

"Wat—me get taken down. Just look at this," and so saying our heroic countryman—who, by the way, was a powerful fellow—seized hold of a ponderous armchair, which he easily extended at arm's length. "There," he triumphantly exclaimed, as he dropped the chair and staggered back, "jest tell me 'f u ken dew that (hic) ere. I tell you 't 'll take a crowd 't take me (hic) down."

He was still urged upon to take care of his money, and also of himself, but he still continued to exhibit feats of physical strength, and to assert that he "couldnt be taken down."

Now see the sequel. In three days from that time our "wide-awake" countryman was conveyed from the jail to the Police Court, chained to two miserable looking companions, with his clothes which three days before were new, torn, and besmeared with filth, his face and hands bruised and blacked, and his pockets as when they came from the hands of the tailor.

Physical strength may do in some cases, but we assure our country friends it is *nothing* when taken in tow by *Boston Rum*!—*Daily Commonwealth*.

Rum on the High Seas!

If all the ships that have been wrecked on shore, or foundered at sea by the influence of intoxicating drinks could be raised, restored, or again set afloat, they would, moored side by side, cover all the bays and harbors into which they were originally launched, and by far exceed the tonnage of all the present warlike and commercial navies of the world! Many thousands and thousands of wine bibbers, brandy drinkers, and beer guzzlers, have had either fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, relatives, friends, or fortunes, all plunged to the depths of the ocean by the alcoholic God of their idolatry, and at the same time have been seen sneering at the temperance, and philanthropic efforts of those, who were trying to save them, their country, and their fellow men from the continuation of such frequent, fatal, and terrible calamities.—Those who are going, or have friends on their way to Europe, during the present "*World's Fair*" season, may obtain some idea how the ordinary dangers of the sea are multiplied and augmented by the wine-cup in the cabin, and the rum-bottle in the fore-castle, from the perusal of the following extract from "No. 1" of a series of able letters upon "*TEMPERANCE IN EUROPE*," by an American traveller,—"*J. W. H.*,"—now in course of publication in the *Gardiner Fountain and Journal*, viz:—

No traveller can leave New England and sojourn in Europe, without observing the difference between the habits of the different people on this important subject. He sees it first of all, in the steamer or packet in which he sails. He does not, frequently, see the captain for a day or two after leaving the harbor, and when the pilot takes his leave of the vessel, he does so with great difficulty.—The sailors are more than half drunk, for half are wholly drunk, and the rest are more than half drunk. As the ship heels away from the wharf the men perform their duty with the greatest difficulty, in some instances falling down, and being carried below, to be laid on the shelf until they become sober, and in other cases performing their duty in so bungling a manner as to bring down the wrath and fists of the mates who, though at that time they dare not come on board unfit for duty in the ordinary sense of the phrase, are under the influence of alcohol as much as to render them brutal, and careless of those under their command.

I left New York in the noble steamship *Washington*, and we had not cast off from the wharf when the second mate inflicted a blow on the face of a sailor, (not half so drunk as himself,) which he carried with him to Europe. The engineers, firemen, sailors, and officers were more or less frequently drunk,—to say nothing of the passengers. I have seen,

again and again, a mate on duty, unfit for his office,—so drunk, in fact, that he could not walk straight, and after being a laughing-stock to the sailors, and an object of disgust to all the decent passengers, he has been beckoned below by another officer, and prevailed on to go to his berth and sleep off his beastly condition.—On one occasion I left my state room in the morning and stumbled over the body of the second mate, lying literally dead drunk at my door, right in the gangway.

Indeed it is no exaggeration to say, that a great many of our packets and steamers are floating grogeries of the worst description. All sorts of liquor can be purchased, and are drank freely, so that frequently the cabin out of which the state rooms open, is in a condition of the lowest disorder and most violent uproar, more than Burns's

"Wee short hour ayont the twal!"

If the steamer in which I took passage is a fair sample of those which ply the Atlantic, then it is strictly true that they are floating *Rummies*. Can it be a matter of marvel that so many vessels are lost at sea? How many a ship, well appointed, stanch and strong, well manned and all right to battle with the seas, has left port, with a fair wind, and its white wings set to play over the wide seas, and of which, after years, perhaps, of watching and waiting, came at last the only report "foundered at sea,"—while if the truth could be well known, it would be that the venomous worm of the still had eaten through her oaken timbers and sent her, with all her precious lives to the bottom, "unknelted, uncolfin'd and unknown." How many a poor fellow has been blown from the giddy mast or washed overboard in a gale, who, had he kept his wits about him, would have saved his life? There are no people on earth who inflict more evil on themselves, and who destroy more life and property by means of alcohol, than those who "go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters." It is positively dangerous to entrust one's life to gas of the great steamers or packets in crossing the Atlantic, although nominally sailors are not allowed grog, yet I noticed on board the steamer in which I took my outward passage, and the packet in which I returned, that each sailor carried enough liquor to last him several days, and after it was gone, there were always passengers who would give or sell to them. Though I was forty days in returning, there were sailors drunk two or three days before we arrived,—and yet, "no grog was allowed!"—*Massachusetts Cataract*.

Flames, and Death in the Bottle!

How manifold, and ubiquitous are the blessings of the bottle? How its leathern contents are constantly shedding peace, plenty, and protection all over the land! How loud and exultant should be the song of praise to *Alcohol* and *Sammon*,—the Gods of their idolatry,—by the rum-sellers and their sympathising supporters in all parts of the Union, over the immolation of twelve human victims,—a whole family,—in the midnight flames of an Indian dwelling, fired by the benign and beautiful torch of the omnipresent, and all but omnipotent, angel of the still-house,—wine-press,—and brewery! How will they, and the *stand-still-and-do-nothing* friends of temperance, either directly, or indirectly, shout in full chorus the great and glorious achievements of Rum, as they simultaneously read the following paragraph from the *Indiana Argus*, viz:—

RUM, AND 12 PERSONS BURNED TO DEATH.

A terrible calamity occurred in Harrison County, Ind., one night last week. It appears an Irishman, named John Hanagan, invited his neighbors to what is called a "house-warming." He was seen about eight o'clock in liquor, and it is supposed that a portion of the family—consisting of John Hanagan, his wife and six children, Mrs. O'Donnel,