

"There is no friendship amongst the wicked." A friend, a teetotaler, embraced this opportunity to speak, and to deal faithfully with him; and it seemed to have the desired effect, for although a drunkard, he was still susceptible of feeling; yes, he felt his condition, and he declared that if he got out of this present trouble, he would go to meeting and take the pledge. He got released, and the man was as good as his promise. The change which this step occasioned was immediately perceived; his neighbours, yea, and all that had to do with him, rejoiced, but none had more reason to rejoice than himself. For many months he maintained his integrity, resisting temptation, and striving against his inmost foe. In order to avoid his old companions, he purchased a canoe, and upon the peaceful bosom of the lake, which washed the shores of the village, he spent many of his leisure hours fishing. He was very successful in this new occupation, and when he happened to catch an unusually large fish, he generously made it a present to a gentleman who resided there. But upon one occasion he called after having been exposed the whole afternoon to heavy and continued rain; the gentleman pitied his drenched appearance, declared he would get his death by cold, and immediately ordered a tumbler of brandy to be given to him; but the poor man started at the word brandy, and stoutly refused, declaring he was a total abstainer, and that drinking had been the cause of all his past sorrows. The lady of the house being present, and seeing the poor fellow boldly refusing her husband, took the fatal tumbler with its contents, and assuming a most winning smile, presented it to him, saying at the same time, "Will you not take it from me?" There is a mysterious something about a female, which sometimes unman's men. The influence which they exert is truly powerful; her laugh, her very smile, yes, or her frown, tells mightily upon man's present, future, and eternal welfare. A man may fearlessly approach the cannon's mouth, but ah! that teetotaler is in a perilous situation when he confronts a lady with a tumbler of brandy in her hand! That fatal hour sealed his doom; he fell into greater lengths of degradation and crime, and that man's case was truly worse than it was before. His poor wife again became the subject of ill treatment, and his child fell a victim to ill usage, and shortly died. He, the unfortunate slave of intemperance, sunk in his own estimation, as well as in the estimation of others. Hope, that buoyant spirit, which lifts the soul over many, many difficulties in this troublesome and chequered life, at last took its everlasting flight. Seized with despair, he came to the horrible resolve to put a speedy termination to his existence. O the tremendous thought! to hurry, uncalled for, the guilty soul into the presence of his inexorable Judge, who hath pronounced, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven." He attempted to blow his brains out, but in so doing he blew off the lower part of his face, all his under jaw and part of his throat, rendering himself one of the greatest and most hideous spectacles to behold. In this awful situation he lingered for many days, suffering extreme pain from the acute nature of his wounds; but O the indescribable agony of that man's mind! his sins truly going before to judgment. At length the brittle thread of his existence snapped asunder, being unable to bear up any longer. But O! the immortal spirit! the never dying soul! Alas, for another victim of intemperance! Over each angel weep.

By publishing the above, which is true in every particular, you will oblige

ONE OF THE REFORMED.

## News.

In domestic news we have nothing to notice, beyond the political activity incident to the general election, which was announced in an extra Gazette early last week. Both parties are sounding the note of preparation loud and long; and both are rushing into the field with high hopes of victory. It is to be hoped the country will thrive in its best interests—religious, moral, and social—whichever party obtains power.—*Witness.*

The weather has been very extraordinary for the season, a rapid thaw having taken away all our snow and ice, and left the ground as soft as in the month of April. Indeed, for two or three days the weather has not been colder than it is sometimes in the month of May; and we have noticed that the buds upon some shrubs give every indication of speedily bursting into leaf. The navigator is, of course, perfectly open.—*Ibid.*

DARING ROBBERY.—One of the most ingeniously planned and daring executed robberies of which we lately remember to have heard, was committed in open day-light, in this city, on Monday last. In the course of the afternoon of that day, Mr. Seely, Exchange Broker in St. Francois Xavier Street, had occasion to leave his office for an hour, and this short absence was taken advantage of by some expert thieves, who had evidently been on the watch, to enter his office by means of false keys, and abstract from the window and drawers upwards of six hundred and fifty dollars, with which large booty they effected their retreat unnoticed, although at that hour, (about three o'clock), there must have been numbers of people passing through that generally thronged thoroughfare. On discovering the extent of his loss, Mr. Seely immediately put himself in communication with Captain Wiley, who, with his customary promptitude, instantly scattered his myrmidons right and left, on the clue to the whereabouts of the audacious depredators. No trace was discovered until about an hour and a half from the time of the robbery, when Colombe, one of Captain Wiley's detective force, whilst passing through a street in the Quebec Suburbs, observed two young men, one of whom was known to him as a suspicious character, driving in a sleigh at a quick rate, but who, on observing Colombe, appeared a good deal confused, and stopping the sleigh they paid the driver, and disappeared in one of the cross streets. On Colombe's asking the sleigh-driver why they went off in such a hurry, he said he did not know, but they appeared in great trepidation, and had paid him half a dollar for only driving them from the Bonsecours Market. On Colombe's communicating his suspicions to Captain Wiley, the one he had recognized, whose name is Cameron, and well known to the police, was quickly traced to his lodgings, and captured by Sergeant McCormick. It being thought probable that his accomplice, to whom there was, as yet, no clue, would endeavour to communicate with him during the evening, a watch was set near Cameron's lodgings. Accordingly, about eight o'clock, he appeared, and after some resistance was apprehended by Colombe and police-officer McMann. His name is McMullen, by trade a blacksmith, and, evidently, the fabricator of the false keys by which the robbery was so adroitly effected. The greater part of the stolen cash was found upon their persons at the time of their capture; Cameron had on him about seventy, and McMullen about fifty. They had, apparently, contemplated a determined resistance had they not been taken so completely unawares, as they were found amply provided with loaded pistols, bowie knives, &c., but which, fortunately, owing to the superior tact shewn by the police, they had not a chance to use. They were brought up yesterday, for examination, at the Police Court, when Mr. Seely's deposition was taken, and they were fully committed for trial. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the exertions of the police, and especially to police-officer Colombe, who, from the perseverance with which he ferreted out the slight clue he obtained, was, under the judicious instruction of the Chief of Police, mainly instrumental in the apprehension of the perpetrators of this daring robbery, within four hours from the receipt of the information at the police office.—*Gazette.*

SOMEWHAT REMARKABLE FOR THE 8TH DECEMBER.—Last evening, about five o'clock, three barges arrived from Kingston, laden with about 3500 barrels of flour; they were towed into the Lachine Canal by the Lord Stanley steamer.—*Transcript.*

Extract of a letter addressed to Mr. A. Fraser, dated Green Island, December 2, 1847:—"On Tuesday twenty large vessels passed here on their way down. Some of them had been wind-