman, and like the great majority of his countrymen, has a fine taste in the selection of wines. He is also a *bon vivant* of the *première* quality, and knows how to take good care of the Inner Man.

Among the various lines of mercantile life, the wine merchant is the one who is usually most jealous and careful of his reputation. In the first place the competition is so keen that to get on top is no easy undertaking. Again when a reputation for a really fine article is once established, and the consumer has grown so accustomed to its use that it has become a second nature to him, he grows more critical. The old saying that "familiarity breeds contempt" is marvelously well exemplified in the wine trade. A man's palate may be a trifle out of order, his liver may be impaired, or his digestion not up to the mark. In those dark hours his favorite wine has not the same snap, and he blames the wine merchant. All this is preliminary to the fact that Mr. Carpy when he once obtains a thoroughly appreciative consumer never loses him by any deterioration in the quality of the wines he furnishes. And this is accomplished all the easier by reason of his trained judgment in those affairs.

The great La Loma claret is a wine upon which Mr. Carpy prides himself with justice. This is indeed a nectar fit for the gods, breathing sweet perfumes, and is highly esteemed by the wine connoisseurs of the Pacific Coast. To taste La Loma once is to become from that moment an enthusiast in its praise.

Mr. Carpy's business is comprehensive. He handles all those wines made from the grapes which have proved themselves the best adapted to the soil and climate of California, in addition of course to the imported wines of the old country. The spacious wine vaults at Napa contain many rare old wines laid down years ago, for Mr. Carpy is a pioneer wine merchant of this State. He has watched the wine industry of this county from its infancy—from those days when a few thousand gallons of Zinfandel was considered a big thing, to the present when we number our output by the million gallons, and when the market for California wines is ever broadening. It is sincerely to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the pathway of the California wine producer will be made smoother than it at present is.

MERCANTILE LUNCH.—Situated at 213–215 Pine street between Sansome and Battery streets, the Mercantile Lunch is in the very heart of the mercantile community. It is, in its line, the most unique restaurant in this city. Its founder is Mr. Charles Claffey, whose experience in the catering and management of this most popular restaurant has been the secret of its continued success.

The Mercantile Lunch was founded in 1874, and from that period to the present has been under the management of Edward Ohlen, a gentleman who has a keen sense of the good things of life, and who is always first in the market when there is anything unusual to be expected in the line of fur and feather.

But not to the wants of the Inner Man alone does this pleasant place minister. In the outer room, where the bar and lunch counters are, hang some very excellent pictures, mostly by Tojetti. His interpretation of Tennyson's sadly beautiful incident from Enid when

> "The Dead, steered by the Dumb,
> Went upward with the flood,"

is a noble work of art. "Francisco di Rimini," "Venus and Cupid," "Morning and Evening" are good examples of this artist's best style. A marine by Denny, the "Constitution and Guerriere" and the "Entrance to Havre" by a French artist, give the interior a very interesting and attractive appearance.

The inner room is spacious, and is daily thronged with those who appreciate an incomparable cuisine, good attendance and neatness beyond all criticism. Much of the character of the English eating house pervades the Mercantile Lunch. The chops and steaks are cut in that thick, generous fashion which one obtains in the best English restaurants.

A favorite invitation among those who are inclined to be hospitable, is "come to the Mercantile Lunch and have a steak." And they certainly are steaks and chops which go far to refute the statements of those travelers who like to tell tales of the wonderful beef and mutton they get on the other side of the pond, and that we have nothing to compare with them here. Those slanderers of the good fare of California should go to the Mercantile Lunch, and then if their conscience would permit them, repeat the libel. In the game season all that is most desirable finds its way into the kitchen, and "Ned" takes good care that it is properly handled by the cooks.

CAMPI'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT.—A restaurant with a history is Campi's Italian restaurant, 531–533 Clay street. Signor Campi, its founder, was a worthy Italian, and after his death the control passed through the hands of several of his countrymen, until it was purchased by Mr. I. Cuenin, the present proprietor of the Campi Restaurant.

There is no more cosmopolitan resort in San Francisco—that most cosmopolitan of cities—than "Campi's." Here at the noon hour and in the evening at the dinner hour, one hears the language of France, Italy, Spain and Anglo-Saxon, as the natives of those countries are served according to their pleasure. There are dinners and breakfasts with a good wine, consisting of a menu so various and excellent that they are the wonder of strangers.

Meals are served in the Italian and French styles, and it is nothing unusual to see on a Sunday evening over a score of families seated, after a day's outing, to enjoy the luxuries which "Campi's" affords. Is is essentially a family restaurant, and moreover one of those places which numbers in its list of regular customers those who for twenty years have been its patrons. The waiters are prompt, intelligent and obliging, and the list of good things to eat covers a wide field. "Campi's" is also a favorite rendevouz for clubs and societies on anniversary nights, for among its merits the moderation of its charges must be numbered. The upstairs apartment is much used by ladies and children, though the class of people who patronize it, may use any portion of the restaurant desirable.

CHAPTER X

THE ART OF DINNER SERVICE AND CARVING—SOME HINTS ABOUT THE PLACING OF FISH

A GENTLEMAN should not only know something about sauces, but also the proper way to carve different kinds of meats, game and poultry. Nowadays too many hosts are obliged, when they entertain, to appeal to some of their guests for assistance, something that may be annoying to the former, and certainly is troublesome to the latter. The first thing to be seen to by those who wish to carve well, is that they have the right sizes and kinds of forks and carving knives, and there must be a set for each kind of meat, fish, fowl and game. The knives should be kept well sharpened, an easy thing if they are passed every day over a whetstone, and the forks should be of steel, strong and well pointed. In order to carve well, the French think it necessary to stand up, and as the pieces are cut off they are placed collectively in a dish to be handed round the table, so that each person may select what piece he or she prefers. Any one can serve that, of course, but how does it look when pulled to pieces? To serve a trout, mark with a fish knife, starting at the head, and extending within two inches of the tail, and then draw other lines starting at this one and running to the sides of the fish. A salmon is served in the same way as a trout, while blue fish should be divided into two parts longitudinally; then remove the large bone and cut the fish in pieces in such a way as to give each person a portion of back and belly. The head of a pike should be offered to a lady. Barbels are served in the same way as trout, and chub the same as pike. To serve turbot, the prince of the sea, mark a cross in the belly penetrating to the bone, then draw transversal lines from this line to the dorsal fin, dividing each slice so made into two pieces, and send the dish round so that the guests may help themselves. Next serve out the belly in the same way, and then remove the large bone and serve the other half of the fish. Turbot should be accompanied with a white sauce made of butter, or with an oil dressing, and the tongue, as the choicest morsel, should be given to

the principal guest. Nearly every man you meet carves a leg of mutton badly, and yet its tenderness almost always depends on how the slices are cut off. There are two ways of doing this. When you are sure the leg is from a sheep of good breed, and that it is really tender, take hold of it by the knuckle, with the left hand, and then cut the slices perpendicularly from the joint to the bone of the filet; then remove the muscle of the knuckle, next turn the leg over and slice off the back part. For this essentially primative way of carving, gourmets substitute carving by survilinear slices which render the pieces more succulent. But neither of these ways of carving a leg of mutton should be resorted to, except when the meat is of the best quality and of great tenderness. In other cases the best way to proceed is to cut horizontally instead of perpendicularly —that is, cut off the slices parallel with the bone; the slices should be cut very thin, and when a sufficient number have been sliced off you should plunge the fork into what remains of the leg, and let the gravy run over them. A few drops of lemon juice and a little pepper and salt added will improve the flavor amazingly. Apropos, here is an anecdote about Brillat Savarin, which may be profitably repeated. During a journey he stopped one day at a country inn, and asked for supper. He was told there was nothing for him, and when he looked in surprise at an enormous leg of mutton, which was slowly roasting before a bright fire, and at several dishes that were cooking on the range, the innkeeper said that they were already bespoken by some travelling merchants. "Go and ask them, said Brillat Savarin, if they cannot make room for one more at their table, and say that I will pay my scot, not only with money, but in merry stories." The innkeeper shook his head doubtfully, and went out of the room. Presently he returned with a positive refusal. The merchants wished to discuss some business matter, and the presence of a stranger would prevent them doing so. The innkeeper kindly offered him some beans, which was the only thing he could venture to take from the dishes ordered by his other guests. "All right," said Brillat Savarin, "but permit me to place my beans in the basting so that if I am to have no roast, I may at least have a little of its flavor. The host consented, and turned out a third of the saucepan of beans into the receptacle below the leg of mutton, into which the fat was dripping as it turned. Brillat Savarin installed himself at the chimney corner, and whenever the cook's back was turned he plunged a larding fork into the generous sides of the leg of mutton. A rich and abundant gravy flowed from

it, and as no part of it escaped the prodding, all its best qualities were transferred to his dish of beans, while the churlish merchants had only the tough and juiceless remains of what had been a superb joint. Americans have much to learn from the French about cooking game. The wild duck is not always a tender bird, and it can be made tolerably tough in the kitchen. A canvas-back duck, should never be cooked less than fifteen nor more than eighteen minutes, and then in a very hot oven. It should be carved in slices, and in cutting the wings and thighs are sacrificed. Most wild ducks should be served so under done that the blood will run when they are sliced up; the juice of two lemons may be squeezed into their blood; also add a few drops of oil, a little salt and some pepper, after which let the birds soak a few minutes in the gravy thus prepared, before handing them round. In the case of teal duck there is no need of cutting off the legs and wings. A wood cock should not be drawn, what drops from it when cooking should be caught on a toasted piece of bread, on which the bird is to be served, seasoned with pepper, salt and lemon juice. In carving, first remove the legs and wings, then divide the body lengthwise. The wing is the most delicate morsel, but the thighs have more flavor. Do not throw away the carcass or bones unless you wish to commit high culinary treason. Mashed in a mortar they will form a puree, which will give an excellent flavor to a black gravy which you ought to serve with the bird. French gourmets inclose the head of this bird in a coating of tallow, broil it over a candle flame, and then eat it. It is only a mouthful, but it is a divine morsel. Snipe should be cut in two longitudinally. Partridge plays an important rôle among game birds; there are two kinds, the gray and the red. Grimod de la Reymiere, in his Almanach des Gourmands, says that the difference is the same as that between a bishop and a cardinal. To carve a partridge, first remove the right wing and leg, then those on the left side, and next divide the body in two lengthwise. Only young partridges should be roasted; the older birds are better made up in salamis or stews. Quail is served rolled in a thin slice of bacon, and inclosed in a grape leaf. It is also cut in two, like real reed and rail birds, and larks may be treated in the same way. The thrush is cooked like the quail, but it may be carved either limb by limb, or cut in two lengthwise. There are more ways than one of carving a turkey. One way is to cut from the breasts square slices, and proceed in the same way for all the fleshy parts of the bird. Though this is an easy way for the carver, it has

the drawback of allowing all the natural gravy to escape, and to leave the most delicate morsels clinging to the carcass. Or you may remove the legs separately, place them to one side and then do the same to the wings, but cut them up in pieces of suitable sizes; next cut off the white meat as close to the carcass as possible, and lastly, break up the carcass. A third way, after the wings have been removed, is to break the carcass above the crupper, which remains attached to the legs, and forms sort of a hood which is vulgarly called the bishop's cap. This is a good way to serve. Carve when there are only a few persons at the table. Chickens and capons should be carved very much the same way as turkeys. The legs make two pieces, the wings three, the white meat is left in whole slices, and the carcass is separated into six pieces. Chickens and capons are much improved by the use of truffles, but, as George Grant will tell you, truffles are not to be got in America. Moliere owed the title of one of his masterpieces to truffles. He was dining at Chantilly with Prince de Conde and the Secretary of the Papal Nuncio, a purple-faced red-nosed monk, who never opened his mouth except to stuff food in it. The only thing he said during the repast was when the second course came on, and then clasping his hands in adoring delight at the sight of a great dish of magnificent truffles, he exclaimed, "Tart offalli ! tart offalli!" the Italian name for this tuber. His sensual ecstacy impressed the word on Moliere's memory, and out of it he made the name of Tartuffe, which he gave to his celebrated personation of sanctimonious hypocrisy. Rossini was also exceedingly fond of truffles. One day when dining with Victor Hugo, seeing the poet mixing them upon his plate with vegetables and the gravy and meat of a ragout, he could not repress a pained exclamation. "What is the matter?" asked his host. "As a poet I admire you," answered the illustrious maistro, "but as an eater I despise you." To have truffles and bananas as cheap as potatoes was an Utopia which Balzac unsuccessfully attempted to realize at his little country house near Ville d'Avary. And Byron once called truffles "edible roses." A goose is carved the same as a wild duck (this is also the case with a tame duck) and should be served up with turnips or olives. It should be sufficiently well done for it to be possible to carve it with a spoon or the point of a knife. Pigeons when roasted are divided into four pieces. When no company is present the most equitable way is to cut a pigeon in two longitudinally.

MOORE, HUNT & CO.—When the "inner man" calls for some good and wholesome stimulant, Kentucky whisky at once suggests itself, and Messrs. Moore, Hunt & Co., of 404 Front street, the agents of Jesse Moore & Co.'s Whisky of Louisville are remembered. These celebrated whiskies have long been the choice of the best connoisseurs, because of their deliciously mellow flavor, and unrivalled purity. Those distinctive qualities are jealously guarded, and the result is the great demand that exists for them on the Pacific Coast. All these whiskies are shipped around Cape Horn, and the firm always have from one to three cargoes en route to this city. The advantage to them from this long sea voyage as compared to whiskies shipped by rail is manifest. About a year ago, Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, who had been for a long time previously connected with the house became a member of the firm, and with Mr. H. B. Hunt attends to its extensive western business, while Mr. G. H. Moore resides in Louisville, and manages that end of the line. The firm has been in existence in San Francisco since August, 1853, and has, by reason of the rapid increase in its business, moved from California street to the present large depot, with its great storage capacity, on 404 Front street. In those vast cellars rest thousands of gallons of this renowned whisky, some fifteen and twenty years of age, and all carrying that fine bouquet and delicate aroma which has made the Jesse Moore whisky a credit to Kentucky, the whisky producing State of the Union. Skill and experience in the blending process, great age, and transportation by sea, are the agents to which those brands owe their prominence, taking in consideration, of course, the absolute purity of the whisky as it comes from the still. The untiring efforts of Messrs. Hunt and Kirkpatrick to make the public acquainted with the merits of the Jesse Moore whiskies have led to the position they occupy to-day, and now their shipments go forth to every city and village west of the Rocky Mountains.

The continued and ever-increasing demand for the Jesse Moore brand is a convincing proof that the best goods will always hold their own, while those of an inferior quality must go to the wall. Again an additional reason for the popularity of these whiskies is that they really contain all the true medicinal properties which are to be found in pure liquor, and none but good effects arise from their use in moderation.

MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.—The Merchants' Exchange Saloon kept by James Kearney, and adjoining the "Change" room is one of the best known institutions of its kind in this city. Here is a place where indeed it may be truthfully said that the good things to eat and drink of life are served in profusion. The magnificent roasts that smoke on the table, the huge curries, the great bowls of salad, seen when put on at 11 o'clock each day, sufficient to feed an army. But the host that swarm in from Change, and the street, quickly demolishes them, and in a very short space of time, they are replaced by others of the same quality. The wines and liquors are, of course, beyond criticism, and fitting accompaniments to the very excellent lunch.

THE MINT.—The Mint, 605 Commercial street, is conducted by Edward Edwards, a very competent and very popular gentleman, who has had a long experience in his business. Mr. Edwards enjoys a very first-class order of custom, and shows his appreciation of it, by keeping a very first-class line of soft goods. The Mint is the resort of many leading citizens, and, having several private rooms leading from the main saloon, affords opportunities for those pleasant conferences which are so delightful over a social glass. An air of homely comfort is one of its leading characteristics. The old brandies and mellow whiskies at the Mint are inducements which often bring its patrons many blocks to indulge in these comforts.

THE BOULEVARD. — The Boulevard, of which Mr. B. B. Dobbas is the proprietor, stands on the northwest corner of California street and Central avenue. It is a favorite halting-place for those who take a trip on the Jackson or California street railroad. The main saloon is spacious and handsomely furnished, and a well-selected lot of reading matter finds a place on the tables, for the convenience of those who may have to wait for a car, or wish to while away an hour before making the return trip. There are parlors for ladies and their escorts, where refreshments of a liquid character, or a plate of sandwiches are served to those desiring them. The Boulevard is one of those road-end places which are really a necessity to travellers. Neatness and a disposition to make all who cross its portals comfortable are the characteristics of this institution. On holidays it is usually thronged; and, indeed, at all times, receives its full share of patronage. The class of liquors sold are of the best, and the lunch-counter is always supplied with a good joint, and

appetizing snacks for the hungry wayfarer. These are among the principal reasons why the Boulevard has become so popular. It is also a retired place, free from noise and clamor where friends may chat and enjoy their refreshment without disturbance. There is always a pleasure and recreation in getting even a little way out of town, and the comfort one enjoys at the Boulevard doubly enhances this enjoyment.

"LUKIN'S"—The pleasant and sunny saloon, of which Joseph A. Lukin is the proprietor, and which has long been known as "Lukin's," is at 446 California, and is among the most popular resorts of its class in San Francisco. Mr. Lukin is a pioneer saloon keeper of this city. Years ago, before the New City Hall was built, and when the tales of how the water came up to Montgomery street were not yet regarded as chestnuts, Mr. Lukin's place on that thoroughfare, between California and Pine, on the east side, was a favorite rendezvous. When he moved to the present place, his friends followed him, because they knew that the same good system would prevail. Mr. Lukin possesses to perfection the art of making a first-class mixed drink. He is also an inventor and departs from the beaten track to concoct new draughts of delight. Cooling drinks in warm weather, hot drinks in cold weather, and all round drinks to suit every kind of people, are to him an open book. His whiskies, brandies, and indeed all his wines and liquors are procured from the very best houses and are of the finest quality. It is not at every bar in this city that we can be assured of getting good liquors. Some of pretentious appearance, gaudy bar-keepers, expensive crystal, and big mirrors, serve their customers with stuff, which the much-abused corner grocery men would disdain to handle. Mr. Lukin's place is neat and unpretentious, but the good stuff is there, and that is the main consideration.

MAISON TORTONI—The personal popularity of this restaurateur has much to do with the success of the restaurant in this city. The Maison Tortoni, 109 O'Farrell street, Pierre Carrere proprietor, is a good illustration of this fact. Though the Tortoni has been in existence but a little over a year, its handsome apartments are thronged daily with those epicures who, having known Monsieur Carrere in the past, felt confident that the wants of the Inner Man would never be neglected in any establishment under his supervision.

It is needless to say that the very highest skill in the art cuisine is exercised at the Tortoni, and that the wines are the best quality. The dining-rooms on the second floor are luxuriantly furnished, and at the same time an air of supreme comfort pervades everywhere. The perfect system that reigns, the utter absence of confusion, and long and tedious delays are among the characteristics which have led the popularity of the Tortoni. The kitchen is a picture of cleanliness and neatness, is well ventilated, and the cold storage rooms in the rear are an important addition to this all important department. There is nothing that the markets of San Francisco contain that is not furnished at the Tortoni in its due season.

CHAPTER XI

MAKING AND DRINKING OF WINE—THE RED AND WHITE WINES OF THE GREEKS—WINES PREVIOUS TO THE DECAY OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE—GLASSES FROM WHICH THE VARIOUS WINES SHOULD BE DRANK

EVERYWHERE in ancient law we find the mention, among the more civilized nations, of the making and the drinking of wine. It is cut upon the stones of Egypt, dating back to ages whose numbers have never been defined. It was used in India in ages more remote even than those of Egypt. Then came the period of Sacred Scriptures, then the Greeks, the Romans, the Gauls, the Germans, and last, but not least, in our minds, the Californians. All these people used wine in a measure, and sometimes without a measure, in their sacred rights, public ceremonies, and social intercourse. Of the wines of India we have but little record. Evidently, in those hot regions wines could not have been made. They must have been brought from cooler countries into India. Nevertheless, we have the legend that Bacchus came from India, and brought from that section of the world, the use of wine, the vine itself and agriculture, and many arts and sciences. The wine of Egypt we have some knowledge of. It has been found in the tombs of kings and other important personages. Those wines were found to be impregnated with cloves, cinnamon, nutmegs and other spices. It may have been pleasing to those people to drink such wines, but to us it would seem more like a very peculiar kind of punch. The wines of Canaan and adjacent lands we have some idea of from the Scriptures; we know, for instance, they had red wines. They do not mention they had white wines. Solomon was not only great, wise and experienced, but was also technical in his attainments. Wines are only red when they are new, and that when they get old, they are no longer red, but become tawny. Very evidently Solomon, with all his wisdom, had been incautious enough on some occasion, to have taken the new red wine and suffered thereby. The wines of the Greeks were said

to be both red and white. We have clear record of this, and for a good time they were kept comparatively pure. Finally, from contact with Eastern nations, they began likewise to spice their wines and thus spoiled them. The wines of the Romans were never kept pure. Even the Falernian were mixed more or less with spices. And when we read of those magnificent feasts and banquets, which have ever since been unrivaled, we can only imagine from the remnants that are left, and the descriptions given by old authorities—Pliny, Vara, and others—that nearly all their wines were spiced. Samples that were discovered in Pompeii conclusively showed their wines were spiced at that time. It was the general custom, especially among the higher class, who were the largest consumers to have their wines spiced.

The wines of the Gauls were the purest wines of the period, coming just previous to the decay of the Roman Empire. The vines destined for wine-making were originally conveyed to the southern coast of Gaul by sailing vessels, and were derived either from the southern part of Italy, or possibly from the Grecian Archipelago. These were first landed in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, according to accepted record, some time before the advent of the Cæsars, and thence sprang the present French wine trade. As periods went on, the planting of vines spread northward and westward throughout ancient Gaul, and gradually attained renown. The earliest of these wines that gained any noteworthy reputation were those produced in the Burgundy district. The other parts of the present France gained their reputation long after, and comparatively at a recent period. The wines of the Burgundy district won considerable favor with the Romans, as well they might in contrast with the sour wines, made from vines trained on trees, and which were only made palatable by the addition of honey or spices, or by being boiled down and cooked. The German drinks wine at all times, very often sandwiched in the shape of a liquid sandwich, between two glasses of beer, and finds his pleasure in this mode of filling himself up. The American drinks whisky during the day, and wine only when entertaining friends. The Frenchman rarely drinks wine between meals, reserving that satisfaction for the table, or immediately afterwards. The Spaniard uses his wine as do the French. Likewise does the Portuguese. The Italian drinks wine at table, and whenever he is thirsty. The Englishman drinks his port at table, and ale to quench thirst. The Russian drinks his whisky or spirits at any time, and his champagne throughout his meal, if he

has the means to gratify his propensity. The Hungarian drinks his wine whenever he can get it. From time immemorial numerous rules have been laid down for the setting out of dinners, intended to show some formal consideration to invited guests. These rules treated of the different wines that were to appear at certain times, and what dishes were to be served during that time, what number of wines there should be used on grand and formal banquets; what wine should first be presented, and which last. Within this century these rules have been modified hundreds of times, and in fact, there is no definite rule to be laid down. At the beginning of the century it was considered the thing—and fashion is a great power—to have from ten to fifteen different wines or more. This often amounted to twenty, and sometimes thirty different wines at each dinner or banquet. Wines ought to be presented at the proper temperature, and champagne as cold as it can be made without absolutely freezing. No ice should ever be used in champagne or sparkling wines. The bottle should be put upon or covered with ice before serving. This is done so simply and the satisfaction resulting so great it is difficult to see why so little attention is paid to it. Champagne drank with ice in it is merely drinking for show. It leaves no pleasant taste, makes the wine flat, destroys its flavor, and depresses its beautiful, sparkling qualities. The cooling of champagne as previously mentioned can be done very easily. Lay the bottle down in a basin or tin pan, break up a handful of ice, put it on the bottle, sprinkle with a little salt, and cover with a wet piece of flannel. The result of laying the bottle down in this manner for two hours will yield the most gratifying results, and the wine be put in its best condition. Claret and Burgundy, on the contrary, should be moderately warm. A gentle warmth brings out an appreciation of body, diminishes the astringency, and develops all the finer qualities prominently, including that of bouquet; and one is surprised to note the absolute carelessness, or downright ignorance in which good clarets are drank and served. The temperature makes or mars the reputation of a claret as much as any other cause. In warm weather icing of claret is done for the purpose of quenching thirst, but such practice cannot possibly give any further qualification and certainly destroys any of the finer qualities the wine itself might possess. We have all of us seen pretended wine drinkers add a dozen lumps of sugar to their claret, and drink it with untold relish. Such people do not deserve the name of wine-drinkers, and are totally unfit to pronounce upon the merits of any wine, and if a claret needs the

addition of sugar to make it drinkable, then it is better not to drink it at all. White wine, such as Sauterne and Rhine wines and others of similar character, should be drank comparatively cold or cool. While a chilling temperature destroys the flavor of claret, it seemingly has the contrary effect on white wines, bringing out their bouquet and giving them an agreeable, fresh, spicy taste, that wine-drinkers seek for; and when found, always admire. Port, Sherry, and Madeira, all being fortified wines, containing certain amounts of unfermented sugar, are usually termed hot wines, from the effect that the brandy, entering into their composition, creates upon the palate, and possibly the heating sensation they have upon the body. These should be drank only in moderation, and rather after the meal than during its progress, though Sherry and Madeira are often taken with oysters, or immediately after the soup, and this custom seemingly, in nowise mars their qualities. These wines should never be drank cold, but should be partaken of at a moderately warm degree of temperature, and, if used in Winter, should be gently heated; in Summer they would be about right if stored in a proper place. These wines lose in body and flavor by being chilled, and Port especially suffers most severely under a lowering temperature. Through exposure to cold it acquires a cold, thin, harsh, acid taste, often akin to bitterness, and loses nearly all the characteristic qualities that this class of wine is admired for. Sherry and Madeira apparently lose their body, become thin, hide their rich, mellow oiliness, and lose their flavor almost entirely.

There is as much gratification and satisfaction in drinking out of a proper glass, almost as the drinking of a much better wine of a particular class. There is as much art in the selection of glasses from which the wine is to be partaken, as there is in the selection of wine itself from among a number of wines.

Champagne should be drank only out of thin glasses, as thin as can be procured, and of pure crystal, absolutely colorless, and of such a shape as will best show the sparkling qualities.

Unfortunately, at a later period, the method of adding ice to wine came into vogue, and the glass called a *pattera* wine cup, used by the Romans, became fashionable. It is of beautiful proportions, but there is not a place through which the sparkle can be viewed. And this flat surface has no tendency to show the sparkle. The bubbles, what there are of them, arise and form a string of beads along the edges.

At nine out of ten banquets, the waiter fills the glass with ice, putting the Champagne on top, thus mixing your Champagne with water. There is another very excellent glass, which, although not as good as the first, is of fair presentable appearance. The stem is not as long as the first one, nor the bowl as flat as the *pattera*, which modifications permit the watching of the sparkling beads arising from the bottom, as well as their graceful spreading to the borders of the glass. Claret glasses, like those for Champagne, ought to be very thin, of medium size, blown from crystal, cut sharp, and absolutely colorless. They should be perfectly clear, and without any ornamentation. These glasses should be with a stem, and the upper diameter of the same dimension as the lower part of the bowl. These equal proportions have good reason for thus being so. Take, for instance, a claret—one of its pleasing effects is its display of color; this color may be dark or may be light tinted, but if it is equally intense at the top and bottom of the bowl and brilliant, it is always considered beautiful. In tapering glasses the claret may be of the proper tint or hue at the top, but at the tapering bottom would take upon itself a yellowish tinge, striking the eye unfavorably. A claret glass should be colorless, still there is one departure from this general rule that might be allowed—it is that glass having its upper edge tinted with a rosy tint, gradually diminishing in color as it descends and fades almost to colorless crystal. Such glasses tend to give the color of the wine a richer hue, and more attractive tint, and are preëminently the glasses for Burgundy wines, whose color they deepen, and cheat the eye into a belief of greater body and more generous quality. There is nothing like cheating the palate with a glass—the wine really tastes so much better, simply because it pleases the eye. While this kind of a glass is but half full the same depth of color prevails from top to bottom, owing to the deeper tint of the upper part, and the visual effect is of the most pleasing nature. Glasses thus tinted should have crystal white stems and feet, so as to present a pleasing contrast.

BUTLER'S.—Butler's English Ale House, 7 Sutter street, with an entrance on Market street, is the resort of many old countrymen who love to drink their half-and-half from the shining pewter. Butler's chicken cask is a good brand of Bourbon whiskey, and is well appreciated. But among his choice tipples a fine and potent old Scotch whiskey which has travelled twice round the Horn in a Sherry cask leads the van. There is a neatly furnished snuggery at

Butler's, where the English illustrated papers, as well as the city weeklies and dailies rest upon the table. Cold and delicious pig's head is the *piece de résistance* of Butler's lunch table; and in the trouting season an appetizing fish, deliciously cooked, caught by Mr. Butler himself, who is a successful and enthusiastic angler.

GIBB'S—James Gibb, at 617 Merchant Street, makes a feature of the Belmont whiskey which he imports himself direct from Kentucky. Mr. Gibb is an old timer, and if the shades of the ancient Californians who refreshed themselves from the cares of business at his bar were to be again summoned from the vasty deep, they would form a procession so large that the confines of that narrow thoroughfare might not enclose them. A fine class of Port and Madeira, with a good brand of cigars, are among the choice things with which Mr. Gibb regales his patrons, and his mixed drinks have long been regarded as attaining the summit of artistic skill. He is one of the few who thoroughly understand the manufacture of a Sherry Cobbler, or a *mint julep*—those delights of the past.

THE SAUTERNES OF CALIFORNIA—When the white wines of the region near Bordeaux, known as Sauternes to the world, were first seen at the Court of France, one of the courtiers perceiving their striking peculiarity asked the King, "what are you doing now; giving us wine with this *gout de pierre à fusil?*" The gun flint taste nevertheless won the favor of the French Court and all the world besides. The best of the Sauternes became renowned as the *roi des vins et vin des rois.*

To the Bordeaux trade, these white wines are known under many classifications, but to the consumer in other lands a certain peculiar flavor common, more or less, to all of them has been recognized as that of Sauternes wine, whether the wine be of small or great quality. Even the *petits vins blancs* which are often known as *vin des graves* have been dignified by the importing and bottling houses as light Sauternes. The term as a distinction has therefore lost much of its local significance and become, as is true of Port, from Oporto, Sherry from Xeres, Burgundy from Bourgogne, expressive of a typical characteristic of a class of wines. The merchants of Bordeaux have been largely responsible for this apparent robbery of local fame. This feature of trade is more conspicuous in the case of the wines of Chateau Yquem, which, being made only from the berries richest in sugar, are celebrated for their golden

sweetness accompanied still with the characteristic flavors and bouquets of Sauternes in their development. Sweet Sauternes after the style of this great vintage have been labeled Chateau Yquem, the true marks of the genuine Chateau wines being avoided; the name of the wine having become in a measure typical.

The great red wines of Bordeaux come from the Medoc region nearer the sea than the Sauternes. Custom again here has been capricious and popular terms are confusing. In Paris, the common expression to indicate a Medoc red wine is simply *vin de Bordeaux* uttered with a somewhat reverential tone of voice. An order for *une bouteille de Bordeaux* always causes the waiter to hesitate and look the customer in the face as if to determine whether it would be safe to attempt an imposition.

In England, the Bordeaux red wines are known as Clarets. Dry red wines of other vintages and flavor are not recognized as Clarets. In the United States, however, this term has a generally broader signification and to most people is held to include even the Burgundies. Practically in California the wine makers and the trade define all dry red wines as Clarets.

And recently we have our California Sauternes, Haut Sauternes, Chateau Yquem and Medocs. Some of the French people are offended at this apparent presumption, this apparent wholesale theft of French reputations. Many of the French jury at the Paris Exposition of 1889 considered it even impossible that a champagne could come from America; yet how many Americans are there who understand by the term anything more than a distinction in a class, or kind of wine, rather than as the French do, the distinction as to place of production.

There is a simple justification for the use of terms, which are now used to describe the general, or salient characteristics, by which products are recognized, provided there is no pretense of fake origin. Those peculiarities by which a consumer has been accustomed immediately to recognize a low grade, or high grade, a light or heavy, an old or young, as a Bordeaux or Medoc Claret, or as the case may be, a Sauterne, are not due to locality; but to the certain varieties of vines grown in suitable locations under favorable climatic conditions. So in California, we have the Sauterne grapes, first famous in France; the Medoc grapes, first famous as Bordeaux.

The Cresta Blanca Souvenir vintages of California, produced by Chas. A. Wetmore, at his vineyard called Cresta Blanca, near Livermore, have been the direct result of intelligent study of the highest

qualities of French wines in their native homes. Mr. Wetmore visited France and succeeded in wresting from nature the secrets of the essential qualities most admired and everywhere recognized as belonging to the highest types. He has imported the cuttings of the identical vines of the great Medoc Clarets, the Sauternes and other celebrated vintages. Then, after exhaustive researches in soil and climatic conditions, he has succeeded in selecting the proper place, where his present successes indicate that truly grand wines of Sauterne and Medoc types can be produced oftener than in the famous districts near Bordeaux. Here the year of grand wines may be confidently expected are the year of poor quality is little dreaded. In Sauternes there is good reason to believe that the greatest achievements of France will be frequently surpassed. In Medocs the type is modified by greater development of body and flavor, without loss of the essential hygienic properties. To suit the British taste, Bordeaux Clarets are generally blended with a little rich Spanish wine to give more body and strength. Such profanation will never be needed here.

In the standard English work, "Redding on Wines," the best qualities of Medoc Clarets are described as follows:

"The wine when in perfection, should be of rich color, a bouquet partaking of the violet, very fine, and of very agreeable flavor. It should be strong without intoxicating, revive the stomach, and not affect the head; leaving the breath pure and the mouth fresh."

The residents of Burgundy speak contemptuously of the *cold wines* (*vinsfroids*) of Bordeaux and extol the generous vintages of their own grapes, which are different from those of Medoc. The Bordeaux people refuse to drink Burgundy, calling it hot (*chaud*) and heady (*capiteax*). For the same reason the greater number of California red wines are said to be "more like Burgundy than Claret."

But the peculiar hygienic quality, that absence of headiness in the fine Bordeaux Clarets, is reproduced by the Medoc varieties of grapes at Cresta Blanca, with superior color, strength and flavor. So are the great and seductive qualities of the Sauternes, Haut-Sauternes and Chateau Yquem types making Cresta Blanca famous already. The connoisseur also has his opinion fortified by the decision of the International Jury of wine experts at the Paris Exposition of 1889 which awarded to the Cresta Blanca vintages a gold medal.

Cresta Blanca wines are not machine-made like too many others. The most painstaking hand-labor methods, after the time-honored

custom prevailing at the Chateaux of France, are followed and no expense is spared to constantly improve in quality. As the vines grow older, the younger wines are improving. Those who would know them at their best should lay away some of these vintages for age in bottle while not neglecting to enjoy their present excellencies.

Cresta Blanca is reached by going to Livermore, forty-eight miles by rail from San Francisco, then by a picturesque wagon-road four miles to the mouth of a noble cañon on the frostless slopes of which the vines and olives grow. Cresta Blanca is likewise celebrated for pure olive oil with a perfume as delicate as the orange blossom. The wines are stored in deep tunnels piercing the calcareous silicious sub-soil.

CHAPTER XII

RAPID EATING, ONE OF THE GREAT EVILS OF THE AMERICAN SOCIAL SYSTEM—THE THREE BEST DIGESTORS—THE FREQUENCY WITH WHICH FOOD SHOULD BE TAKEN

HAT IS TRUE OF PUNISHMENTS, of sports, of stimulants and narcotics is just as true of ordinary food; we cannot and do not bear the coarse and ill-cooked diet of the last generation. The old Northmen ate raw flesh, and it is believed that the old Gauls were cannibals. Just as claret, Rhine wine, cigars and cigarettes have taken the place of port and brandy, of long pipes and strong tobacco, of chewing and snuff-taking, so the oatmeal porridge, the rye and Indian bread, the salt pork and beef, the eels and smoked fish on which our fathers thrived, have given place to white flour bread, light biscuit, fresh and tender beef and mutton and delicious fruits—all prepared and cooked in a style that harmonizes with our capacious appetites and susceptible organizations. The remains of the old customs of eating and drinking are yet seen among the distant rural classes, and among the abjectly poor of the cities, especially among our emigrant population. The different nations vary much in their susceptibility in this respect. The sour bread, cold sausages, strong cheese and abundant lager beer on which our German friends thrive, would drive the average American to despair. To what extent this refinement of organization and corresponding refinement of dietetics and cookery will go, no one can now well foresee. The *fourth* law requires that our meals should be *leisurely* enjoyed, and at a pleasant *social* table. All writers on hygiene—even the very worst agree that it is better to eat slowly than hastily; that the food should be well masticated, and leisurely swallowed. This is one of the very few directions found in our popular diet treatises, that are in accord with recent science, and sustained by experience. There is no doubt that rapid eating is one of the greatest evils of the American social system. It is the result partly of our climate, partly of our constitution, and partly of the

strifes and necessities of our pioneer life. On the continent of Europe, as all travellers know, the habits are very different ; even the peasantry of France and Germany take more time at their meals than the laboring classes with us. National differences are also observed in the habits of taking beverages. The custom of drinking or rather guzzling at public bars, is not recognized among the better orders of foreign society, and in England is only allowed to the poor and degraded. When the Parisian desires a glass of brandy or cordial he sits down in a *café* and takes his time for the luxury, meanwhile reading a newspaper or chatting with a friend. The Yankee would gulp down twice the quantity of liquor while the Frenchman was giving his orders to the waiter. When an American soda water establishment was first opened in the *boulevards* in Paris, crowds of Frenchmen used to stand before the doors and windows, laughing and jeering at the novel sight of men pouring down a tumblerful of liquor at one gulp. It was a long time before the French people could be induced to partake of the very agreeable luxury, and as soon as they began to patronize the establishment in large numbers it was necessary to provide tables and chairs where they might sit and sip the foaming soda water as they were accustomed to sip their cordials and *liqueurs*. If the habit of pouring down fluid, even pure water, into the stomach is injurious, how much more so must be the shoveling in of solid and half-masticated food? Rapid feeding overtaxes the stomach and interferes with digestion, just as a too rapid flow of ideas upon the mind overtaxes the brain and interferes with the successful performance of its functions. To preach on this subject is almost idle. A man who dines at a table where all his companions eat on the jump, finds it as hard to act independently as it is to walk slowly 'mid the press of Market street, or to saunter at ease in the ranks of a flying army. Haste is as contagious as some of our worst diseases, and very few can suffer long exposure to it without showing the effects of the poison. The only hope of a reform in the dietetic habits of the Americans lies in the gradual development of a better fashion of dining than now prevails among us. The differen between the habits of the English and the Americans in this respect, is as wide as the Atlantic. An English dinner, to the American who partakes of it for the first time, is an event in his history. The courses are so arranged and sub-divided, that it is impossible to eat more than a little at a time, and at the end of the meal—which usually occupies from one to two hours—he hardly knows whether he has been eating at all. The time passes agreeably in social converse,

and the stomach receives its burdens so gradually and imperceptibly that it has full time to marshall its forces as they are needed, and thus digest with ease an amount of food which, if hastily swallowed, would cause direct distress. Savages, who eat with their fingers, are always greedy and rapid eaters. The introduction of forks in the seventeeth century has contributed much towards a more calm and refined habit of dining. The poorest club conceivable is better than solitude. Those whom circumstances force to board themselves do well to keep each other company. Two or three, or even more, can join their forces, thus providing larger variety, greater comfort, better appetites and more prosperous digestion. For many organizations, solitary dining is slow death. There are those who can bear it, just as there are those who can bear vegetarianism, abstinence from muscular exercise, or confinement in impure air; but the suggestions here given must be for the average, and not for the exceptions. And yet we should bear in mind that those who survive long-continued violations of hygienic laws, might perhaps have been more sturdy, and achieved even larger success, had they lived more in conformity with those laws. A disadvantage of restaurants is that they compel their patrons to select dishes by the name on the *carte*, and not by their appearance and flavor when brought on the table. The great objection to dining by a bill of fare is that we cannot tell what we most desire until we see the articles of food, and inhale their savory fragrance. French names, with high prices annexed, are at best poor appetizers. This is a philosophical explanation of the fact, that, sitting down to a public table, we often study over the schedule in nervous despair, and then decide upon a dish, which, as soon as it is placed before us, we find we have no relish for. Nothing can redeem the life at a public table, but a pleasant circle of very dear friends to share our meal with us, as is the custom in Paris. The maxim: "Chatted food is ill-digested," needs only the substitution of one word—*well* for *ill*—to make it thoroughly true.

The three best digesters are, sound health, a good table, and pleasant conversation; but the greatest of these is conversation, for it can divert the mind, even when the health and food are both unsatisfactory. In the charming biography of Charlotte Brontë by Mrs. Gaskell, we are told that the father of the accomplished authoress, on account of a weakness of digestion was accustomed to take his meals by himself, apart from the rest of the family. If that had been his habit long it is no wonder that he was often compelled to give vent to his attacks of hypochondriasis by firing pistols out of the

back door. The frequency with which food should be taken depends on various conditions. It varies with different races, and in different climates; and according to the amount of labor done and the quality of the food. This, as well as other questions of diet, must be answered by *experience*. The custom of taking three meals daily, which is so generally observed in the United States, is, on the whole, a wise one, since it has taken its origin in accumulated experience of many years.

It is not well, however, to observe this custom too arbitrarily, for a fourth meal is often a positive advantage, even in our climate, where less food is required than in Northern Europe. The Germans eat four and five times daily, and in England very many take four meals as regularly as we take three, the fourth consisting of a light supper, of thin slices of bread and butter and a cup of tea, and among the country people of substantial pastry and meat. This fourth meal is taken between nine and ten o'clock. Since among the middle and upper classes of England, the late dinner which begins at seven or eight, is prolonged to nine o'clock, the supper and dinner come very closely together. In the United States a fourth meal is taken much more frequently than is believed, both in city and country; but unfortunately the materials of our evening entertainments are too often unpalatable and indigestible. On the ocean steamers four or five meals are the order of the day, and, except by the seasick, are well patronized, without discomfort or injury. In rural districts a lunch in the middle of the forenoon is often-times expected, and in the haying season milk is drunk instead of water. Our customs are not so utterly different from those of Europe as might be thought. While the English eat so largely, the French, who are separated by only a narrow channel, are very moderate at the table, and do not take more than two full meals daily. In the morning, on rising, a cup of coffee with a very little piece of bread lasts them until eleven o'clock, when they take breakfast, and at six o'clock comes their well-cooked and delicately served, but not over-abundant dinner. The custom of having regular hours for meals is peculiar to civilization. It is only possible where food is tolerably abundant and accessible, and is most necessary among those who are most sensitive, delicate and nervous. The savage can go for days without anything to eat, and then can, without injury, gorge himself like a boa-constrictor. The old Highlanders originally had but one meal, and afterwards two meals daily. In England, several centuries ago, among the "great families," there were four meals daily: breakfast at seven, dinner at ten, sup-

per at four, and "livery," corresponding to modern "tea," at eight or nine o'clock. They sat at dinner three hours, from ten till one in the afternoon. In Thibet there are no regular meals. The family never assemble, but "eat when they are hungry, drink when they are dry." Like the North American Indians they eat out of a huge pot in which the meal is boiled, and each one snatching what he wants. The Kisawahili has no words to express breakfast, dinner and supper. Savages seem to care much less for the gratification of the taste of food than for the appeasing of the hunger. With them the pleasure of eating is of negative rather than a positive kind; hence they eat rapidly, voraciously, in order to fill up the stomach as soon as possible. The relics of this habit can be seen readily enough in any cheap eating-house in New York. Eating for the refined gratification of the taste, *per se*, is peculiar to high culture. The civilized man who undertakes to imitate the savage in these alternations of fasting and feasting, would soon bring his wretched existence to an end; for no fact of hygiene is better recognized than that after very long abstinence, food *must be taken slowly* and *in small quantities*. The longer and the harder we have worked on an empty stomach, the greater the necessity of caution at the next meal. Just as it is possible for the brain to get so tired that we cannot sleep, just so is it possible for the stomach to get so tired that it cannot digest. The ancient Romans had but two meals daily, dinner and supper. The dinner or *eprandium*, was taken in a standing position, at nine o'clock, and usually consisted of the remnants of the supper of the previous day. The supper or cœna, the great meal of the day, was taken about three or four o'clock in the afternoon. This consisted of three parts: a *gustus* to sharpen the appetite, as raw oysters on the shell are used in our day; the *caput cœnæ* made of a variety of courses, and the *mensa secunda*, or dessert, consisting of pastry and fruits. On these dinners enormous and fabulous sums were expended. Heliogabalus spent $20,000 for a single dish. Œlius Versus wasted $250,000 for a single entertainment to which only twelve guests were invited, or *over* $20,000 *for each person*. It is stated that Sitellions spent over $16,000 daily for his supper. The dinner became gradually later and later in the day, and thus the morning meal or *breakfast* was introduced. King Canute, it is said, first established the custom of four meals daily. The oft-asked question whether it is better to dine in the middle of the day or in the evening, must be answered by the occupation and circumstances of the person. It is of all importance that the principal meal of the day should be taken

leisurely and without harassment; and if the hour of leisure that is required for a comfortable dinner cannot be found in the middle of the day, it is better to wait until later. In this respect the present customs are just about what they should be. Business men in the large cities dine at five or six o'clock, for the two-fold reason that the middle of the day is the busiest hour, and that most of them are so far from home that they must take their meals in restaurants. In the olden time when business was carried on quietly and on a small scale, and merchants lived over their stores, it was easy and natural to dine at twelve o'clock; but under the new dispensation, the custom has been necessarily abandoned. In the country where toil is easier and calmer, where even in the haying season a good round hour is allowed for "nooning," and where they rise so early that twelve o'clock is about as late as four or five is for the residents of the city; where they go to bed with the chickens, and where, furthermore, there is comparatively little to harass the mind, in the morning, at noonday, or at night, it would be absurd, and, to many, injurious to postpone the principal meal much beyond midday. There are very few civilized beings that can go from morning to night without anything to eat and not suffer. Such prolonged fasting is the prerogative of savages. There can be found now and then a business or professional man in whose arteries the blood of his pagan ancestors is so little diluted that he only feels hungry twice a day, and there are others who abstain from midday lunches because they believe it to be a virtue to go without eating. For the majority of Americans this mistake is a most fearful one, and has caused innumerable woes. Dyspepsia in all its phases, nervous diseases of all kinds, and death itself are the rewards that nature is continually bestowing upon those who refuse her bounties. Abstinence from regular meals in health is a vice in which only professed gluttons should indulge; but if one must lose a meal, let it be the last one of the day, and not the breakfast or lunch. It is not always necessary that the lunches should be liberal or varied; for many a few mouthfuls suffice—or, at least, stay the stomach till evening. But, as a rule, it is well for those who dine late in the day to take a *substantial lunch* in which meat, cold or warm, or fish of some kind or nourishing soup, as well as bread and butter, shall be represented. The danger of spoiling the appetite is infinitely less than the danger of so weakening the stomach by long abstinence that a good dinner cannot be well assimilated. It is far better to over-eat at lunch than not to eat at all.

CLABROUGH, GOLCHER & CO.—We are largely indebted for the good things of life to the rod of the angler, and the rifle and gun of the hunter. Clabrough, Golcher and Co.'s store, situated at No. 605 Market St., is a magazine of all the implements used on stream or hillside, forest or plain. From the branch house in Birmingham where John Clabrough, a member of the firm, resides, they receive an excellent class of shotguns, manufactured there, which have met with the approval of the most expert hunters on the Pacific Coast, and whose popularity has been steadily on the increase.

Guns by the celebrated gunmakers of Europe of every variety are found in their store, which presents the largest and most complete assortment of sporting tools in San Francisco. They are the agents of W. J. Cummings, of Auckland, whose fishing tackle has obtained a world-wide celebrity, second to none of the British manufacturers of angling material. They are also the agents of the blue rock pigeons and traps, the most popular inanimate targets among those who pride themselves upon their skill in pigeon shooting.

Everything that the lawn tennis player needs in the pursuit of his pastime is found here by the best makers, and therefore of the best, and most lasting quality. The Golcher hunting boot, which has been recently introduced into the market, is an ingenious combination of stout moccasin of untanned leather, with comfortable fitting uppers, lacing close to the ankle and affording a sturdy support.

There is nothing in the way of rifle, gun, pistol, rod, hunting knives, ammunition—all that those who enjoy the life by flood and field may desire that is not found at "Golchers'," as the sportsmen designate their favorite headquarters. The Messrs. Golcher are themselves keen and skillful at the hunt and angle, and a specialty of their place is that when one wants to go a fishing, they can tell him when to go, in what quarter he has the best prospects, and advise him on his outfit, giving him just what he needs, and no more, nor permitting him to load down with useless tackle. So in the hunting season, they keep informed, as in angling, upon those districts where a good bag may be made, what lands are preserved, and when the shooting is open to all comers. In fine Golchers', in addition to being the repository for all the sportsman needs, is a bureau of information as to where he may enjoy the pastime of his selection.

Within the last ten years it has grown to be the leading gun-store of the city. The relations between the Golchers' and their customers have always been of the most agreeable nature. It has often been said that none but those who are really and honestly fond of sport themselves can hope to succeed in keeping an emporium of sportsmen's materials. This is one of the secrets of the prosperity of this firm. They are thoroughly *enrapport* with hunter and angler, and the stranger in the city who is anxious to indulge his outdoor tastes is courteously directed where to go and what to take with him, having also the assurance that he is furnished with nothing but the best for his pursuit of fin, fur or feather.

"COATES.'"—A cosy resort, suggestive of the old English inn, is "Coates,'" as it is generally known, its proprietor being Caleb Coates, a pioneer in the saloon business in this city. This comfortable and unique place is at 37 Sutter street, a few doors below Montgomery street. Here one can get an excellent pewter of ale or half and half served in British fashion, and, moreover, excellent whiskies, imported and American, fine brandies and the best brands of wine. The snug sitting-room is hung with quaint pictures, and in the winter months a generous fire welcomes the chilly guest. At noon a very bounteous lunch is served, and at all times there is something good to pick at on the table. It is an old time place, much frequented by old country men, nor are the native populations by any means unmindful of its comforts and its merits.

JOHN H. McMENOMY.—One of the enjoyments of the tourist in San Francisco is a stroll through the California Market. Here is an epitome of the productions of the State—fruits, vegetables, poultry and meats. The curious stranger, wandering among the attractive display, will pause at the stalls 8 and 9, where John H. McMenomy, one of the pioneer butchers of the city, shows what we can do in the line of meat supplies. The true believer in the comforts of the inner man is not he whose observation is confined to the good things of life as they appear on the table only. The genuine gourmet will scrutinize the raw material, and form his judgment of the probable results of the cook's art by the appearance it presents in the butcher's stall. His eye will be pleased indeed by the array of meats which is marshalled on the hooks of Mr. McMenomy's stalls.

Here are beeves, stall fed, fat and luscious, which suggest juicy and tender steaks and the incomparable roasts.

Those who boast of the superior meats of the old country—the beef and mutton—will find their faith shaken in this popular delusion when they gaze upon this stall life picture. There is nothing but the primest meats here, and that means a good deal in California. San Franciscans are nearly all epicures. They will not buy an inferior article. The result is that Mr. McMenomy commands the best family trade in the city, and his supplies fully justify the demand. He keeps, in a word, only the primest of the prime.

THE LICK HOUSE.—It may be truthfully said that the Lick House is a household word in the history of San Francisco. Midst the growth of hotels and fashionable boarding-houses in all portions of the city, the "Lick" on Montgomery street, near Sutter, has ever kept the even tenor of its way, uniformly prosperous and unaffected by change. Mr. Kendrick B. Soule, for thirteen years cashier of the Lick House, recently assumed the management of the hotel, and has devoted himself to the improvement of the restaurant department. The initial effort was the establishment of a perfect kitchen, that laboratory from which the elixirs to revive the inner man are to proceed. The result is in every way satisfactory—the Lick House kitchen is the *ne plus ultra* of kitchens, a kitchen with which the most hypercritical *chef* could find no fault. The great range, which runs from one end of the apartment to the other, is provided with all the modern facilities for cooking. It is bounded, as it were, with two commodious boilers on one side, and on the other with a gas boiler for eggs, toast, etc. A long counter fitted with a series of tanks filled with steam-heated water upon which covered trays rest, is used to keep the meats warm after cutting, so the guest may never have to complain of the temperature of his food. The last device for the preparation of hot cakes, waffles, and delicacies of a like nature, steam supplied, stands apart from the main range, and large kettles for stock and boiled meats are also separate from the most important portion of the kitchen outfit, so the *chef* has abundance of room for the prosecution of his good work. The tea and coffee urns and plate warmers are steam-heated by the latest and best mechanisms for this purpose. It is needless to say that the utensils are in keeping with the absolutely perfect kitchen, and that the refrigerating apparatus is all that can be desired.

The magnificent dining-room of the Lick House is the most artistic in the State. Mirrors, panels, floor and ceiling through which

the soft, mellow light falls from above, have been visited and admired for years. Now, with the present facilities, it is proposed to make the restaurant second to none in this city of restaurants. Meals are served *a la carte*, and the charges are most reasonable. It must not be assumed that because the dining hall is fit for a palace, the kitchen (which, by the way, is so admirably ventilated as to be free from food vapors) a faultless department, and the cooks persons of acknowledged skill, that a guest must necessarily wear a dress coat, or have a plethoric purse, to avail himself of the hospitality of the restaurant. By no means. It is carried on in a purely cosmopolitan spirit, and while the cooking, supplies, and service are of the best, one may dine at any figure he chooses, bring his friends in any number for a *fete* or an anniversary, or enjoy his meal with no society but his newspaper. In a word, the advantages of the Lick House restaurant are good food, well prepared, artistic surroundings, prompt and courteous service, and very moderate charges.

CHAPTER XIII

CHAMPAGNE LYRICS

The following poetry of Champagne has prevailed in Ay and Epernay since the days of St. Evremond:

Oh, the wild-fire wine of France,
  Quick with fantasies florescent,
  Rapturously effervescent,
How its atoms leap and dance!

Floric fount of love and laughter,
  Where its emanations rise,
  All the difficulty dies,
From now and then hereafter.

Through the happy golden haze
  Time's gray cheek is bright with dimples,
  And his laugh more lightly wimples
Than the sea's on summer days.

Tongue and throat it makes to tingle,
  Beats the blood from heart to vein,
  And ascending to the brain,
Bids the spirit forth and mingle
With a world no longer grim,
  But serene and sweet and spacious,
  Where the girls are fair and gracious,
And the Cupids light of limb.

Soul and sense are all untethered
  Who would an angel when
  Clement king of gods and men
He can soar so grandly feathered

With thy plumage, oh Champagne?
  Bottled gladness, thou magician!
  Silver beaded! mist Elysian!
Ecstasy of sun and rain!

Swift and subtle, glad and glorious,
  Oh, the wild-fire wine of France!
  How its atoms frisk and dance!
Over fate and time victorious.

Less for thy grace and glory, land of ours,
    Than for thy dolour, dear,
    Let the grief go, and here—
Here's to thy skies, thy women and thy flowers,

France, take the toast thy women and thy roses,
    France, to thy wine, more wealth unto thy stores,
    And let the lips a grievous memory closes
Smile, their proud smile once more.

Swarthy Falernians, Massica the Red,
    Were ye the nectars poured
    If the great gods' broad board,
No poor old wines, all but in name long dead,

Nectar's Champagne—the sparkling soul of mirth,
That bubbling o'er with laughing gas,
Flashes gay sunbeams in the glass,
And like our flag goes proudly round the earth.

"I am the blood Burgundian sunshine makes
A fine old feudal knight,
Of buff and boisterous might,
Whose casque feels—ah, so heavy when one wakes."

"And I, the dainty Bordeaux, violets!
Perfume, and whose rare rubies gourmets prize,
My subtle savour gets,
In partridge wings its daintiest allies."

Ah, potent chiefs, Bordeaux and Burgundy,
If we must answer make,
This sober counsel take:
Mes seigneurs, sing your worth less haughtily,

For 'tis Champagne, the sparkling soul of mirth,
That, bubbling o'er with laughing gas,
Flashes gay sunbeams in the glass,
And like our flag goes proudly round the earth.

Ay, 'tis true, the typic wine of France,
Ay, 'tis our heart that sparkles in our eyes,
And higher beats for every dire mischance,
It was the wit that made our fathers wise.

That made their valour gallant, gay,
When plumes were stirred by winds of waving swords,
And chivalry's defiance spoke the words:
"A vous, Messieurs les Anglais, les premiers."

Let the dull beer apostle till he 's hoarse
Sent his small spleen and spite—
Fate fill his sleepless night
With nightmares of invincible remorse!

We sing Champagne, the sparkling soul of mirth
That bubbling o'er with laughing gas,
Flashes gay sunbeams in the glass,
And like our flag goes proudly round the earth.

No, such blockheads do not sip
Of that most delicious wine;
Soul of Love and fellowship,
Sweet as truly 'tis benign.

No, their palate, spoilt and worn,
Craves adult'rate juice to drain
Poison raw which we should scorn,
Beverage fit for frantic brain.

Let us therefore hold as fools,
Such as now feign to despise
Those *balsamic molecules*
Horace used to sing and prize.

No, such blockheads do not sip
Of that most delicious wine,
Soul of love and fellowship
Sweet as truly 'tis benign.

Of that wine so purely white,
Which the sternest mood makes past
And which sparkles yet more bright
In your eyes than in my glass.

Drink, then, drink, I pledge you, dear,
In the nectar old we prize;
Sparkling in our glasses clear,
But more brightly in your eyes.

Come, little page, serve us aright,
The crown is often heavy to bear;
So fill up my goblet, large and light
Whenever you find a vacancy there.

This wine is surely no Christian weight,
And yet you never complaint will hear
That it's not baptised with water clear.
Down my throat I pour
The old Arbois;

And now, my lords, let us our voices raise
And sing of Silenus and Bacchus the praise.

Chloris and Egle with their snowy hands,
Pour out a wine of Ay, whose prisoned foam
Tightly compressed within its crystal home,
Drives out the cork, 'mid laughter's joyous sound
It flies against the ceiling to rebound,
The sparkling foam of this refreshing wine
The brilliant image of us French does shine.

Lift to the skies thy foaming wine
That cheers the heart, that charms the eye,
Exalts its fragrance, gift divine,
Champagne, from thee the wise must fly.

A poison lurks those charms below,
An asp beneath the flowers is hid;
In vain thy sparkling fountains flow,
When wisdom has their lymph forbid.

'Tis but when cloyed with purer fair,
We can with such a traitress flirt;
So following Beaune with reverent air,
Let Reims appear but at dessert.

When on the fruit piled board,
Thy cup with nectar stored,
Commence their genial reign,
The wisest, sternest faces
Of mirth display the traces,
And to rejoice are fain.
As laughter's silv'ry ripple
Greet every glass we tipple,
Away fly grief and pain.

'Tis not on the icy-topped mountains of Thrace,
Or those of Rhodope, thy favors I trace,
Not there to invoke thee I'd roam.
No! Reims sees thee reign sovereign lords o'er her hills,
There I offer my vows and the nectar thrills,
To my soul I will seek close at home.

Whether Venus-like rising midst foam sparkling white,
Or wrapped in a mantle of rose rich and bright,
Thou seekest my senses to fire,
Come aid me to sing, for my Muse is full fain
To owe on this day each melodious strain
To the fervor 'tis thine to inspire.

Gray time shall pause and smooth his wrinkles,
Bright garlands round his scythe shall twine;
While sands from out his glass he sprinkles,
To fill it up with wine,
With rosy sparkling wine!

Thus hours shall pass which no man reckons,
'Mongst us who, glad with mirth divine,
Heed not the shadowy hand that beckons
Across the sea of wine,
Of billowy, gushing wine!

And though 'tis true, they cross in pain,
Who sober cross the Stygian ferry,
Yet only make our Styx Champagne,
And we shall cross right merry,
Floating away on wine!

Old Charon's self shall make him mellow,
Then gaily row his bark from shore;
While we and every jolly fellow
Hear unconcerned the oar
That dips itself in wine!

Morning bright,
Thy pure light
I rejoice when I see,
The fair dove,
Whom I love
So, 'tis rosy like thee.
She is fair,
None so rare
With a waist matched by none,
By my hand
It is spanned
And Eyes bright as the sun;
Wet with new
Fallen dew
The rose sparkles less bright,
Freer from spot
Ermine's not
Nor is lily more white.
Fair Dupuis,
All agree,
On ambrosia is fed;
From her lip
When I sip
Nectar's perfume is shed.

Lily on liquid roses floating!
So floats yon foam o'er pink Champagne
Fain would I join such pleasant boating,
And prove that ruby main,
And float away on wine.

Those seas are dangerous, gray beards swear,
Whose sea beach is the goblet's brim;
And here it is they drown dull care—
But what care we for him?
So we but float on wine.

If you've ever seen a party
Relieved from the presence of Ned,
How instantly joyous and hearty
They've grown when the damper was fled.

You may guess what a gay piece of work,
What delight to Champagne it must be,
To get rid of its bore of a cork,
And come sparkling to you, love, and me.

Thanks to the bowl
That cheers my soul,
No care can make me shrink,
The foam divine,
Of this gray wine
I think.

When it I drain,
Gives to each vein
A link.
Source of pure joy
Without alloy,
Come, dear one, fain I'd drink.

Divine Champagne,
All grief and pain
In thee I gladly sink;
All ills agree,
Away from thee
To slink.

Sweet to the nose,
As new blown rose
Or pink;
With gifts that ease,
And charms that please,
Come, dear one, fain I'd drink.

Despite the tongue of malice,
No poison in thy chalice
Was ever found Champagne.
Simplicity most loyal
Was ever thy boast most royal;
And this thy wines retain.
No harm lurks in the fire,
That helps thee to inspire
The heart and spur the brain.

As the vine, although lowly in aspect outlines
The stateliest trees by the produce it bears,
So midst all earths of rich generous wines,
Our Reims the bright crown of pre-eminence wears.

The Massica, erst sang by the Horace of old,
To Sillery now must abandon the field;
Falernian nor Chian could ne'er be so bold
To rival the nectar Ay's sunny slopes yield.

As bright as the goblet it sparkling fills,
With diamonds infusion, it foaming exhales
An odor ambrosial, the nostril that thrills,
Foretelling the flavor, delicious, it veils.

At first with false fury, the foam-bells arise,
And creamily bubbling spread over the rim,
Till equally swiftly their petulance dies
In a purity that makes e'en crystal seem dim.

ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.—The house of Louis Roederer, originally founded by a German named Schreider, was content to pursue the tenor of its way for some years—until it suddenly felt prompted to lay siege to the Muscovite connection of La Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin, and secure a market for its wine at Moscow and St. Petersburg. It next opened up in the United States, and finally introduced its brand in England. The house possesses cellars in various parts of Rhiems, and has its offices in one of the oldest quarters of the city—namely, the Rue des Elus, or ancient Rue des Juifs, where the old synagogue formerly stood, and the records of which date as far back as 1103. At the corner of this street and abutting on the Place des Marcher, is a curious old house, the overhanging upper stories of which are supported by huge, massive carved buckets, decorated by figures more or less quaint in design. M. Louis Roederer's offices in the Rue des Elus are at the farther end of a courtyard, beyond which is found a second court, where carts laden with cases of champagne seem to indicate that some portion of the shipping business of the house is here carried on. One of M. Louis Roederer's establishments in the Boulevard du Temple, is distinguished by a rather imposing facade, and has a carved head of Bacchus surmounting its *porte-Cochére*, while the principal establishment, a picturesque range of buildings of considerable extent, is situated in the neighboring Rue de la Justice. Leading from the Rue de Elus into the Rue de Vesle is a gloomy-looking ancient street known as the Rue des Beaux Anges, all the houses of which have their windows secured by iron gratings, and their massive doors thickly studded with huge nails. These prison-like facades which

in all probability refer to the epoch of the religious wars, succeed each other in lugubrious monotony along either side of the way; but gain admittance to their inner courts, and quite a different scene presents itself. In one notable instance, looking to a pleasant little flower-garden is a small but charming renaissance house, with its windows ornamented with elaborate mouldings, and surrounded by graceful sculptured heads, while at one corner they rose up a tower with a sun-dial displayed on its front. In this and an adjoining house the canons of the cathedral were accustomed to reside in the days when something like four-fifths of the city was in possession of the Church.

Roederer Champagne has long been a popular wine in this State. The agents are Macondray & Co. with their office at 427 Market street. New brands have been introduced here but in all the battles of these sparkling wines, Roederer has ever held its own. This is owing to the intrinsic merit of the champagne, its purity, sparkle, and delightful bouquet. It is a wine so highly esteemed by epicures that no first-class hotel or restaurant can afford to be without it. Tastes may vary in other particulars but Roederer will always remain a prime and cherished favorite.

CHAPTER XIV

AN ATTACK UPON THE WAITERS OF THE OLD INN—THE ANCIENTS INDIGNANT AT THEIR RECEPTION

PUBLICATION, since defunct, called "Mirth," in its issue for January, 1878, contained a sketch by Mr. Godfrey Turner, which at that time was much appreciated by the frequenters of the "Cheshire Cheese." It was a thinly disguised attack upon the waiters, as it would seem; but as so much has been said in their praise, it is only fair that Mr. Turner's criticism should find a place in a record of this kind.

A LITTLE LUNCH IN GREAT GRUB STREET.

SCENE I.—*Round the Corner. Persons*, Micio *and* Æschinus.

Micio—Well, my boy! Back again in London, eh? Worse places than the great Metropolis, eh, you rogue, eh? *Laudabunt alii claram Lutetiam.* Give me London, that is, for a permanency.

Æschinus—Yes, after all, one can make oneself tolerably comfortable in London for a longer spell than in any other city. We may sometimes wish ourselves away, but we soon begin to wish ourselves back again.

Micio—Well said, my boy. And we come back again too, don't we?

Æschinus—Certainly, sir.

Micio—You may, I think, dine almost as well in London as in Paris, that is, if you know the right places to go to.

Æschinus—Ye—es, perhaps you may. But there are not quite so many to choose from, are there, sir?

Micio—Why no, my boy; I grant you that. But you can't dine in all the good places at once, wherever you may be. So after all,

you see, it matters not whether your selection is from five good taverns or fifty. Indeed, I think the fewer good taverns you have to choose from, the better is your chance of finding out the one you would like to stick to.

Æschinus—Undoubtedly, sir.

Micio—You will have observed that I use the word "taverns," and I hope you will forgive my not calling them "restaurants," good word though that may be, when it is at home. Our old taverns are scarce; and as to the inns, where is the one in which a gentleman could think of taking his ease, or looking for his warmest welcome?

Æschinus—We have our club, you know, sir; and some of the big hotels are not bad.

Micio—Well, well, you are right. I am an old fogey, sir; but I can fall in with the changed customs of the present day. Still I like old-fashioned comfort, and so, I think, do many of the youngsters.

Æschinus—I can answer for one, sir.

Micio—I believe you, lad; and I think there is no harm for you or for me in liking a good old tavern. I could almost say with Walter de Mapes, *Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori.* This was once a famous street for taverns, the haunts of literary men whose names are now historical. Indeed, if I am not misinformed, it bears somewhat of the same character yet. Is not that famous chop-house, the Sawdust Box, here about?

Æschinus—We are very near it.

Micio—I thought so. It is the best in my experience of such places. Every thing there is honestly good. I have known the old Sawdust Box forty years and upward. A plump, round-faced, fresh-colored, jolly, civil little man, named—well, never mind his name; I forget it though I remember his face—used to keep the Sawdust Box in my day. Yes, I remember him as if it was yesterday. He had a bland propitiatory manner, and would go softly from table to table, rubbing his hands, and saying he hoped you had what you liked.

Æschinus—Something like wishing you might get it, was not that, sir?

Micio—Ha, ha! very good, my boy. But you did get it, sir, you did get it, and I dare say you get it, just the same to this day. Why, here's the very house! Not a bit changed, I declare. Same quaint old look; same heavy old-fashioned windows; same swing door. Same interior too, I've no doubt. Bless me! Do you know

that great Dr. Walker, and the famous talker, Jawker, with their illustrious but taciturn friend, Hawker, and many other celebrated wits, frequented this house about a hundred years ago? It is a landmark of his day, a memorial of our splendid literature, my boy. Do you feel disposed for lunch?

Æschinus—By all means, sir.

Micio—Good! then in we go.

SCENE II.—The Bar of the old Sawdust Box; a noisy crowd drinking thereat.

Waiter (pushing through the blockade at the door of a room in which other people are eating)—By your leave, gentlemen.

Cockeramstike! (*The last word* is bawled by a waiter up a narrow three-cornered wooden staircase, on the bare boards of which is a greasy litter of plates, mutton bones, and scraps of meat and potato, artfully laid to entrap the careless footfall.

Short Man—(who is having a long drink.) That's my opinion, I say. Of course I may be wrong.

Long Man (who appears to have many short drinks and is taking another)—You're as wrong as a trivet upside down.

Waiter—By your leave gentlemen.

Cook—A sing moot, and two followers down together.

Stout Man (with Big Bag)—Have you heard the story about the elephant and the one-eyed wombat? Yes? Ah, then you have'nt heard the right version, because I'm the only man that knows it, and I'll tell it to you. In the first place, perhaps, I ought to explain that where the wombats live there is a species of snake, that ain't a rattlesnake, but is something of the rattlesnake build, you know, without the rattle; and the wombats don't like this snake the least bit. Well, when the elephants come down to drink——

Waiter—By your leave, gentlemen. (Shouting from the bottom of the staircase to the top of his lungs). Cotherum steak! Botherum-foozlum mash! (or something quite as intelligible and euphonious.)

Stout Man (with Big Bag)—(Slowly and impressibly)—When the elephants come down to drink——

Short Man (to Long Man)—That's what you think about the matter, is it?

Long Man (to Short Man)—Is it? Yes! And if you knew as much about both men as I do, you wouldn't need to ask me what I do think or what I don't think.

Stout Man (with Big Bag)—When the elephants——

Short Man—Then you're wrong.

Long Man—What?

Short Man—I say you're wrong. Do you suppose I don't know what I'm talking about? I tell you he wouldn't have it at any price. And what's more, the other man couldn't come to the other man's terms. I mean the other man couldn't. That is, unless the other man could get some other man to say——

Stout Man (with Big Bag)—When——

Long Man—My boy, you've got on the wrong side of the business entirely. Now just attend to me for a few minutes. I assure you, as true as we are both standing here at this minute——

Stout Man (with Big Bag)—When the elephants come down to drink——

Short Man—I shall go up to smoke.

Long Man—So shall I.

Short Man ascends the greasy triangular staircase. Long Man follows, and knocks down a pile of plates. Great excitement, in the midst of which

[Enter Micio and Æschinus.]

Micio—Bless my heart! This is very different from the quiet old chop house as I remember it.

Æschinus—Ha! Perhaps, sir, you are resting on rather a long memory.

Stout Man (with Big Bag)—When the elephants come down to drink, the wombats clear out; and one jolly, cunning old wombat, being one-eyed, and in mortal dread of snakes——

Waiter—By your leave, gentleman! Two goes of rack and a four of Scotch, miss.

Stout Man (with Big Bag)—And in mortal dread of snakes——

Waiter—Fotherum-coozlum, botherum steak, chop and kidney down together!

Micio—Will you kindly allow us to pass, sir?

Wit of the Period—Pass two to front row of dress circle. Take a programme, gentleman?

Charles (his friend)—Shut up, you fool! You'll have Chalker down on you again presently.

Stout Man (with Big Bag)—The one-eyed wombat being in mortal dread of snakes——

Wit—You mean steaks.

SCENE III.—Inside Room. People Feeding.

[Enter Micio and Æschinus.]

Micio—Here are two vacant seats.

Æschinus—They'll do.

Micio—Waiter!

Customer (at another table)—Waiter! Come here! I didn't ask for a sausage with my chop.

Waiter—Not ask for a sausage! Why, I took the order myself.

Customer—I know you did, but you took it inattentively. Take this sausage away; and I've a great mind to send the chop after it. Here's a thing to call a chop! (turns it over).

Waiter—What's the matter with it?

Customer—Everything. It's as thin as the ghost of a thread paper split; its burnt to a cinder on one side, and it has scarcely felt the heat of the coals on the other. These potatoes are quite cold, too.

Waiter—That's not my fault, is it? What's the good of blowing me up about the potatoes? Everybody says the potatoes is cold.

Second Customer—Waiter! Really this is too bad. I've been here exactly three-quarters of an hour, and now you bring me a steak that is positively raw.

Waiter—Not done enough, sir?

Second Customer—Done enough? Confound it! I say its not begun.

Third Customer—Here, waiter, look at this steak. Its nearly all fat and grisle; and the small portion of lean is so hard that I can't get my teeth into it.

Waiter—We don't have no complaints from other people.

Micio—Waiter, I say. (To Æschinus.) This is not the kind of a thing I remember here. I must beg you to attend to your duties and order us two mutton chops, with potatoes, as soon as possible.

Waiter—Two steaks and mashed potatoes did you say?

Micio—I did not.

Waiter—Two chops was it then?

Micio—That is what I said, and that is what you know I said. Be so good as to go and see about them directly.

[Exit Waiter, rather taken down for once.]

Micio—That is a remarkably bad servant. If I were to see his master I would complain of his gross inattention and incivility.

Æschinus—To tell you the truth, sir, I do not believe there would be much use in doing so. The servants are masters here.

Micio—This is a bad beginning, I confess. But never mind. We will make ourselves as comfortable as possible in the circumstances. Suppose we have a salad. I don't suppose it will be so artfully compounded as at your favorite resort on the Boulevard des Italiens. Still we will take it at its best. Waiter, a salad.

Waiter—Anything to drink?

Micio—Certainly. (To Æschinus). What shall it be?

Æschinus—Really I don't mind what; the wine of the country I suppose—British malt. Bring me some ale. What will you take, sir?

Micio—I'll have ale as well.

Waiter—Two pints o' bitter. And a salad, I think you said, gentlemen?

Æschinus—Yes.

[Exit Waiter.]

Micio—I hope he will rub the bowl with garlic. It is the keystone of cookery. Horace must have been clumsily overdozed with the ingredient when he had that flung at it in the Third Epode, addressed to Mœcenas. It was a salad of some sort the commentators think that contained the criminal flavoring of which the little man complained. Probably 'twas *moretum*, which the Romans made with cheese, oil, milk and wine; though that was rather a plebian dish among them.

[Enter Waiter, with salad and beer which he sets on the table before Æschinus and Micio.]

Æschinus—That is not ale; it is porter or stout.

Waiter—Didn't you say stout?

Æschinus—No, but I'll keep this; it is very good.

Micio—Mine is not ale, but, as you say, it tastes well, so I'll not have it changed. I am glad the salad has come before the chops, as it seems we are to mix it ourselves. What is this? Why the lettuce is quite wet. There is positively a great quantity of water at the bottom of the bowl.

Waiter—I'll pour it away if you like.

Micio—But how came it there?

Æschinus—Pardon me, sir, you forget—do you not?—that you are in England, where the lettuce is understood to be an aquatic herb, and is usually treated by prolonged immersion in a tub of water. The waiter is not responsible for a national idiosyncracy.

Micio—True. How long do you think these plants have been in soak, waiter?

Waiter—Don't know I'm sure, sir. They was took in yesterday, and I suppose they've been in water ever since. That's how we keeps 'em fresh. First we cuts the roots off and stripes away the houter leaves, and then we puts 'em in a tub till they're wanted.

Micio—A very pretty plan, indeed. I regret to have interfered with it. Perhaps you had better take this verdure back to its diluted mud-bath, it is *not* wanted at present.

Waiter—Didn't you hask for a salad, sir?

Micio—Yes, that is what we asked for certainly, but you brought us a rough collection of ill-grown vegetables tumbled into a bowl with half-a-pint of dirty water.

Æschinus—Is it not almost time that our chops were ready?

Micio—There has been time since we ordered them to broil twice over. I am patient whenever cooking is concerned, and would always rather wait for my dinner than my dinner should be put to the grievous injury of waiting for me. But half an hour is twice enough in all conscience for a simple grill.

Æschinus—You have not been a frequent visitor of late at this fine old crusted bin of illustrious traditions, have you, sir?

Micio—No, my boy, no; I never was more disappointed in my life; But let us sit it out. From the little I have been able to gather since we came in, the liquors are the only good things left in the place.

Æschinus—That is accurately so. The drinking bar and the bad service have ruined the Sawdust Box. I had not the heart to spoil your pleasant recollections of a dingy eighteenth century pot-house, or I should have moved an amendment to your resolution.

Waiter—Stewed Cheshire, gentlemen. (He placed toasted cheese before Micio and Æschinus.)

Micio—But where are the chops?

Æschinus—We asked you for chops nearly an hour ago.

Waiter—I didn't hear you say chops. You said sausage, then you wouldn't have it.

Micio—We will pay, if you please, and go.

Waiter—Let's see. What have you had?

Micio—A lesson. It is not dear at two shillings. There is half-a-crown.

[Exuent Micio and Æschinus.]

SCENE IV.—The Bar.

Stout Man (with Big Bag)—Wasn't that artful of the wombat? (He laughs for the whole audience none of whom appears to perceive the humor of his story.)

Curtain.

CHAPTER XV

APPETITE HEREDITARY—PROHIBITED MEATS—SCIENTIFIC DIVISION OF FOOD—OPINIONS OF CELEBRATED TRAVELERS.

VERYTHING in the human organization, good or bad, is subject to the great law of inheritance, and with the reversion and other modifications which are a part of the general law, are liable to be transmitted from parents to children. By this law we may explain the facts of whole nations who eat with relish varieties of food that to other nations are so repulsive; the decomposed fish and flesh, sour milk, are by so many preferred to these articles in a fresh and pure condition. It is more than probable that twenty years hence children will love tomatoes as naturally as they now love peaches or potatoes. It is hardly probable that man even in his lowest state preferred putrid flesh and decomposed, to fresh nutriment. The theory is more plausible that on account of scarcity or negligence, they are often obliged to eat food that had passed into decomposition, and that by long use they learned to prefer that flavor which was at first disagreeable, and that this taste was transmitted to posterity. This theory is re-enforced by the fact that it is mostly among savage tribes, or the wretchedly poor, that these strange tastes are found, and that under increased comforts they have mostly disappeared. The preference which the Icelanders and the Irish peasantry give for sour milk is accounted for in the same way; for such preference, like the preference for high game, is but exceptionally seen among the intelligent and well-favored classes of any country. Not only taste, but probably also distaste is hereditary. With enlarged resources and refined cookery, enlightened man has gradually abandoned articles of food that were once his favorites, and has lost his love for them, and it is surely not irrational to infer that this dislike has been inherited, so that now we almost tremble at the thought of sitting down at the tables of our ancestors. Nearly all people reject, even under the pressure of extreme necessity, some one or many articles of food at their command, and the causes for

such rejections are oftentimes strange and unaccountable. Superstition and religion have much to do with the rejection of many articles of food, especially among certain savage nations. The Kaffir, like the Jew, will never eat pork, and he abstains also from fish, and yet he seeks the raw flesh of the ox, even the most disgusting portions. The Pacific islanders, like many other savages, are prevented by their religion from eating many valuable articles of food. One worships his God in the shark; another in the eel; another in the owl, and so on through all animate nature. The East Africans, though very fond of animal food, refuse eggs and consider cheese a mineral and therefore denounce it. Judaism prohibited pork, as we all know, and the religions of India compel vast millions to practice absolute or approximate vegetarianism. Even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, we have seen a not inconsiderable number of Protestant Christians abstaining from wine for conscience' sake.

On the festal days of the Roman, and especially of the Greek church, flesh of all kinds is prohibited. With the general advance of the race, and the evolution of freedom in thought and action, the interference of religion with diet has been gradually reduced to a minimum. The Llaneros, a pastoral people of South America, despise milk and butter, regarding them as only fit for children. In the United States we call a rabbit a delicacy, but a negro of the West Indies will go a very long time hungry before he will touch it. As a general law all varieties of food are best adapted for the climate in which they are produced; but this law is susceptible of very wide modifications. That the train oil and blubber of Greenland are better adapted for those regions than for the temperate zone; that there is a certain correspondence between the fruits of the tropics and the demands of the system in those regions; that those travelers best succeed in preserving health and strength who measurably conform to the eating and drinking customs of the countries they visit—all these statements are but truisms and need no detailed exhibition of authorities to make them acceptible. And yet the history of the world and especially since the recent and rapid development of modern commerce, shows that civilized man can use with profit and pleasure, food gathered from all ends of the earth. It appears not to be well to live entirely or mainly on imported food; and none long try the experiment. The inhabitants of the temperate zone are the most fortunate in this respect, since they can draw from the colder zone on one hand and tropical on the other; and probably without necessary detriment to health. There is no satisfactory evidence that

the fruits and condiments brought to us from the tropics have any other than a pleasurable and beneficial effect when used with reasonable caution and with a due regard to individual idiosyncrasies; but the desire for these subs. s is much less active in the temperate zone than in the countries where they are produced. Man seems to demand and to bear wider extremes in his food than the lower animals; for we all know that some tropical birds and polar animals die readily if great pains be not taken with their nutrition. It follows from that the products of the temperate zones should have a wider applicability than the products raised only in the tropical or polar regions. The inference is confirmed by experience. Potatoes, rice and other cereals are valuable food in any climate to which they may be carried. Similarly with negative food. The universal stimulants are tea and tobacco, and both are products of temperate climates. Extremely hot and extremely cold climates demand oily and fatty food or other carbo-hydrates, though perhaps not in equal quantity.

Liebig, the father of physiological chemistry, has made a division of food that is as familiar as it is unsound. According to his classification the heat producers will least of all be needed in hot climates. Experience shows that they supply a want in the deserts of Persia and Arabia, of the herdsmen of the Pampas of South America who, under a burning sun, feel similar if not equal need of oil and fat. No other facts than these are needed to show the difficulty and present impossibility of solving the complex problem of diet by physiological chemistry. Baker tells us of an Arab sheik, who, though "upwards of eighty, as upright as a dart, a perfect Hercules," had daily consumed through his life two pounds of melted butter. Baker further states that "fat is a great desideratum of the Arab," not only does he smear his beard, his clothes and his body with it but he eats all he can get. Du Chaillu states that the Bakalai tribe of Africa have more disease than the Apingi, and he attributes this difference to the fact that the latter tribe consume more palm oil, which in the absence of game, constitutes a considerable portion of their food. He further states that this tribe are exceedingly fertile as compared with other African tribes and rises the query whether the immense amount of palm oil they eat may not have something to do with it. Dr. Livingstone, speaking of the Kalahara desert, says, a considerable proportion of animal diet seems requisite here. Independent of the want of salt we require meat in as large quantities, daily as we do in England, and no bad effects in the way of biliousness follow the free use of flesh as in other hot climates. A vegetable diet

causes acidity and heartburn. Burton says that in East Africa meat is the diet most prized, and that those who can afford it live on flesh almost entirely, considering "fat the essential element of good living." He further states, that although fish are abundant in the rivers, they are despised by those who can get flesh. The Persians live on rice and oil. In Central and Eastern Arabia, the date is the food of the Arab, the staff of his life, and chief commercial product. Mahomet knew its value and he commanded: "Honor the date tree for she is your mother." The Arab of the Desert of Sahara drinks oil as we drink coffee. When it is in abundance he can sustain great fatigue. Says Richardson, "An Arab will live three months on barley meal paste dipped in olive oil." It would seem that the different varieties of the carbo-hydrates are, to a certain degree, substitutes for each other. In India and China the leading carbo-hydrate is rice. In Central and Eastern Arabia, the date; in the Desert of Sahara and in Eastern and Western Arabia, Syria and Palestine, palm and olive oil, and in nearly all these countries, milk and honey, and liquid butter, cocoanut and ground nut oil, and fat and lean meats of various kinds are used. In East Africa, where the cucumber grows wild, an excellent oil is extracted from its seeds. Various the methods by which inhabitants of extremely hot regions satisfy the demand for carbo-hydrates. In East Africa the people chew the sugar-cane and "sugar attracts them like flies; they clap their hands with delight at the taste; they buy it for its weight in ivory, and if a thimbleful should happen to fall upon the ground they will eat an ounce of earth rather than lose a grain of it." The Mussulmas of the desert cook their rice in fat. In Chili, balls of grease are sold in the markets, and in Egypt nearly everything is cooked swimming in fat, and in Madagascar traveling companies say that grease is mixed with all their food. In Chili sugar is also much eaten. Hot oil as well as hot gravy is taken by the Arabians of the desert, and is given as a medicine in certain diseases. Tomson says that the principal food of the inhabitants of Syria and Palestine is cheese, figs, olives and sour milk and that almost every dish is cooked in oil. In hot countries where meat is scarce, or where it is prohibited by religion, other substances classed by Liebig as heating food are used. The nutritive power of oils and fats is several times greater than that of rice, and therefore, when rice is used without oil or sweets, large quantities are required. The Hindoo eats enormous quantities of rice and butter eked out sometimes by a little flesh, but at best this food is an imperfect substitute for meat or oil, for we are told that the

quantity required by those who live mainly on rice is enormous, and that the poor Ryots in consequence become "pot bellied" and present an appearance of chronic starvation. On the contrary, the Arabs who live on an abundance of flesh of various kinds and oil and butter, and some of the tribes of Central Africa whose diet is similar though varied by human flesh, as well as the herdsmen of South America who rarely need to suffer for want of meat or oil, are, for savages, vigorous, active, energetic and courageous.

Extremely hot regions not only require meat and oily food, but enormous quantities of it; probably not much less in some sections than is required in regions of extreme cold. Of the gastronomic performances of the Hottentots every one has heard; Barrow states that they are prodigious gluttons. An ox of medium size was disposed of by ten Hottentots in three days. Probably more food is on the average eaten in extremely cold than in extremely hot countries, but there is reason for believing that the difference is less than is generally supposed. Like the Hottentots, the African cannibals, and the Arabs, the Siberians, and Greenlanders appear to be greater gluttons than they really are because they are compelled to go hungry for many days at a time. It is certain that the Laplanders, the Norwegians and Icelanders are not remarkable eaters. The traveler, Vambery, says that the Persian pilgrims, whom he met on his travels, were gigantic eaters. The effects of extreme heat and cold are analogous in other respects. "The drought and heat of the Llanos act like cold upon animals and plants." Says Humboldt: "In the season of extreme heat boa constrictors and crocodiles remain torpid for weeks in the mud." Travelers in Africa confirm this observation. Certain diseases, as leprosy and elephantiasis, seem to be common to tropical and polar regions. They are found in Iceland and in Africa and Arabia. Ice and hot water often have similary curative influence when locally applied for the treatment of disease. There are large numbers of people who prefer their flesh and other food when it has passed into a state of decomposition or fermentation. In Burmah, the gnepher, a huge fish, is eaten sometimes in a semi-putrid or semi-pickled state. The herdsmen of South America seem to prefer decomposed meat, even when the fresh is abundant on every hand. The inhabitants along the Senegal and Orange Rivers prefer decomposed fish to that just taken out of the water. Even in Sweden, stock fish steeped in a solution of potash until decomposition takes place is for the Christian's dinner, what roast beef is to Englishmen. The herds-

men of Pampas of South America eat decomposed oxen with great relish. There are some few among us who prefer old and rancid cheese to that which is fresh and newly made. Even in civilization the old taste lingers; traces of barbarism are not yet wholly worn out, for even now there are some who prefer their game high. Fermented liquors are enjoyed by the most enlightened, equally by the most degraded; but fermentation is a species of decomposition. Putrifaction and fermentation are seen to make some alimentary substances more healthful and to remove injurious qualities. The juice of the mandioca is at first poisonous until fermentation has commenced. Sour milk seems to be less likely to do harm than sweet milk, at least it is so believed among certain tribes in Africa; and the world over, there are more who drink sour milk than who take it fresh from the cow. Much of the disease of the world is caused by the food. Between savagery and civilization through all the grades this law applies, and that the scurvy and horrid diseases of the skin and general low condition of many of the savage tribes are caused by their abominable food, travelers will agree. The delusion that all the diseases of humanity are confined to civilization is quickly dispelled by a careful reading of books of travel. Scurvy is caused by want of fresh vegetables and fruits, and is removed by abundance of these articles. The raw meat of the Abyssinians, when very freely eaten, causes, it is stated, a kind of insensibility, not unlike intoxication. Almost the whole Abyssinian people are afflicted with tape-worms; it is their most prevalent disease and it is without question due to the raw meat on which they subsist. The natives of Polynesia sometimes eat sharks and gorge themselves to such an extent that they vomit. Their flesh is dry and acrid. It is thought that the excessive disproportionate use of the date among the Arabs is a cause of indigestion. An exclusive fish diet seems to cause various disorders. The experience of mankind in the selection and combination of food, is to a certain extent explained and confirmed by the sciences of organic physiological chemistry. If man was forced to depend on his knowledge of the relation of minute chemistry of food to the human body, he would starve before he could prepare a single meal; and after the utmost care and skill in which the most advanced science should be brought into requisition, he could not tell whether the first mouthful might not instantly throw him into fatal convulsions. But after experience has indicated to us the food that we need, chemistry and physiology come in very appropriately to explain, in the most interesting manner, the laws

and principles thus ascertained and to guide in their application. We cook some variety of fish in oil; others which contain sufficient fat, are eaten alone. In our puddings, eggs, milk, suet and butter are mingled with rice, and crackers, and bread and tapioca. In our salads are mingled oils and eggs with lettuce and chicken. Rice is boiled with milk; cheese is eaten with macaroni and green corn needs the addition of salt and butter. Buckwheat cakes are eaten with butter, milk, sugar, molasses, honey, gravy and meats. Everywhere vegetables are eaten with meats, and butter with bread and crackers with cheese. Pork and beans is a union of opposites, as scientific as it is popular. A modern dinner, beginning with soup and ending with various courses with meats, is in the main consistent with what little is known of physiological chemistry. Soup is an excellent preparation for more solid food, and raw oysters taken early in the meal serve to stimulate rather than deaden the appetite.

CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE—The earliest effort to manufacture champagne in California is due to the Sansevian Bros., who began in 1855 and 1856 in Los Angeles to experiment with wine from the Old Mission grape. Their first bottling, which entered into many thousand bottles, was a partial success, considering the idea of perfection which prevailed at that time. In the following year they bottled a much larger quantity which proved an utter failure. They were reported to have lost $100,000 in these operations. Still this did not discourage them and they sent a man named Pierre De Baune, who had been their foreman, to the champagne district in France, there to study the business. He remained there over a year, studying the wines and perfecting himself in the art of champagne making. Returning in 1857 he applied his knowledge to the California wines, but failed. However in 1861 after leaving Sansevian Bros., he had a partial success, that is some of the bottles were good and salable, and others failed either in sparkle or quality. At this period his wine was handled by Crenoline Bros., who afterwards sold out and returned to Europe, leaving Mr. De Baune to pursue the business alone. Meanwhile Mr. Pierre Sansevian, who had a vineyard in San Jose, continued his experiments in champagne making up to 1884, but without any success except an occasional small lot which was not duplicated, and did not enter into the trade. In 1862 Arpad Haraszthy began experimenting for his father in the Buena Vista ranch in Sonoma County. Three small lots were made, comprising a few dozen bottles that proved successful. Then a company was incorporated under the

name of the Buena Vista Viticultural Society with a capital stock of $600,000. An additional experiment was made for the new association of a few dozen bottles which was very successful. An attempt at champagne production on a practical scale was made next, and about 12,000 bottles were essayed. They were treated in the same manner as the previous bottling but proved an entire failure, and Mr. Haraszthy broke several dozen corkscrews endeavoring to get the wine out of the bottles. After two years' experimenting in which there was a considerable loss, Mr. Haraszthy resigned his position to continue these experiments on his own account. At this period overtures were made to Mr. De Baune by the society which he accepted. His first bottling amounted to nearly 60,000 bottles, and the wine sparkled so violently that before they could uncork the bottles over 60 per cent had broken. In the following spring over 50,000 bottles were put up, but these had to be uncorked because they did not sparkle at all. In the next lot of 30,000 lots there were not more than 10 per cent available for trade purposes. The others had to be uncorked; and of the ten per cent one-half were returned to the cellar after they had gone out to the trade because they became riley. These experiments were continued up to 1867 when Mr. De Baune, feeling that he had not made a success, retired from the management of the society's affairs, and a complete outfit of corking machinery, and a number of men were imported from the champagne districts. Those were paid high wages but they failed completely to produce a salable champagne. The society next brought out experts from the champagne districts of the Rhine, who had been educated in the industry. After three years' trial they too were discarded as failures. After this several Frenchmen were given an opportunity to make champagne for the society with the same result. A party of Swiss were tried, but they too failed. These experiments were carried along up to 1877 and '78, during which period they did not produce as much as 1,500 cases of champagne, and the society must have lost up to the date of its liquidation in 1877 in the neighborhood of $200,000 if not more. Each of these parties upon leaving the Buena Vista attempted to manufacture champagne on their own account but without success. Mr. Haraszthy continued his experiments in private up to 1866 when he discovered the method in which the wine should be handled to secure a uniformity of sparkle, not too great nor too small. This first success was made in December, 1867, comprising about 30 dozen. He was at that time a member of the firm of I. Landsberger & Co., at 528 Jackson street, and they

were encouraged to begin operations on a large scale. Their first bottling was made July 6, 1868, of 660 gallons of wine which proved a success. The second bottling, made July 8th of an equal quantity of wine was also a success. The third, on August 1st, the next, August 19th, and the next, September 5th of equal amounts were all successful, and from that day to date the champagne made by Mr. Haraszthy has been in the market commercially. It must not be understood however that all subsequent lots were a success. Far from it. New troubles, and new conditions continuously arose despite the aim of the producer to make the highest quality and many of these bottlings had to be opened and sent to the distillery as their lack of sparkle, or the inability to get the wine clear, unfitted them for the wine market. Other lots again after being turned out bright as crystal, in a month or two afterwards, became cloudy and unsalable. It is only within the last ten years that a certain uniformity from year to year could be obtained.

In 1872 a German, named Lottriz, made experiments at the Mission, but his wines were never known to the trade. In 1872 Cutting & Co. entered into partnership with a German chemist named F. Schilfer, to manufacture champagne, and met with a partial success, putting 100 cases on the market. But three years afterwards they abandoned the enterprise with a loss of over $50,000. There is champagne made by the natural process of blending wines together, and having them acquire their sparkle in the bottle by the proper fermentation of the wine itself without any artificial aid. There is also a process of making so-called champagne by the generation of carbolic acid gas, the use of sulphuric acid, marble dust, etc., but these methods are all meretricious. Natural champagne is necessarily high priced, being kept in the cask for two years and two and four years in the bottle, thus requiring large capital, and large space to handle. The operation of making natural champagne is as follows: The wine is selected from either different grapes, or from different cellars; and mingled together to make a blend whose purpose is to increase the quality of the wine, such as bouquet, flavor, taste, acidity, body and smoothness which are not found together in one grape or in one vineyard. In this consists the art of the manufacturer by which he succeeds or fails. It requires great discrimination—this mingling of different varieties of grape, or the grapes of different vineyards. Two good wines brought together in the wrong proportion frequently produce a bad wine, but no two bad wines however brought together will produce a good wine.

The greatest difficulty is encountered by the manufacturer in creating a sufficient sparkling quality, without bursting an unusually large percentage of bottles. The loss by breakage and leakage at Haraszthy & Co.'s is about 16 per cent. If the wine does not sparkle sufficiently it is opened out and sent to the distillery for distillation. This frequently occurs after the wine has been a year in bottle. The blend once agreed upon and made, the wine is clarified once or twice and then bottled. If there should not be a sufficiency of sweetness left in the grape juice, a small amount of rock candy is added because the sparkling quality is dependant in a greater or lesser degree to the larger or smaller quantity of saccharine left undecomposed in the wine at the time of bottling. If the saccharine is too abundant the bottles break in greater number. If too little, there is not sufficient sparkle to satisfy the consumer. The wine is then kept in a warm temperature for a few days, until the sparkle and breakage declares itself. It is then removed and piled in lots of from 4,000 to 8,000 bottles, and kept thus for 20 months. They are afterwards removed to racks, head down and each bottle is shaken with an oscillating motion every day. The sediment is thus accumulated on the cork, and then the bottle is removed to what is known as the disgorging shop, where six men complete the wine for market. One brings the bottles, the disgorger removes the sediment, one sweetens the wine, another recorks the bottle, and two retie the strings and fasten the corks down. During the period of violent fermentation there is a pressure evolved on the inside of the bottle of about 110 pounds to the square inch. It is by this pressure that the disgorger is enabled, by raising the bottle upward after the string is cut to eject the sediment at the proper moment, and leave the clear wine. All genuine champagnes after the removal of the sediment, whether made in the United States or in the champagne districts of France, have an addition of sweetening added to them. The sweetening or syrup is generally composed of the purest form of rock candy or crystallized sugar, dissolved in old and naturally high flavored white wine. The French usually add to this syrup some special flavoring of their own. Each bottle is hand ed about 250 times before it is ready for the market.

An erroneous opinion prevails about the age at which champagne attains perfection, some believing that after 3 years sparkling wines deteriorate. Such is not the case. Champagne, if properly kept, maintains its sparkling quality with full force up to and beyond 20 years. Redding, the great English authority on wines, claims that the best champagne he has drank has been 40 years in bottle, and a

leading expert testified that the best wine he ever drank had been laying in the cellars of Ay for 36 years. Champagne should be drunk from thin glasses and should remain on ice at least 24 hours previously, but no ice should be put in the wine. The Eclipse champagne made by Arpad Haraszthy & Co. has obtained wide popularity in the United States, and is highly esteemed in Europe where this demand is ever increasing.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DIET OF BRAIN-WORKERS—THE KIND OF FOOD REQUIRED BY BRAIN-WORKERS—GREAT THINKERS USUALLY LIBERAL EATERS—THE DIET OF ATHLETES

BRAIN-WORKERS — whether literary, professional, or business men—need the best of food, served in the most agreeable manner, and in variety and abundance, and for the following reasons: Labor of the brain exhausts the system more than labor of the muscles. According to the estimates of Prof. Houghton, three hours of hard study produce more important changes of tissue than a whole day of muscular labor. Whether this statement is mathematically accurate or not, we do certainly know by experience that a few hours of mental labor is more exhaustive than a whole day of muscular labor to those who are accustomed to such toil. No literary man can spend as many hours at his work as the day laborer. While the mason, the carpenter and the haymaker work their ten hours a day with only moderate fatigue, the professional man is wearied by three hours or four hours of severe consecutive thought. This exhaustion that we feel after hard study is the result and concomitant of the waste of tissue. This waste of tissue is supplied by food. If the theory of the correlation and conservation of forces be carried to its logical conclusion, it would seem that for every mental act there is a corresponding expenditure of force which bears a direct ratio to the thought involved, and that unless the proper force is supplied, thought becomes impossible just as steam is impossible without heat, or motion without some force to produce that motion. Phosphorus, which is a prominent ingredient of the brain, is deposited in the urine after mental labor, and recent experiments have shown that by the chemical examination of these phosphates deposited, it is possible to determine whether an individual has been chiefly using his brain or muscles. That the brain is the organ of mind is now

as well established as any fact of science. The brain, being the noblest organ of the body, receives a greater proportional amount of blood than any other part and is of course correspondingly affected by the quantity and quality of the nutrition. It has been estimated that one-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is not more than fifty ounces or about one-fortieth the weight of the body. Brain-workers as a class are more active than mechanics or laborers. The literary man need never be idle, for his thinking powers—the tools of his trade—are always at hand. Bulwer in his Caxtoniana mentions this fact as a great advantage that the literary man has over all others. The mechanic has a definite task assigned for certain hours and when that is over he feels free to rest. On the other hand, the powers of thought and composition are only interrupted by sleep, and the intensity of the labor is measured by our mental discipline and powers of endurance. Brain-workers exercise more or less all the other organs of the body as well as the brain. Even the most secluded book-worm must use his muscles to a greater or less extent and the great majority of literary and professional men are forced to take systematic and vigorous exercise in order to keep their brains in good working order. On the other hand, the uneducated and laboring classes, while they toil with their hands as their daily necessities require, are apt to let their brains lie idle and thus the most important part of their nature undergoes comparatively little change except that which comes from time and disuse. If the brain could be used exclusively without any exercise of the muscles then the diet of brain-workers might be pretty exclusively confined to those articles which contain fat, salts and phosphorus of which the brain is composed. But it is impossible to live by the brain alone; hence the necessity of a wide variety of food for the brain-working classes, of a quantity and quality adapted to nourish the whole body with special reference to the nervous system.

The best food for the brain is fat and lean meat, eggs and the cereals.

It is now a matter of fact that brain-workers eat a better quality and larger quantity of food than mechanics and laborers. How is it with the different nationalities? We have seen that the ruling people of the world, who have from time to time shaped the destiny of humanity, have always, so far as can be ascertained, been liberal feeders. This remark applies, of course, only to the ruling classes in these nationalities and not to the slave or peasant class who lived with them, but were not of them. But of the patrician or governing

orders of society—the leaders of the world in legislation, in war, in commerce, in science and literature—it is pre-eminently true. The dominant classes among the Babylonians, the Persians and especially the Romans were free and luxurious in their habits of eating although in those days there was less variety of food than at present. The Greeks, the most intellectual of ancient nations, were formidable eaters and their repasts were greatly prolonged. Of the Romans, it has been said, that no people were ever so devoted to the pleasures of the table. Among modern nations the greatest eaters are the English, the Germans and the Americans—the ruling people of our civilization. The diet of the Spaniards and Italians is notably less and substantial than that of the English and Germans, just as their brains are less active and original.

Our standards, by which we measure nations and individuals, are too low and too narrow. One protests against the degrading spirit of materialism that would estimate a man by his weight on the scales or by the number of years that it takes him to rust out; as if the human mind, with all its wonderous capacities, was created only to be imprisoned as long as possible in a gross tabernacle of flesh and nations were to be estimated, not by the thoughts they evolve or the deeds of glory and usefulness they accomplish, but by the amount of adipose tissue their indolence enables them to hoard, or by the length of time it takes them to die.

Even the most ignorant hog-raisers studiously consider the quality as well as the quantity of pork that the different kinds of feed produce. And shall hygienists, in their estimate of the effects of diet on humanity, only look at the number of pounds, avoirdupois, that result from the different systems or the number of years that the body can endure them? We argue that because the porters of the East, the native Hindoos, the Chinese and the Irish peasantry eat little or no meat and are well and muscular and capable of a good measure of physical endurance; therefore, all people in all climates and at all seasons of the year should be vegetarians, and thus the world would be much better than it now is. The flaw in this reasoning is that it takes too low and material a view of humanity and ignores entirely the fact that although the body can be sustained and kept from dissolution for a considerable period on simple fruits, cereals and the like, yet in the history of the world, nothing very great or good has ever been bequeathed to humanity by a nation of vegetarians. With some exceptions the same facts will apply to individuals. The great majority of the leading thinkers and actors

of the world—the philosophers, writers, orators, legislators, warriors, inventors and creators of new eras in every department of human thought—have fed their brains with a greater or less abundance and variety of animal as well as vegetable food. We have in biography and general observation sufficient data from which to form a satisfactory and reliable opinion. Gœthe was a vigorous performer at the table and even to an active old age retained his fondness for good dishes. Says Lewes, his biographer, "His appetite was immense; even on days when he complained of not being hungry he ate much more than most men. Puddings, sweets and cakes were always welcome. He was fond of his wine, and drank daily his two or three bottles."

On this diet and amid great literary activity prolonged to extreme old age, he lived to see his eighty-third year. Of Peter the Great, Marmontal says, that "He dined at eleven o'clock and supped at eight; an astonishing eater and drinker—two bottles of beer, the same quantity of wine, half a bottle and sometimes a whole one of brandy, at each of his two meals were scarcely sufficient for him—without reckoning the liquors and refreshments that he swallowed at intervals." Studying with greater or less minuteness the biographies of nearly one thousand of the greatest thinkers of all nations and ages, you find that aside from religious enthusiasts of some of the ancient philosophers who led very calm inactive lives, very few were known to be abstemious.

Dr. Johnson was a gormandizer, and when indulging in his favorite dishes, this Great Mogul of literature displayed his eagerness by manifestations of satisfaction that are supposed to be peculiar to children and some of the lower animals. When Charles Lamb was boarding, he sometimes invited friends to dine with him, paying the landlady a small sum. He observed that when Wordsworth dined with him, the landlady charged a six-pence more, and one day remonstrated with her on the injustice of such discriminations, at the same time adding that Wordsworth was a great poet. "Dont know about the poet," replied the landlady, "but I know he is a great eater." The popular conception that those who think much, eat little, is derived from the twofold fact that some of the great philosophers have been comparatively abstemious, and from the fact that nearly all hard brain-workers care little for their meals when they are in the midst of severe tasks. In great crises they abstain perhaps for several days, as did Elliott, the defender of Gibraltar, but pay-day comes, and they must replenish their wasted tissues or suffer the

penalty. There is little doubt that some authors have shortened their lives by habitual underfeeding. One can best arrive at the truth in this matter by comparing different bodies or classes of men, and not by selecting individual cases. Students in academies and colleges, provided they are in good health, study faithfully, and do not exhaust themselves by vices, eat more than young men of similar ages, in ships, and behind the plow, and far more heartily than mechanics and artisans. None who board students, whether academical, collegiate or professional, ever regard them as light eaters. Those exceptions who worry or fret themselves into nervous debility, or who destroy themselves by vices, only prove the rule. Clergymen are also large eaters. Whatever their theories may be, they practically acknowledge that those who work with their brains need better nourishment than those who allow their intellects to be idle.

It is possible for some temperaments to study hard, for a limited season, on a spare diet. There have been and are now hard students in our colleges who, either from necessity or more likely from mistaken notions of hygiene, restrict themselves to a meager and unsatisfying allowance. With all such persons the evil result that must follow such a course, as surely as night follows day, is surely a question of time. There are those whose constitutions are so hardy, whose reserve powers are so abundant, that they can live for a considerable time on their capital. They can rise early and sit up late, and toil hard over their books, achieving the highest success in scholarship and literature, on an insufficient and unnutritious diet. But pay-day must come with them just as surely as with the poorest and feeblest, only it may be longer deferred.

To recapitulate in a few words: the diet of brain-workers should be of a large variety, delicately served, abundantly nutritious, of which fresh meat, lean and fat, should be a prominent constituent. In vacations, or whenever it is desired to rest the brain, fish may, to a certain extent take the place of meat. We should select those articles that are most agreeable to our individual tastes, and, so far as possible, we should take our meals amid pleasant social surroundings. In great crises that call for unusual exertion, we should rest the stomach, that for the time the brain may work the harder; but the deficiency of nutrition ought always to be supplied in the first interval of repose.

In athletic training the object is to reduce the fat, increase the size and hardness of the muscles, and the power of endurance. Trainers have experimented with a variety of systems of diet in

order to see what was best adapted to co-operate with severe muscular exercise, and regular habits to secure their ends. It has been found that the best bill of fare for athletes of all kind—gymnasts, oarsmen, etc., during training, contains the following articles:

Lean and rare beef or mutton.

Stale flour bread.

Potatoes and other vegetables in moderate quantities.

Tea, coffee, and beer or wine in very moderate quantities.

This diet table, it will be observed, contains little or no fat, and little starch or sugar, and therefore is not calculated to feed the fatty tissue. Its leading element is beef and mutton. Between beef and mutton there is little to choose. The quantity of tea and coffee allowed is always limited—usually not more than a single cup at each meal—and of the two, tea seems to be generally preferable to coffee. Of ale or wine, a glass or two are all that is allowed.

Weston, in his great walk, ate those articles that best suited him, but used no alcohol. The query may be raised whether the vertigo from which he suffered, and which caused his failure, might not have been prevented if he had taken some wine or beer, instead of tea and coffee. King, an English athlete, in training, took for his breakfast two lean, rare mutton chops, stale bread and one cup of tea without sugar; for dinner, one or one and a quarter pounds of beef or mutton, toast or stale bread, a little potato or other vegetables, half-a-pint of old ale, or a glass or two of sherry, or one cup of tea without sugar, or eggs and dry toast; for supper, half-a-pint of oatmeal porridge or half-a-pint of old ale.

The effect of this exclusive diet is to reduce the fat, in some cases quite rapidly, and thus it answers the purpose; but, if continued too long, it becomes wearisome and injurious. When athletes return to the usual habits of eating they sometimes rapidly increase in weight. In their experiments in dieting, athletes have made most serious blunders. At the time of the International Boat-race between Harvard and Oxford, the American crew ate largely of vegetables, and relatively less of meat than the English crew. If the Americans had allowed they rivals to prescribe a dietary for them, they could scarcely have made a worse selection. There is little question that the race was lost to the Americans on account of their unfortunate system of athletic training. They failed not for lack of native strength, in which they were superior to their rivals, but from lack of staying power. On what principle our oarsmen persisted in confining themselves to a diet which all experience has shown is

unfitted to sustain amid the severest muscular exertion, in our climate at least, we never could well understand. We suspect, however, that it was inspired by some of the many popular treatises on diet by which ignorant writers have wrought so much evil.

"Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used;—
Exclaim no more against it!"

OTHELLO.—*Shakespeare.*

J. GUNDLACH & CO'S famous Table-Wines have succeeded in establishing for themselves a most creditable recognition. Over thirty years' experience and skillful efforts have slowly crystallized into gratifying results. The vineyard property of the firm, located near the old townsite of Sonoma, where, in early days, the emblem of liberty, the old historical Bear flag was first hoisted, is one of the most favored wine districts of our State. When the possibilities of California as a wine producing country were still in its infancy, J. Gundlach, the pioneer brewer of San Francisco, undertook the then (1858) remarkable task of planting and cultivating 500 acres in grapevines. Success followed his enterprise for years, but the phylloxera has since destroyed every vestige of the original plantation, and the vineyard had to be re-established on the roots of the American resistant vines at enormous expense. The best known varieties of phylloxera-proof vines have been successfully grafted and propagated with acknowledged specialties of European vintages including the delicious Johannisberg and famous Medoc types. The vineyards of J. Gundlach & Co., well known under the name of "Rhinefarm, Sonoma," are once again in a flourishing condition and yielding their golden and purple juice in old-time generosity.

California Sauternes, Hocks, Burgundies, and Medocs, of untarnished purity and acknowledged merit, are sold by the firm at reasonable prices. Their salesroom and retail cellars are at the corner of Market and Second streets. Their large shipping-warehouses and wholesale cellars

"BACCHUS WINE VAULTS,"

with a storage capacity of two million gallons, are located at 438–444 Bryant street, near Third. Their principal Eastern Depot is at 52 Warren street, New York.

We feel justified in classifying the products of Gundlach's "Rhinefarm" among the best vintages in California, and will not hesitate to recommend the same to connoisseurs and admirers of a real fine, old, ripe table-wine, for their well deserved standard of excellence and superiority.

BEN. J. GOLDMAN.—The pleasures that dwell in tobacco are infinite. It soothes the weary soul, no matter in what form it may be enjoyed, it promotes digestion, and dissipates care. Ben. J. Goldman, 817 Market street (the Academy building), is a cigar expert of the first water. Mr. Goldman has been a long time in the business, and thoroughly understands the nature of tobacco in all its moods and tenses. Now there is much to be said about the disposition of those who use the weed. Not a few enter Mr Goldman's handsome emporium quite undecided about the exact quality of the cigar in which they are about to indulge. If immediately after dinner, they imagine a strong, high flavored cigar would meet the exigencies of the case. Yet again, they fear that it might be too much for their nerves. In affairs of this nature Goldman decides for them, and provides them with the happy medium which is just what they wanted, though not previously aware of that fact. Goldman keeps the finest brands of imported cigars, at all prices, and also a good line of the domestic article—a nice smoke, at cheaper rate, of sound, wholesome tobacco. His importations are from the most famous houses of Havana, and the result is that those who once cross Goldman's threshold come again and again when the cigar appetite is upon them.

CHAPTER XVII

Dietary of British Soldiers in Time of Peace—A Model Diet—How Food May Be Adulterated—Poisonous Water

THE object aimed at in the construction of dietaries for prisons, work-houses, and for soldiers and sailors, is to obtain the best possible variety of nutriment for the character and duties of the class for whom it is designed, at the least possible expense. For those who are their own masters in all respects, and have tolerably abundant means, dietaries are useless. Let them select of all the wide range what suits them in quality and in quantity, and they cannot go far wrong. But for the classes mentioned, dietaries of some kind—good or bad—are essential; and it is the part of science to search out the lessons derived from experience and apply them to the wants of the poor, unfortunate and the dependent. It is almost needless to say that the range of sustaining diet is exceedingly wide, and that any dietary based on an average of this kind must be much too little for some, and little, or perhaps a good deal, too much for others. Experiment shows that in prison men cannot live on one pound of bread a day; and that the poor needle-women can barely keep from dying on a diet of one and a half pounds of bread and one ounce of dripping daily. It is found by experiment, that in prisons those who work must have more to eat than those who are idle. Dr. Edward Smith has shown that for the adult male operatives of Lancashire, two pounds and four ounces of bread sustain life; but he regards this as a famine diet. In regard to the quality of food for dietaries, it has been demonstrated by Playfair, Voit and Pettenkofer that an average adult, at work, requires: of nitrogenous matter, 5.22 oz.; of carbonaceous matter, 22.38 oz. When perfectly idle, half of this may suffice. In regard to the proportion of the nitrogenous to the carbonaceous matter, it has been estimated that one part of the former to five or six of the latter is about correct; but this proportion is open to great modifications, and for a limited period it

is possible to work hard, with brain or muscle, on a diet that is exclusively carbonaceous—starch, sugar, oils and fat; or on one that is exclusively nitrogenous, as meats. But the appetite, which knows more and better than any of us about these matters, soon calls for variety, and will soon have it, if it can be obtained. In the construction of dietaries, where it is not designed to punish by starvation, it is necessary to adopt a very liberal estimate, so that every individual shall be sure to have enough of both departments of food. Women require one-tenth less than men for the threefold reason—that they weigh less, that their brains are about one-tenth less than that of man and because they do less work. The dietary of the British soldier on home service fairly represents the military dietaries of Europe and America. It is as follows: meat, 12 oz.; bread, 24 oz.; potatoes, 16 oz.; other vegetables, 8 oz.; coffee, 0.33 oz.; tea, 0.16 oz.; sugar, 1.33 oz.; milk, 3.25 oz.; salt, 0.25 oz.—total, 65.32 oz. A model diet for this climate, and for adult males of average health, should contain about thirty-five ounces of dry food, composed of about one-half or one-third water; three or four ounces of flesh-forming, and twelve or fifteen ounces of heat-giving material. In the so-called heat-giving materials the proportion of carbo-hydrates to fat should be about three to one. The amount of carbon should vary between five and ten ounces, according to the season, labor, etc. Vegetables and fruits are here included. Water to the extent of about fifty to one hundred ounces, according to season, etc. It has been estimated that the body, on the average, needs nine parts of fat, twenty-two parts of flesh-forming substances, and sixty-nine parts of sugar and starch. Experience shows that this proportion is not far from correct. The intuitions of mankind have long discovered this fact and acted upon it. When any article of food is deficient, we supplement it by something that will compensate for these deficiencies, if we can get it. A man in his own country will take about from 1-26th to 1-20th of his weight of solid or liquid food; that is, from 80 to 120 ounces by weight. The proportion of solid to liquid is 1:2 or 1:1; but varies exceedingly. In all solid food there is a greater or less percentage of water. Eliminating this, we find that the average Englishman takes of dry food from 22 oz. to 23 oz.; of water, from 60 oz. to 90 oz. Dr. Dobell has prepared the following normal diet tables, that are perhaps as reliable as any. They are reliable so far as they accord with experience, and must, of course, be varied greatly by season, temperature, occupation, etc. It has been estimated that the average consumption of dry food

for men, in health, is from 700 to 750 pounds a year, or about two pounds daily, with five or six pounds of water. Food for twenty-four hours—

No. 1	Oz.
Meat, poultry or game	6
Fish	4
Bread	10
Potatoes	8
Rice	2
Sugar	2½
Butter	2½
Milk (liquid)	5
Coffee "	16
Tea "	16
Water "	17
Total	89

No. 2	Oz.
Bread	18
Cheese	3½
Bacon	3
Sugar	1½
Milk	5
Chocolate	20
Tea	21
Water	20
Total	92

No. 3	Oz.
Oatmeal	16
Milk	22
Butter	1¾
Sugar	¾
Water	49
Total	89½

No. 4	Oz.
Bread	25
Cheese	3¼
Butter	2
Water	60
Total	90¼

It will be observed that all these tables contain all the necessary variety and quantity of food. The object of adulterating food is threefold. 1. To increase its weight or size. 2. To lessen the expense of manufacture. 3. To give it attractive color and taste. When a dealer adds a substance to food for any of these purposes, the main object is the same—to make money by fraud. Bakers' bread is adulterated with potatoes, beans, rice, ryemeal and cornmeal, all of which are harmless and nutritious, and with alum to give it superior lightness and whiteness. Flour is also adulterated with clay, bone dust and carbonate of magnesia. Arrow-root of the first quality is adulterated with cheaper roots and starches. Milk is chiefly diluted with water, but sometimes burnt sugar, salt, bi-carbonate of soda, gum, flour, sugar or starch are added. Butter is adulterated with lard, water and with a larger quantity of salt than is needed to preserve it; and lard itself is, in turn, adulterated with water and salt. Sugar is adulterated for weight with lead and iron, and refined sugar by wheat flour. The adulterations that are most injurious are those used in giving color and taste to confectionery. Our popular candies are adulterated for bulk and weight with starch and flour, which are harmless enough, and with clay, chalk and

plaster of Paris. Among other substances used for giving color and so forth to confectionery, are cochineal, Prussian blue, indigo, ultramarine, carbonates of copper and lead, cobalt, verdigris, gamboge, Brunswick green, arsenite of copper, ochre powders. Among the condiments, vinegar is adulterated with water, spirits of nitre, burnt sugar, fusel oil and acetic acid; ginger with Cheyenne pepper, turmeric and cornmeal; Cheyenne pepper with brick-dust, salt, red ochre, cornmeal, red lead and Venetian red, rice and cinnabar; mustard, with flour, salt and turmeric; cinnamon is adulterated with cassia, and this in turn with sugar and wheat flour and arrow-root; curry with lead, mercury, iron, salt, rice and potato flour. Salts of copper are sometimes added to pickles to improve their color. It will be seen that aside from coloring matter of confectionery, most of the adulterations of positive food, as of stimulants and narcotics, are comparatively harmless and do more injury to the moral sense of the trader than to the health of the consumer. Probably no article of food is so frequently poisonous to individuals as water. Analysis of the principal drinking waters shows that most of them contain poison; that perfectly pure water, in which no poison can be found, is usually unpalatable. Whether the earthly ingredients of our drinking waters exert a poisonous influence depends on the individual temperament, the habits and state of the health. Waters which contain a variety of mineral poisons are oftentimes regarded as medicinal; and nearly all the popular springs derive their popularity from the mineral substances which they contain. The chief ingredient of water that exerts a markedly poisonous effect in our large cities is lead, which comes from the pipes; there is little doubt that the use of lead pipes is always attended with more or less danger, but a certain amount of lead can be taken without injury. In susceptibility to the poison of lead, individuals widely vary. Dr. Angus Smith says that some persons are affected by a fortieth of a grain, others by one-tenth. Dr. Parkes regards any quantity as unsafe. Experiments have shown that the cochituate water is never free from lead; that the pipes which convey hot water are more rapidly corroded than those that convey cold water and yet "no well authenticated case of bad poisoning" from the Boston water has come to the knowledge of the State Board of Health, "although lead pipe is almost universally used for distribution." It is not improbable, however, that many obscure cases of nervous diseases are caused by the slow action of lead taken daily into the system in the water. Water may also acquire poisonous properties from the contents of

sewers, cess-pools and so forth, or from substances that are thrown into wells and cisterns or from animals that fall into and are drowned in them.

JOHN L. BEARDS' WINERY.—The Marciana Vineyard at Warm Springs, Alameda County, owned and cultivated by Mr. John L. Beard, contains two hundred acres of that rolling Mission land, the soil of which is so admirably adapted for the growth of every description of European grape. Mr. Beard, who has traveled extensively among the vinelands of the old countries, has made the study of viticulture an absorbing pursuit, and has succeeded in producing some of the best wines grown on California soil. Among the varieties from his cellars may be named the Marciana, Matador, Burgundy, Zinfandel, Sweet Muscat, Port, Golden Chasselas, and other brands.

It is claimed that wine produced in vineyards in the vicinity of the bay receives the properties of age much sooner than wine grown in the interior. Certain it is that the output of the Marciana vineyard has all the richness of color and the mellow quality of a very old wine, and is most popular among the epicurean wine consumers of this city, where it is handled by the leading wine dealers.

An enthusiastic lover of Marciana has celebrated some of its qualities in the following epigrammatic verse:

When at the board my glass I raise
With Marciana brimming over,
I drink, and gleeful chant its praise,
Even as the passion wearied lover
With lips that breathe love's ardent sighs
Will pledge in wine his lady's eyes.

I pledge in wine my lady's eyes
For she is ever near me,
Her ruby lips, those lips I prize
Are ever by to cheer me,
Ah, Marciana, queen of mine
Thou art my love, imperial wine.

The color, flavor and body of these wines cannot be excelled in any other portion of the State. They are handled with the utmost care, and only the really perfect vintages are ever put on the market.

Of the Marciana vineyard forty acres are devoted to the culture of the table grape. Among these varieties are the Cornichon, the Black Ferara, the Flaming Tokay, Verdel, Rose of Peru, Muscat

and Emperor. These are shipped to the fruit markets of the East, where the demand for them is always increasing, showing the high appreciation in which they are held. It is a remarkable fact that the old missionaries had the faculty of selecting the best soils for the cultivation of the grape. To this, combined with the energy and skill Mr. Beard has exercised in the production and handling of his wines, may be attributed the reputation the Marciana Vineyard now enjoys in this State.

GRAND HOTEL SALOON.—The Grand Hotel Saloon, Edward Fay proprieter, is noted not alone for the good things it furnishes in eating and drinking, but also for the works of art that hang upon its walls. This epigrammatic sentence does not contain a particle of exaggeration. It is well known that in the saloons of this city are found some of the rarest and most valuable paintings on the coast. Mr. Fay has ever been on the alert to secure works of the celebrated artists of the old world, regardless of cost.

The first impression the stranger receives on entering the Grand Hotel saloon, is the extreme taste and richness of its decorations. The floor is of the finest marble, and a bewildering array of the most beautiful crystals is reflected from a superb mirror extending the entire length of the bar. The grand life-size paintings on the walls will next command his attention. "Cynthia and the Doves," a masterpiece by Lionel Royer, is a noble nude figure, the drawing and pose of which is the admiration of all critics. "The Dream," by Souchon, a celebrated French artist, represents a sleeping girl, whose bare arms are extended in graceful abandon, and whose swelling bosom is but partially concealed by the drapery of the luxurious couch on which she reclines. The face is one of classic beauty, the lips are half parted, the long silken lashes lie upon the rounded cheek, but withal there is nothing sensual or suggestive about the picture. "The Surprise," a life-size nude, by I. Ballajoina, took a prize at the Paris Salon, and is remarkable in the realistic handling of the flesh tints, and the exquisite contour of the queenly figure. In addition to these is the "The Water Carriers," by A. Roufsolieu, also a salon picture, and one of rare excellence, and "An Early California Scene," an immense canvas by Charles Narjot, which for many years hung in the Crocker gallery. A superb bronze figure, a Japanese girl, stands upon the bar. The Saloon is lighted throughout with incandescent lights, and is elegantly frescoed.

So much for the art features of this handsome resort, but it must be remembered that while the eyes are delighted with these masterpieces of the painter's brush, the inner man receives special attention.

Mr. Fay, himself an epicure, pays the strictest attention to the supplying of his patrons with the best line of wines and spirits that can be procured in the market. The result of this conscientious care is evinced in the class of gentlemen who make the Grand Hotel saloon their rendezvous.

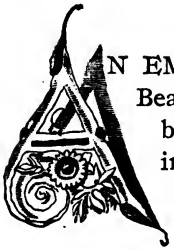
The noon lunch is another attraction. All the good things in season are furnished at the lunch counter in quantity, cooked and served in the best possible manner. Nothing is left undone to make the guests of the house feel that they are receiving every attention, and that the elegance of their surroundings is only a portion of the pleasures they enjoy.

CALIFORNIA HOUSE. — The California House, 624–626 California street, is a household word among the epicures of San Francisco. It is among the most picturesque restaurants of the City, cool, pleasant and sequestrated from the noise and bustle of the streets. Mr. Germain Pouchan, the proprietor of this highly esteemed establishment, is an expert in the art of the cuisine, and nothing is placed on the tables of the California House that is not worthy of the appreciation of the most critical.

The wines are selected from the best brands and the service is absolutely faultless. A desirable rendezvous for a social banquet, a celebration or a quiet *tete-a-tete* dinner is the California House.

CHAPTER XVIII

DIET MODIFIED BY SEXES—FEMALE BOARDING SCHOOLS—DIET MODIFIED BY THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.



N EMINENT AUTHORITY on the inner man is Dr. Beard, an Eastern scientist, from whom I have largely borrowed in the preparation of this volume. Speaking of the gentler sex he remarks that women are smaller and lighter than men, and, therefore, other conditions being the same, would need less quantity of nutriment. Other conditions are, however not the same, for in some countries woman works more, and in other countries less than man.

In barbarous lands woman is the slave of man, and performs menial tasks; in civilizations a little advanced, she often shares with him the labors of the field, shop and counting-room; in the most enlightened nations woman is the toy, the companion or ornamental appendage to man, and in certain social states uses her brain but little and in trivial matters, and her muscle scarcely at all. The brain of woman is about one-tenth less in weight than that of man, and the amount of brainwork of most severe kind is incomparably less than that which man performs.

Those who toil hard with the brain need a liberal supply of first-class nourishment. In proportion as woman thinks less than man in that proportion, so long as she uses her muscles but little, she needs less food than man.

Observation shows that woman almost everywhere, in civilized lands at least, eats less than man. And in countries like the United States, where she is nervous and sickly and slender, she needs different quality of food from that which is agreeable to the hardier sex. The wives and daughters of farmers who, during the winter perhaps, never leave the house, and who forgetting the example of their mothers before them, with strange perversity prefer the parlor to the kitchen, the piano to the cooking stove and

wash-tub, must not only eat less but eat differently from their husbands and brothers who toil from sun to sun in the open field.

The diet of female boarding schools is of sufficient importance to entitle it to separate and special consideration, and a volume might well be devoted to it. Among the manifold causes of the delicacy and nervousness of American women, slow starvation at school is one of the most prominent. In obedience to the old, but fortunately waning, superstition that the mind can be cultivated only at the expense of the body, that whatever is pleasant must necessarily be pernicious, and that the benefits of any system of diet, as of exercise, is exactly in proportion to its disagreeableness.

The managers of boarding schools have prescribed dietaries, that oftentimes more than neutralize the good effects of their teaching. Fashion has joined hands with superstition, and through fear of looking gross or healthy, or of incurring the horror of the disciples of Lord Byron, our young ladies live all their growing girlhood in semi-starvation, they become thin and poor, their nerves become painfully sensitive, and when they marry they give birth to starvlings. All the other conditions of race, climate, season, age, sex, being the same, or as nearly the same as possible, the food varies with the temperament in a manner at once striking and mysterious.

There are idiosyncrasies in the matter of diet that defy explanation, and probably can be understood only when the mystery of life itself is solved. This applies not only to positive but to negative food, and to all our principal medicines. Even quinine has been known in a few instances to produce a peculiar and disagreeable eruption on the skin. Some cannot bear mutton, others are made ill by pear, or watermelon or cucumber. All these peculiarities are strange enough, but no more strange than other peculiarities of appetite or taste. Why it is that one likes tomatoes or peaches, or ice-cream, or liver, or melons, or brown-bread, and another is indifferent to all these things, or is, perhaps, disgusted at the sight of them, is a problem as unsolvable as the origin of existence. To those who are impatient that such caprices are not explained, the best reply is to say that they are no more mysterious than that we should exist at all. One thing is clear that they must, to a certain extent, be abandoned, and those articles that poison any of us must be refused, even though they be food to all. As by long practice, one who at first is repelled by the odor of tobacco can become so accustomed to it that ten pipes or cigars are a pleasure and a luxury, so many varieties of ordinary nutriment can be forced

on the system, and the system can be gradually adapted to it, so that what originally was pernicious to it becomes nutritive and agreeable.

The truth of this statement is demonstrated by daily experience of individuals and by the experience of humanity in all parts of the globe. Travelers are witnesses to the truth of this statement, for they wear themselves to the dietetic habits of the people among whom they reside, and are frequently benefitted rather than injured by these radical changes of life. It is a part of the conditions of life, a part of the law of evolution, that we should be able to adapt ourselves to the diet that we find as much as to all other conditions of environment.

In Africa some become so accustomed to the terrible forest poison that they can drink it by the bowlful without harm. It is an essential inference from all the facts that have been advanced relating to the eating customs of different countries that the food of civilization must be different in quantity and quality from that of barbarism. The thoughtful, cultured European or American is a being as different from the savage African or Australian as the Africans or Australians are different from the higher order of apes, and correspondingly his food must differ from that of the savage, as the food of the savage differs from that of the ape. Nay, more, the gulf that separates Shakespere and Newton from the Papuan is wider than that which separates the Papuan from the gorilla and the chimpanzee, and therefore it is easier for the lowest order of human beings to live after the manner of the apes than for the highest order of humanity to live after the manner of savages. The difference between the savage and the civilized consists mainly in the larger, richer and finer development of the brain and nervous system.

The advantage of the enlightened European or American over the lowest races in size of brain is great, but the advantage in quality of brain is far greater. This finer quality of brain in highly advanced races is revealed by the correlated conformation of the features, by the fineness and softness of the skin and hair, and by general sensitiveness. The trustworthy descriptions that travelers give us of the insensibility and coarseness of savage tribes are amazing, and show clearly enough that all civilization is purchased at the price of pain and sorrow, that all refinement has its compensations. When we read the accounts of the brutality of savages

to each other we shudder, and perhaps lay aside the book with nausea and faintness.

Among many African tribes the feeling of love between man and wife, as we understand it, is not known; and it is as customary for husbands to flog their wives as among us to kiss them. Whips made of hippopotamus hide are made for this special purpose, and if a husband forgets to flog his wife her relatives complain that she is badly treated. This custom prevails among a large number of barbarous and semi-barbarous races, and in different parts of the world; and the custom of flogging or bambooing, and otherwise pounding the body for slight offences, is common to all except the best cultured nations. In assuming, as most of us do, that these apparently cruel processes inflict anything like the amount of pain on the coarse and brutal people on whom they are usually employed, we make a great mistake. They probably suffer less from those hideous tortures than we do from reading an account of them.

Parkyns says that the coolness with which the Abyssinians receive the punishments inflicted on them by their Turkish governors is wonderful; and he rightly attributes this coolness not to mental endurance but to physical incapacity to be pained. Hundreds of blows even aged culprits receive without ever crying out. For a trifling reward they would be willing to take five hundred blows with a lash. Still more remarkably their insensibility is proved by the voluntary treatment they give themselves or each other. Their duels, which are engaged in by young men on the slightest possible pretext, are conducted by a hippopotamus hide, which makes furrows in the skin and draws blood with every stroke.

An Abyssinian belle gashes her body in order to raise beautiful scars, which are there considered ornamental. For bracelets they tie a corrosive root around the waist which eats into the flesh and raises a perfect band as thick as one's finger, and probably this causes less pain to her than the mere pressure of an artificial bracelet on the growing arm of an American maiden.

The stolidity of the North American Indians under tortures that are apparently cruel, and the coolness with which the Hindoo swings by hooks in his flesh, rolls on the ground for long journeys and over rough roads, and commits various and horrid acts of religious devotion are quite familiar, and may all be reasonably explained.

The African negro when he wishes to break a stick breaks it over his own head instead of his knee, as is the custom with us.

Then again, among many wild people, child-bearing, which makes a modern woman an invalid for days, and weeks, and months, is usually all over in from half to three-quarters of an hour, and is not attended with any cries or tears, and the mother immediately resumes her menial duties. To a less degree than the same holds good of other nations. It is clear enough also that the erratic customs of the early Christians and mediæval ages, the protracted floggings of our navies, the barbarous tortures of inquisition and the hideous civil punishments of various degrees of past centuries, caused immeasurably less actual suffering than they would if inflicted on the present descendants of those sufferers.

We have only to go back one hundred or one hundred and fifty years to find in England lunatics treated as criminals, and punished with whips and blows and chains; women publicly flogged at the whipping post, branded with hot irons and driven at the cart tail, thumbs tied with whip-cord, both sexes and tender ages hung for various offenses so frequently and so publicly that London of the eighteenth century has been rightly termed "the city of the gallows," duels occurring continually and for the slightest pretexts; men and women taking part in public sports with the cudgel and broadsword, bear and bull baiting, boxing and cock-fighting.

In nearly all barbarous nations woman is the slave of man, and performs the most toilsome and menial tasks, but in this position her positive sufferings have probably been much over-estimated. The modern wife not unlikely experiences keener distress, to her at least, from anxiety about the servants who pretend to do her work. Even very recently a great change in methods of punishment have been inaugurated.

A schoolmaster who should flog the children of the upper circles of any American city, as was everywhere done in this country twenty-five years ago, would be dismissed the first week. The bearings of all these facts on the question of diet is sufficiently apparent.

In the evolution of humanity all departments progress together and in harmony with each other, and no one can become refined much in advance of the rest. Diet, like legislation, like social amusement, like religion must change as the race advances in the direction of refinement. The organization of the average European and American of the cultured classes of the present day is so much finer and so much more sensitive than it was one century, or even one-quarter of a century ago, that they cannot bear the same medicine, the same stimulants or narcotics, or the same ordinary

food that they could then. What was then appropriate and necessary and right for their coarser organizations, is for the finer organization that has developed with the intense brainwork of our time suicidal or cruel. If our better classes should persist in using alcohol or tobacco, or pork, in the manner of our ancestors they would soon become exterminated. It is astonishing how savage and semi-savage races, and coarse, thick-skinned organizations everywhere can bear those stimulants and those articles of positive nutriment which, by the ruling classes of to-day, and especially of this country, must be used cautiously.

So far as can be estimated, there are over six hundred millions of people—half the population of the globe—who smoke tobacco or opium, or both, through nearly all their waking hours. The four hundred millions of China—men, women and children—smoke almost as constantly as they breathe, and in the night if they chance to awake they seize a pipe and take a few whiffs. They cease to smoke only when they cease to live; and when the sick man no longer asks for his pipe the attendants prepare for his funeral.

Burton, speaking of the East African, says: "He drinks till he can no longer stand, lies down to sleep, and awakes to drink again. Drinking bouts are solemn things, to which the most important business must yield precedence. They celebrate with beer every event—the traveler's return, the birth of a child, and the death of an elephant—a laborer will not work unless beer is provided for him. A guest is received with a gourdful of beer, and among some tribes it is buried with their princes. The highest orders rejoice in drink, and pride themselves upon their powers of imbibing. The proper diet for a king is much beer and little meat. If a Muyamwezi be asked after eating if he is hungry he will reply "yes," meaning that he is not drunk. Intoxication excuses crime in these lands.

Livingstone says that at Angola funerals constitute one of the principal recreations, and they are attended with debauchery, feasting and intemperance. If on these occasions a native is reproved for being drunk he will reply, "Why, my mother is dead," as though no other apology were needed. No longer ago than 1805 it was said of the inhabitants of certain districts of Scotland that they experienced delight on hearing of the death of a man or woman because of the prospect it afforded them of getting their fill of whisky; and men died saying "they would not be happy unless men were drunk and fought at their funerals."

Lewes says, in 1800 it was no unusual thing to be a "three-bottle man" in England or Germany. In Austria, at the beginning of this century, it was said that dinners would sometimes last four or five hours. A few centuries ago our Anglo-Norman ancestors began every important enterprise with banquets, many of which were riotous and drunken orgies; and of the Icelanders it is said that in their feasts they indulged in the most unseemly exhibitions, and ended with throwing the bones at each other across the room.

The ancient Grecians, according to Tacitus, never undertook any great affair without a feast. In modern times the remains of this custom are preserved in the habits of business men, who discuss their business schemes in France at breakfast, and in England at dinner and in the well-known banquets of philanthropic organizations. The Americans of the present day, of both sexes, use less of alcohol and less of tobacco than any other people on the face of the globe. There are tribes in Africa who drink their "pombi," or plantain wine, from early dawn to bedtime, with a perseverance that puts the beer-drinking Germans far in the shade. But these excesses in tobacco and alcohol rarely seem to bring on diseases of the nervous system, such as a very small percentage of indulgence in these articles does with us.

Among all those coarse races, whatever their habits of eating or drinking may be, insanity and paralysis are exceedingly rare affections. The same difference of susceptibility to stimulants in kind, though not in degree, is seen in contrasting the present generation of Americans with their immediate ancestors. Few are the matrons of our time, among our well-to-do orders, who could smoke their pipes or take their snuff without immediate and serious harm; and there are few men among the same classes who could take their daily and hourly drams in the manner of their fathers. The notion that the greater susceptibility of the present generation to alcoholic liquors is due to the fact of adulteration is mostly untrue, for most of the adulterations of wines and liquors are comparatively harmless, and whatever of harm comes from their use in these days must be charged to the alcohol they contain.

WHEELAND & COLLINS.—That generous wine and good liquor, when used in moderation, gladden the heart of man, is admitted by all who have made a study of the serious things of this life. The problem remains, however, where to look for the highest standard of excellence in this regard. Perhaps its easiest solution

is to procure these pleasant adjuncts of existence from reputable dealers only, those whose standing in this regard is to them far more than any profits that might accrue from the sale of adulterated and inferior commodities.

The house of Wheeland & Collins, 327 Montgomery Street and 511 California Street, is an establishment whose history is a guarantee in itself of the quality of the wines and liquors sold to the people of San Francisco. For years those names have been as familiar as household words to the good livers of this city. Situated as this house is near the center of the business part of the city, in the Stevenson block, and extending through from Montgomery to California Streets, it has ever commanded the most respectable class of custom.

Its founding dates from 1866, and its reputation has always continued the same. Here one may enjoy the best wines, California and foreign, ports, sherries, champagnes of the most famous vintages, the choicest old French and London dock brandies, cordials and rare liquors of every variety.

The firm of Wheeland & Collins does its own importing, and the large cellars extending under the entire southwest corner of Montgomery and California Streets, are stored with an abundance of the finest wines and spirits.

The refreshment counter is the resort of the epicures of the city. The luscious meats that rest there are without any exception the primest that can be obtained in the market. There is nothing served at the Wheeland & Collins' restaurant which is not the best of its kind. Everything in its season is kept in the larder, and the cooking is beyond criticism. Here one may get chops and beefsteaks cut in generous fashion, and prepared and served in the most admirable manner. Game, roasts, poultry, vegetables, and not forgetting that dainty morsel a Welsh rarebit, all that the most fastidious taste can desire are to be procured at this favorite resort of the men who are judges of and thoroughly appreciate the good things of life. For years the same faces have been seen under this roof. The brightest professional men and the leading merchants have made this place their rendezvous. The menage is perfect. The utmost neatness and the most precise discipline are always maintained. The service both at the lunch counter and the bar is beyond criticism, and is always under the immediate supervision of Mr. Wheeland, and no better trained staff of bar-keepers, cooks and waiters could be desired. The aim of the proprietors is to sustain a reputation made many years ago and they have succeeded.

NEW HAMMAM BATHS.—An excellent preparation for a good dinner is a bath at the New Hammam, 218 Post street, Dr. A. M. Loryea, proprietor. Dr. Loryea's establishment is furnished with the most modern appliances for the enjoyment of a Turkish, Russian or Roman Bath, and the staff of rubbers and attendants are skillful and courteous. Here one can indulge in that truly oriental luxury, and no matter how great his fatigue, after being subjected to the agreeable process of the Hammam, he arises like a giant refreshed. The hygienic properties of these baths are widely recognized. They are a panacea for a large majority of the ills and inconveniences that afflict humanity. Dr. Loryea is a physician of long practice, and has devoted many years to the study of the effects of this sort of treatment upon the system. The New Hammam is open night and day, and quiet and order are always maintained, so the guest may enjoy the repose that succeeds the delicious languor of the bath.

CONCLUSION

In the preparation of this volume the author has received important assistance from Mr. Arpad Haraszthy, Mr. William Wolff, Mr. Charles Meinecke, Mr. W. B. Chapman, Mr. Charles A. Wetmore, Mr. Edward Palmer, and indeed nearly all those winemakers and importers who have recognized the utility of a book of this nature, and whose names appear throughout its pages. Mr. Chapman, it may be added, is a large importer of high-class French red wines, and Sauternes, the Chateau Lafite 1874 (Barton & Guestier), Chateau La Tour 1870 (Barton & Guestier), and other celebrated wines being found on the menus of the leading restaurants of San Francisco.

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