

## RAILWAY JAUNT IN PORTUGAL

THROUGH THE HEART OF THE PAIZ DO VINHO, OR  
"COUNTRY OF THE VINE."

Bacchus' Realm on the Douro River—How the Famous  
"Port" Wine is Made—Interesting Facts Concerning  
One of the Greatest Industries in the World.

Special Correspondence.

Oporto, Portugal, Nov. 25.

Everybody knows that this old Portuguese city is the home of the famous "port" (O-porto) wine, but few people have any conception of the magnitude of the industry. Though the wine exportation has fallen off greatly in the last decade, owing to the vine disease, phylloxera, which has diminished the production, it still averages over 201,000 hectoliters a year. One firm alone—the Vinicola company, whose enormous warehouses line the river-side of Nova da Gaia, the suburb opposite Oporto—carries a stock valued at two million dollars, while its annual sales reach the million dollar mark. An even greater business is conducted by the Ferreira Bros., the largest port wine producers in the world, in their "Commercio Agricola," and "Companhia dos Vinhos do Porto." An Englishman named Anderson deals only in the choicest vintages of the early part of the century—six million liters a year of brilliant amber, golden-white, and dark-fruity ports, the poorest of which wholesale at ten dollars the gallon. There are scores of other wine merchants—Portuguese, English, German, French and Russian—whose endless vaults and tunnelled cellars line the southern bank of the Douro for miles.

We have spent a busy week investigating the (to us) novel industry, including a railway jaunt to Rego, the very center of the world-famed Paiz do Vinho, or "country of the vine," on the upper Douro, near the Spanish frontier. Here Senhor Antonio Bernardo Ferreira, a Portuguese multimillionaire of Oporto, owns a dozen wine farms, or "quintas," as they are called in the vernacular, and spends a portion of each year with his family on one of them. Being so fortunate as

to receive a cordial invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Ferreira to visit them in their country home, we drove to the railway station early one morning—making a wide detour around the La Se quarter, the plague-infected heart of the city, where

THOSE TWIN REAPERS,

disease and starvation, rigorously hemmed in by a cordon of police, are garnering uncounted harvests. It is about four hours' ride from Oporto to Regoa, 64 miles from Lieboon. The road is the most picturesque scenic line in the peninsula, running through mountains and canyons, along deep gorges of the Douro, past quaint villages and peasant cottages, pines and palm trees, and a world of first-rate vineyards in the world. Right here on the steep and stony, but sunny mountain slopes, with their yellow, brown, mica, schist soil, the "Bastardo" grape thrives to perfection and the very best wine that ever delighted mortal lips is made.

The country home of the Ferrelhas, called the Quinta do Vesuvio, ("Garden of Vesuvius") affords a graceful prototype of life in the land of vineyards. Their elegant villa, in the Roman style, commands a wide view of the mountains and wine-filled valley, olive groves and pasture lands dotted with sleek cattle; and of the Douro, dwindled to a narrow stream so near the city of Oporto. From his flat house on top the happy planter may watch the progress of his wines to market, in the quaint native barcas rapellos, or flat-bottomed barges, each with an enormous rudder, piloted with greatest skill and care past innumerable reefs, shallows and rapids, down to the Oporto storehouses.

Senhor Ferreira and his charming wife and daughters were tireless in their gracious courtesies, showing us every detail of wine-making, to its final "curing" in vast cellars tunnelled into the solid rock. To further exemplify rural life in Portugal, they gave a ball

in our honor, in the great press-house, its wooden pillars hidden by living vines covered with bunches of luscious grapes, cut from the vineyard for the occasion. The peasants in their

## GYPSEY-LIKE COSTUMES

In all the colors of Joseph's coat—the men with short velvet trousers and jackets, white shirts, fringed sashes and brass hoops in their ears; the women wonderfully bedizened with fluttering ribbons and bits of tinsel, flangee necklaces, bracelets, crowns, brooches, the work of the world-famed goldsmiths of Oporto; the strange dancing, half danza, half fandangoes; and the music of the local orchestra—guitar and mandolin, mingled with the sharp cluck of castanets, the rasping of gourd fiddles and the rattling of tambourines—these things, these things will be long remembered. And then the wines—old, white and amber-hued ports, distilled more than half a century ago, not to be rashly imbibed, but every drop more precious than gold to sight and smell.

## THE NARROW VALE

and is reflected from the hill amphitheaters with particular intensity. Cut off from even breezes, the whole region lies still and becalmed in tropic heat—though in about the same latitude as Boston or Chicago. Nowhere else in Europe can the vines get such a roasting, and nowhere else are the juices of the grape elaborated into such a rich and potent wine. I understand, however, that in Portugal, where the vines are at the first glance of the vine country. It would be easy to find hotter suns—in Cuba, for instance; but the vine that produces the wine, par excellence, is not a tropical plant and needs the severe cold of winter to give it a reasonable test. In the tropic district south of the River of Portugal, where the vines are grown, the vines are so thick in winter, thick enough to bear the weight of a man. The vines are grown as bushes—more like English gooseberry trees than anything else. Early in the year they are closely pruned and the summer shoots are supported by stakes, otherwise the vines would fall over. These specially good vines are wanted; the vine is trained over trellises, or against pollarded trees. In that way more grapes may be had, but the wine is poor. The vintage begins toward the end of September. Much care and knowledge are required in selecting the right grapes. There are many varieties of grapes grown on a single plantation—some for color, some for flavor, some for bouquet, and some for strength. The ripe grapes are thrown into a vat, and trodden under bare feet—not unwashed, let us hope; and the weak process remains one of the most primitive and unimproved in the wine-press alone." The skins, stones, juice and stalks are then allowed to remain until the liquid ferments. Soon as the heat for fermentation begins to abate, the wine is run into large casks, (tuns), I believe, is the technical name, whereby the active fermentation ceases. The wine is then wholly arrested until the cold weather of winter sets in. Then the wine clears, the casks are filled to the tops, bungs are driven in tight and the beverage is fit for consumption.

how red wine has been made since the first juice of grapes was pressed out and fermented; how it is still made in France, Italy, Greece, Spain, Portugal and Hungary, the ingenuity of man having added very little to the time-honored process.

OF ABRAHAM'S DAY.

To be sure there are some variations and improvements, says one scientific authority, but the same principle for determining precisely the right moment for drawing off the "must," and in a few cases frauds are practiced, such as adding burned sugar to the poorest and thinnest sour wine to imitate the flavor of the best. It does not take much alkali to take away over acidity. The "Sherris sack" of Shakespeare's time, which then all England drank, was so sour that it had to be sugared as we sweeten tea. You remember that Polonius said to Hamlet, "Be not drunk with Sack and Sugar" and that worthy gentleman plaintively replies, "If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked."

There is a wine disease called "odum," which appears in early summer, as a white, fuzzy mold, or fungus, on the leaves. Later, it shows itself on the grapes, and the vines will run its course, hinders the growth of the grapes and causes it to split open and rot. As the most highly-bred animals succumb soonest to an epidemic, so the finest growths of wine-grapes suffer first. We had this been two or three times in the past year, and it has been producing an average of 150 pipes a year, came down to five pipes, of a quality so poor that even the laborers could not drink it, and the wine which they will not guzzle must be very poor indeed. Finally the quicker-witted French found a cure, and the vines are now blowing on the leaves from below.

The natural wines of Europe—those made to be consumed on the spot—which are in proportion of a thousand to one of the wines produced, are intended to be drunk the summer they are made, and with a few exceptions, are not kept. It is a curious fact that the common claret wines, grown in the neighborhood of Oporto and drunk by the peasantry, are often dearer than the costliest vintages of the port-wine district. The apparent anomaly is accounted for by the fact that the claret wine is drinkable within six months after leaving the vat, the "young" port wine, as the trade puts it, has then gone but one stage of its long journey. It has to be kept longer; to be racked, to be fined, to be skillfully turned over, and, finally, to be distilled wine. Before all this, it has to be carried on a perilous voyage down the Douro, to pay warehouse charges in Oporto, and again in England or wherever it goes; to pay a tax on export and a heavy import duty; to pay freight, and to pay the insurance charges. Therefore port wine must need start very cheap indeed, or none but millionaires could ever taste it. Any wine-farmer in Portugal will sell you a quart of honest red wine

for milreis to the value of about three cents in our currency. But at that early age it would hardly recommend itself to the cultivated taste. The port wine trade is a good deal of a monopoly, but a legitimate one, resulting from capital invested and skill and

## A NEW COMMONWEALTH

It is now reasonably certain that the last year of the century will see the political birth of another new Anglo-Saxon nation in the Pacific. After eight years of unbroken union, the last eight years with various fortunes, but on the whole with steadily increasing intensity, the party of union has finally triumphed in four out of the six colonies occupying the island continent of Australia, and in the island of Tasmania. As yet, it is true, the two large colonies of Queensland and West Australia, which occupy the extreme ends of the great island, have not given in their adhesion to the new arrangement. But the day of their completion of the federation, to which will be given legal recognition as soon as the Imperial Parliament meets in its next session at Westminster. It is rather more than probable that before the end of the century the people of Queensland will have decided, by referendum vote, that they also will join as partners in the new Australian Commonwealth; and it is possible—though at present less probable—that West Australia will also do so. It is, however, hardly more than a question of a few years until both these colonies take advantage of the provision made in the Commonwealth act for their subsequent inclusion. Should Queensland take part in the original federation, it will begin its life with nearly nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants of Australia; should both West Australia and Queensland for the present stand aloof, nearly six-sevenths of the people of the Pacific continent will be included in the new Government.

cluded under the new banner of the Commonwealth. It is scarcely too exaggeration to say that the close of the century will witness no more important political event than that of the establishment of the new federation. The event will, it is true, present none of the more brilliant and more dramatic features to which we are accustomed to look for in events generally esteemed of leading importance in the political history of the world; and to be fully appreciated, it may, for that reason, require a closer scrutiny than most events in the history of giving to such matters. We are apt to connect the birth of nations with revolutionary wars and declarations of independence; and there is an old idea which connects with the coronation and the inauguration of a monarch of cannon and the discharge of all manner of far-reaching importance. The Federal union of the Anglo-Saxon colonies of Australia has none of these attractions to offer. It has not even the distinction of being the formal inauguration of a new sovereign state.

of adding one more to the recognized governments of the world. There will be no severance of the ties that bind Australia to Great Britain; no formal change in the relations of the governments; and yet, in reality, the establishment of the Pacific Commonwealth will mean vastly more both to England and to the rest of the world than any political event that has occurred for several decades.—"The Commonwealth of Australia," by Hugh H. Lusk in the December Forum.

THE BUSY BEE

Works Her Eight Hours a Day and  
Makes Innumerable Journeys.

Darwin, after close observation, found that a bee would visit as many as twenty-seven flowers in the course of a minute, though with other flowers it took that the honey was difficult to reach. The average would be about eleven. Striking means between these two figures, one may find that ordinary working bee visits fifty flowers a minute, or 960 an hour. Considerable late hours to which a bee works, and it is busy for 12 to 14 hours a day, allowing for intervals of rest. This would make it visit 7,200 flowers a day, or 448,000 in the course of six months. As A. S. Wilson, in a recent paper, says, "A tremendous amount of labor goes through a bee's mouth, making even a small quantity of honey." He estimates that approximately 121 heads of red clover produce fifteen grains of sugar, or 120 heads produce about two pounds. As each head contains some sixtys flowers, it follows that the bees must visit 7,260 flowers to be sucked in order to obtain one pound of sugar. Now, honey contains about 80 per cent, speaking 75 per cent sugar, therefore the bees must make, in round numbers, 2,500,000 visits for one pound of honey.

## THE POWER OF INFLUENCE

BY. H. P. DOTSON.

'Tis like a stone dropped in the sea,  
Whose waverlets reach unto the shore,  
Our actions reach Eternity,  
Destined to live forevermore.  
In all the varied work of life,  
In all conditions, sick or well,  
'Mid all the toils of sin and strife,  
Our influence goes wherever we dwell,  
If for the right we battle here,  
That the distressed a helping hand  
There, in that reach "Over there,"  
Among the angels, we shall stand.  
But while we live, if we should sow  
Seeds of contention, woe and strife,  
When 'tis too late, we then shall know  
That the seeds missed eternal life.  
Our present life will then be vain,  
To fit us for a nobler sphere.  
That from God's face we'll not be driven  
To dwell with demons, in despair,  
Oh! for the power of truth Divine,  
To guide our footsteps in the way,  
Along whose course the Light shall  
rhine  
That leads to everlasting day.



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