

## THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY'S EXIT FROM THE WORLD OF COMMERCE  
AND ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE AS AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF  
THE CORPORATION AND A GRAVE SENATOR.

## CHAPTER V.

**W**HEN we left Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY to describe the remainder of his interesting and affectionate family, we were compelled to conclude our sketch of that individual's person and history with the melancholy announcement that he had again been "unfortunate" in business. We were also enabled to convey the information that his estate, after going through a process in a certain Court, and through the hands of divers individuals denominated "Assignees," gentlemen whose bills are as large and whose pouches are as capacious as those of the Pelican, though they do not disgorge their prey quite as easily as that hungry and affectionate sea fowl — that his estate, we say, had paid a first and final dividend of one shilling and four-pence half-penny in the pound. We are now enabled from sources of information peculiar to ourselves to disclose the fact, that Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, by his last operation in bankruptcy, cleared for his own use and benefit just exactly twenty-two thousand, four hundred and seventy-two pounds, fourteen shillings and nine-pence, farthing; a sum, which in these days is not to be sneezed at. We are also enabled to communicate the information that on the day when Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY was set square with the world by the receipt of his "Certificate," a family council was holden in the back parlour of Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY's domicile, whereat it was determined that, considering the badness of the times, and Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY's many pecuniary delinquencies, and the probability that he might not come off so well, were he to try another bankruptcy, the wisest thing would be to let well alone, particularly as the family, all things considered, was very fairly off in the world, thanks to the law which enabled Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY to appropriate the money of other people to the payment of the sum which he settled on his wife before his marriage.

Consequently it was determined, in family council, that the business carried on in the "warehouse in the dirty-lane," should not be resumed, and that henceforth Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY should be a "gentleman at large."

So things passed on merrily with the family of the PEPPERBURTS. They lived pretty much as other animals; they eat, they drank, they slept; so do pigs, and dogs, and donkeys; and we really do not see in what the PEPPERBURYS had the advantage of the animals in question, unless it be an advantage to have the trouble of wearing breeches and petticoats. Intellectually and morally there was very little difference between the PEPPERBURYS and the animals.

It was dull work however with our friend PETER. He missed his daily avocations in the warehouse in the dirty-lane, and "Satan finding mischief still for idle hands to do," as the nursery rhyme hath it, his evil genius put it into Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY's head that he was by nature intended to make a useful servant of the public. Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY's ambition warmed into action Mr. Peter's imaginings, and an election for members of the Corporation coming on about that time, Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY caused himself to be put in nomination for the Ward of the city in which the "handsome stone house" was situated, and forthwith commenced an active canvass amongst the electors. — Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY came out on the liberal interest. He was an advocate of the principle of giving every body every thing, though there was nothing to give. He talked loudly of economy and retrenchment, and promised every man that the street in which he lived should have a board walk and be thoroughly repaired; and what tickled the fancies of the electors the most, he solemnly vowed that he would make the Tories shake in their shoes.

Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY's life for a month before the election must have been a very trying one to his constitution. He had several committees and sub-committees nightly sitting in sundry pot-houses at his expense; and the quantities of sour beer, vitrified whisky and strong tobacco, drank and smoked at his cost and charges, and which he was compelled out of politeness, to drink and smoke also, were perfectly astonishing.

Well, the day of election came; Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY surrounded the poll with two or three hundred ruffians, armed with bludgeons, a custom peculiar to the liberals in that city, but which they don't at all like when retorted on themselves; the Returning Officer was a liberal of the first water, and after a great deal of fighting, hard swearing, treating and bribery, Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY was returned by a majority of three! The election cost £257 10; one man murdered out-right,—three lamed for life, and a score or two of others seriously injured, but Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY was a Town Councillor—he had effected an entry into public life and his ambition was gratified.

Did Mr. Peter Pepperbury redeem his pledges to the electors? We are afraid not; electioneering pledges are not often redeemed; indeed we could never understand why they are made, unless that it is the fashion to make them, a part of the election itself, prescribed by custom, as the other forms are prescribed by law. But we must give Mr. Peter Pepperbury time; he has not been long in the Council, and we have not seen his name conspicuously mentioned except on one occasion, when he brought forward a motion for the enactment of a by-law providing for the destruction of dogs, quite forgetting that he was himself the greatest cur in existence. One of his promises we know he has not performed, and we don't think he ever will,—he has not made the Tories shake in their shoes.

But Mr. Peter Pepperbury was destined by Providence to a height of elevation of which he never dreamt when he was a humble clerk in the house of TICKLEFISH & Co. and when he married the daughter of the drummer. Greatness was thrust upon him when he least expected it. Senatorial dignity was to be added to civic honors. A Radical Ministry was in power; a Ministry who carried on the Government of the Country pretty much as Mr. Peter Pepperbury carried on his business as a merchant; a ministry who paid the public creditor pretty much as Mr. Peter Pepperbury paid his private ones, that is with paper; their *Shin Plasters* were about as valuable as Mr. Peter Pepperbury's notes, and they, like him, would speedily find their way into the Bankrupt Court, only that a Court in which a Nation can be made a Bankrupt and receive a Certificate is not yet amongst the institutions of society.

This ministry was about to bring in certain measures and it was doubtful whether in a certain House a majority could be found sufficiently pliant and accommodating, so the ministry cast about for gentlemen to their mind, and one of them suddenly betthought himself of Mr. Peter Pepperbury. That gentleman was seen and consulted, and he in his turn saw and consulted Mrs. Peter Pepperbury; there was another family council in the back parlor, and it was determined that the offer of the Minister should be accepted. During that week the public prints announced that His Excellency the Governor had been pleased to call to the Legislative Council, Peter Pepperbury, Esquire, and some dozen other accommodating gentlemen, and they were duly gazetted.

The last time we saw the Honorable Peter Pepperbury, he was standing up in his place in a certain house, dressed in a blue coat with shiny buttons, a buff waistcoat and black trowsers, making a furious speech in favor of paying the "Rebellion Losses," and there we leave him.

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