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# THE PAUL PRY.

"I HOPE I DON'T INTRUDE."

Vol. 1. No. 1.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1844.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

## LOITERINGS OF ARTHUR O'LEARY

FRAGMENT V.—MR. O'KELLY'S TALE.—PART I.

"I can tell you but little about my family," said my host, stretching his legs to the fire, crossing his arms easily before him. "My grand-father was in the Austrian service, and killed in some old battle with the Turks. My father Peter O'Kelly, was shot in a duel by an attorney from Youghal. Something about nailing his ear to the pump, I've heard tell a process, or something of the kind. No matter—the thief had pluck in him; and when Peter—my father that was—told him he'd make a gentleman of him and fight him, if he'd give up the bill of costs; why the temptation was too strong to resist—he pitched the papers into the fire—went out the same morning, and faith he put in his bullet as fair as if he was used to the performance. I was only a child then, ten or eleven years old, and so I remember nothing of the particulars; but I was packed off the next day to an old aunt's, a sister of my father's, who resided in the town of Tralee.

"Well, to be sure, it was a great change for me, young as I was, from Castle O'Kelly to Aunt Judy's. At home there was a stable full of horses, a big house, generally full of company, and the company as full of fun; we had a pack of harriers, went out twice or thrice a week, plenty of snipe shooting, and a beautiful race-course was made round the lawn: and though I wasn't quite of an age to join in their pleasures myself, I had a lively taste for them all, and relish-

ed the free-and-easy style of my father's house, without any unhappy forebodings that the amusements there practised would end in leaving me a beggar.

"Now my Aunt Judy lived in what might be called a state of painfully-ellegant poverty. Her habitation was somewhat more capacious than a house in a toy-shop, but then it had all the attributes of a house. There was a hall door, and two windows, and a chimney, and a brass knocker, I believe and a scraper; and within there was three little rooms, about the dimensions of a mail-coach each. I think I see the little parlour before me now this minute; there was a miniature of my father in a red coat over the chimney, and two screens painted by my aunt landscapes, I am told, they were once; but time and damp had made them look something like the moon seen through a bit of smoked glass; and there were fire irons as bright as day, for they never performed any other duty than standing on guard beside the grate, a kind of royal beef-eaters, kept for show; and there was a little table covered with shells and minerals, bits of coral, conches, and cheap curiosities of that nature, and over them again was a stuffed macaw. Oh, dear! I see it all before me, and the little tea-service, that if the beverage was vitriol, a cup full couldn't have harmed you. There were four chairs, human ingenuity couldn't smuggle in a fifth. There was one for Father Donnellan, another for Mrs. Brown, the post mistress, another for the barrack master, Captain Dwyer the fourth for my aunt herself, but then no more

were wanted. Nothing but real gentility, the 'ould Irish blood,' would be received by Miss Judy; and if the post mistress wasn't fourteenth cousin to somebody who was aunt to Phelim O'Brien, who was hanged for some human practice towards the English in former times, the devil a cup of bohea she'd have tasted there. The priest was 'ex officio' but Captain Dwyre was a gentleman born and bred. His great grand-father had an estate; the last three generations had lived on the very reputation of its once being in the family: 'they weren't upstarts, no sorrow bit of it;' 'when they had it they spent it,' and so on, were the current expressions concerning them. Faith I will say that in my time in Ireland—I don't know how it may be now—the aroma of a good property stood to the descendants long after the substance had left them; and if they only stuck fast to the place where the family had once been great, it took at least a couple of generations before they need think of looking out for a livelihood.

"Aunt Judy's revenue was something like eighty pounds a year, but in Tralee she was not measured by the income tax. 'Wasn't she own sister to Peter O'Kelly of the castle; didn't Brien O'Kelly call at the house when he was canvassing for the member, and leave his card;' and wasn't the card displayed on the little mahogany table every evening, and wiped and put by every morning for fifteen years; and sure the O'Kelly's had their own burial ground, the 'O'Kelly's pound,' as it were called being a square spot enclosed with a wall, and employed for all

trespassers of the family within death's domain. Here was gentility enough in all conscience, even had the reputation of her evening parties had not been the talk of the town. These were certainly exclusive enough, and consisted as I have told you. Aunt Judy loved her rubber, and so did her friends, and eight o'clock every evening saw the little party assembled at a game of 'longs,' for penny points. It was no small compliment to the eyesight of the players, that they could distinguish the cards, for with long use they had become dimmed and indistinct.

To be Continued.

THE  
PAUL PRY.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCT. 3 1844.

TO THE PUBLIC.

It is customary on assuming the charge of a public point to state what tone we intend to adopt. In compliance with custom we have the honor to lay before our readers the following synopsis of our opinion on matters and things in general. We shall not enter into a long "exuberation" as the limits of our little sheet preclude the possibility of doing so.

We are not the tool of any faction, or the dumb slave of any set of paid patriots. We intend to hold up to public admiration a liberal interpretation of that Constitution under which it is our boast to live.

We hate Tyranny in any shape harder than a horse can kick. On the subject of Responsible Government we shall not commit ourselves, but shall wait patiently until the voice of the people is known, and if the result of the approaching election is favourable to the

Ex-ministry, we shall prostrate ourselves before their shrine, and if on the contrary the country supports the Governor General, why in such an event we shall hurrah for old Square Toes, and the loyalty of Dominick Daly will be but a trifle compared to the loyalty we shall display, at present the public will bear in mind we are at present like many Office seekers on the fence.

We shall go the big figure against the "Repeal of the Union," as it has a remote tendency to infringe upon the conubial rights of the Ladies, whose cause we hereby volunteer as a champion.

We vote for the total "obsturnation" of soap locks, big whiskers and ferocious looking moustaches.

We are decidedly averse to all kinds of straps for pantaloons, shall also on all proper occasions cause they impede locomotion, and oppose the introduction of dandy canes, as they are in fact a positive nuisance, and moreover an insult to the regular Irish shilchah.

We have defined our political sentiments. We are also happy to inform the public that we have no local prejudices. For instance we do not absolutely believe that Mr. Hincks is a 'hyena,' or that Messrs. Bellingham and Develin are 'rats,' or the Editor of the Times the Genuine original "Grey Ass" &c. We likewise should wish to have positive proof that Mr. Barthe is a 'donkey,' or Mr. Daly a clever fellow. Let us have proof then, but not till then, we shall be convinced.

In conclusion, we shall stick to our principles—provided we are not purchased by one of "Charles Theophilus" stereotyped ten pound

donations—by the bye ten is not a lucky number with the Churches, and time will prove it. We will be candid to admit, that on one occasion we were offered 'one' whole Dollar to write against the "Pilot"—but as no cigars were mentioned we declined. We say boldly that nothing less than the Crown Lands, or Provincial Secretaryship will compel us to sell our Birthright.

Hoping to meet your support and approbation,

Dear Public—Adieu.

PITY THE SORROWS OF A  
POOR OLD MAN!!



The great MONSTER MEETING which it was prophesied would greet Mr. Viger, turns out a regular hoax. It was really too cruel to drag the old man from his home to play tricks upon him, in this manner. The man who thinks that Mr. Viger has any political influence in Richelieu is laboring under a delusion of the mind. We know that Kinnear of the Herald, laughs in his sleeve at the hoax he played upon the old man. It would be more becoming the old gentleman to think about his grave, than booring us with his second child-hood twaddle. Give old daddy a sugar stick and put him near the fire. Did Dr. Nelson's pills operate daddy;

We may except to read very slanderous accounts about the labourers on the Machine works, in the 'Tory prints of this city.

It is very singular how silent the Herald was respecting the Irish labourers until very recently. If we have no elections they would

no deemed a very industrious class of persons. And ever so far back as 1831, the Irish labourers were considered by the Tories of this City as patterns of the loyalty, virtue, honesty &c.

When they paraded the streets, abusing and insulting their Canadian Brethren, it was then considered mere ebullitions of loyalty now that the tables are turned every little contemptible squabble in a grogshop is magnified and exaggerated as a most horrible outrage. If some of our Irish friends happen to overturn an old woman's apple stand at Lachine, the 'Tory press will "herald" it as an awful destruction of property and loss of life by the Canallers.

**THE LAST KICK FROM THE ORIGINAL GREY ASS!!**

The long eared fellow feels very wrathly, because the "Boy Attorney" as he is pleased to style Mr. Drummond as a candidate for the honor of representing this City, in the Provincial Parliament. He might as well make up at once his mind to the certainty of Mr. Drummond being elected; it is useless to bray or attempt to kick the "live" Lion.

**THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS!!!**

We are authorized to state that Mr. Salmon has declined coming forward as a Candidate for this City.

We regret exceedingly that Mr. Salmon should have found it necessary to withdraw. We have every reason to know that our Temperance friends would have rejoiced, had he permitted them to use his name as their Candidate, his spirited opposition to Toryism

is well known; we feel confident he will always be a 'Bar' to the progress of Tyranny in this City.

We understand the Tory convention which assembled at Orr's Hotel agreed to nominate Mr. Tailhades as their Candidate, with what success, time will prove. Mr. Bellingham declines being nominated again as Candidate, being rather unsuccessful on two former occasions.

Oh Dit, that Messrs. Torrance Moffatt will present themselves as the Tory Candidates; the "small beer" Candidate of the past election it appears is no longer available. The "Canadian Merchant" and 'his' Responsible Government got used up so awfully at the last Election, that we thought it might be a caution to all of that stamp to make themselves scarce.

**THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.**



The Busy Body is now being performed at the Government House, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Critics are at a loss to determine who is the better marplot—His Excellency—Mr. Viger, or Dominic Daly. We think by the end of November the public will reward the palm to Mr. Viger.

**MORE BRIBERY.**—The Governor General has we understand sent cards of invitation to several of our citizens, to attend a great political dinner to be given in this city. This is another clap-trap to gull the loose fish, let our Reformers be no longer humbugged by such shallow designs.

**CAUTION**



It is rumoured that His Excellency has signed a check of £100 as a donation to the Temperance Society of this City. This act would be still more praiseworthy if the old gentleman would sign the Teetotal pledge himself, and also compell his Aidsdecamp and other sawning sycophants to do likewise. When the influence of any association is wanted, we hear of the ten pounds donations. This liberality is nothing more or less than covert bribery; and the people should be careful how they receive such presents, their tendency is bad.

The Newspapers are mostly filled with Addresses to the Free and Enlightened Electors of the Province.

Mr. HART we understand is invited to represent the good folks of Drummond County. He has always been popular with the Drummondites of this city, and we hope the same success will greet him in the County. Mr. Barthe's late politics we hear, are very unpalatable to his constituents, and his reception in Yamaska is marked down as low as forty below zero. His politics, like Samuel Weller's Valentine, verge "rayther on the political."

DE SANTILLANE

1.

I ne'er on the frontier  
Saw nymph like sweet Rosa  
The pretty milk maiden  
Of green Finojosa.  
It happ'd on my way  
To the shrine of St. Mary  
Of Calataveno,  
I grew stiff and weary:  
And entering a valley  
For rest, I saw Rosa.  
The pretty milk maiden  
Of green Finojosa.

2.

In a flower-prank lawn.  
Amidst other fair girls,  
Her cows she sat milking  
With fingers like pearls.  
I could scarcely believe  
As I gazed on this Rosa.  
She was but a milk maiden:  
Of wild Finojosa.

3.

Than the brightest spring roses  
My darling is fairer;  
I know not to what  
I could meetly compare her.  
Had I dreamed of the beauty  
That charms in this Rosa,  
The pretty milk maiden  
Of lous Finojosa,

4.

I would never have dared  
Through that valey to saunter,  
Or be caught in the spells  
Of the lovely enchanter.  
Here ends my long canto,  
So pledge me sweet Rosa,  
The pretty milk maiden  
Of green Finojosa.

VARIETY.

MATRIMONIAL SECRETS.

Sir Philip Sydney says — "What is mine, even to my life, is her's I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine."

Hear that ye loving wives and husbands, who communicate to each other in a certain confidence, everything you know, and a thousand things you don't know and have no right to know, your own secrets, the secrets of your friends and the secrets of your imaginations! Hear that and reform your custom: and our word for it, there will be less envy, jealousy, bitterness, misunderstanding, malice, and all other uncharitableness than there now is — to say nothing of scandal, slander, misrepresentation, gossip, and "lies of first-rate malignity," as Miss Amelia Opie calls such lies as are thus begotten and conceived, in her "Illustrations."

A correspondent of the Planter's Banner, writing from New Orleans under the signature of "Fish-hooks," thus speaks of the fashions of the ladies there:—"It is supposed shoes are worn, and perhaps stockings, but the ladies' dresses are so long, that this is mere conjecture. 'Ankles' are completely obsolete, and were it not that the ladies cut from the 'bosom' of the robe as much as they put on at the 'bottom,' we young men would be disconsolate."

The reason why most people think more of their stomachs than than they do of their souls, is because their stomachs are a con-founded sight the largest of the two.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A gentleman down east seeing his pretty maid with his wife's bonnet on kissed her, supposing it to be the "real one."—He discovered his error through the assistance of his wife.

THE LAST INSELT TO POOR IRELAND.

It is confidently reported that the author of "The Great Metropolis" is going to write a book about this most unfortunate country.

POWERS OF ATTORNEY.—It is impossible to form any idea of the power of an Attorney until you get completely within his clutch. The expanding power of an Attorney is manifested in the swelling of a bill of costs: and the condensing power in shutting up defendants within the limited precincts of a prison.

THE  
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Toronto, . . . . .	Leach,
Hamilton, . . . . .	Dodd,
Guelph, . . . . .	J. Dodd,
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