

meurtre sur les menaces de McDermot, qui lui avait promis de l'épouser aux Etats-Unis.

Comme on pouvait s'y attendre, le Juré présent à l'enquête trouva James McDermot coupable d'homicide volontaire pour le meurtre de Thomas Kinnear, Ecuyer; et rendit un même verdict contre lui et Grace Marks pour le meurtre de d'Anne Montgomery et passa une résolution approuvant la conduite de Francis Boyd, Ecr., M. J. Newton, George Burnett, Ecr., F. C. Capreol, Ecr., Alex. Ogilvie, Ecr., et Mr. Kingsmill, qui, par leurs louables exertions, amenèrent les criminels à la justice.

NOTRE PETIT PÔT POURRI.

Personne n'a pu ou, comme nous aimons à le croire, n'a voulu se donner la peine de résoudre nos questions, il nous reste donc à leur répondre nous-même.

Quand la malice méite-t-elle notre pitié? Lorsque'elle n'est pas une infortunée (malice-heureuse).

Pourquoi la presse tory vomit-elle tant de terribilités? Parce que sa langue est anglaise (En glaise.)

En quoi se ressemblent un Européen et un Maure tous deux sous la domination de Bacchus! En ce qu'ils sont moites-ivres (Maures ivres).

Pourquoi le parti anti-canadien est-il comme les trois premières lettres de notre Alphabet? Parce qu'ils sont abaissés (A B C.)

Voyons si les amateurs de devises pourront trouver les solutions aux demandes qui suivent:—

Pourquoi le limaçon est-il adonné à la réflexion?

Pourquoi les dames sont-elles reconnaissantes des attentions qu'on leur prodigue?

Pourquoi un petit homme d'esprit approche-t-il du caractère d'un fou?

Pourquoi le Herald est-il comme une médecine?

"Mon cher ami, tu ne manges point; où est donc ton appétit?" disait à tout moment un Mr. à son ami qui dînait avec lui. "Eh, pardieu! mon cher, ne me dis donc pas cela sans cesse?" répondit l'autre impatient, ne te fâche pas, je te le dis parce que tu es sans faim." Répliqua son officieux ami.

Les demoiselles industrielles paraissent aimer le jeu: elles s'attachent tellement au dé.

Quoique nos ennemis se plaisent à dire que notre langue et tout ce qui s'en suit, est en décadence, il ne faut pas s'en effrayer, car, sachez que nos dames la soutiendront par la leur.

JOHN BULL'S CORNER.

AWFUL EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.—It is our melancholy duty to announce the tragical and untimely end with which a friend dear to us hammet. He entered this life with buoyant hopes and a light heart: how sadly he has been disappointed! He was borne but last Friday (the unlucky day!) it was the "LILLE POST"—the lamented subject of this article—first opened his little eyes to the light of the heavens. What visions of fun and pence gladden'd him; but, oh! hollowness of worldly expectations! these visions disappeared like the dew before the sun and left the POST with a press of steam, which being thus confined, caused a terrible explosion, knocking our cheri-hed friend into another world! It is but too true, that his hopes were as himself, ungrounded, and to that must be attributed the heart-rending catastrophe. We deem it a duty to his memory to allow his ghost a nook in our columns: he may yet in his glib delight the reader with his jokes

THE MONTREAL TORY PRESS.

OUR PRESS-IOUS LEADER.

The Press, the Tory Press we sing,
Which, with sheets not content
Desires to press down under foot
Th'oppressed "habitant."

Those organs of the public vice
By men of notes are bought
And for a hand-sum compliment
Grind tunes, so much per lot.

These grinding Editors so fond
Of measures harsh-are they,
As their dire instruments they wish
To grind their enemy.

But now, a mighty change is worked
In things political.
That Press to its old rules doth stick
Though it feels rather small!

The members of that learned club,
We must consider now:
Particular notice they deserve
From our Muse, we avow.

First comes the HERALD fierce and bold,
Which armless man alarms:
It equals scarce, good old Rome's geese
Which waken'd it to arms.

For a long time, we understand,
For head it had a heart!
And 'twas the repertory too,
Of "wonders of (one) art!"

And when it blunder'd some, the jade,
It well and loudly plead,
The fault was not of its dear heart
But quite of its poor head!

Once by a parson's mind 'twas stored,
But he was soon dismissed:
He nearly was the Herald's death—
Dead, it wouldn't have been missed.

The Herald for its courage's called
Don Quixote of the Press!
'Tis easily proved 'tis no quick-sot,
But slow-sot 'tis no less!

Old mother GAZETTE's turn 'tis now
To be pulled o'er the coals:
So old, she is a subject dry,
The best of antiquated souls.

She was, as all the town doth know,
Bookseller's property:
She, still, retains her character—
She is stationary!

She's laid aside the armour old
She used in paper-wars.
At all she scolds, and oft' is found
Plung'd deep in fam'ly JARS!

Now 'bout the COURIER here's a word,
And its heads which are two:
Cerberus, thus resembling much,
And by its barking, too.

'Tis said to be "a fleetly show"—
About that there's no doubt.
A myst'ry 'tis, the Courier's fleet—
On its quick down-hill rout!

It is not under the control
Of a bright, second Swift!
One of its stars should have been pressed,

And his, a sailor's shift!

The TRANSCRIPT is a full-grown one
Among these big brass-guns:
'Tis never written in a trance—
The heat it so much shuns.

But, ah! good Muse, in weeping weeds
Clothe thou thy merry brow!
With doleful lines, a woeful fate
We have to record now!

The ashes of the MESSENGER:
Call forth our bitterest tears!
It was a youth so promising
And of so tender years!

It is agreed upon "by best
Informed circles" here,
That its precocious growth prepared
Its early, easy bier!

Under a press of business
You see we have contriv'd it
To write about the Tory Press—
"A PRESS-SURE IN THE MARKET!"

OUR DISH OF TIT-BITS.

As no one would or could not solve the conundrums of the late Post, for the sake of public information we give them their answers.

Why are coals and ambition alike? Because they burn in the grate. (guat.)

Why are our modern belles like printers? Because they "make-up their firms!"

No wonder our neighbours, the Yankees, are such 'cute fellows, cents (sense) being in such circulation amongst them.

"I'm altering the course of my life," as the man said when about to hang himself.

"I feel for you," as the blind man said to 'other blind 'un, when both were travelling together.

What measure would a tailor use to clothe a tall man? Long measure.

HORACE NELSON, M. D.

Bureau avec celui du Dr. WOLFRED NELSON.
Encoignure de la petite rue St. Jacques, rue Saint Laurent. j—10.

MAISON DE PENSION.

QUELQUES Messieurs peuvent se procurer pour un prix très-moderne, des logements plaisamment situés, en s'adressant au-dessus du magasin de Mr. McMahon, N^o. 197, rue Notre Dame, presque vis-à-vis l'Eglise des Recollets. j 1.
Montréal, 1^{er}. Août, 1843.

MAGASIN A BON MARCHÉ.

LE Scassiné a l'honneur d'informer ses amis et le public en général, qu'il a ouvert dernièrement un magasin de marchandises sèches, sur la rue Notre Dame, vis-à-vis le Palais de Justice, consistant en un grand assortiment de toutes sortes de marchandises, dont il disposera à des prix extrêmement réduits.

Montréal, 1^{er}. Août, 1843. M. DESNOYER. 6-1.

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