

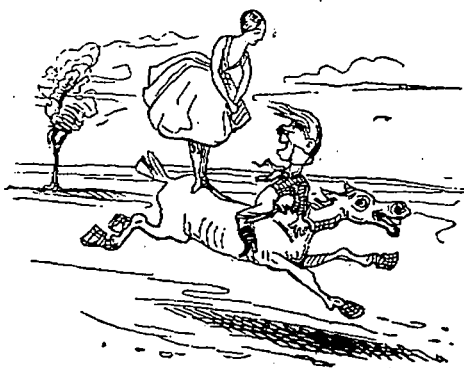
of the most glorious prismatic tints play over its surface, and it sparkles, glancing, like the moving, sensate, piercing eye of a living creature. Just like that opal stone was the eye of Mr. Peter Pepperbury. When you stopped him on 'change, and spoke to him of a "transaction," you looked him full in the face, and the eye was heavy, dark, inanimate; but if there presented itself to Mr. Peter Pepperbury the shadow of a chance that he might take you in, that wonderful eye gleamed, glittered, blinked, winked, twinkled, sparkled, in the most astonishing manner; it lit up the stolid, sensual countenance, gave animation, life, to the heavy features, and Mr. Peter Pepperbury, in the midst of his knavery, looked as if his carcase was really tenanted by an intelligent spirit.

To finish the personal description of the "Father of the Family" and "Head of the House;" Mr. Peter Pepperbury had what are commonly called bandy legs; an Irish laborer might have driven a wheel-barrow between them without any chance of upsetting him; a huge foot and waddling gait; a coarse red hand, with dumpy fingers, and nails gnawed to the quick; in short, Dame Nature never intended Mr. Peter Pepperbury for a lady-killer, or an Adonis; he was the ugliest sinner ever met with in a day's march, but he was **VERY RESPECTABLE**, and men trusted him!

An ancient author tells us a merry tale of a man who behaved like a rogue, lest people should believe him to be a fool, but any one who believed Mr. Peter Pepperbury to be a fool, from his outward appearance, would have found himself uncommonly in the wrong box, when he came to deal with him; appearances were certainly against him, and as far as Mr. Peter Pepperbury's outward and visible man was concerned, if his face proved him to be stupid and honest, for stupidity and honesty have a sort of connection this side of the Atlantic, Peter would have had just grounds for an action for libel (rather fashionable just now) against his own countenance, for it did most confidently belie his inward spirit, that is, if the adage be true, that the countenance is the index to the mind. The fact is that Mr. Peter Pepperbury was, to use a phrase very common in a certain locality which we shall not more particularly designate, "an uncommon smart man;" an honest Englishman would call him a "damned scoundrel!"

So much for Mr. Peter Pepperbury's description; it might have been done better in the *Time* and *Cry*, or the *Police Gazette*, and perhaps it may be, if he does not reform his ways, ere he go to that bourne from which no "chiseller" returns. In the next chapter we shall pass on to other matters touching this most respectable member of society.

ADVERTISEMENT.



HO! FOR CALIFORNIA!!!

A **HIGHLY** intelligent and pacifically disposed **YOUNG MAN**, aged 46, and of promising appearance, is now about proceeding to **CALIFORNIA**, to fill his breeches pockets with **GOLD**. He has gathered from the newspapers all the necessary information to enable him to get there—will some benevolent Editor inform him the way to get back.

Address Y. Z., Bureau du Pouche en Canada.

CON BY THE COLONEL.

WHAT is the first bet of which we have any record? asked the Colonel of Policemen No. 10.

Vy, the Alpha-bet, ov coorse, answered the Official.

JOHN BROWN'S MAIRE.

TO MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—Ever since my arrival in this blooming country, I have been learning French with the Priest at St. Laurent. My first lyric offerings in that language I am desirous of making at the shrine of the new Canadian Peer called "Boory"—(on account, I believe, of his elegance and refinement.) I have been obliged, occasionally, to introduce an English word, not with a view of insulting the French aristocrat, but partly because I have not made sufficient progress in the language to enable me to say all I wish in French, and partly because English words, to some extent, have become Canadianized.

Yours,

JOHN BROWN.

Mon cher Monsieur Boory,

Comment diable vous êtes vous fourré

Dans cette chambre, qu'on appelle "the Upper House;"

Est-ce le Comte de Kincardine,

Qui, jugeant par votre mine,

Vous a poigné as a cat grabs a mouse?

Est-ce Lafontaine le severe,

Qui a honoré le maire,

D'une place among the swells of the land:

Ou bien le galeux Hincks

Qui comme every body thinks,

Did the deed pour cent piastres paid in hand?

Mais ce n'est ni l'un ni l'autre,

Dit quelque bon apôtre:

C'est le sort qui a kick'd him aloft,

Quand la tempête bat les flots,

A la surface de l'eau

Vient tout ce qu'il y a de rotten and soft.

THE BOARD OF DIRTY WORKS.

We have our own authority for stating that the eminently practical man, who directs the visionary and economical schemes of the Board of Dirty Works, has it in contemplation to construct a Hot-water Canal from Gaspé to Sandwich. The honorable gentleman feels confident of the success of his scheme, from the known ability of the present Ministry to keep the country in hot water, and its utility cannot be doubted by any one who has travelled during the winter months in this temperate climate. A large revenue is anticipated from the facilities which the lock-keepers will have of furnishing hot whiskey punch at a moment's notice. The Hon. Inspector General having graciously consented to provide any amount of acid, gratis, and we, with a generosity unequalled in the annals of Canadian history, will take a contract for the sugar.

THE DUTIES OF COUNCILLORS.

Our Council of the Board of Trade, on recommending *ad-valorem* for all customs duties, might have extended the principle to all official duties, and established a regular per centage on the value of duty performed, for the salary of those public servants who lord it over the land. The Legislature of Massachusetts, while a colony, steadily, for years, adhered to the practice of voting annually to their Governors such amount of pay as their services merited; but as the difficulty of establishing the difference between no service at all, and "next to nothing," became a hair-splitting business, the members taking high airs, made an "average" of one thousand pounds *lawful*, that is, payable in dollars at six shillings, and no premium of exchange. We fear that Canada would have also to resort to "averages," for were the rule of *ad-valorem* introduced, many would go supperless, from the arithmetical impossibility of calculating a per centage on duties so trifling, that no figures, unless it be figures of speech, can express them.

TOO GOOD NEWS TO BE TRUE.

An English paper says—"The Irish Botter Market has been quiet this week."—A very remarkable statement, if we consider the immense number of Pats that must have been there; and one to be taken *cum grano salis*, when we recall to mind the pickle they are generally to be found in.