

TEMPERANCE IN FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY.

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LETTER I.

TEMPERANCE IN FRANCE.

HERE am I in La Belle France. It is not that its physical features are more beautiful than those of England. It is not that its foliage is more green, or that its native flowers are of choicer grace. It is not that its daughters, charming as they are, are fairer than our rosy ones of hill and dale. For variety of scene we are more favoured. Our meadows are fresher than theirs. Our gems of the fields are dear to our hearts. And as for our ladies, we see in them the excellence of all nations. There it is again—as we are always told here—in our excessive national pride, we are only looking at other countries the more to extol our own.

Still it is La Belle France. But if the Swiss loves his mountains, and the Briton his home and institutions, the Frenchmen recognises in his beloved Paris his whole country. And most assuredly no people have so great a reason to be proud of a city as the French have of this beautiful place. Like other Englishmen, I had read of it, heard of it, imagined it; but I never realised one-tenth of its attractiveness. Its tree-fringed Boulevards, its numerous and magnificent public edifices, its treasures of art, and its gardens of delight, combine to render it the concentration of pleasures. Then the grace of its women and the politeness of its men enhance the happiness of the visitor. To the eye of those not much accustomed to reflection—by far the majority of humanity—there seems everything to soothe and please, and nothing to shock or disgust. Vice is so garbed in holiday attire, and her coarser features are so concealed by tasteful drapery, as, if not quite admitted into good society, not to be excluded from its repulsiveness of appearance.

But my object is less to observe and describe the beautiful, the romantic, or refined, than to deal with men and women as they are, and tell that which I see. We are not to look upon our neighbours here as our "natural enemies," but as of the brotherhood of nations, and as a people who are to be, and whom we wish to be, more closely connected with ourselves; who will in future still more powerfully affect our interests, manners, and ideas, and so influence our very hearths and homes. I have nothing to do with the question of politics, abstractly considered. I might think that the French have a right to be governed by whom they please, and that upon the whole they are comfortable under that rule. My mission is to learn the state of the population, their mode of life, their social habits, their moral exponents, and their probable future.

I came here, I hope, with no prejudice. I cannot, I will not, assume a theory, and then work it out by observations, seeing, as some do, what one wishes to see. I enter into no philosophy. One simple thing I promise faithfully to do—to tell a plain tale as I go on, and leave you to form your own impressions by my string of unconnected and perhaps opposing facts. I simply report. The impressions of to-morrow may differ from those of to-day. Of all the enigmas of the world none equal those of the social state. The constitution of human society is a labyrinth. We cannot divine it, and we have no wings to escape from it, as one did from that of Crete. We have to blunder on the best way we can. The best we can do is to mark and avoid the pitfalls that lie in these bewildering paths.

It is especially needful that I notice those developments of progress which may be of use to my own countrymen, and those exhibitions of folly which may

be as warnings. Then there are certain principles whose operations here are to be observed. Inquiry is to be made whether or no there are fixed relations of morals according to the individual race, or universal humanity; whether that which is evil in England ceases to be so here, with similar causes operative; and if social aspects, abhorrent here, would be innoxious with you.

Much has been made of the influence of climate and race. The virtues of the stern, cold North have been thought foreign to the sunny South. The vices of the barbarian have been held uncongenial with the habits of the civilised. As I have lived half of my life in warm latitudes, and half in cold,—as I have dwelt in the mansions of civilisation, and sojourned with the dark wanderer of the forest,—I have not been unprovided with facts upon this subject. My simple reasoning upon those facts has led me to this conviction—that man is of one family, with strong family likeness of character and tendencies. I have seen little or no difference between vices and virtues among climates and races, however opposing they may seem. I found lasciviousness in the naked Australian on his sunny plains, and the same among the well-educated peasantry of northern Scotland. Drunkenness abounds no less in the boudoirs and work-shops of England than in the leafy Gunyah of the New Hollander.

But it has again and again been asserted that the French, our nearest neighbours, are strangely different from ourselves in natural principles of conduct. They have been regarded as a people impracticable to government and hopelessly immoral, and yet, at the same time, so self-controlled, or so virtuous, that alcoholic liquors, which lead the English and the Indian alike into intemperance and misery, are used freely by the people of France without danger; and that neither drunkenness nor suffering exists from their indulgence. Now, as there is said to be no rule without an exception, there may be occasion to exclude them, and, perhaps, the Italians, as nations, from the operation of the universal law, and to regard them as absolutely and necessarily a sober people; and that they, having means to procure and use a more powerful excitement, prefer to drink a much milder and suitable beverage, and even in the use of that to abstain from any indiscretion. Now, it was to see for myself, and to announce the result to others, that I came on this inquiry. I want to notice the drinks consumed, and the extent of intemperance. I wish, also, to ascertain whether the use of the more moderate in strength does or does not, if opportunities serve, induce a desire for more potent draughts, and lead to intemperate indulgence in them.

To do this, then, I have to inspect reports and observe men. Again I declare my intention to write what I see and what I read, when I see and when I read.

At present I shall describe the outward developments of the city, and those only within the decent hours of the day, and wholly belonging to the fashionable and respectable quarter. I take that which is unveiled to the passing stranger.

As Paris, or rather the better streets of it, may be said to be the paradise of foreigners, there being there everything to make life agreeable, I can easily understand how our people, coming over from the fogs, and damp, and business anxieties of Britain, to enjoy a week in this charming place, may return with the notion that no drunkenness exists, and that the wines of France are delightful beverages. They walk along the Boulevards, beneath the shade of trees, amidst a throng of well-dressed strangers like themselves, gazing upon the

choicest works of art so tastefully displayed, and indulging in smiles of complacent pleasure. No beggars or low dirty reprobates are permitted to annoy them by their presence. They enjoy the outside life of the cafés, and, after sipping a cup of delicious coffee, with a *petit verre de liqueur* dropped into the same, they are disposed to look most charitably upon all and everything. They are content with the surface of society.

Still, how these persons can return and say, as we know many do say, that they were so long in France and never saw a drunkard, is a marvel to me. At any rate, I have not been so fortunate, and I have not yet gone in search of the moral deformity. Coming from my hotel the first evening, a party of half-a-dozen noisy tipplers passed me, taking up the width of the street. In a few minutes, while standing at a fashionable corner, I counted several reelers, to say nothing of many whose eyes, more than limbs, told of the power of Bacchus. It must be understood by the reader that the politeness of the French, and especially when in the precincts of refined society, exercises the same influence on them to walk steadily as we know it has with our own respectable intemperates.

Passing a beer-tavern the other day, I saw a rather amusing illustration of this remark. A man, apparently an artisan, had evidently got more than he could carry with propriety. But he seemed trying to do his best to maintain the sober character. He was slightly tottering as he stood at the counter, but, with his hand upon his heart, he was engaged in making some desperate apology to the landlady, or an ardent avowal of his sentiments of regard. His studied politeness oddly contrasted with his awkward tremor, and the senseless glare of his drunken eyes. The barmaid quite appreciated his position, and treated his remarks with the coolest indifference. In a neighbouring bar I saw five men drinking, and four of them were most unmistakably drunk. I use the word advisedly, for I am aware that some esteem no man really overcome until he goes to a pump to light his pipe.

It must be admitted, however, that the forms of intemperance here are less objectionable than across the Channel. Frenchmen are uniformly more gentle, kind, and agreeable than our people. Drink, therefore, does not with them develop so much of the pugilistic characteristic. On the contrary, they are more than usually affectionate. Yesterday, I saw two fellows drunk in a café, and such was their strength of attachment that they held each other by the arm around the waist, and kissed in lovers' style.

I have seen no drunken women yet. But one would no more expect to see such a sight in my quarter than in Regent Street, London. Women I have seen drinking at the cafés, inside and out; but they were almost always mere girls, with their favourite beaux. The absence of children on the occasion would lead one to suppose that they were rarely married. Then, again, the public females are here under the law. They do not obtrude upon respectable society. Others, of no greater virtue, of the Lorette class, form a peculiar institution here, and pride themselves on their virtuous and refined exterior. Keeping out, therefore, the low women of the town, and the wretched poverty-stricken females of married life, we can readily account for the absence of positive intemperance among those seen in the better streets and public gardens.

That there is, after all, less outward exhibition of coarse drunkenness in the respectable parts of Paris, I admit, and will proceed to state a few reasons for it. I do not believe it is so much a question of the nature of drink. Exhibited for sale, I find special prominence given to brandy, rum, wine, and beer. But more of

this another time. There are other checks to open drunkenness, which exist not to the same extent elsewhere. The cafés and other places for the sale of drink are furnished and adorned to such a degree as to give some rather the aspect of an elegant boudoir than a grog-shop. I refer to those in the respectable quarter—the only one of which I am now writing. They do not seem the places in which to get vulgarly drunk. The superb mirrors tell folks the tale of approaching to the inebriate condition; while the flowers, profusely scattered about, would forbid excessive indulgence in their sweet presence. These things act powerfully upon the sensitive Frenchman, who, if he knows not the hidden beauty and meaning speech of Nature, has a strong delight in her outward manifestations. Then, again, elegantly-dressed ladies preside at these places, while the company is usually of a superior kind.

Moreover, the general associations of the neighbourhood are favourable to decorum. Around are museums of paintings, gardens of taste, bazaars of elegance. The mind gets accustomed to that elevated, comfortable, self-respect, which acts powerfully as a check to excess. The French are not a gross people in their pleasures. The frail ones admit of no familiarity or rudeness, and will resent the intrusion of vulgarity as quickly as the prude. But as this outside delicacy proceeds from no inward purity of thought, and is no evidence of the virtue of the lady, so the exterior propriety of manners among drinkers must be taken for no proof of their sober habits. Though the parallel between the two vices cannot be thoroughly maintained, as the one cannot be so concealed as the other, yet, so far as expression can convey it, the individual who has indulged will assume the appearance of sobriety.

That men—any men—can sit for hours drinking wine, of ever so moderate a percentage of alcohol, without perceptible effect, no one can believe. When, however, we find that the wine is not so moderate as is commonly supposed, and that the stronger liquors are pretty freely used, the effort to maintain a calm exterior becomes a more difficult matter. Anyhow, even within the early hours, the effect is apparent on not a few; while, as evening advances, the reign of Bacchus becomes more conspicuous.

If not drunk, they are excited. If stupefied, they would be comparatively harmless. If maddened, they would be shunned. The simple Boor sleeps after his pot, and is wheeled to his bed. The whisky-loving Irishman flourishes his stick, and makes a clear course with all except another inspired one. The wine-elevated Frenchman is raised to the *dangerous point*—dangerous to himself and others. His passions are not drowned or enfeebled, but developed and intensified. He has had sufficient to silence conscience, but not to subdue reason. He is not bestialised, but devilised. Such a man requires not to be placed within the sphere of temptation to commit sin; he carries with him a defiled moral atmosphere, and becomes himself the tempter. The principles of true honour are forgotten, and the claims of friendship and society are disregarded. He is prepared to execute any evil to gratify his own unholy feelings, provided he does not place himself in danger. Burning with base passions, he is not so lost by the drink as to hazard his own person, or fail to win his object by incatious haste. He is thus truly drunk in the worst possible degree—in the most dangerous sense.

As I shall be hereafter able to prove, in my subsequent communications, the sad moral state of France, and other continental countries, is more owing to alcoholic liquors, mild as they may be, than to all other causes put together.

If it be the object of inquiry to learn, not the mere extent of rolling intemperance, and the number of

infuriated men and women under its dominion, but to ascertain whether the drinks in common use not only induce the condition of inebriety, absolutely understood, but engender that low tone of moral feeling which leads the victim to the same crimes as more palpable drunkenness will produce, then I hold that my plan of observation while here—the noticing of all the social exponents of the country—will prove the wise and proper one, and will enable my countrymen more philosophically to reason out the probable results of the introduction of the French drinking system into our fatherland.

LETTER II.

I HAVE referred to the comparatively few cases of intemperance observed in France, and to the assertion of some of our own visiting countrymen that the vice does not exist. I had mentioned that my eyes were not so fortunate as theirs. A case in point. To-day I was conversing with a minister recently arrived, and, like others, rejoicing in the wine-drinking temperance of the people. We walked out together, and in a few minutes I turned his attention to a man whom he acknowledged to be really drunk. A gentleman staying in the hotel with me had his attention turned to the subject. In four days he saw, he says, so many drunk that he will not be deceived again by the cry. A cab full of rioters passed him at one place, and shortly after he came on a party of drunken Zouaves. He was amused with a party of four, two of whom were women, who, with changed head gear and vociferations, testified to their condition. The other evening, between 7 and 8 o'clock, I counted five reelers. But still they were not violent as our drunkards. They did not even court publicity. One fellow I observed shake a little when passing the shops, who, directly he came to a darker, open spot, began to sing wildly and stagger at pleasure. On Sunday evening, returning from church, I noticed an inebriate near the Champs Elysées; but he shunned the frequented street, and rather decently promenaded from side to side of a pretty wide pavement, in a retired parallel thoroughfare.

I have before alluded to the strong sense of propriety, ever the leading principle of action in this people. The very drink-sellers will avoid having a drunkard in their places, as a bad name would be the consequence. "Be a gentleman," is an argument irresistible with a French workman at his *cuis*, but which would have no force directed against our own. When even a common soldier will take off his hat to a woman at the counter, as he retires from his glass, the restraining influence of politeness is evident. The *external propr* is the genius of Paris.

But I have to speak of another principle at work, operating most strongly in checking tendencies to excess. My object in thus speaking of these restraints is to show my countrymen that the different habits of a people greatly influence the effect of similar exciting causes. Alcohol, as such, is a poison which intoxicates and leads to intoxication in all climates and with all races. But its mischief can be, and is, much modified by various agencies. The French, then, are guarded not only by a *sense of propriety*, but by the *influence of woman*.

I came here with the usual prejudices of an Englishman. With us, women are supposed to be queens, and the sex elsewhere in a degraded position. They work in the fields here, and our gallantry is shocked; they do the same, however, in Britain, especially in Scotland. But here I find men taking their duties. One is my chambermaid, and another scours the floor. Our women are queens, certainly; but then it is under a respon-

sible government. They are privileged to bear the name, but not to exercise the power of rule. We crown them with flowers, and pay them delicate attentions; but we carefully preserve our own freedom of action. The dear creatures must not be told of our affairs, or a compressed brow will spoil their beauty. They must not venture advice, on suspicion of its being called a curtain lecture. The horror of Mrs. Caudle's image makes many a wife sigh in secret over things she fears to name. It is not proper, besides, for women to meddle with men's affairs. You know they must do as men do, though often unpleasant and sad at home. The amount of real tyranny, *quietly* exercised by the husband in our private and respectable society, is enough to call forth a regular revolution, did not woman feel her isolation and weakness.

Now all this is perfectly inappreciable by the French woman. Even if she understood it, she would not believe in it. One thing I know, that man here dare not attempt such tricks. Here woman is queen in her own right, and takes good care to exercise her privileges. I hope I have too much native gallantry in me to breathe a word against the fair; but candour obliges me to say that, in the little bodies I meet, with their neat, so neat, and tasteful dress, and ready smile, there is in their eye a calm smile of dignity, and an unmistakable bit of malice of independence, that he would be a bold man indeed who would presume to dispute her sovereignty. Here she is not content, like her English sister, to receive the homage of her lover; no, no, she must manage him. Yes! and with a shrug of the shoulders, he submits. It is true, there are some things which he ventures to do; well! that can't be helped—everybody does the same. Then, you know, she has the same liberty, and is not slow to use it. This is the voice of society which rules both parties.

But, as she has not only this resolution of character, this strength of will, this habit of command, but is really, for all practical purposes, the better half, the shop-president, the book-keeper, the cash-holder, the hardest worker, the most interested partner in the business, she has, on a higher ground, an influence over her husband. More than this, contrary to our system, the women know the advantage of union. They live much in society. They mix together. They support each other in creating and maintaining that public opinion which shall secure to them their rights; that is, not equality, but dominion. It is but right to say, that they use their power judiciously, so as not to court rebellion. They are very kind, very bland, very industrious, very attentive; but they must be mistresses. Here no improper word, or rude act, is ever directed to a woman, however debased.

Just estimate the effect of all this upon checking intemperance. Think you that a Paris wife would allow her husband to come home nightly drunk, to abuse her and the children? Not she, indeed. She would raise all society against the wretch, and get him sent to Coventry. Then, in more respectable stations, the lady has her own circle, her own parties, her own evenings. Would she endure the intrusion of a drunken husband upon one of these select reunions? Her friends would make common cause with her, and soon restore propriety. Intemperance, then, as such, is driven downward among the very low. One may be excited, but his company is the better for it. He is more jolly with men, more loving with women. But a step beyond society does not sanction. The fellow must retire. This is copied lower in the scale of manners. That which the fine lady will not sanction with her *cher ami*, the demoiselle of the kitchen frowns on with her lover. Thus it is that, with universal drinking, there is so little rude drunkenness. It is less a matter of the

character of drink than the habits of society. Elsewhere, liquor, far lighter in strength than they use, produces tenfold the intoxication. Sottishness is incompatible with a people so living an out-door life, and who are ardent followers of out-door social pleasures.

There is still another reason why the coarser features of this vice are not to be expected in the French, as with their neighbours across the Rhine on the one hand, or the Channel on the other. This may seem ridiculous. It is, that they have, generally, narrower heads than their neighbours. I happen to believe in phrenology. I look at folks' heads as they pass by me. Here, especially in Normandy, I find the heads much smaller in the region of the animal propensities than with us; that is, naturally they have less force of character. I own that in a nation of soldiers I did not expect this. A people so often at war, so loving war, ought to possess some more combative organ than their neighbours. But they have not. It is not quite difficult to reconcile this apparent inconsistency. The Volunteers will be interested in the question. The Frenchman fights not for mere conquest, for dominion, for love of killing, but more from a desire for glory. "La Gloire" is his ever-prevailing motive of action. To gain a name, to be talked about, to exalt the honour of France—this leads him to the trenches, to death. Otherwise a quiet creature, touch him upon the Love-of-Approbation bump, and you have him on fire. Physically much weaker than our countrymen, less in stature, less in strength of muscle, far less in powers of endurance, he is able, for a little time, to accomplish under excitement what other nations would not venture to attempt. But ordinarily he is a quiet fellow. He has far more intelligence of look and manner than our people; but he has not that doggedness, self-will, self-reliance, self-exaltation, that so disposes the Englishman to do as he likes, and even to get drunk as he likes, when he likes, and where he likes. More than this, John Bull likes to get drunk. And when drunk, his tendency of character is not only not to conceal it, but most offensively to demonstrate his condition. He will drink to intoxication, because he cares for nobody, and will please himself. He will parade his vice, because he says he is no hypocrite. He resents every interference or expostulation, however gentle, as an intrusion upon his sacred rights of British freedom. If the pleader be one higher in station, he will insult him; if lower, he will despise him; if an equal, he will fight him. Should his wife add a word, his indignation is boiling. Is he to be henpecked? He is master. He may give force to his convictions by the strength of his blow.

Now, the Frenchman is not only restrained by politeness and the influence of woman, but he has not, from comparative deficiency of animal power, the temptation to this excess; and if overcome, he is less violent in his cups. Among the soldiers especially I have made my observations. They are, generally, singularly small-headed. Being, many of them, mere boys in age, this deficiency of power is more manifest. Having been lately at the review of the Scottish Volunteers in Edinburgh, I could not help being struck with the difference in stamina. There was in the tread of that fine body of men a sense of resolution and strength that never could be seen here. The cavalry are usually superior to the infantry in physique. As to the Zouaves—the dreaded Zouaves—an English lady here told me with great glee that, though not very tall herself, she hoped she had satisfied herself that she stood much higher than most of this far-famed corps. But still, I found among them, as I had expected to find, a greater amount of the English development of force than with others. This is to be expected, as they are gathered from the most boisterous of the population. To carry

out my argument, I learnt from inquiry that they are greatly more addicted to intemperance—rolling, riotous intemperance—than any other division in the army. But this very exception proves the rule of my argument about the French.

Having thus, as an introduction, made, as it were, an apology for the comparative temperance of France, by an exhibition of restraining influences which do not exist in England but to a much less degree, we may now turn attention to the nature and consumption of the drinks themselves, in order to discover if they really are so weak and harmless as is generally supposed by our countrymen. In doing this, I shall not take a report of the enemy, but give you statements only derived from their own official records. As the wine question is so very important, and so complicated, I may be excused leaving the treatment of that until I get fairly among the vineyards. I have learned much already, but wish not to commit myself by premature statements.

LETTER III.

AMONG the "light drinks of France," brandy occupies no mean position. I know it is said that they only grow that strong liquor to send over to England. We will see. As many of our people still believe that the French are a frog-eating race, we are surprised at no other extravagance of opinion entertained of them. One thing, however, is to be observed, that we often form our impressions of persons and things from what they were rather than from what they are. There is little doubt that formerly these people were more temperate in their use of alcoholic liquors. This is seen in the remarkable growth of produce of this strongest of all strong drinks—brandy. It proves one thing plainly—and I wish I could with trumpet-tones sound the fact abroad, for the benefit of some of my worthy countrymen—that the use of the much-vaunted light wines of France has tended to the increased desire for a stronger drink. Why this fact has come out so much in recent times, within the last half century, is simply because the inhabitants of France have become so much better off, that they can afford to indulge in that to which their tastes direct. To this day, in the poorer parts, they are content with miserable wine or weak cider.

Now for figures. The brandy produced at the end of the eighteenth century was only 369,000 hectolitres per annum. A hectolitre is about twenty-two gallons. In 1812, it had reached to 650,000; in 1828, to 906,337; in 1840, to 984,325 hectolitres, valued at fifty-two million francs, or £2,080,000. I now select a few years after this date, and give produce, consumption, and exportation.

	Produced of Alcohol.	Consumed.	Exported.
1840.....	984,825(?)	731,105	200,689
1844.....	898,695	753,810	144,885
1847.....	1,032,847	820,455	212,392
1850.....	1,163,614	875,230	288,384
1855.....	1,038,891	885,780	153,111
1857.....	1,189,411	997,232	192,179
1858.....	1,189,521	1,018,905	170,616

According to the official report, the produce of alcohol for 1858 is put at 1,323,928.

This does not particularly prove that the French are growing more temperate, even within the last twenty years. As the population of France is some thirty-seven millions, very little more than our United Kingdom, I was not a little surprised at the report giving our manufactures at 1,068,000 hectolitres, and their own at 1,323,928. Prussia is the only country exceeding it, having 1,530,000. To Belgium is given, 272,000; to Denmark, 46,000; and to Austria, 840,000.

I could not get the number of distilleries in France.

In 1852 there were 1,438. My informant, M. Maurice Block, says, in 1860, "Since that time the number of these establishments and the persons whom they employ, have been increased in a very notable proportion." The localities in which they are situated differ according to the material from which the alcohol is produced. Thus, that from the grape is made in Central and Southern France; while that from the beetroot is prepared in the North, where the vegetable is grown. The proportions of these substances so employed appear thus:—In 1854, that from the beetroot amounted to 219,000 hectolitres; molasses, 187,000; grain, 72,000; other substances, 7,140. Grape, 187,000. *Bouilleurs de vin*, 247,000. Beetroot is being much more extensively used, owing to the failure of the vines of late years. Thus, we have the following numbers to illustrate:—In 1852, the beetroot was 16,000; 1853, 66,000; 1857, 429,000. The increase of "other substances," so called, is a singular feature. The alcohol from that source was 1,296 hectolitres in 1852; 16,011 in 1855; and 35,379 in 1857.

In addition to *eau de vie*, or brandy proper, there are several liqueurs. One commonly used here by the students, and by hard drinkers in general, is absinthe. It is prepared from a highly aromatic plant, having a hot bitter flavour. In the process of distillation, it gives out a considerable quantity of a green essence, which gives the peculiar green colour and singular flavour to the absinthe. Among the "falsifications," this liquor comes in for its due share of attention. The addition of water pales the drink. To bring up the green colour, that highly poisonous compound, sulphate of copper, is freely used. I had the curiosity to taste this much talked of absinthe. As near as I can recollect my impressions of whisky some twenty years odd, I should say it was so like it as to be simply *green whisky*. To call this one of the light drinks of France, is surely an absurdity enough. As to its use, I had seen it frequently taken at the cafés before I knew what it was. In the low quarters it is in much request, and it produces the usual wild excitement of intemperance. It is a drink, I am told, never indulged in by women. In fact, an "absinthe-drinker" is as much a term of opprobrium as a "gin-drinker" in England.

Now for a word about the beer, the drink supposed to be the heritage of the Englishman only, and not used by the light-wine drinkers of France.

In my inquiries upon this head, I have been met with the same appalling fact, to which I have before given utterance, that France is given more and more to indulgence. Well may the statistical authority say, "The manufacture of beer has made very great progress in France during the last sixty years!" Let us look at the figures:—

1812.....	Produce, 2,802,000	hectolitres.
1824.....	" 3,200,000	"
1840.....	" 3,885,365	"
1850.....	" 5,000,000	"
1858.....	" 5,871,667	"

Can England or Scotland show a corresponding increase in forty years?

But it may be said again, that much of this will be for exportation. To the figures again. In 1858, the importations of beer from other countries was 761,616, against an export of 864,381 only. The beer is not very weak, but quite as good as yours. Thus, the Strasbourg beer averages from 5 to 8 per cent; another from 3 to 6; and the double beer, so called, from 6 to 8. I give my authority for this statement—M. Heureux, of Paris, author of "*La Reforme Pharmaceutique*." The average price of production is fifteen francs the hectolitre, or sevenpence a gallon. According to the wine ratio of sale, the wholesale dealer sells it from 25 to 35 per cent

upon cost of manufacture; and the retailer at from 60 to 100 per cent upon the wholesale again. The proportion of beer sale profit is far more. It is from 30 to 50 centimes a canette, or 3d. to 5d.

The number of brewers I cannot get. In 1850, it was 3,227. The consumption of barley is estimated at 3,775,000 hectolitres, or 83 millions of gallons of grain. Comparison is made with other countries. Though the United Kingdom, of course, stands at the head of the list, at 18,000,000 hectolitres, France, at 6,000,000, as a wine-drinking country, is fast progressing towards our habits. Prussia is set down at 2,890,000; Saxony, 1,072,000; Belgium, 3,116,675; Austria, 6,600,000; and beer-drinking Bavaria, higher than our own in proportion, 5,400,000 hectolitres. The favourite beers of France are from the North, from Lille, Paris, Louvain, Lyons, and Strasbourg.

So good a stuff must not be left without a little doctoring. The English like a good head to the pot, and they get it; did they know how it was raised, they would hardly like it so well. The French, with better taste, and from loving the sparkling wine, wish for clear beer; and they get it too. The manufacturer seldom has it clear enough, but the retailer effects the desired appearance with the aid of those agreeable compounds not unknown to your own publicans. M. Heureux gives the following list of "falsifications" or adulterations of beer:—Poppy heads, flowers of box, flowers of the linden or the lime tree, and gentian, give a colour to the liquor. *Nux vomica*, calcareous salts, poisonous beans, Spanish pear, tartaric acid, grains of paradise, sulphate of copper, sulphate of lead, and sulphate of iron, with other equally deleterious substances are to be recognised in French beer. As with us, the vendor is liable to penalties for such adulterations, when detected; but, as with us, such convictions are rare, while the offence is universal.

Cider forms the drink of the people of Normandy and Brittany. Vast orchards of apples are seen by the traveller, as vineyards in other parts. This liquor is mostly consumed by the producers. What may be the amount now I cannot ascertain. In 1840, it was 10,880,000 hectolitres, of the value of 84,422,000 francs, or £3,376,800—an enormous sum for the inhabitants of these very limited districts. They are not left without the doctor's art. To correct the acidity, and make the cider otherwise more agreeable, the following substances are used:—Chalk, lime, ashes, alcohol, litharge or protoxide of lead, carbonate of lead, carbonate of copper, carbonate of lime.

I have now said so much about figures, and other dry subjects, that your readers will be heartily glad that I close this chapter. The student of the Temperance question will, however, glean from the detail something of interest, and something perhaps which he can apply to the good of his British countrymen. At any rate, such loose expressions have been used in relation to the drinking habits of the French, that I wish to avoid most jealously the intrusion of my own natural prejudices in the pursuit of my object of inquiry. I desire to regard the question philosophically, and as a man of the world, believing that, in this way, I can not only arrive at more correct conclusions myself, but more powerfully influence the minds of calm and independent thinkers in Britain.

LETTER IV.

A FEW more words upon the much admired liqueurs of France. These are not the "light drinks" of the country, but are most unmistakably strong, being either brandy or whisky disguised.

There are a few curious questions about alcohol itself,

which may be interesting to your readers. In no part of the world is this spirit more admired, studied, and delicately handled. The researches of the chemist, and the practical experiments of the liquorist, have nearly exhausted the subject. The changes produced by the ringing of church bells, the wondrous evolutions of a few bits of glass in the kaleidoscope, or the celebrated arithmetical question of the horse's shoes and nails, would give some idea of the transformations of alcohol here.

A few facts about the produce of brandy from similar weights of various substances. From 2,000 kilogrammes (each 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. English) of the fœcula of malted barley have been produced 675 kilogrammes of alcohol. From the same amount of sugar of grape, 588; from the raw cane, 447; honey, 250; malted barley, 216; fœcula of wheat, 190; fœcula of sugar of potatoes, 179; dried figs, 171; bread of wheat, 110; dried cherries, 51; potatoes, 43. From 1,000 kilogrammes of the must of raisins, 89 kilogrammes of alcohol can be extracted; while from that quantity of the must of cherries, at the same temperature, but 50 can be procured. The famous "Kirschwasser" of the Germans, is the alcoholic liquor of cherries. These cherries, not grafted, are extensively grown for this manufacture. From a ton weight of cherries, they get about fourteen gallons of alcohol. The flavour is much admired, and great quantities of it are consumed all over the Continent. The French districts for cultivating such cherries, and making the drink, are the Haut Saône, Vosges, and Doubs, on the German side. Similar liqueurs are made from the peach, prune, and apricot. The brandy from apples and pears is not admired. It has to undergo much rectifying. That from beer has a very bad odour, and is very weak. That from the skins of grapes, the common mode, or even from grain, has a strong and disagreeable flavour, the removal of which is difficult. Animal carbon relieves it, but leaves another in its place, which can now be driven off by the mixture of chloride of lime. As new brandy is unpleasantly hard, it is made in a few days into genuine old mellow cognac with the assistance of ammonia. This gaseous body is shaken into the bottle briskly, and ages the liquor.

But to the liqueurs proper;—imported, alas! under most seductive and protective appellations for the comfort of our own low-spirited and nervous ladies, and most extensively used here. Let their character be known. They are simply artful disguises of brandy, to be treated as such, and denounced accordingly. The history of their introduction is thus given by a French chemist. "According," says he, "as the taste for spirituous liquors was propagated, the pleasure of being distinguished from the vulgar and sensual, or a fear of hurting delicate throats little accustomed to the rudeness of brandy, suggested the idea of mitigating it with water and sugar. Such was, after pure brandy, the first liqueur that appeared upon well-served tables. Little by little, and successively, it was thought that by joining to this beverage, so very simple, some perfumes which, in rendering it more delicate, soon made a drink invented by luxury an object of necessity." Again, "The great talent of a liquorist consists in the choice of aromatic substances, and in the art of discovering the odours and flavours which mingle the best together, and to avoid associating those which do not act with such propriety."

Now, as I have a far greater fear of the invasion of these liqueurs, than of ordinary French wines,—and they will come in with them to Britain,—as I should regard their appearance at the confectioner's, on the table, and in the private closet, as a fatal injury to the temperance of ladies, now, by the relative coarseness of the drinks, kept from loving indulgence in the bottle,—and as I have so lively a sense of their

mischiefous character,—I am especially urged more fully to enter upon a description of these enchanters, that fathers and brothers of Britain may be on the watch for their intrusion, and resist their insidious approach.

These liqueurs, technically, are divided into "ordinary," "half fine," "fine," and "superfine,"—the chief difference in their manufacture being the greater quantity of crystallised sugar used. Some, from their consistency and colour, are called "creams"; while others have the colour and appearance of olive oil, and are termed "oils." The lower class are the "waters." The "ratapas" form another distinction. They are further coloured, if required; as cochineal for red, indigo for blue, saffron for yellow, &c. Passing along the streets I have caught my eye upon some of these liqueurs, and give you their names:—"Punch Grassot," "Rhum de la Tamaique," "Elixir Calypso," "Liqueur de Garibaldi," "Liqueur Hygiénique," "Liqueur de Mandarine," &c. But as I possess a liquorist's manual, I will give you further particulars of these compounds. The full receipts I need not give; else, if distillation were not a troublesome art, some would be tempted to try the manufacture.

To show the kind of mixture, I give doses of the "Eau des Amis" (the "Drink of Friends"). Take of the essence of cedar twenty drops, and of the essence of bergamot ten drops, and mix these with six kilogrammes of alcohol and six of sugar. The "Archbishop Water" is prepared from jasmine, molasses, orange flowers, sugar, and alcohol. The "Water of the Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour" has orange, sugar, and alcohol only. The "Cream of Barbadoes" contains citron, orange, ceylan, coriander, mace, and alcohol. The "Maiden's Cream" is from orange, roses, and alcohol—a floral mixture of rare delicacy, which will spoil the cream of enjoyment in many a British household, I fear. The "Oil of Venus" is prepared from the flowers of carrots and alcohol. The "Nectar of the Gods" has white honey, orange, coriander, citron, benzoin, storax, and alcohol. The gods who indulge in this would soon, like the companions of Ulysses, be turned into swine, in the development of animal propensities. The "Nectar of Beauty," but a cruel enemy to lovely woman, is prepared from citron, orange, ceylan, coriander, mace, saffron, &c., with alcohol. The "Tears of Missolonghi" drop from the mingling of bitter almonds, seeds of angelica, mace, and alcohol. The fate of the author of "Don Juan," who died at Missolonghi, may well call for tears. But we need weep more for those who, seduced by his praises of wine, have followed his terrible example, and, in the indulgence of alcohol, have perverted genius, silenced conscience, loosed the bridle of passion, and remorselessly trampled upon the virtue and happiness of others. "Perfect Love" may be obtained by the union of citron peel, cedar peel, cloves, sugar, and alcohol. The "Milk of Old Age" is manufactured from orange flowers, tincture of balsam of Peru, and alcohol. "Pleasure without End" may readily be found in citron peel, orange peel, balm, and alcohol. How many awake from its use to discover the birth of pain, the beginning of remorse! In this city of pleasure, this sweet odiferous excitant is a type of its joys;—it is grateful to the sense, but destructive to the soul. "Pleasure for Ladies" is too commonly found in mingling bitter almonds, angelica seeds, ceylan, coriander, sugar, and alcohol. "Love without End," in this earthly paradise, means the union of citron, bergamot, and alcohol.

We may smile over these names, and observe in this development of the poetry of strong drink an exponent of French character; but we cannot disguise from ourselves the effect of this upon society here. The well-known and lamented dislocation of the family bonds

existing in Paris, as well as the tremendous force of lascivious dissipation in a more public way, can only be accounted for on the supposition of the influence of these and similar seductive and intoxicating beverages. They induce idleness and sloth. They engender a love of luxury and ease. They loosen the reins of self-restraint. They present images of beauty and softness. They soothe to slumber the voice of judgment and virtue. They awaken the gentler emotions of passion. They open the bosom to other charmers, and raise the veil of chastity. Singularly enough, the vice, the one vice, of Paris is said to be about ten times that of the country provinces, while the consumption of intoxicating liquors is officially declared to bear nearly the very same relative proportion! I close these remarks by the translation of a passage from Emile Deschanel. His description of the lovely isle of ancient Greece may be truly applied to Paris now. "The Isle of Lesbos," he tells us, "was fruitful in good wines and beautiful women. There was a great trade there in both. Manners were then very dissolute there. In that country, so favoured of heaven, with a blood so fine, wines so generous, climate so rare, and the air so very languishing, so charged with penetrating perfumes from the sea, developed the sensual life quite naturally. When one adds to this the multitude of visitors, one can easily comprehend how this island quickly became the focus of debauchery, or, to speak after the ancients, a school of courtesans." God forbid, then, that the women of England should know much of the "generous wines" of this modern Lesbos!

Let me now turn to a lighter phase of this Temperance of France.

The other day, in passing by an estaminet, I observed a placard that arrested my attention. Through the courtesy of the landlord, I copied a part for the benefit of your readers. Voilà! It is headed, "Penal Code of Bacchus." Here you have some of the pains and penalties:—"Absence from company when there is drink, 1 year; abandoning his post at the cabaret, in chains 6 years; cause of a disappointed debauch, death; bringing in a bottle of vinegar for the water, detention; draining his glass in two drinks, prison 6 months; beating a woman when drunk, death; any intercourse with water-drinkers, death; kissing a publican's wife when drunk, prison 6 months; sleeping at table with wine before him, irons 3 years; enduring thirst, having money in his pocket, perpetual imprisonment; paying a bill without drink, irons 2 years; having a bottle of water under the table, in chains 6 years; to redder at the name of a drunkard, in irons 20 years; to go out of a public-house without drinking, death; vowing not to drink, prison 2 years; deceiving his comrade at drink, prison 2 years; to empty his glass under the table, irons 20 years; stealing an empty bottle, irons 12 years; to give up good drink, guillotine. Declared at our Palace of Pleasure, this thirty-second of our honeymoon. Major, CHASSELAS; Captain, PIMPLE; Captain of Drinkers, DRINK; Lieutenant, HE-HAS-DRUNK; Chief of Drinkers, VINE-Foot; Lieutenant-Colonel, DRINK-WITHOUT-THIRST; Colonel, DRINK-ALWAYS."

This is a description of a land without drunkards, the country of light wines and sobriety!

LETTER V.

A LITTLE better to comprehend the wonderful sobriety of the people in visitors' Paris, I would have you to know that this is now a model city—a place of palaces, arches, boulevards, and gorgeous shops, where visitors come to live in enormous hotels and dine at sumptuous restaurants. The people, Paris proper, may be seen still—but outside, away from the eye and nostril of the stranger;

more than this—away from the centre of that frowning circle of masonry, burdened with cannon. It has been the policy of the Emperor to make himself master of Paris; knowing that he who holds that, retains France. One means has been the embellishment of the capital to a magical degree, and causing immense Government expenditure therein. By this he conciliates, he pleases. In doing this he accomplishes the other object—the removal of the factious and troublesome, the Red Republican workmen. By cutting through their old quarters, and throwing open beautiful boulevards, he has so enhanced the value of property that the poor cannot pay rents there, and have to retire to a distance off. There is where the squalor and intemperance are to be seen, but which our travellers never see as they are whisked through by the rail.

If any of these "roughs" find their way of an evening into visitors' Paris, the army of police are on the look-out for them, and speedily convey them to the lock-up to sober them. They don't wait here, as our folks do, till the fellow makes a riot, but they march him off at once. It is true there is no morning fine. He is dismissed in the grey dawn with a caution. Should he, however, have been noisy, he is punished for the nuisance; should he have been violent, he would have still further detention. Thus it is that social restrictions and judicial arrangements combine to keep intemperance out of sight.

That Paris itself, the model of temperance, is growing more and more intemperate, is a fact admitted by the authorities and confirmed by public records. One of their reports states that the average personal amount of wine-drinking per annum at Amiens is 20 litres, and that that is much above that of the drinking of the country around it; yet it also gives the average at Paris at nearly six times greater, being 113 litres. Conversing the other day with the esteemed President of the French Wesleyan Conference, he told me that of late years he had seen drunkenness greatly on the increase. He said that the Sunday and Monday riotous intemperance and debauchery outside the barriers had become now an intolerable nuisance.

If free trade in drink be a blessing, the good ought to be seen here, where facilities exist for the traffic, and where the number of drinking-houses is so considerable. Let me give a few figures of my own. I took one street of shops, some of them very fine ones, and, from examination of 136 consecutive places of business, found 35—one-fourth—selling alcohol. In a street of less pretensions, in the quarter of the Red Republican struggle of 1848, I took at random 10 shops following; six sold the drink. Again, I passed 12 in succession, and saw one shut, and nine for alcohol! It may be said that most of these sold drink as eating-houses. To figures again. Of the 35 in the first case, only eight pretended to sell solids. Of the other six and nine respectively, but one in each lot was a restaurant. They were for the sale of drink itself by itself.

Now I will ask any man of sense whether these parties would continue paying heavy rates and duties, besides keeping up expensive establishments, if no profit arose. Does it not follow that the drinking habits of the people must be bad to support such an array of sellers of not mere light wines, but brandy and beer? The word "café" deceives many at a distance. Let them come here and count how many are drinking coffee compared to the number consuming alcohol alone. Then let them take the coffee-drinkers, and see if one in ten or twenty takes his coffee without the accompanying glass of brandy. The Englishman can get his Bass at the café, and the German his beer.

Not content with these facilities, these provocations, there are women licensed to retail in the streets. They

have their heads decorated with the brass words "Cantinière des Cantonnières." They are brazen enough in all conscience, without the brass over their foreheads. I have observed them hanging about at the public water-pipes tations, where men and women stand waiting for a turn with their pails. There the seducer tempts with her smiles and jokes, brandishes her little glass, and swings round her little barrel of liqueur. Perhaps this is a street imitation of the regimental "vivandières," so popular in song, so beautiful and charming in romance, models of grace and virtue, but, like other dreams of fancy, so different from the reality.

With the increase of consumption, the increase of production has kept pace. I have already alluded to the enormous development of the beer and brandy trade. Just a passing notice of wine. Within 60 years, the number of hectares (each $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres) planted with vines has increased from 1,500,000 to 2,200,000. But this little explains the wine growth, as so much of that drink is simply manufactured from no grapes. But the very great uncertainty of the grape crop of late has led to the greater consumption of beer and liqueurs. In addition to this, low-classed wines—mere refuse, formerly left to the poor peasants—are now, by the modern system of doctoring, made up for sale, and will form no small amount of that provided for the English market. I find that, up to the passing of the treaty, the exportation of ordinary wines has fluctuated but little in amount, though greatly in value. From 1848 to 1858, it has run from 956,857 hectolitres to 2,262,159; while the price has been between 41,840,567 francs at the lowest and 198,433,936 at the highest. The ravages of the oidium, or vine disease, have seriously injured the produce in some years.

I own I am terribly puzzled in the examination of the official returns. Before coming, I was told that the French were not up in statistics. But I find such difficulties in the variations of returns, the mode of classification, and the compilation of figures, as to be quite lost at times, and despairing of finding my way out of the labyrinth of figures. Nervously anxious to find the real truth, and to tell the real truth, I am afraid of being misled, and so misleading others. In the wine returns, I find some confusion, or, in my stupidity, I cannot divine them. In one place the record of produce is put for a certain year at 10,780,000, and in another place at 18,000,000. For another year the difference is nearly fifteen million. And this in the same work, called "Statistics of France." But I give you a connected series of figures, showing the fluctuations of produce, and exhibiting the several amounts consumed in the wine districts themselves, or subjected to duty, by being brought to Paris and other towns, where an impost is levied. The country people, classed as growers, of course pay no duty, as that is charged as town dues. The increased amount of some year's imposts is accounted for by the fact that then large importations of wine came from Spain, Sardinia, &c. Now for the table.

Years.	Paying Duty.	Consumed without Duty.	Total.
1830.....	10,308,000	4,000,000	14,368,000
1835.....	14,929,000	5,000,000	19,929,000
1840.....	16,122,000	13,000,000	29,122,000
1845.....	16,687,000	10,000,000	26,687,000
1849.....	20,847,000	17,000,000	37,847,000
1850.....	20,832,000	11,000,000	31,832,000
1851.....	22,167,000	14,000,000	26,167,000
1852.....	19,772,000	11,000,000	30,772,000
1853.....	16,673,000	9,000,000	25,673,000
1854.....	12,811,000	6,000,000	18,811,000
1855.....	10,342,000	3,500,000	13,842,000
1856.....	12,515,000	3,500,000	15,515,000
1857.....	13,642,000	3,500,000	17,542,000

I beg pardon of the majority of your readers for the intrusion of such dry matter; but it will please a few.

Now to the alterations of wines. There are various maladies to which the good liquor is subjected, spontaneously arising, and not often to be prevented or arrested; but which serve to make it unwholesome or improper. There is the astringency, excess of colour, deficiency of colour, bitterness, acidity, inertia, alkaline, and troubled. These are all bad enough, and make the wine bad; but being simply the operation of natural causes, we pass them by to go to other matters.

Voyages seriously affect wines, by inducing an extra fermentation. An Italian gentleman, whom I met on the other side of the globe, told me that, from love of the luscious wines of his country, he had twice tried to

I leave your light-wine drinking community to judge how much chance they have now of getting the genuine article at the cheap rate they were anticipating. They had better have been content with their beer. They know now, from the *Lanceet*, the sort of stuff that is, and the amount of tobacco juice, *coccus indicus*, grains of paradise, &c., that is administered to add to its virtues. But of what they take in with the French wines, they will be in utter ignorance. "Where ignorance is bliss," &c. But just a little to refresh them, I will state a few things about the matter. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and it will be easy to have with them sundry phials of counteracting poisons, which they may use with, before, or after the draught of Burgundy.

The first deceit is a very good one for the individual, though a source of great grumbling. It is the loss of alcoholic power, in quantity and quality. The merchant finds this out; for, as M. Lebaud gravely tells us, "it is a matter of infinite importance to the distiller to know the degree of spirituousness of wines which he purchases, because, if they be less spirituous, he would experience a great loss in paying for them at the same prices as better ones." But another question is not so generally understood—the richness of the alcohol itself. One of my French chemical authorities thus treats of the subject:—

"In former times, from the distillation of wines, two weak kinds of alcohol only were procured—the one marking about 20°, and known still in commerce under the name of 'Holland proof,' and the other from 22° to 23°, under that of 'oil proof.' Now, with the help of new distilling apparatus, we obtain that marking from 28° up to 38°. In the laboratories of the chemist, to obtain a higher point of rectification, they agitate it with the dried powder of chloride of lime. At the end of one or two days, they distil at a gentle heat. The first part is a very concentrated or absolute alcohol, which marks 41°, and of which the specific weight, at 20 cent, is, according to Richter, 0·792, or with Gay Lussac, 0·792, at 17°·88. The alcohol thus obtained is colourless, transparent, of a particular colour, of a burning taste, very volatile, of a refrigerating power equal to 2·223°, and not congeable even at 68°. It is a bad conductor of the electric fluid," &c.

The density of alcoholic liquor has been obtained by an alcoomètre, or measurer of alcohol. The curious will see some difference. It ranges from density 1 to density 0·795; through not less than 100 different degrees of alcohol. A mixture of alcohol of one in various proportions of water gives some curious results. Thus, in grammes:—

Alc.	Water.	Alc.	Sp. weight.
62	with 918	give 12°	and 9·919
310	" 673	" 16°	" 9·674
612	" 370	" 24°	" 9·199
795	" 185	" 31°	" 8·815
918	" 62	" 36°	" 8·527

get some forwarded thence, but that, in both cases, their flavour was gone. The addition of brandy partly prevents the effect. Then, certain kinds of wood for casks exercise a mischievous influence. The oak is preferred. Then, again, the cork often is very unfortunate, giving a detestable flavour. Other accidents occur to damage the drink. In fact, taking it altogether, it would seem, by the wine authorities, a very difficult matter to get a glass of good wine even from the most virtuous manufacturer in the world. But what can be said when the adulterations are considered?

Upon this subject, the learned author of the "Histoire des Falsifications" is quite in despair. Hear him: "An entire volume would not suffice to make known the adulterations which have been tried or practised upon wines." The chemist, however, has some comfort in his misery, as he looks upon "the adulterators intimidated by the severity of the Administration, and by the dexterity of perfected analysis."

The most common falsification of wine is the addition of water, alcohol, cider, and perry. Then come sugar, molasses, with tannic, tartaric, and acetic acids. Further on, we have chalk, alum, sulphate of iron, carbonate of potash, carbonate of soda, and foreign colouring matters. Last of all, there are the preparations of zinc, lead, and copper.

The mixture of alcohol with the wine is allowed by law, to bring up weak liquors, on condition that the proportion does not exceed five litres of pure alcohol to the hectolitre, or one-twentieth; and that the wine submitted to that operation has not above 21 per cent of pure alcohol. What is the consequence of all this? What kind of wine do even the Parisians get, much less the London drinkers? Listen to M. Hureaux:—"It is under the shelter of this law that commerce introduces each day into Paris enormous quantities of wines surcharged with alcohol. They increase the dimensions of this alcoholic mixture in the city with water, to increase the quantity, twice, four or five times, or even more. It follows thence that the consumers in Paris drink, in general, only alcoholised water. Such they call wine. They give the name of *vinage* to that universal unnaturalising of wines, which the want of forethought in the authorities provokes to their own cost, and which enriches the merchant at the expense of the public health."

This is striking testimony, and weighty argument. The authority is one bowed to here. Could not this compound called wine be made after all cheaper in England and Scotland? But it would not be Burgundy, Bordeaux, &c. Yet, surely there are means of getting the right-shaped bottle, the true label, the proper capsule, &c. As to the colouring matter, the vinous flavour, the sparkle, they may easily learn all about that from the "Liquorist Manual." The French have little wine enough now of their own to spare, and they are so increasing in thirst that it seems a pity to rob them, especially when we can make as good.

LETTER VI.

TEMPERANCE IN SWITZERLAND.

BENEATH my window the Swiss maidens, in their picturesque dresses, are despoiling the vines of their treasures. As they ply their fingers, they raise their sweet songs; for I am in the very land of harmony, the region of popular choral sounds. While nimbly moving about the stems, they take great care in the plucking, as well as in placing the grapes in the slender wicker baskets, or large-mouthed tubs. If bruised, the fruit is liable to ferment before the time required, and injury be done to the produce. Early in the morning, and late in the day, the groups may be seen on the

slopes of the hills at this harvest of the vintage, for the sun resents the robbery of those luscious objects of his warm attachment.

It is a joyous season—this *egrappage*, or stripping of the vines. All hearts are merry. Even the children sport about in unusual friskiness, and smiles beam from faces everywhere. No fruit has ever been so admired in all ages as the grape. The Bible especially places it and its produce among the choicest of blessings. Those of the cold and sterile North have little appreciation of the charms of this cooling fruit beneath the scorching of a more elevated sun, and the delight with which its advent is hailed by the country peasant or the city lord. Smiles beget smiles, and I feel my heart expand with gladness in the pleasure of those around me.

Then comes the reaction upon me. Though I know I am not among a people so delighting in potent liquor as my own countrymen—though I know that their very frugal habits are opposed to dissipation—though I know that the vast majority of the wines produced for home-consumption here will be little worse than the small-beer of England—yet, when I see the introduction of alcohol, that fierce destroyer of life and joy, in any guise, in any quantity, I know it is so seductive in nature as to give honey to the lip, but gall to the heart; and sadness comes over me then, amidst the laughter of the vineyard, and I am almost tempted to applaud the stern monarch of olden days who laid waste the vine hills of his people.

Then comes another thought. What if these gushing purple streams were to be converted into the real offspring of the grape! What if, when the saccharine liquor came oozing from beneath the press, so joyously luscious in its prime, it should be preserved, in the best sense of the term! What if, instead of permitting, under the warm temperature and its more liquid condition, fermentation, as a rotting, decomposing, agency, to set in, the sweet juice were preserved in its normal, safe, and nutritious state, for the food and delight of man! What if, instead of being dreaded and feared by the good, and taken so carefully by the sober, it should be so that we might have again the drink for tender infancy, as wholesome and as welcome as milk; and again the invigorating, strengthening, and beautifying draught, the "new wine for maids"! How, then, should we all be gladdened when the fair bunches plump forth their sweetness, and sing praises to our Father for his gift of the vine!

And why cannot this be? What prevents the indulgence of this pleasant dream? Is it difficult to manufacture such a wine? Not at all. We have but to follow the ancient system—either reduce the liquidity, or keep down the temperature—and the produce is there. Why, then, is this not done, when its flavour is confessedly so good, when medical men all agree that it is so nutritious, and when the youngest may partake of it with no more need of parental caution than when he raises to his lips a bowl of milk? The secret is this—the wine-makers must regard the taste of the wine-buyers, and these have no fancy for the juice in its natural condition. It is not something nice and wholesome only they require, but that which is stimulating to excitement. The liquor must inflame the brain; it must give a glow to the frame; it must rouse the animal nature; it must raise the impulsive feeling; it must enkindle the fire of those lower passions, in whose gratification our greatest mere earthly pleasure exists. It is found that above all substances, all poisons, that which is most productive in these results is alcohol. The mere brutal man will have it in its more undisguised form. He will burn his intestines with whisky, gin, brandy. Others, who want the pleasure extended,

who will have quantity with quality, and who prefer flavour in addition, will be content with alcoholic beer and alcoholic wine. Some may be satisfied with but a slight percentage of the spirituous element, and desire only an agreeable drink. These take the light beers and wines. But with these there is still the fear, from the entrancing nature of that alcohol, that in the increase of taste, or in the growth of years, they may rise in the scale of strength, till they plunge into the cup of ardent spirits. Hence it is that wines must be fermented now.

But is there no probability of returning to the primitive system, or of adopting the unfermented juice of the vine? I think there is. But then this must be done in a wine country, and for a people who are what are now denominated "Teetotalers." On the Continent I see little chance of such a drink being made for themselves. Yet were there a demand for it in Britain, the wine-growers would be too happy to provide supply for the rich islanders. There is no fear but they would soon know how to prepare it, and that in the best manner. The cold French grape is not suitable. It must be the richer juice from the warmer hills of Italy and Spain. The limestone slopes of Palestine, once so renowned for its grapes, would again be clothed with the clustering tendrils, did such a market arise. Instead of Mr. Gladstone being the great lover of his species, in procuring the introduction of cheap French wines, that man would be the true patriot of Britain who should be the means of bringing to the cottagers of his country so harmless, and yet so luscious, a drink as we Teetotalers could take. To do this, we know a taste must be awakened for it. Now is the time. The Temperance success has given us ample materials. It is idle to say, as many do, there is no occasion for it, and that a substitution for alcoholic drinks is unnecessary. I contend that there is occasion for it, and that a substitute is, with our growing taste for luxuries, absolutely necessary. As I have lived nearly twenty years in a warm climate, I know the craving for something more than water, especially when it is too often the case in warm latitudes that the water is so indifferent as to compel one to adopt some means of altering its flavour. Hence it is that in our colonies so much tea is consumed, the cups being introduced at every meal. But one is not always prepared for hot drinks, and the convenience for procuring them is not always at hand. Hence, as on the Continent, the cheaper wines are so largely used; while, in Britain, it is the beer, or the spirit put in to kill the water.

If, then, there is this natural craving, or, it may be, an educational want, is it wise for us Temperance Reformers sternly to rebuke the people for their lustful propensities, or more philosophically and benevolently to seek to satisfy this feeling in such a way as to promote social enjoyment, without any risk to virtue?

The next thing is, how is it to be done? The drink must be cheap, as well as agreeable. It must be easy of access to the consumer. To accomplish this, capital is requisite. The organisation must be strong and effective. Relations must be judiciously entertained and maintained. The produce field will be, as I have said, the shores of the Mediterranean. Spain, Italy, Greece, and Syria, are all easy of reach by our steamers. Their present wines, from their very sweetness, are unpalatable to our English lovers of well-toned port; but they prove that the grape has pre-eminently the quality to produce the luscious, tonic, and wholesome beverage whose interests I plead.

I bring forward these views from the vine-clad borders of Lake Geneva, in the hope that some united and vigorous effort will be made to satisfy what I believe to be a want of the present day. That some danger is admitted in the use of the most

moderate of modern wines will appear from the following testimony of a Swiss writer upon wines in the last century. He says:—"As the property of the spirit in wine is to rarify in the different parts to which it is carried, and to rarify the liquids which it finds there, it follows that when it is in too great abundance, it dilutes the parts beyond measure. They act no more with the same ease as before; so much so that the equilibrium which governs the solids and fluids would be deranged. This is what one sees happening to those who drink too much wine; their head becomes heavy, their eyes are troubled, their limbs tremble, and their frenzies prove only too much this disorder. But without drinking wine to this extent, it always happens, when one drinks much, that the membranes and vessels of the brain are more extended than they ought to be, sinking at last, by that reiterated effort, into a relaxation which will no mere permit them to recover their first action; that which would necessarily interrupt the secretions and carry much mischief to body and mind." It is with such a caution that Citoyen Reymondin, of Lausanne, introduces his subject of the manufacture of wines. If such care be needed in the use of these light grape wines, what should be said of those strong narcotic excitants, called wines, but without the aid of the grape, in common consumption with our countrymen?

It is, therefore, on the highest moral grounds, that I urge the adoption of that wine which is associated in Isaiah with the blessings of the Gospel, in contradistinction to that other wine even then associated with what was vile and degrading. Instead, however, of entering upon this vexed question of Scripture wines, let us be at least content to follow such learned authors upon wine-making as Pliny and Columella, and prepare according to their recipes such drinks as cannot from the nature of things be intoxicating, and yet be both agreeable to taste and satisfactory to health. Let friends of Temperance, and friends of humanity, seek to work out this problem, so interesting to the real happiness of our social state, and to the moral progression of our people.

LETTER VII.

TEMPERANCE IN SWITZERLAND.

My first Sunday evening in this country gave me no glowing conception of the sobriety of the Swiss. More than one group did I witness under spirituous influence. As the people are more musical than quarrelsome, they indulge more than ever then in song. Among a mixed number standing outside a café, which they had been patronising, I noticed two young men lay their hands on each other's shoulder (of course having the pipe in the other hand), and commence, with bows and smiling gestures, a German song. Had it been on another day, and they in a different condition, I should have been delighted with their harmonious measure. But they were both advanced in liquor. One, at last, overcome by music and wine, reeled off the scene in a state of stupor. In my first railway trip in this country, much the same scene was enacted. Three in my carriage were indulging in constant song, pleasing enough in its way, for the three parts in music were well sustained; but all had drank too freely. Gradually, as the good stuff gained power, their melody declined, till sharps and flats were very rudely confounded.

Conversing with two Swiss ministers in my travels, I was sorry to hear from them testimony as to the intemperate habits of their people. One, however, described it as pre-eminently the sin of cities rather than villages. He said that, at least among the Protestants, the pastors possessed such influence in the rural districts as to control the public exhibition of this vice. The same remark,

doubtless, may apply to the influence of the priests among the Catholic rural communities; for, be it understood, religion in Switzerland is geographical—a matter of canton. Another minister, however, told me that he had heard of it being a common practice for the farmers to get drunk in their very cellars. Certainly, I saw no man drunk in the agricultural parts; but my observation was a limited one.

Odd as it may appear, I heard a good man regretting the failure of the wine crop this season, because it would cause more intemperance. "The people," said he, "will now indulge more in spirits, which will be cheaper in proportion to wine. They will set to making brandy from potatoes, beetroot, and all sorts of things. In the Alpine region they will gather the wild gentian, and convert that root into alcohol, something like the Scotch whisky." Herbs of all sorts are used for distillation here. I tasted the celebrated liqueur of the Grande Chartreuse, prepared from herbs of medicinal nature, growing in the rocky desert, near that monastery: the good monks sparing a little time from their prayers to manufacture alcohol for the market. The drink is of the most potent character, and my throat felt very uncomfortable for some time after the taste. It is, however, much admired in the boudoirs of ladies. I did not detect in its aroma the odour of sanctity; but it may be some sort of pious sentiment which attracts these fair ones to the spirit of the holy mountain.

It seems, after all, that I am mistaken in my supposition that it was smoke that kept men from going to church. I had observed that in Protestant Switzerland very few men went to church, and very few men were very few minutes without smoking, so I rather hastily drew the conclusion that their inability to pursue this cloudy way in church, where they would have to abstain from pipe for nearly two whole hours, was the reason why they never went within those unfumigated walls. They would never travel as they do if unable to smoke in diligences and railway carriages—as I know too well to my constant annoyance, being, unfortunately, unpleasantly affected in my head by the weed of others. Yet it seems that I was not correct in my conclusions, as I am informed that it is the habit of constant tippling and sipping that empties the churches. How delighted I am that the women here don't like drinking any more than smoking, else there would be vacant benches altogether. It is not that men get drunk, absolutely roaring drunk, so much as that they get excited or muddled, according to whether the wine-bottle or beer-mug is produced. This induces a general relaxation of manners, a lowering of the moral sense, a growth of the sensual nature, which militate against church-going most seriously. I find folks more fond of quoting Luther's jug of beer, than of imitating his virtues or of adopting his sentiments.

In German Switzerland, much beer is drunk, as well as wine and brandy. Their brandy, called cherry water, is a failure this year, as well as the vintage. Usually, this strong intoxicant is sold at two francs, or eighteen-pence, a gallon. The cheapness of this spirit is a sore temptation to drunkenness, like that of whisky in Scotland. Beer, however, is not so cheap as in Bavaria, though still remarkably easy to the lightest purse. In North Switzerland, that which costs 40 centimes, or fourpence, a gallon, can be got for 28 centimes in Munich. Double-beer, which is that prepared from wheat instead of barley, ranks at 56 centimes a gallon in the one place, and 42 in the other. The very cheapness of the liquors tempts to their more frequent use as beverages. Then, again, the high cost of coffee and sugar, with the total ignorance of tea, leaves the people absolutely dependent upon wine and beer for their ordinary drinks. This system, in the end, is more

expensive to them than tea-drinking is with us. But it does present a serious difficulty in the way of continental adoption of Temperance principles.

The vineyards of Switzerland have the same origin as those of Champagne—the good work of monks. Those recluses of the convent of Haut-Crêt planted the first vines at Desalay, between Lausanne and Vevey, on the north bank of the Lake Geneva. The Swiss historian of the event adds:—"This precious plant especially favours people whose art can correct the faults of the soil and the inconveniences of climate. It must, then, no more astonish us if the vine has been cultivated in all times, if it has been so much venerated among the ancients, and if even now we seek to perfect it culture." The soil of some parts is not naturally suitable to its growth, but is made agreeable by the skill and industry of the vignerons. I was amused to read this old Swiss's account of wine. Although he grants that Scripture shows its use by Noah, yet he affirms that "several authors believe that it existed a long time before the deluge. Pluche says that wine is as ancient as the world, and that Noah took care to communicate to the human race this precious liquor." His idea of Bacchus is not a bad one. Citoyen Reymondin relates of the ancients, "they represented Bacchus as a young man, to mark the joy of festivals; sometimes as an old man, in order to teach us that wine, taken without moderation, ruins the health, and makes us like old men, incapable of keeping a secret. He was represented with horns, because the horns of animals were the drinking vessels." The piety of this author of the last century is illustrated on the title page, in the paraphrase from Corinthians—"He who plants is nothing, nor he who waters, but God who gives the increase." He is evidently a sort of man who would ask a blessing before indulging in his cups.

Living, as he did, in Lausanne, at the time that Gibbon there wrote his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," he puts forth an ingenious idea as to the cause of that fall. It is his opinion that all the barbarians wanted was a good glass of wine, and as Xerxes would conquer Greece for a decent fig, so these rough foresters saw no way of satisfying their vinous thirst but in seizing the country. As the Romans, in their Gallic and other colonies, planted the vine where the climate permitted, and now and then good naturally gave a sip to a passing savage, the woodmen were so enraptured with the good liquor as to come down from their harsh retreats to these lovely vales, and so across the Alps to the vineyards of middle and southern Italy. This is an odd conceit, but it may have more truth in it than appears at first sight.

I found the favourite seats of the vine in Switzerland to be the valley of the Rhine, the line from Bâle to Constance in the North, and thence on the low rises of the country to the South, till the land rises to the Berne and Lucerne plateau, which is too severe a climate for its growth. It reappears to the westward on the west bank of the Lake Biel, and thence all along the charming Lake Neufchâtel to Lausanne, spreading then southward and westward to Geneva, and eastward to Vevey, &c. At Zurich, I also saw vineyards; but the wines are not highly esteemed. They are green, yet will keep for 30 years without spoiling. The wines of Neufchâtel are much admired for the manufacture of champagne; but those of Grandson are thought too strong. The Vaux wine of Canton Vaud is soft and lively, as compared with that of De la Côte in the same canton, which is said by the authority to be "a better friend of man." One, the Chiarenne, is described as being as strong as brandy.

I do not find the Swiss wines much commended by travelling connoisseurs. Some are thought too light and

insipid, and many to taste of the ground. Those on the Rhine for common drink are very weak in alcohol, and almost colourless. The same may be said for North-East Switzerland. They are exceedingly cheap. The red wines of Yverdon, so celebrated as the place where the excellent Pestalozzi kept his orphan school, are much spoken of. Near these, the Cortaillod red wine is put upon an equality with the Bordeaux champagne. A very strong wine is grown on a very steep slope of a hill near Martigny, having an east and south aspect. The doctors condemn that and the De la Marque, but praise the Montreux, and declare the Paleyre of Lausanne to be very healthy when old. But doctors' opinions go very much with their palates, and the palates of their patients, in Switzerland as in Great Britain.

Much as I admired the situation of the Neufchâtel vineyards, sloping down to that lovely lake as if to behold their beauty in its mirroring waters, as well as those of the higher heights on the northern shore of Lake Leman, the classic region of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Byron, I still had a preference for those hanging over the Falls of Schaffhausen. No object, except Mont Blanc itself, has so struck my imagination, in the course of my ramblings, as this roaring cascade. It was a glorious battle that between the rushing torrent and the stern, rugged rocks. The one came on raging and foaming in its fury, and the other met the rude assault in its passive resistance of strength. But I saw by the strewn rocks below, that the stony bulwark must yield at last to the liquid friction. Over all this strange tumult the laden vines were suspended. They seemed, in their quiet beauty and sweet treasure to present a great contrast to this strange and destructive scene. Yet I could not check the thought, that, ere long, from those pendant purple branches, a stream would go forth, whose noisy violence would exceed the roar of the Rhine, and whose destructive vehemence would be greater than the Falls of Schaffhausen. And what though some seek to withstand its force? Like the central monuments of that rapid river, they must yield in the struggle, and sink broken and lost in ruin at the fall.

Then, as I saw the curling vapours rise from the seething cauldron beneath, and linger among those vines, they seemed to me like spirits of the stormy waters, dancing exultingly amidst those glowing clusters, which should yet produce spirits more wild than they. Yes, and instead of dropping, as they at last, in refreshing showers to the gaping soil, they will terminate their wild career in frenzied flames for the destruction of their victims.

It was singular to see the steep hills traversed with low stone walls from side to side, evidently for the purpose of saving the thin soil, which would otherwise be washed off by rains from the limestone rock. Mountain streams of no ordinary force came dashing through these vineyards, towards Lakes Bième and Neufchâtel. The soil was usually very stony, and the vines seemed staggering amidst heaps of rocks. Deep, wooden, basket-like vessels, attached to the back by straps, conveyed the grapes to the tub. Odd enough it seemed to observe the pressing going on, not in streets only, but in the public roads. Long barrels of large size carried the liquor to the cellars. The "marc," stalk and refuse, is jammed down into tubs by boys and girls, and is afterwards used for manufacture into bad brandy. The average price of wine of course varies with the season. Thus, in 1859, a hundred gallons could be had for a hundred francs; while this season it will be of so wretched a character as to fetch only, perhaps, thirty francs for one hundred gallons.

The expressed juice, as your readers may know, is called "mout" or "must." The Old Swiss writer describes it thus:—"All its parts are yet in great con-

fusion; it takes the name of wine when it is exalted and purified by fermentation." Some of us, who regard the saccharine and nourishing juice of the vine as a good creature of God, and a wholesome food for man, would hardly allow that it is *exalted* and *purified* when its nutritious sugar is thus converted into the two poisonous compounds of carbonic acid gas and alcohol. On the banks of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen, I saw a very rough press, of home manufacture. The building was formed of huge walls of limestone, to secure coolness. In the interior, the vessels were of a simple order. But the beam attached to the screw press was nearly thirty feet long, and of enormous strength. Everywhere that I had an opportunity of inspecting the processes of manufacture in Switzerland, I found no such scientific and delicate appliances as exist in the celebrated caves of Champagne.

The "gasthaus," or public-house of German Switzerland, is not such an obtrusive-looking building as the English one. One misses the staring red blinds, broad windows, and strong lights. They are comfortable-looking places, clean, and decently furnished. Inside one may see, as in France, a man making his dinner by eating bread and cheese, or often only bread, with his bottle of cheap vinegar wine or his mug of beer. Though the people are sturdier and rougher than the French, and more given than they to potations, I rarely witnessed men in a state of intoxication. On no occasion, at any hotel, have I been disturbed or annoyed. Everywhere have I been treated with courtesy and attention, although travelling as a water-drinker. The landlords are generally gentlemanly in deportment, and honourable in behaviour.

In Southern Switzerland, where the French manners prevail, in spite of their violent anti-French prejudices, the café system reigns. Many of these houses are superbly fitted up. Flowers and finery, as in Paris, are disposed therein as attractions. I did not, however, observe the sugared water, as in France. The disgusting amount of smoking in the cafés considerably limited the scope of my observations.

That which shocks the stranger most in this country is the want of decent observance of Sunday. It is not a business day, as in Paris, but one devoted to lounging and idleness—certainly not devoted to church-going. The women may go if they will; but the men have the chat, the pipe, the mug. Some idea of the proportion may be got from this:—I found in one Geneva Church present at a service only forty-five females and five males, besides the preacher and precentor. Last Sunday it was the general election throughout Switzerland. Thanks to the law and order ballot, which I am glad to see adopted by this Republic, cases of violence, corruption, and intemperance were not conspicuous as they are in Britain, to its shame. Still there was great excitement, from the strong natural feeling of alarm at the rapacious policy of their French neighbour; and whenever the passions are moved, the drink is not forgotten. It is not surprising, therefore, that in the evening this old city of Calvin was livelier than usual, even for Sunday evening, the promenade of the week. The cafés had a harvest that day. Men talked so much that their throats were dry,—and water is no favourite liquor with civilised folk.

Strolling parties, therefore, kept the town alive with song and laughter. One rather excited group I saw, that, preceded by a lantern on a stick, were vociferating national airs on their arm-in-arm march. Late at night I was disturbed by these rambling, singing, and drinking politicians. But to the credit of these intelligent and well-behaved people, I must say that no instance of a serious quarrel in liquor, much less fighting, have I ever observed. They have by no means, even in the rudest villages, a populace so brutal and ignorant as in

some parts of Britain. In the noble attention of Government to national education, the drinking system is disarmed of half its misery and danger. The common peasants here have as much regard to the proprieties of social life, and are as courteous to each other, as people of the respectable middle-class in England.

LETTER VIII.

TEMPERANCE IN SAVOY.

I HAVE been about a week in Savoy. Although I passed the dwellings of men, peeped in at their households, conversed with them, and laughed with their little ones, yet I was almost always in the company of my ever dear friends, the mountains. These lofty solitudes have ever been dear to me. I am not indifferent to historical associations, nor insensible to garden charms, but there is to me such an indescribable attraction in the everlasting hills, that to look on their rugged crests I would resign the gaze on lower gems.

You may well suppose, then, that when I got under the shadow of that vast pile of Mont Blanc—which rises, with its buttressing hills, the grandest fortress of nature, armed with its artillery of rocks and its projectiles of avalanches—I should forget my Temperance mission on the Continent. I did for a while lose sight of everything, forgot the world, my friends, myself, in contemplation of the terrible and the beautiful. But I have a few things to tell you about Temperance in Savoy. I did look at its vines when out of sight of the Alps. I did make inquiry among the people, and quietly observe a few facts on the way. I give you what I have. One thing, at least, will please your readers—an absence of figures and dry calculations. But still they will find no flowers, though I gathered some beside the very ice chamber of the glacier.

They have an excellent plan here, and in some of the neighbouring places, to prevent unworthy jealousies and rivalries among masters, and unhealthy and impolitic combinations and extortions among servants. It is not uncommon in Britain to hear complaints of men taking advantage of the necessities of employers, such as on occasions of press of work, harvesting, &c., and demanding wages of an undue character, on pain of their withdrawal from labour. Masters are then often obliged to submit to unjust terms, to accept the lesser loss, but with no pleasant feeling towards the exactors. Much of the unhappy spirit of disunion in the field of labour is owing to this cause. The same system cannot be adopted in the vintage here. They manage things in another way. There is, in the first place, a better understanding among the neighbours, and a readiness to co-operate for the common interest. No vine-grower can engage labourers in some of these places at his own will and risk, when and how he pleases. The commune or parish decides the question. Officers are elected, who go round from vineyard to vineyard, and decide which is the most forward, and, therefore, the one first to be permitted to receive persons on hire to gather the fruit. They also adjudicate upon the rate of wages. This saves masters much annoyance, and prevents discord in the little community.

The vineyards are not so fine as those of the neighbouring countries. This is to be ascribed not only to inferiority of soil, and more inclement climate, but to the want of enterprise among the inhabitants. Much of the earth is a loose, rough detritus of old Palaeozoic rocks, by no means forming the best constituents of soil. Nor is there much improvement when it happens to be the debris of granite rocks. The rich limestone of the Rhine and Champagne is wanting here. The climate, also, is not kind to the vine. The northern blasts on

the lake side, with not a little deprivation of sun by the nature of that aspect, furnish a check in North Savoy; while, in other parts, even sheltered from the Polar airs, the warm season is short and uncertain, from proximity to the vast Alpine chain. In fact, the Alps there being the highest mountains in Europe, exercise no good influence upon agriculture in general, much less upon the growth of so tender a plant as the vine.

Then, again, there is the status of the inhabitants to be regarded. Those living on the Geneva border, coming in contact with that very energetic and prosperous people, cannot fail to be favourably affected. Yet even there the traveller has no difficulty in telling when he has reached the termination of Protestant Switzerland. I hope I am above the vulgar prejudices of sectarianism; but I could not help observing in Savoy a great want of that activity, intelligence, cleanliness, and enterprise, so prevalent not only to their westward, but to the north, across the Lake of Geneva. The contrast between the shores of Switzerland and Savoy is most remarkable. I say not that there may not be compensations. I heard the most favourable character of the honesty and neighbourly kindness of the Savoyards. They may be quite as virtuous and happy as their fellow-mountaineers, if not more so. It should be remembered that they have to support not only themselves and families, but a large number of persons, as priests, monks, and nuns, whose labour is not of commercial advantage. More than this, they have another apology—about one hundred and fifty days in the year are Church holidays, when mass, and not the field, receives their presence. These two things being allowed to enter into the calculation, they may possibly work as hard as the Swiss, and have less to show for it.

Let us add to all this, their very marked inferiority in point of education, their comparative ignorance of literature, their want of the press, their isolation from the rest of the world; and we find a sufficient reason for their being quite content with the customs of their forefathers, and sufficiently indifferent to ideas of progress. An American remarked to me—"I guess if we had this country, we would make a pretty considerable change here sharp." I do not doubt it. Many anticipate good things from its annexation to France. Material improvements must come in. The presence of that active race is already apparent. Great advantages are spoken of. It is very probable that, though their own country parts are so lamentably backward, the French will, from the very novelty of the thing, give a greater attention, for a while, to the general progress of Savoy.

It appears that French money bought a sufficient supply of good liquor to make the Savoyards remarkably merry and idle during the election excitement. The two strongest tendencies of their native character were thus brought to play—religion and drink. It is true a few other necessities were supplied; thus, some hundreds of pairs of boots were forthcoming for those who thought their lower substantial interests should be respected, in thus bartering their country. But as to drink, as a resident told me, it was everywhere. Of course, the Savoyards are not more ungrateful than other men. They drank the health of those who gave the liquor, and swore to vote for—the drink. Some of the knowing ones, however, took the brandy, shouted for France, but resolved to vote for Piedmont. A little contrivance met this fancy. They were under the delusion that if they put a green card (the Piedmontese colour) into the urn, they would be quite safe. But they who shuffled the cards were aware that the words "yes" and "no" solved the question. To accommodate the conscientious, therefore, "yes" was printed on the green card. The rude peasants did not see through the dodge for two reasons—

they were mostly ignorant of letters, and they were too drunk to read if they had had the knowledge.

Though the church holidays, which so interfere with labour, might not be so morally prejudicial in some countries, they are not favourable to Temperance in these Alpine regions. A mountaineer explained the reason to me. "Men," said he, "come down from their hilly châlets to church. When mass is over, they would be able to do little if they returned, and, meeting others, also from a distance, they must have a drink together." Thus is time not only wasted, but the means of the family are squandered, and bad habits receive an unfortunate impetus.

Strange to say, here, and in Switzerland, temperance is in an inverse ratio to prosperity. In many parts, where men do well they spend much. Here the well-to-do are the little farmers on the better land. These, anxious to preserve their little property, accumulated after much struggle and privation, are careful not to expend much at the public-house. On the contrary, the poorer mountaineers are disposed to spend more while having less. They, when visiting towns, are often found taking too heavy a draught at the café. They are rather fonder of brandy than wine. The Savoy wines are not much in request. They are for home consumption. They are esteemed ill made, from ignorance and neglect. In Chamouni, at the hotels, all sorts of wines are to be had as elsewhere. My fellow-travellers there, however, preferred what was called Mont Blanc champagne. This was a sparkling liquor, but it was manufactured a few hundred miles from the snowy mountain.

The vintage was later in Savoy than usual, even for that backward place. On the 1st of November the grapes were not gathered. The vines on the hills were small, and the bunches of grapes were neither large nor many. Against several farm-house walls I noticed some very extensive vines. The produce was black. The pressing of the juice, and the whole manufacture, in fact, is of a simple character. The Savoyards extract a powerful spirit from various herbs of their hills and valleys, and this is relished by the Alpine people, like whisky in the Scottish Highlands.

Cider is the great drink of the Savoyards. Apple trees, to use an American friend's remark, seem to be an "institution" of the country. For several hours our diligence passed through orchards laden with fruit. As no hedges or walls protect the fruit, the pendant, rosy-cheeked apples were handy to all comers. I could not help thinking how the London and Manchester boys would like to spend a half-holiday here. What an easy feast they would have! There would be no occasion to knock down the apples (though that would be rare sport for the lads), for all about the very public roads they lie so thickly that the wheels of carriages passing crush plenty of them. I must confess that I did not greatly admire them myself, after our own delicious fruit in Australia, and my American friend thought them very inferior to those of the States. Still they did for cider. On my asking the conductor of the diligence if the liquor was considered good, he made a very wry face, shrugged his shoulders, and replied that he never drank it if he could help it. No one who looked at his face would accuse him of indulging in so very moderate a beverage. He laughed at my insinuation, and declared that really the cider was very miserable stuff. I inquired if any was exported, and was informed that none was delivered elsewhere. Upon expressing my astonishment how such a large quantity, judging from the immense orchards, could be consumed, I was set right with the information that the winter nights were long, and that the cider could not go far enough for the people.

I was pained to hear of one class of men being accused of a little indulgence. These are the celebrated guides

of Mont Blanc. During my stay among the mountains, I was very much interested in them. They are intelligent, gentle, simple, and courageous. Their life is one of constant peril and excitement. As explorers and hunters, they tempt the snow-drifts to betray them, and seem to rush to the yawning chasms of the glaciers. For gain at one time, from necessity at another, and often from enterprise, they undertake perilous excursions, and endure not a little suffering. It is too commonly believed that the rarified air, the piercing cold, the violent exertion, experienced among the lofty hills, require the presence of brandy or whisky. No party, therefore, goes out without being well furnished with this auxiliary. In Norway, Scotland, Switzerland, Savoy, it is all the same. They tell you they could not live without it, and that no one can sustain that inclemency, or dare those heights, without it. It has sometimes puzzled me to account for the existence of these people on these principles; for it is the opinion of many that folks used to live in those elevated wilds in former times, and it is quite certain that they had no brandy or whisky, as such a thing was not in existence. Even history, if it be not mistaken in telling the tale, does not seem to describe the mountaineers then as being a very enfeebled, degraded race. We read of the rough miners from the ice-bound hills of Dalecarlia driving out the Danes from Sweden, and placing the brave Gustavus Vasa upon the throne. We read of a mere handful of Swiss contending with the powerful Dukes of Austria, at the call of the heroic Tell, and against tremendous odds securing victory, and bequeathing independence to their brandy-drinking descendants. We read of clans, amidst those rocky fastnesses in which raw mists and biting blasts are nurtured, rising in their sturdy strength, to vindicate the honour of their country, and cleave their chains at Bannockburn. All this was done upon the snow-water-fed rills of their mountain home. Are we moderns so excessively declined in physical power of endurance as to believe alcohol necessary for the performance of feats of daring and danger? How came the sailor company of Captain Ross to keep out the cold of four years' freezing up in the ice, when allowed no spirits? How do the Thibetians manage, who dwell on the northern side of the Himalaya glaciers, and among whom neither wines nor strong drinks are to be found? How is it that the tribes living amidst the snows on the other side have never yet been subjugated by the British arms, when their only drink is water? Shame on us, therefore, to give any heed to the sentiment, that alcohol is essential to the endurance of cold or fatigue!

They who attended the lectures of the late Mr. Albert Smith, up the ascent of Mont Blanc, will recollect how much was made of the provision question. A full detail was given of the supply taken—not consumed. But most of all appeared the formidable list of bottles of various liquors required for the occasion. People innocently inquired whatever they could have done with such a lot. I talked with one of the guides who went up with him. I asked if he ever thought such a burden was necessary. He laughed, and said, "Mr. Smith was a grand man." He liked to do things of that sort on a grand scale, and was extraordinarily liberal in the drink way among the people of Chamouni.

Other people—our countrymen, of course—act in the same way. If they go up a hill 2,000 or 3,000 feet above the valley, one article must not be forgotten. Then, after return from the excursion, the guides must be treated at the hotel. No wonder, then, if some of these men imbibe a taste for alcohol, and deem it necessary or nice when the stranger is not in the valley. It must not be supposed, however, that I charge the guides with being an intemperate class. I would rather say that they are sober in spite of their temptations. Among

them are men of superior powers—men of reflection, and men of right feeling. I shall ever esteem as one of my most pleasing memories my acquaintance with Auguste Balmat, the guide and friend of Forbes and Murchison, and one of the most interesting men I ever knew.

I know that men who drink will drink anywhere. In the marshes of Sierra Leone, on the arid sands of the desert, on the sweltering plains of India, in the pine forests of the mountains, in sweet vales, lying, like rosy Cashmere, in the lap of beauty,—in these places, and at all seasons, men who drink will drink. No scene is so lovely, no spot is so sacred, that it has not been defiled by the fragrance of alcohol, if visited by Europeans. But yet I cannot help feeling—from my love of mountains, and especially since I stood surrounded by the domes and aiguilles of the Mont Blanc chain, when, in the stillness of midnight, and a cloudless sky, the full moon sent down her silver rays to play with the glistening snow—I could not but feel that in such a scene as this, the throne of majesty and the realm of beauty, intemperance could never come. It may reel in crowded streets, it may shriek in haunts of vice, it may laugh amidst the vines; but here, where the spotless snow is the eternal mantle of the mountain virgin breast,—where the mysterious glacier glides from the cloudy land,—where the stern, calm, pinnacles lose sight of earth in their ceaseless gaze into the blue vault of heaven,—here it seems impossible to realise the buffoonery, the bestiality of drunkenness. And yet the whole earth is robed with the air of God, and every part of it is his temple.

LETTER IX.

TEMPERANCE IN NORTHERN ITALY.

A SNOW-STORM introduced me to the soft airs of the Southern land. The Alpine stream, whose progenitor is the mountain snow, and which issues from the womb of the glaciers, sparkles joyously in the sun-light, and laughs amidst the flowers of the valley. Such is the transition to the traveller over the Alps.

When we rattled down the Simplon into Domo d'Ossola, we found the snow whitening the autumnal tints of the vine-leaves. But the warm breath of the South resented this rudeness of the mountain blast, and kissed the cold tears from its favourite plant.

The vines here presented quite another aspect to those of the Savoyard or Swiss. Instead of rising up a little bare stick, in a very rigid and restraining position, the vine was allowed to run at greater length and freedom. It gratefully rewarded the indulgence of the Italian peasant by arching his pathways, to screen his laughing little ones from the fierceness of the sun. In some places, the trellis was supported by fir-poles from the mountains. For miles along the base of the Lombard Alps, where granite quarries have been established for ages, blocks of this stone are erected as standards in the vineyards. Their obelisk appearance, in irregular rows, struck my fancy. It was a glorious temple this, with its thousand granite columns supporting a roof of spreading foliage. I saw it but in ruins, for the canopy was sadly rent and worn. How lovely is it in its day of prime, when the rosy beauties blush in the presence of their solar lover, or coyly hide their charms amidst the foliage, or seek to cool their ardent glow in the pressure of their cheeks against the granite pillar!

In Tuscany, the vines are very fine. Some I noticed among the branches running 20 and 25 feet, with stems two and even three inches thick. They are not much on the low lands, but are abundantly cultivated on the higher region about and beyond Florence.

The public-houses are the "caffè," the "osteria," the "albergo," the "trattoria." Some places are of mixed

character. Thus, one reads "Vendita di Vino, Olio, ed Altro,"—seller of wine, oil, and other things. The "albergo" is like a roadside inn. The "osteria," "trattoria," and "albergo," are names indifferently applied to the same things. "Osteria e Locanda" implies that the public-house has a locanda, or furnished rooms, like our common taverns, for the night. The "caffè" sell wine, spirits, and coffee. They are frequented by all classes, and ecclesiastics go to "caffè" who would not be seen in an "osteria," where beer and wine are preferred to coffee. The "caffè" is most probably an importation of the French "café." The "spaccio del vino," for the sale of wine, may be *ingrosso*, or wholesale, or *vendere a minuti*, to sell by retail. Not only have you the ancient conjunction of "oil and wine," but the more modern and more civilised union of "tobacco and wine," signified in shop signs. A notice of *vini forestieri* is that foreign wines are there for disposal. The liquorista deals in bottles of all alcoholic compounds.

These liquor establishments have nothing like the gay attractive appearance they have in Paris, with their marble statues, silver counters, gilding, glass fountains, and vases of flowers. They belong to a graver people, who have no fancy for tawdry finery, and do not connect drinking with love of sight-seeing. Their respectable places are clean, but plain. The lower sort are profoundly dirty and uncomfortable, made and kept for the most degraded, and associated strongly with ideas of bandits and stilettos. The hotels, properly so called, are often magnificent edifices, but are rarely conducted by Italians; Germans, or French, or perhaps Swiss, form the majority of the owners. At the "table d'hôtes," a simple *vin ordinaire* is provided, as in France; but some guests prefer calling for more expensive wines. In the common room, before or after dinner, liquors may be sent for.

The Italians seem in ignorance of that perfection of British civilisation, better understood in Scotland than England, called the "night-cap," before retirement. But they know enough of our habits to despise us for our drunkenness, and to fix the opprobrium "as drunk as an Englishman." They amuse themselves at our expense in this way. For instance, I saw the following illustration on a shop-window in Florence. There were three English tourists in Italy. They had been in a vineyard, and were passing along a vine trellised walk. They had evidently been for something more than grapes somewhere. One was intoxicated to sickness, another was holding on to a post, while the third, with his cigar, was looking remarkably stupid. Some peasant lads and lasses are gazing at this very impressive evidence of our superior civilisation.

Another pictorial illustration seems to be a favourite, for I have met with it repeatedly on the Continent. It describes the tour of a cockney. It is quite in *Punch* caricature. The vulgar conception of continental wines being so plentiful is happily hit off, for fountains in the streets are seen playing before our countrymen, and ladies, as well as gentlemen, are helping themselves freely to the purple stream. The effect upon some is held forth by the artist, who places them in ludicrous attitudes of intemperance around the fountain. The return home, by the "train indirect," as it is there called, is quite in keeping with the rest. There is a group of three, two gentlemen and a lady. One Englishman is very drunk, the other is making silly efforts to support him. The lady (I blush to write it, for the honour of my countrywomen) is represented with her head thrown back, and her features bearing that idiocy of expression so peculiar to the little drop. In the distance, the artist has a couple making towards home, where the lady, finely dressed, is vainly attempting to keep her husband steady.

But there are drunkards among the Italians. On my first day in Italy, I saw a man decidedly intoxicated. He had been drinking in some "albergo" on shore. I was glad to see him viewed as an object of pity, though his buffoonery occasioned a smile. One fetched him a cup of coffee from the steward of the lake steamer, upon his demand for *vino*. If inclemency of the weather were an excuse for drinking, some apology could be presented that day; for I suffered more from the cold then on Lake Maggiore, than in crossing the Alps in the diligence. The frosty air came down in a gale from the snowy mountains that hung over this elevated water.

In Genoa, I saw another man a little, but a little, the worse for liquor. About some trifles, he got into a dispute with a comrade. Upon a word given in reply, he rushed like a tiger upon him. It was no cool set-to with the fists, as with us. No! One significant action of the arm told me a tale of Italy. When the fellow darted forth, he had a small stick in his hand, and this he thrust at once under the ribs of the other. Fortunately, it was but a frail cane, and not a stiletto. I understood at a glance the frequency of cases of stabbing in the public houses in Italy. But the Genoese are certainly a most excitable people, and very unlike those of Milan and Florence.

Yet intemperance is very rare in Italy. They have one fashion here which I am sure no drink-seller in England, Scotland, or Ireland, would ever dream of, much less adopt. Think of a man asking for a mug of beer, and having a glass of water brought at the same time; or for a cup of coffee even, and having a tumbler of cold water introduced also! Why, the vendor would be afraid of quenching the thirst too often, beside forming the indulgence of a very prejudicial habit, as many affect to believe—that of drinking water. In England, a little salt is thought to improve the nature of the beer; and I have certainly been compelled to ask for a second cup of coffee there, because the first rather provoked than satisfied my thirst. But this water fashion does prevail here. "Poor wretches!" I can fancy your portly hosts exclaim, "how ignorant they must be, to be sure! What a pity! Why, there's no enterprise, no 'nous' about them. They don't know the commonest principles of political economy of supply and demand." I can realise their sentimental philanthropy about these vintners here, and their Quixotic desire to come over and give them a wrinkle or two upon trade.

I have not been unacquainted with Italians. At the diggings of Victoria we have a large number. They had found Italy, under the Austrians and the Pope, too hot for them; so, to avoid the prison fate of their friends, they glided to the port of Genoa, and got off to Australia. I know that the priests and old authorities will say these were the scum of society, &c. About that I give no opinion, for I have not to enter upon politics. One thing I know, that they were well-educated men, and a very fine-looking set of young fellows too. They were said among the diggers to be mostly of the respectable class.

Well, as to their habits, this much I can say for them—that in spite of their isolation, of their exile, of their removal from home and gentle ties, and of their being suddenly thrown into a society which, I am sorry to say it, has few parallels for provocation to vice;—in spite of all this, and of their being compelled, in a measure, to adopt the English customs of the place, the Italians preserve a character for sobriety not belonging to French and Germans. If in my wanderings at Balclarat, Ararat, or Bendigo, I came to a tent, apart from others, unless with those of similar description, which was protected by boughs from the sun, which was clean swept and even adorned, and which was often

enclosed by a little fence—I felt sure that it belonged to a company of these Italians.

Hereafter, I mean to enter at length upon the causes producing this superior sobriety.

At Leghorn, drunkenness is to be found. But then it is a port, frequented by the reckless of all nations. There, during nearly a week's sojourn, I found not a little degradation, but yet very few instances of rolling intemperance. I observed that aniseed—a spirit—was in common use amongst the lowest class. Rum was a favourite liquor. Being a free port, Leghorn has it cheaper than London. For three-halfpence, a man can there get his tumbler of hot punch. The cabmen of the port I regard as a disreputable set altogether. Asking an Italian guide, who had lived in England and in America, about the drinking habits of his people, he straightened himself, and said, "We are not like the English and Americans. If we do drink, we know where to leave off. A drunkard is despised in the lowest rank; and no woman, however degraded, would keep company with him. Our women, unlike yours, never drink."

LETTER X.

TEMPERANCE IN ITALY.

I HAVE been puzzling myself with the question—"Why are the Italians so sober?" Only a month here yet, I have not failed to notice the extraordinary temperance of the people. It is not that there are no drunkards, or that there is no drinking. They are not a nation of Abstainers, though water, not wine, as is commonly supposed, forms the common drink. But instances of inebriety are so rare among them, that I have been led thus to dwell upon the probable causes of its absence. I will treat the subject negatively and affirmatively.

It is not from their religion. This, if with any real effect upon conduct, should restrain their licentiousness, should check their violence, and should keep them honest. Those who appear least under spiritual influence, and who are not slow to denounce priesthood, being the educated class, are the most sober. Again, men of the same faith as the Italians—the Irish, for instance—who are far more under the influence of the clergy, and far more devout in church adherence, are not famed for their sobriety.

It is not from climate. The ancient Cretans, dwelling under the gentlest skies, had the greatest reputation for intemperance. The English get quite as drunk in dog-days as in winter; and they are as ready for their glass in India as under the Arctic circle. The Scotchman, under no change of place, loses his attachment to whisky. If cold and damp induce this spirituous thirst, I am sure that Rome this last week might emulate Glasgow or Manchester. Then, my long residence in Australia, possessing a far more genial climate than Italy, with fewer clouds and less frost, has confirmed me in the opinion that climate has not the influence upon temperance which some suppose. In no country, not even in Scotland, is so much drink consumed.

It is not from extra refinement. Some persons have regarded the Italians, with their fine galleries, as governed by the spirit of the fine arts to such an extent that they could not degrade themselves by intemperance. Alas! the history of painters, sculptors, musicians, and poets disproves this idea. It is a delusion, however, to suppose that refined taste so influences the people here. I have comparatively rarely seen the Italians in the picture exhibitions.

It is not from having intellectual resources. "Educate, and you diminish the drinking," say some. We do not see this result as a matter of course. But here, at least, where they are so innocent of Mechanics' Institutes,

public lectures, circulating libraries, soirées, and discussions, they are not seduced by intellectual excitements from indulgence in the glass.

It is not because they are busy. On the contrary, no one seems in a hurry; no one overworks himself; and no one loves to rush into labour, as Americans and British. With few manufacturers, with little trade, with no enterprise, there is not much to do at all. But with all their idleness and slothfulness, they do not drink to excess.

It is not from other pleasures. The French are sometimes kept sober by the excitement of sight-seeing, the love of society, the attraction of other sensual delights. The Italians are not so gregarious. They are not given to display. They are graver in deportment, and more reserved in society. They frequent the caffes for idleness and politics; but not like the Parisians, to laugh with their friends, to please their wives, and to court their sweethearts.

It is not from want of means. I observe that the very poor are the most intemperate, and the well-to-do in cities and in the country the most sober. It costs little, in reality, to get drunk anywhere, if men are determined upon it.

It is not from want of opportunity. They are not only comparatively idle, and therefore able to spare time for a débauch, but houses for the sale of drink are abundant enough. It is not, again I say it, that they do not drink, but that they do not get drunk.

It is not from cheap wines. The French have these, and yet are far from being so sober. If they get a bottle of wine for a few coppers, do not fancy that it is either port or sherry. Only let an Englishman taste it, as I have done, and he will make a very wry face. His cider is less sour, and his small-beer more strong. It is quite as reasonable to expect the Londoner to be sober, because he could get, if he wished, a very harmless drink at a half-penny a pint. He has beers of all varieties and prices at his selection, and yet manages frequently to pay five shillings at the police-office.

It is not from peculiarity of race. The Italians are a composite people. The stock is Latin, but the grafts are Grecian, Celtic, and Teutonic. In Tuscany I observed many fair-haired, illustrating their original Northern blood. Even Naples, conquered by the Normans, is not ignorant of the Teutonic type. But the Irish are Celts, and the English are Teutons.

It is not because of their happy homes. A people so long oppressed and neglected cannot be supposed either comfortable in circumstances or peaceful in mind. Their tenements are often inadequate to resist the rigour of climate, and their clothes unsuitable for it. Their sustenance is of the most meagre kind, and their food is not abundant in nutrition or flavour; though well supplied with water, their idleness and supineness make them indifferent to its use for the purification of their garments, or the cleansing of their skin. With small remuneration for employment, and great uncertainty for its exercise, the poor are not ignorant of anxiety nor removed from indigence. Inhabiting, too commonly, places devoid of sanitary attention, and habitually neglecting provisions for health, they are exposed to the ravages of disease and the sorrows of family bereavement. If trouble and suffering be incentives to intemperance, there would be apology enough for the Italians.

We turn to the affirmative side of the question. Though unwilling to pronounce an absolute opinion, in the rashness of hasty judgment, upon the manners of a foreign people, I would venture upon the citation of a few causes for this sobriety as they present themselves before me.

The real philosophy of the drinking question is one of deepest interest to the philanthropist, and of momentous consequence to the statesman. As a people, we suffer so much from intemperance that anything which throws light upon its source or maintenance must excite attention. So many projects have been suggested for its cure and abandoned with failure, that the public are tempted to despair. Even we Teetotalers, in our struggle for the reclamation of drunkards, and our greater labour to preserve them afterwards, are often appalled at the magnitude of opposing forces, and disheartened at the extent of our actual progress. I have seen a crater-lake in Italy, whose waters were constantly being removed by an *emissarium* to the valley below, but whose level was maintained by unseen springs of its lava sides. As moralists, we often seem to be working to as little profit. Could we reach the springs of intemperance, and arrest their action, we should have more hope of exhausting the strength of our national vice. Although I venture no opinion upon English society, many more philosophical than I may gather hints for the correction of home abuses from the details of my continental observations. It is, then, may I say it, with this patriotic view that I give the present article, so dry and uninteresting, perhaps, to your general readers.

This Italian sobriety may be partly from *poverty*. As has been before mentioned, the social struggle for bread is no uncommon one here. Even the industrious find a difficulty in procuring subsistence; there is little money to spare for indulgences—for luxuries. The provident and thoughtful form a larger proportion of the population in Italy, probably from the necessity of their position, than exists in England or Scotland, much less in Ireland. These are not disposed to waste their little means in useless expenditure.

It may be from *ages of insecurity and discontent*. Men in ease and safety are more tempted to riot than those who dwell under political tyranny, and whose necks are galled with the yoke of bondage. Such has been the condition of this country. I walked through the deserted streets of Pisa, and recalled the time when its merchants were princes and freemen. The stealthy step and the averted glance recall centuries of fear; the despotism of faith, and the inexorable and arbitrary harshness of law, have checked exhilaration of spirit, while controlling expression of opinion. A people who were watched in meeting were not much disposed to freedom in drinking. Again, the fear of incurring the substantial censures of the Church, and the dungeon of the State, would be no small obstacle in the way of that indulgence which loosens the tongue.

It may be from *hatred to their German oppressors*. The coarseness of manners and the beer-drinking propensity of the German soldiery among them, were common subjects of ridicule with the Italians. I was certainly surprised to find in Lombardy and Tuscany, where, directly or indirectly, the Austrian had so long ruled, that his beer had made so little progress, and that beer-drinking had not become an institution of the country. *Birra* was too associated with slavery to be an object of regard.

It may be from the *absence of congregating*. With so few and such insignificant manufactures, there are not those assemblages of workmen as in Britain. As such combination of artisans is found so prejudicial to temperance with you, the isolation of the labourer here is proportionably favourable. The advantages are especially felt in relation to females. I read to-day in an English paper that, in one week, at a manufacturing town, more women than men were brought up for intemperance. According to the law of compensation, while Italy loses the profits of factory life,

it suffers not from its immorality. Women are preserved here from the vice of intemperance.

It may be from the want of commercial enterprise in the vendors of liquors. These do not seem to employ the artifices and allurements practised in other countries. The places are not so attractive in appearance, and the excitements to drink, so common with others, are comparatively wanting here.

It may be from the practice of drinking water freely. This pure element, regarded as next to poison by some in Britain, unless well disguised in a little "wholesome" wine or spirit, is extensively drank here. It is not only the chief drink of the poor, but a common draught with the rich. As I have stated before, at every caffè in Italy, with every glass of wine or beer, and every cup of coffee, is brought in a tumbler of cold water. People who are thus accustomed so freely to use the safe beverage, are not so exposed to excessive alcoholic imbibings.

It may be from the prejudice against spirits. Of late introduction, they are regarded with jealousy and dislike by a people so conservative in their customs as the Italians. Sensible of their own quickness of temper, and the readiness of the knife to move on occasions of anger, they are justly alarmed at the liquor which is so hasty in action, and so fiercely stimulative of the passions. Public feeling has, therefore, pronounced against its use; and none are found to partake of it except soldiers and the roughest of the city. The exhibition of violence under the intemperance of spirits has exercised a salutary check, even in the use of more moderate excitants.

It may be from gentleness and politeness of manners. This principle, which works so well in restraining the French, has its influence here. The brutality, the coarseness, the unmanliness of drunkenness, make the vice appear degrading, even to the peasant; who, with all his ignorance, has a character to maintain for propriety in manners. In their physical organism, Italians have nothing like the development of animal propensities to be found in Britain and Germany; and they have, consequently, less of that force of character which leads so many to excess.

It may be from want of excitement and stimulus. They lead comparatively, or have done so till very lately, a dull, uniform life. They have not the stimulus of strong competitive trade, nor political partisanship. In America and in Britain, such subjects afford occasion for drink to a considerable extent.

It may be from the example of priests. Though not suspected by their people of being, as a class, Teetotalers, it is well known by them that holy men among them and the monks have totally abstained even from wine. The example of such men has always greater weight than that of the libertine and luxurious clergy. Their great saints were all water-drinkers. Their holy hermits and martyrs were water-drinkers. Their conception of a life of devotion is indissolubly associated with water-drinking. Judge, then, the effect of this upon those most influenced by religious feelings, and the reflex action of it upon the community! I am not disposed to regard the present Italian priesthood as models of Temperance—far from it—as they are not esteemed now by their people as models of piety. But the abstract idea of such temperance is associated with the notion of their profession. And to be just to them, it must be admitted that, as far as spirits are concerned, they are really Abstainers. Just imagine the consequence of the clergy of England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, totally setting their faces against spirit-drinking alone. Would not our national vice be considerably changed?

It may be from the example of women. I have been repeatedly pained, while on the Continent, to hear allusions to the English lady's fondness for her glass. In Italy, even more than in France, where women are so

sober, the female character is unstained by this charge. Much of this may be the effect of habit. Women are far more under the power of public opinion than men, and are more conservative in their customs. The Italian wives are peculiarly attached to the manners of their ancestors. They retain their old dress, their old style of food, their old mode of life. Their very babies—dear little things!—are swaddled up tightly, like Egyptian mummies, because that was the fashion two thousand years ago. Even before that time, it may be remembered, the public voice pronounced it indecorous and wrong for any Roman matron to drink wine—the light drink of the day. Though this rule was subsequently relinquished, yet the sense of propriety thus originated was retained. It was even thought that water was more suitable to the purity and gentleness of women, and that she who was to be the mother of heroes and of virtuous matrons should be an example of temperance. All honour to this noble idea! As a lover of woman, and desirous for her elevation in the best sense of the term, I delight in the old Roman theory of female excellence. No wonder that for centuries there was no occasion for divorce, and that a Roman matron became symbolical of chastity and honour. All this has not been without its influence upon her degenerate daughters. If they become corrupt in heart, they must still present the exterior of purity and propriety. Hence I learnt, to my astonishment, that the very prostitutes will not drink spirits, and rarely, except among the more debased, will raise a glass of alcoholic liquor to their lips. Such conservatism of public opinion is most worthy of praise. I need not extend a remark to show that the temperance influence of women in Italy is important and satisfactory. When will British ladies, who hold themselves so superior to the uncinolined Italians, exercise so beneficial an influence upon the other sex?

It may be from abstemiousness in eating. I regard this as one of the most powerful of all reasons. Rich food, and abundance of it, induces that thirst, and that love of luxury, which are most fatal to the use of cold water as a beverage, and most seductive friends of the stronger drinks; whereas, simple aliment, and in moderate quantities, would be gratefully satisfied with the more harmless draught. The contrast is great between the abstemiousness of Italy and the heavy meat-eating habit of Australia, while the latter possesses the milder climate. It is a matter of national custom. The Englishman will have his beefsteak in India. The effect of this upon the appetite for strong drink need not be described.

It may be from national customs. The water-drinking and vegetarian Egyptian settled Etruria, the parent of Rome. The spirit-drinking and meat-eating Briton settled America and Australia. The institutions at settlement became the basis of permanent customs. While, therefore, disgusting and brutal drinking usages prevail among trades in the latter part, they are wanting in the former. The Italians, though subjugated by the German tribes, had been moulded on the old Roman type of temperance, and ever preserved their attachment to the superior civilisation and laws of their ancestors. The system of "treating," so-called, is resented as an innovation in society. Their very pride, or indifference, which so obstructs their reception of many good things of our modern civilisation, indisposes them to adopt those which are prejudicial. Drunkenness, in its coarsest forms, belongs to the period of modern civilisation; for distillation itself is modern. Barbarians, as Indians, and semi-barbarians, as Russians, will, from their very rudeness of manners and love of strong excitement, take to alcohol; but civilised people, who are conservative in habit, and inimical to foreigners, as Chinese and Italians, have no sympathy with our drinking customs. I venture upon a prophecy, that, within ten years after Italy is thrown

open to England and America, though Protestant churches may be planted along its shores, alcohol will blight its fairest fruits of progress. Where one will take a Bible to the Italians, 20 will convey drink. Thus it is, to our shame, that wherever we carry our boasted civilisation, to make men richer and more enlightened, we desolate homes, deteriorate virtues, and blast populations, with our cursed cup of death. Such is to be the fate of Italy.

LETTER XI.

TEMPERANCE IN ROME.

AFTER my romantic indulgence on the subject of Italian temperance, you will expect me to continue in my laudatory strain. I am sorry to say, however, that I find Rome neither so sober nor so virtuous as Northern Italy. I seem to have got among another people altogether.

Yes, it is a melancholy thing that, in this high seat of European Christendom, as it is called, there should be so much more destitution, social misery, ignorance, sloth, violence, uncivilisation, and vice, than in France, Switzerland, Lombardy, or Tuscany. Here, therefore, I could not expect to find, in spite of national characteristics and force of old habits, the exercise of that temperance I found elsewhere.

It is not that the educated and respectable are different from Northern Italians, for I uniformly found them moderate in their drink. Frequenting caffès, and questioning others, I was struck with the same temperate use of alcohol, and free use of water, to which I have previously referred. Often have I seen half, and even three-fourths, of the occupants of a caffè sitting without a cup or glass before them. They had taken what they required, and were now busy in chat, or engaged at games. I do not think that one in ten took anything stronger than coffee, and that without the French addition of brandy or liqueur.

I cannot say as much for the lower classes of Rome. These I found frequenting houses for the consumption of more potent liquors. The wines of Rome are said to be considerably stronger than those of France. They are always mixed with water by the respectable people, and by women also, but are often taken by the others as the English take their wine. More than this, they indulge in liqueurs or spirits. Aqua vita, rosolio, and rum are their favourites. I had the curiosity to taste the much-admired rosolio. Of a beautiful colour and scent, its flavour is decidedly what we should term medicinal, from the distillation of certain herbs. It is, however, potent in alcohol. The taste would not suit the British palate. The aqua vita is colourless, like whisky or gin.

With all their indulgence, their idle habits, their selection of strong drinks, there are but few drunkards. An English sailor tried to explain this phenomenon to me. "You see," said he, "they drink wine when babies, and get so used to it that it has no more effect upon their heads than whisky upon a Scotchman." Another assured me that a Roman would walk very comfortably with what would send an Englishman reeling. I have, however, seen some of them overcome; but they have always been among the most wretchedly poor. One poor creature came out to the door of a liquor-shop, glass in hand, stupid with drink. For a moment, as I looked at his ragged dress, his idiotic face, and staggering gait, I thought I was in Manchester or Glasgow, so true was the resemblance to what is so common there.

The public-houses are various. Besides the hotel, which is for families and visitors, the most reputable is the caffè, though this has various grades. The "osteria" I have already described in a former letter. "Antica," or ancient, osteria, is a common sign here. The "magazzino del vino" is wholesale and retail. The "magazzini del spiriti" sells stronger liquids. The "spaccio del vino" is simply a wine-shop. The wine here is in huge glass bottles of a peculiar shape, and is retailed in smaller flasks. Sometimes the consumer is favoured with a tumbler, but often he has to drop the fluid down his throat from the long-necked bottle. He has in this process to hold his head back, like a fowl drinking.

The liquorista sells all sorts of choice alcoholic mixtures, which are ranged on his shelves in labelled bottles of considerable swelling proportions. Then we have the "spaccio de aqua vita, liquori, et altri generi," the "caffè ed liquorista," the "locanda," the "magazzino del rosolio," &c. The "osteria di cucina" is an inn with a kitchen, or a place where one gets something to eat as well as to drink. They are generally very uncomfortable-looking houses, not very attractive for cleanliness. I have visited them from curiosity, but have not lingered long. There is a large caffè for birra, or beer, in Rome, much frequented by soldiers and others from Germany or Rhenish France. The company is not choice, and not conspicuous for quietness and sobriety.

The worst places are those resorted to by the low people of the city. The assemblage and the harbour are quite in character. The former are about the most ruffianly-looking fellows I have ever seen; and the latter is certainly the darkest, most dungeon-like, filthiest hole that one can imagine. Nothing in the worst parts of Manchester or Glasgow can at all compare with these dens of depravity and filth. No man with any pretence to decency could possibly visit them. With all my curiosity in the investigation of the drinking habits of the people, I could not bring myself to enter one of them. The smell was so intolerable, although the windowless room had the door wide open, that I could not even stand at observation. There is another reason why I did not venture within. The tenants are all profoundly afflicted with the curse of low Italian society, the offspring of their filthy habits, sufficiently conspicuous in their constant scratching. These "Scotch Greys," as they are called by some people, seemed always standing on guard at these haunts, and so repressing impudent curiosity. Whenever I passed a knot of drinkers in these hovels, I shuddered at the consequence of the political emancipation of such characters. They are not brigands in disguise. Ignorant, dirty, brutal, neglected, oppressed, and half-starved, they form the most striking exhibition of the paternity of that Government under whose care and counsels they have been so well trained.

The French soldiers, as may be supposed, form the majority of those frequenting the caffès. They seem, too, to be about the only parties indulging in liqueur with the coffee, or taking a glass of brandy with their cigar. Drunkenness among them, though rare as compared with Britain, was greatly in excess of that prevailing generally in Italy. They are truly the demoralisers of the country. Soldiers, as a rule, are social blights, because of the intemperance and licentiousness attending their presence. Here their evil habits are conspicuous. Still the majority go to caffès to idle away time. They meet, like others, to chat, smoke, and play.

One Sunday afternoon, I took refuge from a shower, and watched the habits of those about me in the caffè. There were 31 present, of whom 11 were soldiers. Of these, 4 were playing at cards, 8 at dominoes, and 6 at draughts; the rest were simply smoking and conversing. In another caffè I noticed one-half at cards, one-fifth chatting, and the rest at dominoes, chess, or draughts. Billiards I do not meet with so much as in France. At a third, 25 of 30 were drinking coffee or nothing. At a fourth, of six tables, four were empty of cups and glasses.

Of 25 persons, only two were drinking liqueurs. This was, of course, a respectable caffè. Outside an osteria I read the following prices of Roman red wines:—Ten bajocchi a litre, and six for a foglietta or pint. A bajocco is about a halfpenny. I heard great complaints of the adulteration of liquor, and that the admixture was not water only.

The vineyards of Rome had quite a charm for me from their classical association. When, after crossing the desert of the Campagna, once, under better rule, a very home of fertility and plenty, we approach the walls of Rome, we are suddenly brought into the midst of population and cultivation; for, strange to say, the country, as well as the town, is found within the walls. It gave me a sad feeling of the desolation of this old capital of the world to see fields amidst the ruins. Enclosed within walls or fences, vineyards were common enough amidst the palaces of the Cæsars, the baths of the Emperors, the temples of the Heathen. How singularly must the laughter of the vine-dresser echo amidst the deserted hills! What a contrast between the rosy cluster and the mouldering ruin! And can the slavish Romans quaff the cup of merriment over the graves of their mighty ancestors, and be as content with a chaplet of vine leaves as their fathers with the laurel of victory?

I had once ascended from the catacombs of the illustrious Christian dead to find myself amidst the decaying foliage of a vineyard. My sadness of spirit was increased. I had lingered by the cavity in which the body of the martyred Cecilia was laid. I had handled the bones of those of whom the earth was not worthy. I had mourned, amidst those gloomy passages of volcanic sand, for the fair and gentle ones whose lovely forms were tortured to the agony of death by brutal persecutions. I had looked upon this noble symbol of Christian fidelity and holy purity. I came up to behold the vine fed by the ashes of these worthy martyred slain. The modern Romans lightly drink the wine that perchance contained particles of such relics of the past. It was an odd and somewhat revolting idea that thus flitted across my mind. Here in the churches, men bow in reverence before the dust of these saints, and pray to the spirits of the departed; and there, in the wine-shops, men mingle with their heated blood, amidst the songs of revelry, the dust of these glorious dead.

I visited Tivoli. I walked over the ruins of the village of Hadrian. That luxurious emperor had there constructed temples, theatres, libraries, barracks, baths, as accessories to his sumptuous palace. Among other enjoyments in this his country seat, he had aquatic exhibitions. A large artificial lake was formed, in which vessels made sport for the monarch. In the hollow, where water then appeared, I now found a vineyard growing. Vines, too, trail about the ruins of this luxurious seat of imperial pleasure.

The same day, I walked alone about the garden of Horace. The vines, the praises of whose juice he had so often sung, still decked the slopes of that lovely hill, and still received the moist atmosphere from those charming falls. I thought of the gay poet, and his Bacchanalian verses, as I stood within his damp, decaying cellars. By natural suggestion, the image of Byron, singing the praises of wine, rose also before me. Then Burns seemed to chant before me his merry note of the joys of alcohol. Again, I dwelt upon the last moments of these three sons of song, these three victims of drink. I sighed as I considered the mischief of their verses—the delight of tavern heroes, the sorrow of many a home. I felt gratified that genius was not always identified with wine, and that the voice of the good and

true was now so loudly raised to expose its fascination and its danger. Amidst the vineyards of Tivoli, the beloved retreat of the Roman poet, with the sparkling cascade before me, I resolved more than ever to labour with those who seek to rid Britain of its greatest shame, and man of his most entrancing foe.

LETTER XII.

TEMPERANCE IN NAPLES.

I AM now in the gay city of Naples—the theatre of social and political excitement, the very antipodes of gloomy, brooding Rome.

They are a lively race, these Neapolitans, at the best of times. You may judge, therefore, what they are under the new regime. In ancient days, they had the same reputation for vivacity. Southern Italy was colonised by the laughing sons of Greece, which accounts for their character. These shores are classic indeed. Naples, Capua, Sorrento, Capri, Baiae, Tarentum, and Pompeii are all associated with luxuriant gaiety in the annals of antiquity.

We need not go to the historian for a description of the temperate habits of the ancients, though we hear enough of the charms of the vineyards in that quarter. A few hours among the frescoes and ruins of Pompeii give us striking evidence of the pleasure-loving tastes of the day. I went into a tavern that had sold drink when the Temple of Jerusalem was in flames. I stood by the counter of a shop which had retailed wine when the Saviour walked on earth.

Yes, the excavations of Pompeii, partial as they are, have revealed a sad story of the habits of imperial Rome. I walked along the extensive cellars of a villa. There were the amphoræ, with their pointed ends inserted in the ground. Instead of wine, however, they were filled with volcanic dust. In that cellar many skeletons were found. The parties had sought refuge there from that fearful volcanic storm. There is a large tavern outside the gate, with the "chequers" on the sign posts, as you publicans retain them to this day, and which were originally connected with Osiris, the god of Egypt. Horses were fastened to the rings in the yard at the time of the eruption. The front room was the liquor-shop; and in its rear was the snug parlour, with its walls covered with indecent pictures. Quite in keeping with the character of such establishments, we find the adjoining house devoted to illicit pleasure.

The usual sign of a publican there was the representation of two men carrying an amphora of wine. Small shops had capital cellars. A splendid amphora of blue glass has been found. Drinking horns and basins were used by the customers. One house had nine large jars on the counter. A large quantity of money was discovered there. On the wall was written the first line of Virgil, "Arma virumque cano." The very mark of vessels on one marble counter may be distinguished. Although the name of "Thermopolium" was applied to those places selling hot drinks, yet it was very often used for taverns in general.

With such antecedents, I did expect to find the Neapolitans great lovers of pleasure, and rather fond of their wine. But above a dozen centuries of oppression, conflict, and poverty have moderated these characteristics. The liveliness of the race was irrepressible; but the appetite for vinous indulgence was not so great as I had thought to observe. My previous remarks upon the causes of the sobriety of the Italians, to some extent only, apply to these warm Southerners.

They are a very different race, however, from their Northern brethren, and have suffered far greater dete-

rioration of national energy. They have not the decision, the industry, nor the morality to be found in Lombardy. Some attribute this to their sunny sky and fertile soil; their wants are fewer, and are easily satisfied. They have that wretched content which checks enterprise, and especially militates against the use of soap, sheets, and small-tooth combs. Of course these remarks do not apply to the educated class.

The Lazzaroni, or lowest class, though perhaps somewhat better than in the days of Masaniello, are degraded enough. They are under the dominion of three tyrants—idleness, dirt, and superstition. Almost homeless, and many quite so, they suffer often from privation of comforts and necessities. But from a sense of their wretchedness they are not driven to those fits of maddening intemperance or drunken stupor so often the refuge of our own unfortunate poor. They are thoroughly gregarious, and all seem to find excitement enough in their out-door life. Their quickness of feeling, and their dreadful propensity to the use of the long knife, are sufficient reasons for public sentiment running so high against excess. The women, more energetic than the men, and, as usual, much more industrious, are great checks to this evil. The honour of wife-beating and wife-tyranny I find reserved for our own people and the blacks of Australia.

But the Lazzaroni do drink, and appear almost the only indulgers in drink. Their wine-shops and liquori are, like as in Rome, very miserable dens. Windowless, they are but dungeons; their uncleanliness is in keeping with the tenants. The wine is served out in small, narrow-necked flasks, and is said to be dreadful stuff. But each of your Lazzaroni, like his fellow in London and Glasgow, enjoys something stronger and shorter. He has a substitute for gin and whisky, and not unlike them in look. He has, too, his rhum and favourite rosolio, to which I referred in my Roman letter. They are not coffee-drinkers, as others are. And yet among these poor, degraded, ignorant creatures, with so few comforts and advantages, as wayward and impulsive as children, instances of brutal intemperance are rare. Drunkenness I have seen, and much drinking I have seen, but stupefied or raving men I have but once seen.

I am the more persuaded that it is not the mere potency of drink, but the social habits and condition of the people, which may be regarded as the causes of intemperance. The French are more intemperate than the Neapolitans, and yet with wine which is as water in strength to theirs. The Swiss are more intemperate than the Italians, and with less potent liquor. The Englishman will get drunk, even if he can only get cider or small beer. Here, as elsewhere, am I followed by the taunt, "No, our people never make beasts of themselves, as yours do." The habits of our travelling English are a constant theme of joking with them; they are too polite, however, to do this before us. An English medical gentleman residing here told me that he often blushed for his country as he saw Britons disgracing themselves by drink in Naples. He told me that instances of delirium tremens here were confined to them. They came with the intention of enjoying the cheap wines, and they go frenzied. One man, of the British Legion, apologised for it by saying that the wine was so heating and the rum so poisoned. Alcohol is heating and poisonous at all times, and in all disguises. When will Britain and America, the two most Christian nations, arise to rid themselves of the foul stain of being the most drunken?

They have a very refined way of indulging an alcoholic taste here. One buys a glass of water or a cup of coffee, and gets a few drops of rum dashed into it from a corked bottle, after the fashion of vinegar at an oyster

stand. To illustrate this,—six soldiers came into a caffè where I was sitting. They had their coffee brought; then one called out "Rhum!" The sprinkler came. Three out of the number held forth their cups. At another table of soldiers, one of four took it. At a table of seven other persons, not soldiers, I found but one ask for the rhum. One day I sauntered into a low caffè, to see a little life. A rough-looking man came in, followed by three women, and then by another woman; two of these were aged. He called for coffee, and the waiter came round afterwards, as a matter of course, with these, and gave the droppings in each cup. It is in such caffès, and with such people, that you see the Paris fashion of liqueur glasses with the coffee. I have seen low women drink their cup, and then toss off the alcohol.

Soldiers everywhere drink stronger fluids than others; but here I have known them call for glasses of water and cigars. Then they are invariably so gentle and so polite, that I always felt myself safe and comfortable with a common soldier beside me. Would such be said in England? I have not seen them treated here by women, as is the custom so much in Paris and London. The women, whatever be their character in other respects, and they are not all nuns, are, at least, free from the vice of their sisters in Britain, though I have seen them in wine-shops at times. I had a good opportunity of testing the habits of the people last Saturday. It was a great fête in honour of the conception of the Virgin. Sunday was nothing to it. The shops were all closed, excepting those for the sale of bread, tobacco, drink, and lottery-tickets, the four necessities of life. The streets were illuminated, the bands were playing, the thoroughfares, caffès, wine-shops, and theatres were crowded; and yet, with all the excitement, intemperance, strictly so called, was absent.

The people are absurd enough to drink water here. I know it is very dangerous for Englishmen, especially in a warm country. It flies to their stomach, &c., &c. The folks here are not afraid of it. Men, women, and children in the streets indulge in a great luxury. They go up to an "aquajolo." This is quite a Neapolitan institution, like maccaroni. There is a gay stand at a street corner, with fine pillars, canopy, and paintings. The Virgin and Child, of course, appear, as they do in every shop and private house in the city. Two swinging tubs contain the water. On the counter are lemons, whole or halved. A glass of water is poured out, a few drops of lemon squeezed into it, and the coin, about a farthing, received in exchange. I noticed, however, even here, the dashing bottle for the fastidious. There are also some "aquacedrataio," or ambulant lemonade sellers. At the theatres, during the pauses between the acts, men serve round glasses of this safe and cooling liquor to customers. Wine is not brought them. I know of no hot brandy-and-water theatres, as are found in London. One exponent of national tastes is seen in the word used to express something given to the driver. With us, the postilion or cabman touches his hat and plainly asks for something to drink. In France, also, it is so—"pourboire." Here the word has no allusion to liquor; it is simply, gift—a good for the hand—*buon-mano*. I have not even seen the zampognari (bagpipers) treated. They have come down from the mountains this month to play on their bagpipes of goatskin, in honour of the Virgin. They stop before her image and picture, and play the very sweet and lively hymn. They enter shops with this intent. They ask for nothing, putting on their hats and walking off. Of course, a copper is given them, but I saw no drink given to these Christmas waits.

It has been a common remark that Englishmen parade their drunkenness, and foreigners conceal it. So much

the better for the latter. But here, in a city of 600,000 inhabitants—larger than any town of Britain, London only excepted—in a place without snug parlours, and with a populace living out of doors, it would be difficult to hide the drunkenness which exists. Certainly, the few hundreds of English who came to help the Garibaldians here are not charged with concealing their infirmities. From themselves, I learned some extraordinary tales. If the half of their feats of drunkenness are to be credited, my observation at the time has not a little force:—"The sooner the Italians get rid of you, the better they will like it." It is not quite reputable to drive about drunk through a town, and pay the cabman with a knock of the head or a threat of cold steel. The Naval Brigade has earned a great reputation in this way. The pugilistic tendencies of our Jack, when the rum gets in his head, are well known. These sailors have been quite the terror of the sober and cowardly Neapolitans. Though the British Legion contains gentlemen, not a few roughs among them have brought the corps into great disgrace here. If an excess be talked about, or a mad freak of daring performed, the Italian shrugs his shoulders, gives his fingers that peculiar curl, and with a piteous grimace exclaims, "These English are not men, but devils." Their conduct is held forth as a great warning to the faithful of the sad consequence of adopting Protestant principles. Unfortunately for the moral, however, the Irish Roman Catholic volunteers of Rome quite outstrip them in their heroic qualities of the bottle.

The vines of Naples are much more luxuriant than those of France. They are longer, stronger, and higher. They do not run up reeds, as at Rome, but up sticks, just like hop-poles for size and appearance; or, climbing a poplar-tree, stretch out their tendrils to clasp a neighbour. Thus a vineyard is usually a sort of copse or wood. The top is stumped off, and a few light branches are suffered to throw a leafy shade over the juicy fruit. I have passed for miles through this tree vineyard. Sometimes the vine runs 15 and 20 feet before crossing to the next tree. These poplars are placed some four or five yards from each other. If too wide apart, a stick is put between to support the arching vine.

The vineyards which I saw near the Solfatara, and those about the old crater of Lake Agnano, ought not to be affected with the oidium, or vine disease, for the sulphur, that great specific, so abounds as to make the air most oppressive, even to half suffocation. The rich volcanic soil is very favourable to the vine. But the wine is so clumsily prepared as to be good for very little. The grapes are suffered to lie for two or three days before being pressed, to the great injury of their quality. But, as they are strong, they make brandy well, and, consequently, they are chiefly grown for that purpose, and the export of that liquor is considerable.

I had a great curiosity to taste the "lacrima Christi," or tears of Christ, the wine produced on the slopes of Vesuvius. An adventurous fellow had climbed the mountain with provisions for tourists; and there, on that summit, I tasted it. It is no light wine. As I stood there, on the lava, yet hot beneath my feet, the thunder of the volcano crashed below me, and the wind wafted the sulphurous fumes towards me. Half blinded and suffocated, I seized the arm of the guide to hurry from the spot, alarmed, in the sudden darkness, lest I put my foot into any of the glowing chasms around. I was satisfied with the horrors and dangers of an active volcano. But what are the waves of that lava, compared to the surges of intemperance? Are the fumes which rise from that awful pit so terrible in their effects as the vapours of alcohol? The desolations of all the volcanoes upon earth do not produce a tithe of the misery which

these drinks occasion. For one entombed in the ashes of Pompeii, ten thousand are lost in the gulf of intemperance. The lava and the gas can but destroy the frame, while the "curse of Britain" sinks the immortal soul.

LETTER XIII.

TEMPERANCE IN FRANCE (CONTINUED).

ALTHOUGH the monetary position of states, any more than of individuals, is not in proportion to the amount of virtue, yet it is generally to be assumed that the prevalence of social misery and poverty, in the midst of a prosperous community, arises more from the indulgence of vice than the action of human laws. As Frenchmen are, after all, governed by the general principles of humanity, and are not exempt from the operation of causes existing elsewhere, I hold that, if I observe in London, Manchester, and Glasgow that strong drink is the great source of mendicity and physical want, so surrounded by commercial activity and success, I should not be far wrong in ascribing to a similar cause the vast amount of personal suffering and distress in Paris. In spite of all the developments of luxury here, there is a degree of poverty which would doubtless surprise many here who see nothing but gay equipages, splendid shops, rich silk dresses, and fine broadcloth.

My own observations, limited as they have been, have tended to take off much of the glitter of Paris from my view. When I see poor creatures collecting potatoe peelings, and the tops and ends of carrots and turnips, to take to their wretched homes, I can estimate, to some small extent, this misery. But no tale of mine can adequately represent the state of things. I cannot forget the old maxim of travellers—"One sees what one wants to see." And as it may be thought, though it is not true, that I came here to spy out the moral nakedness of the land, I always prefer giving you the observations of the French themselves, especially from their official reports. We will, then, listen to the French calculator.

Notwithstanding the large number of institutions, especially in connection with Sisters of Charity and Christian Brothers, for the relief of misery and want and the very prevention of distress, the Government undertakes in the most liberal manner to look after the poor. The little foundling is taken into an asylum. The motherless one has shelter in the orphanage. The boy is trained for work at one of the agricultural colonies. Education is afforded him in infant and primary schools. His interests are regarded afterwards in the establishment of cities of houses, of a convenient kind, wholesome and cheap. Baths and public washing-houses are furnished him. Monts-de-Piété arise to receive his pledges at a moderate rate, and so save him from the usury of the pawnbroker. Municipalities not only give him employment when idle, but, at bad seasons, sell him good food at reduced prices. Again, tender care is taken of him in many places, in times of scarcity, by providing a sort of Bank of Credit for bakers, so that in dear times they can lower rates, and raise them in better days. Then, if accident or illness befall him, or old age overcome him, there are plenty of hospitals to take him in.

The female is equally favoured. If not liking the trouble of her child, the Government takes it off her hands. Plenty of maternal charities open their doors to her in the hour of sorrow. Has she forsaken the path of virtue, asylums are ready to receive her when penitent. In destitution many modes of relief are before her. While, apart from the State, she has ever near her the ready hand and kind tongue of the Sisters.

Some establishments are under the control of the parent State, others under the departments, and the rest are managed by municipalities. The Emperor has lately raised a refuge for convalescent workmen—for those too weak to work, but discharged as cured by the hospitals. This was done in 1855. At the same time similar provision was made for convalescent females. To sufferers from damages and accidents, not insured, the State generously affords some compensation. Special aid is granted to departmental funds—as, for instance, about a million of francs a year to the repression of mendicity alone. It is so with the communes and the municipalities.

Private benevolence also is largely exercised, though chiefly through the agency of the clergy and the Sisters of Charity, amounting to some thirty millions of francs annually. In Paris alone about 120 private societies exist for the good of the poor. Large grants are made to all of these by the State. There are also public Bureaux de Bienfaisance, which are civil institutions to furnish succour at the homes of the poor. Of these there are about 12,000 in France. They receive funds in a percentage upon the receipts of fêtes, balls, and places of public amusement. All this, in addition to voluntary contributions, brings in an annual fund of about twenty millions of francs, or £800,000. Then there are Mendicity Depots, at once charitable and penitentiary, where the profit of their labour is given to the beggars.

Then, after all this parade of benevolence, we are assured, upon official authority, that destitution is rapidly advancing; that it has been found necessary to raise the Bureaux de Bienfaisance from 6,715 in 1837 to 11,409 in 1853; that in other eighteen years the indigent had increased nearly 25 per cent and beggars 70 per cent. (!) We also read that "the number of persons treated in the hospital establishments has been growing without ceasing." In 1837, it averaged 14·32 upon 10,000; in 1849, it was 18·59. The number of insane shows a similar mark of increase. The report gives this sad record—in 1836, those poor creatures were 33 to the 10,000 population; in 1841, 41; in 1846, 51; in 1851, 60; being nearly doubled in fifteen years.

We sicken at these figures. It is enough to know that there is in France a growth of misery, without a growth of population; an increase of poverty, with an increase of public resources. Even in Paris, where wealth is so rapidly developing, where work is plentiful and wages good, and where above any place charitable institutions so abundantly exist—even here, the Mont-de-Piété tells the uniform tale. In 1852, the articles left in pawn were 1,022,109; in 1853, 1,131,548; 1854, 1,259,358; 1855, 1,201,825; 1856, 1,303,843; 1857, 1,387,008. The rapid growth of wealth of the city may meanwhile be estimated in the large increase of its revenue from the *octroi* alone, being 26,519,627 francs in 1848, and 50,309,563 in 1853.

Is there not a cause for this singular development of distress, amidst the increase of material prosperity? Is not the solution of this enigma to be found in the corresponding increase of use of intoxicating liquors, to which allusion has been already made?

As in Britain and elsewhere the connection between drink and poverty is well established, so should we conclude of this country, even if we had not been informed of the increased expenditure in alcoholic liquors. That which M. Audigaune calls "the irresistible taste for dissipation" among the Parisian workmen, is not confined to labourers in the capital. Drinking is consuming the vitality of the country. Here, as in England, there has been much excitement about two or three gentlemen being lost in the Alps; while here, as there, the stream

is carrying down its thousands of intemperate without a note of alarm.

Further, upon this mendicity question, I may add that the habit of drinking here tends, far more than with yourselves in Britain, to the fostering, as well as originating, of a spirit of idleness, the bane of any commercial community. While the grosser forms of drunkenness are not so obvious as with you, every stranger here is struck with the waste of time in drinking. Men here sit for hours in a café, sipping their liquor. Those who have shops leave them to their wives, while they indulge in idle lounging at these drinking-saloons. Merchants, unlike our own, must adjourn for hours in the day to these places for a chat, a cigar, and a drink. Working men, too, lose much time in the same indulgence.

In America, in the colonies, and even in many parts of Britain, it is the fashion to go to the counter, take the dram, and proceed to business. But the worst features of the English beer-shop system are here in full force. An authority, nearly thirty years ago, speaks of "thriftless men, who on the Sunday and Monday spend three-fourths of their weekly earnings in intemperance," and that these "form a considerable part of the Paris workmen." But it is the waste of time to which I direct attention now. The very low-classed drinks, which are so vaunted as tending to sobriety, are the occasion of these thriftless habits. As before intimated, the inferiority of physical force and energy among the French, as compared to ourselves, predisposes, doubtless, to this long sitting at the cup. The weaker wine, for the poor cannot buy the stronger, and the common beer, serve to lengthen out the period of debauch. Thus it is that France, a country needing the husbanding of its wealth, and the active development of its resources, because of its enormous public expenses, and the gigantic growth of its powerful rival across the water, is getting robbed of its physical vigour, robbed of its money, robbed of its time, and so robbed of future results, by this accursed drinking system.

Even granting, which must be done under protest, that they confine their libations to a milder liquor than the English, still there is not only far more liquor drunk, and far more time consumed in the drinking, but a far stronger prejudice in favour of drink exists here, and the universality of the practice is more evident. This tends the more to develop not only their taste for luxury, and so far needless expenditure, but a love of ease and self-indulgence, so fatal to the material progress of any nation. They sadly want over here not only *moral tone*, but *physical tone*. Not long ago, I repeatedly watched the turnout of workmen, at meal times, from the Woolwich dockyard. Here, as I observe the shuffling, slouching pace of the Parisian labourer, who walks with slow steps and bent frame homeward, I cannot help mentally contrasting him with the erect figure, bold and active movement, and the hearty tread of the artisan of Britain. Employers testify that an ordinary Englishman does far more work than a Frenchman. Travellers, having business at the banks here, are astonished and annoyed at the lengthened time they are detained. The other day I had three letters to post, of various weights. The official, after a considerable while hesitating as to their exact postage, coolly sat down, dipped his pen in the inkstand, wrote down leisurely the individual three sums, and at school-boy rate made out the addition. Now, when I look at the habit of long indulgence over glasses and cigars at the café, I cannot help associating therewith that inaptitude for exertion so painfully exhibited elsewhere.

Again, the drinking habit tends still further to cause a deterioration of physical energy in another way. The

working man's wages would, even at the present height of meat prices, enable him to get a comfortable and a substantial meal. But his love of drink, his habit of much drink, interferes with this. Often have I lingered about the restaurants used by the poor, to see what food they used; and often have I observed the mechanic content himself with a basin of cheap and innutritious vegetable soup and bread, so that he might have the more for his wine or his beer. A gentleman told me the other day that, as he sat at his dinner himself, he took note of two invalids, or old soldiers, near him. Instead of enjoying a substantial meal, the veterans devoted the greater part of their meagre purse to drink; for they made their dinner of six bottles of wretched common wine and two pennyworth of bread!

Without doubt another sad habit, the accompaniment of drinking, and to a great extent originated by it, is an encourager of this sotting of the people. I allude to gambling. Go where you will, especially of an evening, whether in a fashionable café or a low estaminet, there you will see card-playing, dominoes, or billiards. Throughout the day, in all quarters, noisy groups may be seen at the billiard tables. Usually, the game is for the payment of the glass; but another game is, of course, expected by the loser, to give him the chance of revenge. Thus, valuable time is consumed, pecuniary resources are wasted, drinking habits are strengthened, and the moral tone of society is lowered. The excitement both of drinking and gambling act and re-act upon each other, as may be seen in the "hells" of London, as well as in the cafés of Paris.

LETTER XIV.

TEMPERANCE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

I HAD no need to be reminded, as I landed at Marseilles, that I had left the temperate land of the Italian for that of the less sober Frenchman. The contrast was striking and saddening. I saw no water-drinking and little coffee-drinking at the cafés there, but a large amount of coloured liquors in the glasses of a more potent nature than wine itself. The cafés are upon a scale of unusual splendour. As the gin-shops of London are supposed to do a thriving trade from their extravagant demonstrations of finery, I considered that the gorgeous display of gilding, mirrors, paintings, and furniture of the Marseilles cafés could not be paid for after the Italian style of drinking.

It may be, however, that a people delighting so much in society, living less for themselves than others, in their excessive cravings of vanity, and having, besides, more delicacy of taste and refinement of manners, would prefer the brilliantly-lighted café, with its gay assemblage, to the dingy, gloomy, common wine-tavern. Even the common workmen here will frequent these exquisite salons.

To a certain extent, this is an advantage. Men are hardly likely to get riotously drunk under those circumstances, any more than our own respectable citizens in their favourite boudoirs. But this very attractiveness and gentility make the cafés the more dangerous. Those who would not be induced to enter an auberge will stroll into a café. It is a social haunt, a rendezvous, a lounge; it is a reading-room, a lyceum, a club, a debating-salon. So much the more seductive to those whose better principles and habits would otherwise keep them from drink.

The café induces a shameless waste of time. The Frenchman does not love work for its own sake, as we English do. He is glad to escape from it whenever he can. He is, then, unable to resist the charm of a place which offers so

many animal enjoyments. He can read the paper, chat with a neighbour, or play at dominoes, cards, or billiards. In the meantime, business is neglected, or left for another day. The people of the South, never too industrious at the best of times, need not the temptation of a café to increase their indifference to labour. An English merchant was telling me of his great surprise to find the Southern merchants so little in their bureaux. They seemed so glad of any excuse to be off to a café. Did a transaction turn up, why it could be arranged at the café. Had they finished some correspondence, they were wearied, and walked off with a cigar to the café. Had they bad news by the post, they must console themselves at the café. Were the tidings favourable, they adjourn for indulgence of their joy to the café.

"But they don't get drunk, though," said my friend. Well, and if they do not, they sail very close to the wind. They get excited; and that I hold is *more dangerous to morals than right-down intemperance*. But they do get drunk, though. Some people do not, and will not, see this. They are so anxious to save themselves that terrible temperance inquiry, that they try and believe that wine-drinking France must be sober. A reel, to their imagination, is as straight as a poplar tree; and the stupid song of the drunkard is but a chant of a merry man.

In one town of the South I met with one of these French apologists this week. "How sober the French are!" said he; "I have not seen a drunken man since I have been here." "I am more unlucky," said I; "for the first object that met my eye as I entered this very town was a trio of drunkards, reeling off together in a maudlin ditty." I did not hunt for the sight; it came in my way.

"Well, I must confess," said another, "that Marseilles is a drunken place; but then it is a seaport, you know." Truly, any amount of low public-houses may be found in it. But sailors do not enter the cafés.

I visited the Casino there. There must have been about a thousand persons present. The place was most tastefully and even extravagantly adorned. Singers came forward occasionally on the stage; but little attention was paid them, unless the performer was a pretty woman. The occupation was smoking, chatting, and drinking. The company were of the respectable class. There were no blouses there. The women, of course, were ladies of pleasure. I found them less moderate in their selection of liquors than the gay women of Paris. An uncommonly small per centage of coffee was to be seen on the little tables. Spirits and water seemed to be the favourite beverage. It might not be vulgar gin or whisky, but one of the many disguises assumed by distillation in France.

The people of Marseilles are excessively fond of pleasure. They are the Neapolitans of France. As the land of the Troubadours, the voice of song may be expected among them. There exist among the workmen many singing societies, called by fantastic names. Their meetings are frequent, especially at the Church festivals. They are excessively devout at all times; and their churches have much more of the Italian type of coarseness of image service, than would be found elsewhere in France. They must have the tangible to suit their imagination. But after this demonstration of piety, and their solemn performance of sacred music, they terminate the day in a debauch. The burlesque and the serious singularly unite in their character. Their love of finery and display is, I am sorry to say, so strongly developed, that their tone of morals is regarded as much below the standard. House rent is dear, and the chambers are thronged in a manner prejudicial to decency and modesty. But it is more from their love of amuse-

ment, their out-of-door life, their passion for excitement, with all of which the glass bears a very prominent part. Again did I see the illustration of the fact brought before you previously—that a certain amount of alcoholic stimulus is more provocative to licentious feelings, in both sexes, than the ruder drenching of the cup.

As I advanced into the interior, I found the people more sober. One may observe the absence of towns and even villages for many leagues together. Fields there may be, and houses scattered here and there; but a knot of half a dozen cottages is a rare sight in the South. Certainly, the country for nearly 200 miles is little better than a desert. Isolated, and generally very poor, these little farming peasants have few temptations to excess. They export little or no wine from their homes, consuming what they produce.

Conversing with a priest, when among the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne, about the habits of the country peasants of the South and Centre, he admitted their ignorance, but praised their sobriety. "We cannot overtake the towns," said he, "but we take good care of the scattered population. There is our kingdom. They are too much under our influence to get drunk." As the French priests bear a much higher character for virtue and piety than their brethren in Italy, I doubt not the beneficial character of their example in some country places. One argument they urge against popular instruction is, that when people are educated they get a new taste for luxuries, and alcoholic indulgence is the chief of them. But here again comes the question of race. In the Centre or South the peasants may be sober, but in the North, and especially in Brittany, where they are more than anywhere in France under the dominion of the priests, the peasants are drunken.

The contrast between the vineyards of Italy and France is considerable. The latter have nothing like the beauty of the former. Even in Southern France, the vines are feeble and diminutive compared with those of Italy. It was interesting, however, to observe them alternating with the pretty olive trees, or occasionally rising amidst the mulberries of the silkworm grounds. About Avignon they are stronger in stem, but are kept cut down, much as we have them in South Australia. They are able then to stand without the prop. Elsewhere, sticks are used, of no great height, however. At Auvergne three or four sticks are bound together at the top, and furnish substantial support for the slender plant in that elevated and windy region. Further central, and coming northwards, I noticed the vines yet feebler still, mere threads about the sticks. Of course, at this season they were denuded of their leaves, and in most places laden with snow.

The situation of the vineyards was often very attractive. Some ran along terraces on the limestone hills, or crept in hollows of the mountains from the rough breezes. Others rose amidst crags and loose stones, or found a home in mere shingle. Rich soil is by no means plentiful in the interior of France; it is well that the vine does not absolutely require such for its growth. But, like as in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, or the old crater of Rome, vineyards are flourishing on the fine volcanic ash of Auvergne, or sending their roots amidst the crevices of decomposing lavas. The debris of granite gives sustenance to others. The far-famed St. Peray vines grew on gravel. Their rose-tinted grapes produce a champagne, without the auxiliary of sugar. Those of the hermitage by the Rhone are well known. They were originally brought by a hermit from Persia. This peculiar fruit is confined to a space of only three hundred acres. At the foot of the ruins of an old fortified abbey, of the old turbulent times, I saw a pretty little vineyard. The grapes of the Vaucluse have been long

renowned. As I gazed from Avignon upon that mountain home of Petrarch, when near the tomb of his beloved Laura, I thought of his description of the papal court at Avignon, its splendid pomp, and its luxurious vices. The churchman, the noble, and the lady, were not then indifferent to the juicy produce of the Rhone.

The wines of the South or South-East are much more coarse, thick, and spirituous than others. These "light wines" of France will reach 20 per cent of alcohol; though they are admitted, strange to say, to be less stimulative or intoxicating than some liquors of a lower strength. The growers may naturally complain of the new British tariff, which increases its burden according to the alcoholic character of the wine, as in this way their neighbours of the Garonne get an undue advantage, from the accidental difference in the nature of their soil. They would like all wines admitted on equal terms. The consumers here are rather glad of the arrangement, as more of the good stuff comes to their share. The labourer is quite indignant at your impertinence in robbing him of his glass. To him wine is of more consequence than beer to the Englishman, as he cannot afford to buy either tea or coffee, while sugar, being protected as a home manufacture from beetroot, is a luxury to him. The rising, then, of the price of wine by British importation, is felt to be a great hardship by the peasants.

I took much interest in observation and inquiry about the state of temperance in Lyons and St. Etienne—the one the Manchester and Spitalfields of France, and the other its Coventry and Birmingham. The Lyonesse weavers are renowned as given to democratic, socialistic, and infidel principles. I forbear to enter upon their social and political character—a most interesting subject—but will confine myself to the drinking question.

I rambled about the celebrated revolutionary quarter, Croix Rousse, the home of the weavers. Their houses are clean and comfortable, their persons are well clad, and their appearance is that of gentleness and intelligence. Their improved taste, as compared with other artisans, leads them to prefer the café to the vulgar cabaret. Though they indulge in wine, they are not indifferent to brandy, and too frequently are remarked leaving their work for a hasty draught.

They are a proud and vain people, and are upheld by this characteristic from appearing in the grosser forms of drunkenness. They spend much of their resources in drink; and a great number of them, with all their pride, do not disdain to depend upon municipal charity. They are said to be much more degraded in their habits, and far less sober, than they were twenty years ago. Other portions of the Lyonesse labourers are by no means of the weavers' comparative tone of sobriety, but are sadly given to excess.

St. Etienne and its neighbourhood have even more points of interest to the Temperance inquirer. I was sorry that my own personal rambles there were so hindered by a day's heavy snow storm; but I was fortunate to meet information from others, and read something afterwards.

Some high land comes to divide the valley of the Rhone from the waters of the Loire. About that tract, on the line of railway from Lyons to St. Etienne, three distinct branches of trade are carried on—ribbon-making, coal mines, and ironfoundries. The first class of workmen, like their brethren of Lyons, are intelligent, though not educated, and strongly given to extreme opinions in politics. They work at home, and instead of the eight hours' labour system of Australia, permit only twelve hours' work, under penalty of window-breaking. They are excellent workmen, and their tenements are comfortable, even to respectability. Though comparatively sober, they are said to indulge too much in little drops,

too often stealing off to the cabaret or café. Like the silk-makers, they are slight in frame, diminutive in stature, and, unless strongly excited, quiet to gentleness in their deportment.

The *charbonniers* or coal-miners are certainly different from these. Their occupation and habits are different. They labour in the most valuable of the French coal fields. They form two distinct classes, however, among themselves, with most remarkable peculiarities, highly important for the ethnologist's regard. In the higher ground of the same coal basin, we have a short, stout, lightish people. In the lower, a tall, thin, dark race. In the village of the one there are filth and disorder. In the settlement of the other there are cleanliness and propriety. The wives of the first are coarse to brutality, and dirty to offensiveness. The women of their neighbours, with their sparkling black eyes, are gentle in manners and models of household economy. The men of the elevated plateau are drinkers, while their fellow-workmen of the valley are sober. Their partners partake of the intemperance of the one class, or the sobriety of the other. Ignorant alike of letters—for but one out of ten adults can write—both of the same faith, born under equal circumstances, and engaging in the same pursuit, they preserve such distinctiveness of feature and habits, as to lead the philosopher to regard them as of different origin. A French author suggests that the tenants of the "Happy Valley" are descendants of Saracen settlers.

The forgerons of the romantic gorge of Terre Noire, are not unlike their fellow iron-founders of Britain, in their robust frames, their rough manners, and their intemperate propensities. As a passing traveller, I was much struck with their furnaces; and speaking of their folks afterwards to a railway official, he remarked, "Those fellows there,—they are beasts for drink, and their wives are little better." I trust the last remark was not quite correct. But I had been told that the women of the coal fields were much given to intemperance.

The author of "The Manufactures of France" has the following observations upon the social state of St. Etienne:—"Drunkenness is more common among the workmen of the Loire than with the weavers of Lyons. It forms the principal vice of the workers of iron and coal. They know no amusement but the cabaret. It is there one sees good humour making merry among them. The soul sparkles in their animated eyes, but to be destroyed soon in that excess which extinguishes to the last glimmer their moral activity." It is somewhat strange that while a Frenchman can thus express himself so strongly about his own countrymen with whose habits he might be supposed to be most familiar, an English manufacturer should tell me that he spent several days in that quarter, and yet saw no drinking going forward. Well, well, it is a great comfort to know that while some of our writers are most stupidly and wickedly set upon turning the very virtues of our neighbours into vices, we have other persons, who, in the excess of their charity, would see virtues in vices, being delighted with the sobriety of St. Etienne and the charming simplicity of Parisian dames.

Another curious social phenomenon has been recorded of these rough miners and forgers. They are remarkably religious. Absent at no fêtes, diligent in their prayers, orthodox in faith, and reverent to their priests, they are quite a model set of men and women—only *they will get drunk so*. M. Audigaune thus describes this odd inconsistency:—"Desolating contradiction! They carry away from the temple no teaching for the conduct of life. The drunkards become not sober—the dissolution of manners is not made to give place to the manly

domination of mind over sense—patience and resignation enter not into their ulcerated souls."

There are some people who are so fond of facts and figures, that they fancy they can build up a correct theory from them without trouble. I wonder what they will make of some of the facts I have submitted in your columns. For my part, I candidly confess my inability to resolve these nebulous ideas into any consistency of form. The philosophy of Temperance, to which I have paid some attention for the past 20 years, bothers me more than ever. And yet, until we get at it somehow, we are blundering about in a labyrinth of benevolence, Inductive science, forsooth! I wish we could get it into ethics, and I, for one, would be tempted to become an optimist, and have a little more faith in the world's improvement. The positive philosophy pretends to have found the key. It admirably fits the theory, but it does not turn the lock of humanity. Men get drunk in spite of it. How many loving souls, burning with zeal for suffering man, and constantly thwarted in their philanthropy, sigh amidst the chaos of society, and wait for one voice to say, "Let there be light!"

LETTER XV.

TEMPERANCE IN CHAMPAGNE.

"Oh, my poor head! It was that cursed champagne last night." So said a young man, as he appeared at the breakfast table. What a frightful expenditure of the force of friendship takes place under its inspiration! How few of these drafts upon affection are ever honoured in the morning! How much honour, virtue, and happiness have escaped with the gas of that sparkling bottle! Of all seductions with drinks, the strongest is with champagne.

Thus I talked with myself, as I walked beside the Marne, in Champagne.

The distant forest had taken the hues of Autumn. The landscape was open and fair. Gentle rises, sometimes approaching to hills, leaned upon each other as a sleeping sisterhood. Their summits were usually fringed with trees, whose erect forms and parallel lines but little harmonised with the graceful contour of those bosoms of earth from which they arose. Upon the slopes of those verging hills, which heaved toward the sun, rested the far-famed vineyards of Champagne. I tried in vain to get up a poetical impulse at the sight. It would not come. A mass of green and brown foliage, apparently trailing on the ground from its insignificant height, was broken by serried ranks of sticks, whose half-bleached tops rose far above the vines, and gave a harsh aspect to the landscape. Had those rolling slopes been covered with grass or corn, with a few spreading trees on their surface, I should have thought them as beautiful as some of the lovely downs of Western Victoria.

These hills run in irregular curves about the country, as elevated torrents petrified in their billowy course, and they inclose the most charming valleys imaginable. These soft retreats, from having received from ages the treasures of floods, are rich in fertility. They are highly cultivated. No unsightly fence cuts up the plain, and checks the traveller. All is open to the road, and open to each other. No man rears a wall, or rail, or hedge, to mark his own field; a few stones or wooden pegs are sufficient in this neighbourly district. Here one sees a small bed of cabbage, there a large extent of lucerne, and there, again, the stubble of a patch of corn. The road, as it meanders through the vale, is shaded by rows of poplars, under whose leafy cover the lads and maidens of the field partake of their simple meal, and whose tremulous foliage dances to the song of those merry villagers.

Few or no tenements are seen on plains below or hills around. The homes are in the little hamlets about. I have walked among these rural dwellings of the French, and have been more gratified than when I wondered at the gilded palaces of Paris. It was so pleasant to look upon faces with a simple, natural expression. The little villagers, with their rosy cheeks swelling out from their clean, close-fitting caps, were my especial favourites.

They would give a half-wondering, timid glance at the stranger, hardly assured of their safety even by his smiles. Sturdy, stumping roysterers were some of them, mingling with their playmates, as rosy as they, with eyes lit up in their darkness by the sparkling of Champagne, but which were softened by a tenderer expression than dwelt in the orbs of the noisier sex. The sun had withdrawn its rays from the vale, but was still hesitating to leave those voluptuous hills, when I was walking homeward down from one of these villages reclining on the heights. I heard a horn rudely blown. Looking forward, I saw a group reminding one much more of Arcadian innocence than modern France. A young woman walking in front was the musician. She had with her, straggling about, a lot of young laughing idlers. Behind her was the town herd of cows, horses, mules, asses, and goats. These had been assembled by the horn, which now gave notice of their return from the pastures. Bringing up the rear, leaning upon his staff, was the aged herdsman. His dress was highly picturesque; and, bent as was his form, there was still vigour in his step; while his calm, set features and quick eye spoke of a life as placid as the eve itself. No greater contrast could I conceive than the peaceful appearance of Champagne and its people, with the wild orgies excited by the sparkling liquor. One thing I knew. I hardly needed to be told, that very little of this seductive and expensive beverage fell to the share of these simple peasants. Their *vin ordinaire* is as harmless for strength as the *small beer* of England, and not a whit better flavoured.

But for the history of Champagne wine. Some hundreds of years ago a vast forest covered this celebrated district. A company of monks, seeking a secluded retreat, selected one of these many wood-crowned heights, and reared an altar there. Now, however devoted to piety, these folks are not accused of insensibility to the pleasures of sense. It is not always fast day with them. So these forest choristers cleared some land for tillage; and, among other things, planted some vines. It was then observed that the wine prepared from those grapes had a peculiar flavour, not known before. The discovery was quickly revealed, and soon the umbrageous shade gave place to open vineyards; as my French informant expressed it, "Wine and the Gospel soon spread over the country." I have visited that monkish home. I have looked from their ancient fane over a vast region of fertility and beauty. Were these cowled ones to arise from their tombs, how they would wonder at the change!

The district is all alive. Merchants are driving about among the vineyards, bargaining with the proprietors for sale by the acre, basket, or pipe. Mules from a distance are waiting to be hired; others are creeping slowly, surely down the hills with their blushing burden. Women and girls are in another place commencing the *egrappage*, or plucking, of the pretty bunches; while others are carrying the laden baskets to the mules. Parties are laughing along the road with the teams, and women are after the chariots. Slopes, despoiled of their luscious treasures, seem, in their desolation, like forlorn and stricken widowhood. Unlike the oak,—which in its seared autumnal state has the majesty of fallen greatness about it,—the stripped vine, in its naked,

tremulous clasp of the bare stick, has a mean paltriness about it which checks our sympathy for it in its decline.

Having had the pleasure, in a railway carriage here, to make acquaintance with one of the first wine-makers in Champagne, I have since been favoured with a full insight into the mysteries of the manufacture, and have once tasted, too, at his beautiful chateau, the real potent draught. M. Canneaux, of European celebrity, is an illustration of successful enterprise. Intelligent, courteous, manly, he combines the chivalry of his ancestral home with the honour and sturdy independence which he has seen so often in the marts of Britain. He knows me as the disciple of Father Mathew, and he indulges the common feeling of detestation at the misery and vice of our gin and whisky drinking community. He naturally believes in wine, as the brewer has faith in beer.

The wine is of three classes—*first, second, and third*. Strange as it may seem to some, all these varieties are from the same individual grape. Spread upon a raised floor, covered by a flat table, and subjected to a gentle, well-graduated pressure, the grapes yield their richest, purest juice for the best quality of wine. A second, severer squeeze brings out more juice, with some acrid liquid from the skin and stalk; and so the number two is obtained. A regular crush then gets out the remainder from grape and stalk, whose woody sap, flavoured with some berry juice, constitutes the third or common class of wine. Large vats for fermentation at first receive the liquor from the tub underneath the tap of the press. Men bear it thence in wooden vessels strapped to their backs. The casking follows. Within the staves it rests for months.

At bottling time there is a great exercise of prudence and taste. The distinction of flavours is made with caution and judgment. When filled, the bottle is put into a rack, with its neck inclined downward at a considerable angle. Day by day the bottle is carefully turned a little over. This is continued, perhaps, for six weeks before the dépôt or sediment gathers, after a spiral movement, and rests upon the cork. It consists of the sand and dirt from the grape, with a slimy substance upon which the wine is said to feed. When ready to be packed for exportation, it is necessary to throw off this dirt. Such a process requires considerable skill. A tub is set upright on a table, with a large cavity in its side; the artisan stands in front, draws off the cork, allows the sediment to fly off, and dexterously fastens up before the wine can escape with it.

This bottling for the sparkling wine is generally about April or May. It is after this, when the weather is warm, that active after-fermentation takes place, to the fearful destruction of glass and liquor. The explosions in these cellars are often very dangerous. Men employed there are obliged to wear leather guards and masks. It is the most anxious and distressing time for the manufacturer, as he may even lose 20 per cent of his produce. To remedy this, M. Canneaux has invented a bottle, for which he has a patent, and whose construction renders explosions extremely rare. He noticed that, in the cylinders of steam engines, safety lay in the uniform pressure by means of the shape. As the explosions took place in the foot of the bottle, that being uppermost, he formed it of a cylindrical figure. Instead of the deep indentations of the common bottle, his has a rounded-off edge, with just sufficient flat surface to stand upon. The academy has awarded him a medal of merit for the invention.

Of course, the main business of the wine-maker is to get cool cellars. I went down into a series of caves, excavations in the rock, most gloomy abysses, of successive storeys in depth. Long chimneys give ventilation. Above the surface they rise, like hooded well-covers,

Some are but covered with wire. Although accompanied by the son of the proprietor in my descent, and each provided with a candle, we were once fairly bothered to find our way out from this labyrinth of caves, lined with hundreds of thousands of bottles of wine.

Then the good stuff has to be prepared for the market. The English like it coloured and strong, while the Russians fancy it pale and sweet. An extra supply of alcohol is given to the one, and plenty of sugar to the other. The apparatus in the Dizy establishment for putting this mixture into the bottles is very ingenious.

Nowhere but in this district can champagne wine be made. The same vines planted in other parts of France, in Italy, Germany, and even Australia, may bear a better grape, but will never give to wine that peculiar flavour so admired. It is entirely owing to the constituents of the soil, which is essentially calcareous, but not chalky. This substance, too, makes admirable carreau, or sun-burnt brick, the material of which the houses and walls of the country round are formed, and which last for centuries. The silicious (flinty) fragmentary stones are broken for road metal, like the auriferous quartz of Victoria.

The Champagne merchants are princes. M. Moet, of Epernay, realises a fabulous income. M. Werlé, the possessor of the trade of Cliquot, for the name of which he pays £12,000 a year, is said to have £40,000 annually from his business alone, and a larger sum from his investments. Madame Cliquot, now 80 years of age, is declared to be worth two millions sterling. An inspection of the cellars and caves of these merchants will convince one of the wealth of their possessors. What geology does for Birmingham, Sheffield, Glasgow, and Bendigo, it does for Champagne; and accident, not research of philosophers, reveals the treasure, and develops the prosperity of the locality.

This year is very unfortunate for growers and manufacturers. Grapes there are, and of average quantity and size; but the quality, from the excessive rain of the summer, has suffered considerably. The grapes have not ripened, the juices are not developed, and good wine cannot be made. There will be plenty of inferior liquor, sour and ligneous, but none of the admired character.

The only thing that can be done is to make a wine to suit the market—to manufacture a champagne. In 1846 and 1858, the grape was in perfection. The wine, therefore, of those years must be mixed with the present vinegar production, and helped by sugar and brandy. Logwood, &c., will be in heavy requisition. Sugar is so dear, being very much dearer in this protected country than in England, that it would be ruinous to use much of that. Unfortunately, sulphate of lead has the same property, and is thought in Paris to be cheaper. Old wine, sugar, and brandy are put together, in certain proportions, into a cask, rolled about for thorough admixture, and the contents become ready for assisting poor wines to lift their heads in the world.

All this is very unfortunate for the first trial year of French wines in England. Never mind—they on this side will do the best they can for you. Be assured, however, that the wines will be neither "light" nor "cheap." For want of real wine, you must be content with something called wine, and a good percentage of alcohol is necessary. Thus you may have the usual quality supposed to attend cheapness. True, better wines will be costly. You will, however, be in no want of champagne. Gooseberries, &c., will provide you with plenty. A difficulty may be supposed to exist, from the want of the true cork of the genuine champagne merchant; but this is got over by the careful purchase of old corks from hotels, &c. Ingenuity, impudence, and fraud can supply the rest for the gents who must have champagne.

LETTER XVI.

TEMPERANCE IN EASTERN FRANCE.

EASTERN FRANCE has peculiarities of its own. In fact, France itself is so composite a nation that the Frenchman of one part is as different from his countryman of another district as from an Englishman himself.

In the Central Eastern—so to speak—we have a people very dissimilar to the North-Eastern, Eastern Extreme, or South-Eastern. Around Rheims, the ancient city, on the broad plains, an industrial agricultural population is scattered, contending with an ungrateful soil for their daily food, and reaping a better harvest on those occasional rises which permit the growth of vines. They are generally quiet, plodding, sober, conservative people; regular at church, and exemplary in their conduct. The inhabitants of the towns, especially of Rheims, have not the same characteristics. Not better educated—or but little better—they have not the same gentleness of behaviour, and are not so submissive to authority, be it legal or clerical. The existence of manufactories among them, chiefly of a spinning and weaving description, gives them many of those exponents of social character found everywhere to prevail more or less among operatives of their class. They congregate and talk, they combine and act. If not given to reading, they are fond of discussion; and their subject, as usual, is their real or supposed grievance of position. The restrictions of the press in France have not tied the tongues of Frenchmen; and in Rheims, as in all manufacturing towns, the democratic spirit is rife, and the influence of religion but slight. The favourite place for the discussion of political topics is the tavern. Sufficient excitement to this course is given in the workshop, and they hail with pleasure the evening hour, to enable them at leisure to carry on the interesting conversation. But what may, in some sense, have been originated from a love of talk, and a passion for agitation, becomes at length a physical necessity, and an inordinate craving. The café, the auberge, the cabaret, is thus sought for its own gratifications, apart from the question of company. To use the expression of a French political economist, "The cabaret is for them, above all things, a place where drink is sold."

I spent a week in that neighbourhood, and had the opportunity of learning much from an English resident conducting an extensive fabrique. I got acquainted with a very intelligent mechanic, a descendant of the Huguenots of the South, and heard his opinions. From all sources, this result was obtained—that intemperance prevailed, and that it was greatly on the increase. The drink was by no means confined to wine, but included brandy to a large extent. Under the influence of liquor, as much as through the appeals of demagogues, the Rheims men have proceeded on several occasions to riot and violence, particularly in the destruction of machinery, supposed to invade the rights of home and free labour.

Unable to visit Lille, the North-Eastern seat of factories, I found from inquiry that the amount of intemperance there was productive of much social misery, and was greatly in excess of previous times. The comparative dearth of wine drives the people there, it is said, to other and worse liquors, "which," says one of my French authorities, "gives to drunkenness a peculiar character of heaviness and brutishness."

At Rouen, the Northern manufacturing town, I observed the vice. French authorities describe it as given to "much drinking." One says that the workman "passes at the cabaret the greater part of his time when not at work." The atmosphere of their taverns is mentioned as worse than Lille itself. The atmosphere there is, if possible, attended with more degrading consequences. A curious fashion, however, prevails with

what are called the better class of citizens. They are thoroughly abstemious all the week, using only water at their meals, and never taking alcohol in any shape while at work; but compensate for this rigid sobriety by a regular debauch on the Sabbath. One Parisian author tells the following story:—Conversing with a very pretty young lassie, engaged at a mill, he found out that she was to be married to a young man whose principles were not exactly of the Father Mathew standard. Deeming her step one fraught with danger to her future happiness, and being interested in her welfare, he endeavoured to point out the indiscretion of her course. She received the advice in good part, but, like in most similar cases, was resolved to follow her heart in spite of her judgment. The gentleman was urging his case with the rather pouting damsel, who was most heroically defending her lover, and he added, "But he is a regular drunkard." "Oh, no, no!" she replied with great energy, "he only gets drunk upon Sundays."

Upon this large manufacturing population of North and North-Eastern France, few moral agencies are brought to bear. The men will not go to church, and too generally cherish opinions of a sceptical nature. But I was pleased to know that one auxiliary to virtue was in active existence among them. The Order of St. Vincent de Paul have extensive establishments there. They educate the children, they relieve the distressed, they visit the sick. If not decided missionaries of Temperance, they assiduously direct their attention most prominently to the prominent evil about them—drunkenness. I have been assured that they do inculcate the duty and necessity of Total Abstinence as the remedy for that terrible vice. They steal upon the hearts of the inebriate. They make no platform addresses, and circulate no printed appeals. But they take the occasion of sickness, when they call to administer comfort; they embrace the opportunity of distress, when they come with relief; they seize any chance, when the heart of the proud mechanician is bowed and softened, and then they employ their offices of gentle reproof and of persuasive appeal. I care not to be told that these Brethren and Sisters of Vincent de Paul are allied now with the designs of the hated Jesuits; I see, at least, that, while the poor and labouring classes of crowded towns are unheeded by their fellows generally, these quiet men and women are actively employed in the promotion of their temporal good. I cannot, therefore, but hail their philanthropic mission; and I do hope and believe yet to see that, when the claims of Temperance are more recognised in France, these will be our efficient and loving-hearted coadjutors in the Total Abstinence movement.

When at Strasburg, I found myself among a strictly German population. The province of Alsace has not been long annexed to France, and its sympathies, appearance, manners, religion, and language are wholly German. In the event of any collision between Prussia and France, serious inconvenience may be experienced by the Emperor in this very district. It is the great seat of Protestantism in France. The majority of Frenchmen, so called, are there Lutherans.

The country people are, as usual, remarkably different from the Strasburg residents. They are rough, ignorant, hardworking, but generally virtuous and sober, though by no means so sober as the agricultural population of Central and Southern France. It was with deep interest I looked upon the Alsatian hills, running parallel with the Rhine for eighty miles. There it was that the benevolent labours of Oberlin were known. In those pretty valleys his name is still a household word. Even the memory of his brother, whose funeral monument I saw, seemed more valued for the pastor's sake. Among those rural mountain haunts, also, were the remains of the very peculiar religionists, known as the Anabaptists

of the Vosges. Simple in their habits, singular in their attire, exclusive in their dealings, these remnants of the persecuted preserve, with their faith, the esteem of all for the sternness of their virtues. I was almost sorry, then, to be told that the factories were increasing among the mountains, as I feared the vices of the institution would go thither also. But I heard of the zealous labours of noble-minded manufacturers for the moral elevation of their workmen, and I felt that Oberlin had not sown seed in vain.

Circumstances are not so favourable in Strasburg itself; and it must be with particular relation to that city that the harsh language of M. Audigaune is to be applied:—"Drunkenness is the endemic vice of Alsace." The very fact that it is a common adage among them, The gentleman was urging his case with the rather pouting damsel, who was most heroically defending her lover, and he added, "But he is a regular drunkard." "Oh, no, no!" she replied with great energy, "he only gets drunk upon Sundays."

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But, as the best authorities assert, here, as in Britain, such moral declension is occasioned and is accompanied by indulgence in drink. It is that which lowers the moral sense of the male workmen. It is that by which he hopes to assail and undermine the virtue of his female co-worker. It is that, little by little, which subdues the moral strength of the girl. It is that which completes her ruin, and retains her in her shame. This is forcibly expressed by M. Parent-Duchatelet, who thus records the influence of drink upon his fair country-women:—"Sometimes it is a means to beat down the resistance of young girls who have preserved their virtue; sometimes, in developing and in taking the proportions of a true passion; it carries these young girls to prostitute themselves to procure the means to satisfy a taste which becomes irresistible." Thus it is that, in manufacturing towns especially, the sobriety of French women, elsewhere a proverb, yields to the seduction and degrading influences surrounding them. Their inebriety is at once a cause and an effect of the intemperance so alarmingly spreading among the factory men of France.

If intemperance continue to grow in that country at the rate acknowledged within the last ten years, the claim of being the most drunken nation of Europe will be soon contested with Britain by her ally across the Channel, in spite of many opposing circumstances, and notwithstanding the use of the "light wines of France."

LETTER XVII.

TEMPERANCE AND CRIME IN FRANCE.

JOHN BULL is generally regarded as the most conceited fellow in the world, Jonathan excepted; but occasionally he has morbid fits of dissatisfaction with himself, when he is disposed to think everybody better off than he. It is in such a humour that he looks upon France as the Paradise of Sobriety, the Light-Wine Eden. Again, as the *Times* faithfully reports to him all the murders, all the thefts, all the abominable things done in corners,—and the Paris *Moniteur* just don't give all such precise information of the vineland,—poor John rails lustily against the depravity of England, and extols the gentleness and honesty of his neighbour over the Channel.

Well, we will take a glance at the official records, and see what the French say of themselves. Their mode of keeping accounts is different from ours, and requires a little study. The reader must pick out the kernel as he can.

First, we have the Assize Courts. We learn that, thanks to the excellence of the police, cases of robbery have decreased from 2,411 in 1852 to 1,822 in 1857; while those of violence have fallen from 232 to 115. It must be remembered, however, that 1851 and 1852 were years of great misrule and excitement. But, on the other hand, we find fraudulent bankruptcies have risen from 72 to 105. Poisoning has gone from 25 to 36 cases. Infanticides have received an accession from 184 to 206. Charges of rape upon adults are 188 against 228; but that crime, when the victim has been child, has increased from 611 in 1852 to 650 in 1856. There has therefore been little change for the better in morality, where the supervision of the police is not so near at hand.

Crimes against property have fallen from 744 in 1826 to 659 in 1857. This is directly owing to improved police. But crimes against persons, which were as 256 in 1826, amounted to 393 in 1851, and 341 in 1857—a terrible lesson. This bears more directly to show the increase of drunkenness than anything else. Violence of this kind is more the product of that vice than is the pursuit of theft. A man must be somewhat sober to steal, but is in most cases excited by drink when led to commit an assault. A proof of the connection between crime and drink is seen in the fact that in France, where women seldom indulge, that sex only forms one-fifth of the criminal class. Moreover, the proportion of unmarried men is greatly in excess of the married.

A good deal of nonsense was written some years ago, about the excess of crime in the more educated departments of France, as an evidence that school training was not necessarily favourable to virtue. But it appears that, if such parts produced most criminals, it was not in consequence of their education, but rather because, as being commercial centres of population, more drink was to be obtained. Thus we find that, of 7,317 persons, 3,307 were completely illiterate, 2,630 had a slight knowledge of reading and writing, 1,022 could read and write, and only 358—one-twentieth part—had received a good education.

But there is a little more crime. In 261 Correctional Tribunals, no less than 187,769 *affaires* were brought before them in 1857, affecting no less than 229,467 persons. Of these cases, 35,737 were simple robbery; 11,909 for blows; 46,759 for infraction of the forest laws; illicit cafés, 1,504; false weights, 8,292; defamation, 3,533; violence to functionaries, chiefly when in liquor, 6,994; rebellion, 2,546, &c. Of these, 120,327 were punished with fines only.

The Tribunals of Police of that year had a heavy list. It was acknowledged to be a very great increase upon

former years, and included the majority of instances of intemperance. At the 2,681 tribunals there were settled 404,333 cases, concerning 536,834 accused. Of these, 471,571 were fined, and 30,542 were imprisoned.

To show the connection between crime and drink, I may here cite the statistics of Britain for 1857. There were punished 54,982 drunken men and 20,877 drunken women. The list of common outrages for that year stood thus:—47,166 men, 13,529 women. The excess of female criminals over France is thus accounted for, in spite of the generally assumed lower tone of female virtue among the French.

The Government at Paris are not blind to the fact that intoxicating liquors are directly or indirectly the cause of most cases of crime, and that the liquor-traffic is a decided nuisance to any commonwealth. But, with a people like these, any interference with their pleasures would be resented more fiercely than the infringement of their citizen rights. Taxes may be levied by a sham Parliament, and scarcely a complaint be heard. The press may be fettered, and few outward utterances urged. But touch a Parisian in the freedom of his enjoyments, and a revolution may be expected. What was it that precipitated the fall of Louis Philippe but his absurd attempt to prevent a public dinner being celebrated? Even the rule of Napoleon, strong and stern as it is, dare not trench much upon the indulgencies of the people. Only the other day, the rise of duty upon tobacco has excited such an unmistakable movement in the faubourgs of Paris as to make the Government uneasy.

How, then, can it be expected that drinking-houses would be checked, or too much burden laid upon the liberty of their evil practices? Especially is this apparent when one reflects that these places, in their multiplication and their infamous arts to promote the sale of their liquors, are as prominent a source of the public revenue as in Britain. But, notwithstanding all this, so urgent has been the call for some action in restraint, that a *prohibitory* enactment has been issued. Although I admit that it was not carried out very strictly, yet it is patent that it was held desirable and necessary for the Government to possess more power over those resorts of the idle and dissolute.

It may be said, also, that one class of evil only was thought of, and that it was to restrain that alone that the measure was adopted. Still the fact and principle remain the same. Napoleon saw the surging of the revolution around him, whose tumultuous waves sought the destruction of the very pillar of State, and not merely the maintenance of his own personal authority. He ascertained that the cafés were the hotbeds of rebellion; that there the conspirators met to concoct their plans; that, under the excitement of drink, every kind of disorder was welcomed; and he determined to charge these barricades against law and order. It was under the peculiar circumstances of 1851 that this ruler issued the following remarkable proclamation, which tells some strange truths in its preamble. I try a translation:—

"In the name of the French Republic,

"The President of the Republic,

"Upon the report of the Minister of the Interior,—

"Considering that the continually growing multiplicity of cafés, cabarets, and other places of drinks, is a cause of disorder and demoralisation;—

"Considering that, in the country parts especially, these establishments have become, in great number, places of meeting and affiliation for secret societies, and have favoured in a deplorable manner the progress of bad passions;—

"Considering that it is the duty of the Government to protect, by efficacious measures, public manners and public health;—

"Decrees:

"Art. I.—No café, cabaret, or other retail place of drinks to be consumed upon the premises, can be opened in future without the permission of administrative authority.

"Art. II.—The closing of these establishments designated in the first article can be ordered by the authority of the prefect, after condemnation for contravention of the laws and regulations which concern these professions, as a measure of public security.

"Art. III.—Any individual who shall open a café, cabaret, or retail place for drinking to be consumed upon the premises, without previous authorisation, or contrary to an arrest of closing, taken by virtue of the preceding article, shall be taken before the Correctional Tribunals, and punished by a fine of from 25 to 500 francs, and an imprisonment of from six days to six months. The establishment shall be closed immediately.

"Art. IV.—The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of the present decree.

"Given at the Palace of the Elysées, the 29th of December, 1851.

LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

A. DE MORYN."

This will be admitted to be a remarkable document. By some it will be classed along with Napoleon's decrees for the gagging of the press. There is one difference to be observed, however—that the difficulty of carrying out the first was greater than the last, as we find comparatively few instances of cafés being thus subjected to law. Although there appeared in the decree many fine and proper sentiments upon the immorality of the traffic, and the necessity of Government to shield the people from moral evil, yet we know that we are not to expect in Paris much official recognition of the abstract principles of virtue, however much they may regard public decorum.

LETTER XVIII.

TEMPERANCE IN PARIS.

THE longer I remain here, the more is the scope of my observations enlarged, and the better am I able to estimate the drinking propensities of the people. As politics are prohibited and religion is despised, there is nothing but amusement to occupy the public thought, and rule the public heart. Such may be said to consist of two objects—women and wine. The theatres, casinos, and other places of resort, are frequented for the first, and cafés for the last. The pictures attracting the attention of street strollers are delineations of enjoyment with one or the other. But I always notice the glass to be the prominent feature in association with lasciviousness. The favourite subject of the artist's pencil seems to be the connection of the two vices, so portrayed as not to repel by the outrageous grossness of either, but certainly to stimulate the animal passions in the highest degree. Over the walls of Paris now may be seen the advertising illustration of a work on life in Paris. There you have a company of young men and women carousing and love-making. They are all elegantly dressed, and the apartment is finely furnished. Various degrees of intoxication are there exhibited. One poor fellow is quite oblivious of what is passing; a *belle dame* is exultingly emptying a glass of wine down his neck. This is only one illustration of many.

They like to joke about drunkenness. One story I heard the other day. A man was observed lying down, very far gone, and muttering these words to himself: "They say a glass supports a man; here have I been drinking forty glasses and cannot stand at all." I was amused by an advertising picture at a tobacco-

nist's. A scottish-looking fellow is met by his wife, who begins at once to charge him with having been to the public-house. He defends himself, and says he has only been to buy a *Jean Nicot*. "What is that?" inquired she. Her sober partner replies, "It is a pipe, of such a kind that the smoker of it is never thirsty." "Pray tell me," says the anxious wife, "where that is to be got, and I will have a regular supply of it for you."

Yet, there is still the impression among travellers that none are drunk here. One told me to-day that he had been on the Continent for a year, and had seen less drunks than in one day in London. Taking this for one of the current wholesale remarks, I quietly asked him if he had ever seen ten men drunk any day in London. He was a little brought up, and admitted that he had not observed so many as that. "Nor have I seen so many in Paris," said I, "but one evening here I counted five drunk in the streets."

Interrogating a very sensible and pious Scotch mechanician, resident five years in France, I got this remark: "They are much the same as we are." As to men of his own class of labour, he considered those in France as drunken as the artisans of Scotland. There was a little difference between them, however; the one took a glass, and went to work, while the other spent hours at his tippling. Then, again, the British workman got on the spree, and then wrought like a horse to make up for lost time; whereas his French brother never had such an attack of industry before, during, or after a debauch. They take Saint Monday, and often Tuesday, though willing to work on Sunday forenoon, if not otherwise engaged at the café. Brandy, he said, was the favourite liquor with them. They drank wine when they wanted to sit long and lazily at their cups. They lived more miserably than their wages would suppose necessary, as they wanted much for drink. My friend from the North furthermore added, that being requested by his minister to give his view of the drinking question, he had written to say that the sober tale was a thorough delusion, though he admitted that they showed less than the English even if they drank more.

The married women of the lowest classes are, also, I am sorry to say, addicted to intemperance. As their London sisters, they like something *short*; but like brandy instead of gin. A small glass of this liquor costs a penny or three halfpence. At the dancing saloons for the common people, intoxication is not unfrequently seen among the females at the close of the exercise. Of course, this is to be expected with the most degraded of the class of prostitutes; but a sense of propriety from motives of worldly prudence, restrains others.

A large number of concert rooms, of the "free-and-easy" character, flourish in Paris. They are in or in connection with cafés. On a stage sit some beautifully-dressed girls, who sing during the evening. At tables the men place themselves to listen to them, chat among themselves, smoke their cigars, and drink what they prefer, from coffee to brandy, brandy being, by the way, drunk as well with the coffee aforesaid. At one of these establishments I saw nearly a thousand persons. The ladies, who were of a certain order, formed about a sixth of the whole. Here the variation was dancing for singing. I well remember, at the introduction of the polka, what a frightful cry of "Shame!" there was in Britain; and yet, after awhile, it made its way into society, and is now sanctioned in circles once resonant with condemnations of it. Whether the present popular dance of the "Rigolboche" here will get acknowledged among you, time will show. Let me describe it for the benefit of the curious, who are dying to know, but dare not ask. First, then, as to the music; it is about the most odd, eccentric sort imaginable, but really attractive from its

very singularity and intensity. The sexes form two long parallel lines. The gentlemen advance, throwing their arms and legs about in the most grotesque and extraordinary manner; at times squatting, springing up, jerking their arms, flinging their legs, and altogether making themselves highly ridiculous. The finale of all is pitching one leg upward and onward. The ladies act much in the same manner, aiming to destroy as much as possible the charm of grace supposed to belong to dancing. Some of them, I observed, well skilled in the accomplishment of the projectile force of limb. One succeeded in throwing her leg over a gentleman's head, which was slightly lowered for the dancing arch. She could easily throw up her leg as high as her head, without disturbing her equilibrium.

In the interval, the performers regaled themselves at the tables, as the others. All sorts of liquors were to be had, including also coffee and sugar-and-water. The ladies chiefly seemed to confine their drink to these non-intoxicants and beer and wine. The beer is brought in glass jugs, and drank from long narrow glass. Seltzer water is often taken with the wine. I must confess that, during the two hours I remained with that large assemblage, I did not notice any great impropriety, beyond the "Rigolboche" style of dancing. Many were excited, some highly so, but none drunk in the English acceptation of the term. It may be otherwise at a later hour, for I left at 10 o'clock. But the price of admission restricted the attendance to respectable people, so called. The ladies appear to pay a nominal subscription for entrance. They are the seduction for the gentlemen to spend their money there in drink.

The visitor in Paris cannot but be painfully struck with the dissipation of its inhabitants. And yet, over all the scenes of laughing pleasure and Bacchanalian extravagance, the shades of the past are hovering. But the sad and bloody reminiscences of history trouble not the heedless crowd, bent on the enjoyment of the passing hour. "Vive la bagatelle!" is the motto of the Parisians. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." It was always so. Amidst the massacres of the "Reign of Terror" they danced, even though around the guillotine. When, after the battle of Paris, the allied armies camped for the night in the Champs Elysees, the dance went on. The cholera spread its black wings over Notre Dame, and its blasting breath sent many home to the tombs of Père la Chaise, yet the Boulevards still echoed the laughing strain, and the jingling of wine glasses mingled with the wailing of widows. And now, with a chained press, a sham Parliament, a burdening debt, a decreasing population, a dead faith, they quaff the cup that gives oblivion to the past, a smile to the present, and forgetfulness of the future. Even on the Sabbath Day, sacred to repose and piety, the Parisians will crowd in many thousands to the Fête de Waters. Yes, like those sparkling drops, they laugh in the sunshine for an hour, and then pass by a dark passage to the gloomy sea of eternity.

To figures again. Here we have the tax upon vendors of liquors, graduating according to the population of the commune or district, those in the smaller paying less than the retailers of larger places. The number of establishments for sale is also appended:

Communes.	Francs.	Shops.
Under 4,000 population ...	6 each ...	223,754
From 4,000 to 6,000 ...	8 " ...	11,792
From 6,000 to 10,000 ...	10 " ...	13,432
From 10,000 to 15,000 ...	12 " ...	8,982
From 15,000 to 20,000 ...	14 " ...	7,460
From 20,000 to 30,000 ...	16 " ...	7,783
From 30,000 to 50,000 ...	18 " ...	7,122
From 50,000 upwards ...	20 " ...	13,964

In addition, there are the taxes and establishments of other traders. Thus—

	Francs.	Shops.
Distillers ...	10 each ...	2,309
Wholesale dealers ...	50 " ...	15,881
Brewers ...	20 to 50 " ...	3,168

Paris is not included in this account, as the tax there is collected upon the drink consumed. But assuming, as some say, that there are 20,000 similar places for sale there, we have in France a total of above three hundred and thirty thousands establishments for alcohol.

The wine duty varies in the departments from 60 centimes, or sixpence, to 120 centimes, or one shilling. The "right of consumption," so called, subjects retailers to a payment of about two shillings a gallon for spirits. The "right of retail" is 15 per cent upon the value of wine. Fruits preserved in brandy are subject to duty. Cider, poiré (from pears), and hydromel (from honey), pay but fivepence upon a hectolitre, or 22 gallons—a farthing a gallon. In 1856, charges were made upon 57,000,000 of gallons of these three light drinks, valued at about ninepence a gallon. In 1850, also, the "right of retail" upon wine was as follows:—The amount was levied upon about 83,000,000 of gallons. These were valued at 240,722,435 francs, and the duty, at 15 per cent, was 35,000,000, or about £1,400,000 sterling. Other payments upon this liquor brought the tax to nearly double that sum. There is, also, a beer duty on fabrication, or manufacture, amounting to two shillings a hectolitre (22 gallons) for strong beer, and sixpence for weak beer. In 1856, this duty was levied upon about 106,000,000 of gallons of the first, and 35,000,000 of the other. Then, again, there are "rights of entry," which are levied upon towns of less than 4,000 inhabitants. Besides the tax on drink in Paris, the citizens pay an entrance duty. The octroi of Paris was established in 1798. The tax was lessened by the Emperor in 1852, but the city funds received an ample compensation in the extension of the city boundaries from the old barriers to the walls of the town. The octroi is upon all imaginable articles—cattle, sheep, provisions, wood, iron, and furniture. For a beast, the charge is 4s.; a cow, 2s.; a calf, 9s.; a pig, 11s.; and a sheep, 3s. The increase has been very considerable. In 1809, it realised 19,984,982 francs, and in 1859, 53,863,487. Of the latter, the sum levied upon drinks was 21,731,185 francs. Wine in cask pays 4*d*. a gallon, but in bottles, 7*d*.; brandy, 10*d*.; cider, 1*d*.; beer, 1*d*. to 1*d*.

Thus we have the following quantities, in hectolitres of 22 gallons each:

	Wine.	Cider, &c.	Spirits.
Duty of circulation	5,849,682	968,410	...
Duty of retail consumption	3,780,474	2,595,181	295,661
Duty of general consumption	396,922
Duty of entrance at Paris	1,041,761	21,005	75,812
Duty of entry	4,202,935	1,245,655	252,838
	14,874,872	4,828,251	1,021,233

The duty upon beer and its sale realised in 1856 the sum of £5,900,000. Besides all this, there are licences or patents in Paris, which in 1816 came to 2,563,562 francs, and rose in 1846 to nine millions of francs.

I feel strongly tempted to ask pardon for troubling your readers to jump over so many figures; but I know Manchester has the reputation of being not only learned in arithmetic, but with a positive love for the numerals, especially when coming out strongly upon the credit side of the ledger. Such folks may possibly comprehend the interest with which social science men regard figures, unconnected with their own profit, but indicating the affairs of humanity. As I write for these gentlemen, as well as for the general public, I will not apologise for the occasional intrusion of statistics.

the far greater consumption of alcohol in Paris may be the provoking cause for its superior exhibition of the vices.

Reference has previously been made, in an earlier article, to the effects of the stimulation of a partial drunkenness in the production of a debauched moral sense. Now we turn simply to the class professionally belonging to the vicious circles.

M. Parent-Duchatelet says, "We must place at the head of the faults of prostitutes gormandizing and the love of wine and strong liquors. They contract this taste early, and this taste finishes by plunging some of them into the last degree of brutishness." Alas! if such can be said of the unhappy women on the streets of Paris, who so seldom appear to the stranger under the influence of liquor, what would our French author think of the habits of that class in London, Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester?

When reduced by necessity to live by this course, they know the auxiliary of drink is essential to their means of existence, and rely upon its aid as the chief provocative of that demoralisation of feeling which shall bring them at once victims and providers. Hence we have seen that in Paris the favourite liquor with the lowest of that class is punch. As an aggravation of the misery of the women, and a further plunging of them into intemperance, a French writer tells us that they are constrained to drink more than they would from another cause; for, says he, "men, knowing how strong drink aggravates syphilitic disorders, imagine that the girl who does not drink is only sober because she is ill; and they make her drink to assure themselves of her state of health." Need we wonder, then, that the same author adds, "Thus one sees them often, unable to regain their lodgings, sleep upon the steps of churches, under carriage entries, or fall in the midst of streets. Those who have preserved some trace of reason enter the guard-house, and are shut up there for the night." All this is certainly not applicable to the higher class of prostitutes in Paris, who know that excess would be prejudicial to their calling; but it marks the condition of the mass, and tends to destroy in them any hope of a return to the walks of virtue.

Strong and continued efforts have been worthily made to restrain this fearful evil in Paris. The order of St. Vincent de Paul have especially directed themselves to it. The male members of that community have sought, by instruction, by literature, by personal appeal, to act upon young men, particularly those of the working class. The female members, on the other hand, by domiciliary visits, endeavour to reach the hearts of the prostitutes themselves. Asylums are ready to receive them, and the language of affection and piety is employed to win them, if possible, to virtue and to God. But what says Duchatelet? "Drink alone has rendered fruitless these efforts of the Sisters of Charity."

The destruction of life among these unhappy girls, though unequal to that of our outcasts, is appalling in magnitude. If they suffer less, it is only because they drink less than those in the streets of London. For the same reason it is that their companionship, degrading as it is, is not so brutalising to youth as that of the more drunken and swearing prostitutes of Britain.

The lowest, coarsest, and most self-deteriorating associations of prostitution in Paris are found, as elsewhere, with the public-house interest. The very facility of opening such places in the capital of France increases the temptation to tamper with this foul means of extending business. In some parts of the city magnificent cafés may be seen, gilded and mirrored, in which men may call for any liquor desired, and be waited upon by beautiful women. These professed servants of the proprietor are,

in reality, of abandoned character. Their dress, manner, speech, and general demeanour, form attractions to the house, and provocations for expenditure. In all other respects, the establishment furnishes proof of its design. The *cabins noir* of Parisian taverns have a reputation that renders this city of palaces the hell of modern civilisation.

The police view such places as the dens of infamy. They are the refuges of blacklegs and thieves of all descriptions. Many women in some of these haunts are professed pickpockets, and add to the wealth of the tavern establishment by the three-fold products of robbery, drinking, and prostitution. We are assured that these exist in all parts of Paris. One French author says, "They are, so to speak, innumerable; but we find them particularly congregated in parts where the mechanics and low people congregate." He declares, further, "Drunkenness, which exists, so to speak, in permanence, in these sorts of *rénunions*, occasions them to give themselves up to those disorders which would never be allowed in the houses of ordinary prostitution."

According to a politic French law, women require to be licensed before they can exercise the trade of the streets. This enables the Government to enter their houses for the restraint of disorder and the prevention of disease. But in these taverns of Paris, called as they may be after the names of cafés, estaminets, &c., indulgence in vice is unchecked, the grossest violations of public decency are maintained, and the foulest of physical affections is propagated in the community, because the women there are masked as servants, though known by the police to be employed in another character. Truly has one remarked of these vile resorts, "There exists with regard to this an universal opinion, that the most badly-kept tolerated house is a model place beside these harbours of vice."

No words can be too strong in condemnation of this development of the licensing system of Paris. To those who are so enamoured of free-trade principles as to admire the English system of brothels and the French system of taverns, we cannot but commend this picture of the consequences of almost indiscriminate sale of strong drinks.

With such an exhibition of Parisian life, how can we wonder at the fact that marriages are so rare, that births are so uncommon, and that the illegitimate children about equal those of the legitimate! How can we help a conviction that France is not only corrupt, but that, decreasing in population as in virtue, it must gradually lose its prestige among the nations of Europe, and fall, in spite of its military glory, as a just retribution for its neglect of the organic and moral laws.

LETTER XX.

TEMPERANCE IN FRANCE.

In bringing my remarks to a conclusion, I must again mention certain results of my continental inquiries upon Temperance.

Drunkenness does not depend mainly upon the character of the liquor consumed. The German-French get drunk upon beer, the Breton and Norman-French upon cider, and the Parisians upon wine. The Southern French and the Italians do not get drunk, though using a wine of twice or thrice the potency of that upon which the Northern French will get intoxicated.

Drunkenness is chiefly confined abroad to the manufacturing districts with Teutonic, Latin, or Greek races, and much less than with the last two than the first one; while it prevails alike in the agricultural and manufacturing localities with the Celtic race, as the North-West of France.

Drunkenness is decidedly upon the increase abroad, according to statistics and the best social authorities. This is the case not where strong wines are produced, but in the region of the light, weak wines only. The growth of the vice is accompanied with a great increase of indulgence in beer and spirits; but this appears rather as an effect than a cause of the demoralisation. The evil is more deeply seated than the mere use of brandy. Intemperance there, as in Britain, is more from the operation of social circumstances, and especially, the existence of drinking customs, so called, from the congregation of masses, a low tone of morals, a strong development of animal energy, and the want of superior and suitable elevating agencies.

Drunkenness, though sustaining, and, to a great degree, originating, the *social evil*, is not necessarily the exponent of a people much given to incontinence; for the Southern Italians, though more sober than the Germans, are not, perhaps, equally virtuous in the family.

Wine, on the Continent, is necessarily an introducer to the stronger fluids. Fortunately, abroad, public sentiment among the virtuous is set in against the use of spirits; in this respect France and Italy present a superior moral development to North Britain. Where, however, that healthful and conservative influence is overwhelmed by other and lower associations, brandy and absinthe are used. It is found that wine, as the less seductive, begets that alcoholic furor, only to be fully gratified in the stronger drink. No drunken Frenchman began upon brandy.

The extension of commerce, and the march of intellect, seem to be connected abroad with the development of intemperance. The most prosperous and the best educated communities appear, unhappily, the most drunken. This may prove that the common usages of trade, and the ordinary character of instruction, are far from being according to a perfect model.

Railways, everywhere the great levellers of society, have not operated most favourably for the cause of sobriety in France. They convey less of the simplicity and virtue of the peasant to the town than of the pseudo-civilisation of the city, with its refinements and vice, to the rustic of the fields.

In the South of France and the country parts of Italy, by all testimonies, intemperance is little known; and yet there the common wine has twice and even three times the alcoholic strength of the North French and Rhine light wines. But two things must be borne in mind in relation to this subject, the physical constitution of the people, and the social circumstances of their being. They are gentle, and even weak to delicacy. They are a sparse, scattered population, seldom meeting in numbers. They are simple in manners, frugal in fare, unostentatious in appearance. They are occupied chiefly on their own little plots of land, which yield them no great supply, but yet furnish their home. It is true that their little farms excite the contempt of travelling English squires, the lords of broad acres, and brutish workmen; but if the small freeholder have not the subsoil plough and the reaping machine, he has independence, a contented mind, and a happy fireside.

With the natural bungling of fallen human nature, we somehow manage to convert the blessings of a progressive civilisation into some rather unsatisfactory social results. I fear, from my long state of isolated barbarism in the Bush of Australia, that I am no adequate judge in such matters. But I cannot help expressing my deep regret to find, after nearly twenty years' absence from Europe, that, alongside of an almost in-

credible increase of wealth, I see a serious extent of social degradation, a vast growth of insanity, and no small amount of national unhappiness.

But to France again. Do I, from my experience in this tour, recommend the introduction of French wines into Britain? Most emphatically, No! You have seductive agencies enough, without adding to them, though I do not believe for moment that the sour wines will ever be favourites with you, and the richer port and Burgundy have not contributed to your sobriety. Were you, having the same physical organism and the same social condition as the Southern Frenchmen, to mix your wine with water, and drink no more than they, and your women, like theirs, to be almost wholly Teetotalers, I should see no great necessity for Total Abstinence Societies; but until the circumstances are parallel, I prefer that my countrymen refrain from alcohol in any guise.

A word as to climate. I wholly and absolutely dissent from the opinion of those who make climate the test of temperance. It is rather a question of national physique and customs. The French Canadians are more sober than the British Canadians. The Spanish and Portuguese settlements of Asia and America have been in this respect very different from the English homes there. The English, Scotch, and Irish, have a drunken character, whether in the temperate, frigid, or torrid zone. The Americans of New Orleans—quite warm enough a place—are proverbial for their excess. The Australians, enjoying the mildest and most agreeable climate in the world, are by no means the most sober of colonists. The Englishman drinks to be cool in hot climates and warm in cold ones. He needs the inspiration of the glass in a damp and foggy region, and is provoked to excess by the stimulating effect of a joyous atmosphere. Oh, that we could, in the eyes of the world, recover from the shame into which we are fallen! Not all our commercial success, our military prowess, our religious development, will restore that national respect which we lose by our drinking customs of society.

The intemperance of the Continent cannot be reached by the same agencies which operate so favourably in Britain. For a long period, those countries have not enjoyed the right of self-government. The very municipal system itself is with them an imperial organisation. Public meetings, so common with us, are almost unknown with them. Associations for the development of social reform belong to the Anglo-Saxon alone—and to him, by the way, only during the last few years. The French have not our sense of individuality. They do not stand upon their personal dignity, nor have they a conception of their personal independence. They move in masses. The Englishman can be acted upon by individual effort, by solitary reading, by private thought. Such a mode of elevation is not open to his neighbour across the channel.

Temperance Societies, therefore, could not be worked there, from the abridgment of political freedom of action.

Meetings, though avowedly for the prevention and cure of drunkenness, would never be tolerated on the Continent. The want of experience in organisation, and the sort of inadaptability of the people for it, would be another cause of failure.

Government is the source of all action abroad. If the disseminator of evil, it can be the means of progress. The fiat of the benevolent Alexander releases 20 millions from chains. We so constitutionally disapprove of any centralisation, that we dislike the bother of the Health of Towns Commission, and grumble at the payment of two-pence a year tax for the public libraries of our towns. It is otherwise in continental Europe. They look to the capital for the initiation of everything. The Govern-

ment of France is so paternal that it has lately taken in hand the manufacture of lucifer matches, because they are so carelessly made by private firms.

We can and must look, then, to legislation abroad, where individual labour would perhaps satisfy at home. But, even in Britain, people are gradually finding out that private organisations and moral movements, are insufficient to accomplish the good desired; and they are glad of an imperial Parliament to secure them a Factory Bill, a Health of Towns Commission, public instruction, and the punishment of vendors of unseemly books and pictures. Some think, too, that as the licensing system of drinking is the cause of more evil than other things, the Government should be urged to grant the people permission at least to restrain the mischief in their own localities, if they pleased.

As the French look to Government for action, the philanthropist must look thereto for social improvements. The Emperor has already done something in the Temperance line. He has expressed his disapproval of the absinthe of students. This spirit, a coloured medicinal brandy, is the curse of the lower classes and the wilder medical and law students. A further step might be taken in restraining the number of drinking houses, in placing obstacles in the way of the manufacture and sale of the stronger forms of alcoholic drink, in reforming the worst cabarets, and by some enactments, to elevate the tone of morals, as well as by official discouragement of causes tending to degrade a people and dispose them more to the indulgence of intemperance.

I am aware this may savour something of the despotic character. But I am writing about Frenchmen. The moral movement is unsuited to their state; and the Permissive Bill, so agreeable to the British mind and political condition, would not be comprehended in France. A variety, so to speak, of the Maine Law seems best adapted to the circumstances of the drunken districts of France. I believe that, if Napoleon be ruler for another ten years, some very stringent law will be in exercise in the manufacturing towns of France, to operate upon the growing national curse.

I conclude my series of remarks by the citation of some passages from letters I received from French clergymen, in answer to a circular of mine from Paris. I sought to know their thoughts upon the Temperance question, in relation to the present condition of their own country.

A minister from the Southern Department du Gard thinks that intemperance, little at the best of times, is less than usual. This arises, he says, from that part of the country being poorer, through the failure of the silkworm; from the increased price of wine, through the greater exportation by reason of the new railways; and from the extension of Christian influence; and from the abandonment of the cabaret for the more refined café. He expresses himself wholly ignorant of the nature of Temperance societies, and then he oddly remarks, "I should prefer the establishment of Temperance societies of which the drunkard would consent freely to make a party."

The Rev. Louis Martin, of Calvados, declares of the vice, "I do not think it diminishes." He allows, however, that in that season there had been less excess, owing to the high rate of cider, the drink of the district, from the failure of the apple crop. With this admission, he is forced to exclaim of the drunkenness of his light-drink country, "But that which I see, and which afflicts me, is that it reigns in so many places; and everywhere, more or less, it makes its ravages." To another of my questions, he writes, "For many reasons I cannot enumerate, I have seen throughout France that Temperance societies have not taken." This is at least

an admission that some Frenchmen thought their people in want of those institutions.

The good man bemoans the evils of the tavern system, but looks in vain for help except in political movement, and in the authority of Government,—adding, “But of free action, public opinion, there is none; it is not exerted, as in your happy country.”

The Rev. — Runier writes to me—“Drunkenness is fatally spread in the industrial parts of France that I visit, and I believe the vice daily increases.” He places drunkenness as the first and strongest of impediments to his work of evangelisation in connection with the Protestant Church of France. “Sir,” he says, “the vice which forms the subject of your questions has consequences so ruinous for the individual, for the family, for society, that I am unable to write of them.” In his despair, he tells me, “I do not think, sir, that it is possible to establish in France Temperance societies as in England; that appears to me above everything impossible here, people having no desire to flee from drunkenness.” How can the worthy man fail to be shocked when he has an experience like the following:—“I know a little town of the Haute Marne, of 3,000 inhabitants, where one can count more than 50 houses of sale; it is a true calamity.” He then refers to the case of a servant who went with 70 francs into a café, and spent 60 in a few hours.

The next letter is from a clergyman of the Evangelical Church of Lyons, and gives quite another version. He is a type of a large class of ministers in England, who, content with preaching the gospel, see no occasion to step down from the pulpit to ameliorate the condition of their fellow-creatures. He is, like them, quite indignant at the condemnation of the “good creatures of God,” and cannot possibly “comprehend the anathema launched against wine.” He assures me that “the wines in France are a beverage, and not a liquid fire.” He sees no difficulty in men drinking thereof who would be disposed elsewhere to abstain from alcoholised liquor (*vin alcoolisé*). He has known hardly any cases for church discipline from drunkenness. He says they “do not drink as in England.” He is convinced, from information furnished him at the office of the prefecture, that intemperance is less.

All this is from a man of considerable social eminence as a Protestant divine, one of whose high character and intellectual superiority we can entertain no doubt, and whose opinion will carry great weight. We leave the chemist to explain to him that French wine, running up to 20 per cent, may be *vin alcoolisé*. As to the increasing sobriety of Lyons, upon the authority of the Prefect of Police, all I can say is that authorities do not agree, and that my own experience of that city’s temperance was

unfortunate. Eminent French writers declare that Lyons is not sober, and is growing *more drunken*. From respect to the man, and in fairness to the other side, I have given this clergyman’s testimony.

Among others, I wrote to a gentleman who, if not French born, has been most of his life in France, and who addressed me in English. He is attached to the Wesleyan Mission there, and deservedly esteemed for talent and usefulness.

He states that, from his experience in the South of France, “drunkenness is *not* a common vice in this country, and interferes much less with our evangelical efforts than immorality, the breaking of the Lord’s Day, &c. Indeed, in the South, where the vine is grown, and wine is the principal beverage of the country, drunkenness is almost unheard of, scarcely anything being drunk by the peasant but the common wine, generally diluted with water; but no gin, no spirits, no brandy. I have heard the remark over and over again, ‘one must be an Englishman or a fool to drink such strong stuff as brandy.’ In some villages, even the women will not touch the wine, and drink nothing but water.”

This is a remarkable testimony. When removed, however, to the North of the country he finds the case very different. The sobriety of France suddenly disappears; but this he ascribes chiefly to “the presence of many Englishmen of the working classes, whose drinking habits are such that we have here a proverb, viz:—‘to drink like an Englishman.’”

His personal habits are referred to. I mention them in the hope that the example of such a man may be followed by others who cannot see their way all at once to Teetotalism. These are his words:—“I usually drink at my dinner a little French wine mixed with twice as much water, and find it a very cooling and refreshing beverage; but whenever I get my foot in England for a visit, I become there a practical Teetotaler, experience having taught me that the wines drunk in that country and the beer are too strong for my head, not to mention the brandy, gin, &c., which I never touch anywhere.”

I have now completed my sketches of “Temperance in France, Switzerland, and Italy.” Conscious of many imperfections in my story, I feel that I have striven honestly to set the truth before my fellow-countrymen. Some of my expressions and conclusions may, perhaps, be thought unreasonable or unsafe by some of my Teetotal brethren. At any rate they are only personal views, and were often received against my own preconceived opinion. Facts, as they came before me, have been simply told. How happy shall I be if anything I have said shall excite in the patriotic breast a desire, by personal effort, to remove the foul stain from our national reputation—the *intemperance of Britain!*

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