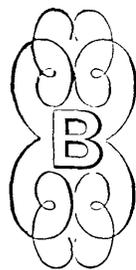


THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, SENIOR, AND HIS DEALINGS IN GENERAL AND PARTICULAR; OF HIS COACH, COACHMAN, AND HORSES; FAMILY HERALDRY; OF MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, JUNIOR, HIS ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD OF BUSINESS, AND HIS EXIT THEREFROM.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)



UT we have not done with the cavalry of the PEPPERBURY FAMILY. It would be a breach of duty to get through "stables" without having inspected the animals of which MR. PEPPERBURY, Junior, boasted himself the owner; and here, we may just as well do it now as hereafter, we shall give a sketch of Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY'S Son and heir (!). The young gentleman was rising twenty-three; he was a thin youth, so thin that he might almost have crept through a key-hole, without tearing his breeches in the wards; of medium height, and a trifle knock-kneed; Dame Nature made his legs in order to show the contrariness of her disposition; the father's legs were just that sort of legs that look as if they were made for nothing else than to take a firm clip of the barrel of a horse; while those of the son when he was set, not seated, on the outside of his rosinante, protruded at an angle like those of a pair of compasses. He had a dissipated, unwholesome complexion; watery eyes and sandy hair, and not the slightest vestige of a beard. He was a spooney of the first class. He had smoked away his complexion, and was fast drinking away his eyes. Taken from school at the early age of sixteen, MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, was thrust into a Counting-house. With no natural abilities, less application, and the laziest young rascal in existence, the amount of knowledge possessed by him at that age may readily be divined. No energy on the part of his master could drive into him the slightest possible acquaintance with any language but his own—he stuck at the first sentence of the "Propria quæ maribus," and in Mathematics he never could be driven to the "Ass's bridge." History, Geography, the Sciences, were to him a sealed book, and the very extent of his knowledge was the being able to read, write, and cipher, and these humble acquirements he possessed but imperfectly. Do you stare, reader! Do you doubt! We could show you hundreds of PEPPERBURYS, Junior, turned out into this wide world with no more provision for their march through it, than that of this unfortunate youth.

Shall Punch follow him through his career? It is not necessary. At this moment, MR. PETER PEPPERBURY is following in the footsteps of his predecessors of the same class. He has passed his time between his counting house, and as little of that as possible, the bar room,—the billiard room, and other still more disreputable places. He is already damaged in constitution; brought up in a vicious manner and on false principles, he was a man, in his habits and pursuits, before he ever was a boy; a man, did we say! PUNCH was oblivious; he had not one trait of manhood about him; he could drink, swear, smoke and gamble, and do worse things than these, but he was utterly unskilled in those manly pursuits which English youths are accustomed to follow. He could neither shoot, fence, box, swim, skate, or play cricket; he could not even ride, though he kept a couple of horses; he was as feeble of body as of mind, and no wonder, for under the infamous system of education generally prevailing in the country in which he lived, no attention had been paid to either. He kept a couple of horses—spider-shanked, herring-battered, narrow-chested, cat-hammed brutes, that would not have carried a man, of weight and inches, over a three feet hurdle; but MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, who had not that almost intuitive acquaintance with horse-flesh which characterizes a well bred English gentleman, thought in his ignorance, that these washy thin limbed quadrupeds were well bred horses; the animals, in this latter respect, were just suited to their rider.

MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, at the time at which we write, having finished! his mercantile education under the auspices of his respected father, is going to start on his own account, in partnership with another young gentleman, of similar habits, education and fitness. The precious pair have raised a few hundreds

between them, and PUNCH knows the end of the matter as well as if he had lived to see it and chronicle it; for has it not been the end of some scores before? MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, Junior, and his partner, MR. DUNCAN McSTICKEM, will go through three years of speculation, endorsing, accepting, discounting, lemon-colored kid gloves, perfumery, jewellery, horse-flesh, billiards, and divers detrimental incumbrances in petticoats, and some fine morning will make their appearance in that melancholy column of the Official Gazette which makes due record of commercial defalcations; in some three months after that, there will be visible over the door of an office in that street, "where merchants most do congregate," a black patch on a door post, with the inscription, in white letters, "MR. PETER PEPPERBURY, JUNIOR, *Broker and General Agent.*" That talented young gentleman, not having been able successfully to manage his own business, will undertake to manage that of the whole mercantile community, if it will only be ass enough to let him.

The education, habits and manners of this young gentleman are those precisely of a large class. It is very disgraceful that it should be so, but PUNCH is a stern recorder of facts. It must always be the case in a country which pursues the vicious system of bringing its youth into public life, before the youth of other and wiser countries have left off cricket, and been emancipated from the fifth form. This system is the best that can be desired for making young men drunkards, gamblers, idlers and swindlers; whether under it we shall have sound statesmen, able lawyers, skilful physicians, and honest merchants, is quite another matter.

Unfortunately, society does not frown down these delinquencies. Impudence and extravagance are mistaken for spirit; a flaring style of dress, brilliant cravats, gaudy jewellery, and clothes cut in the most antic style, are considered necessary to give the appearance of a gentleman, though in other countries that we could name, gentlemen are conspicuous for the plainness and neatness of their apparel.

In our next chapter we shall probably have occasion to notice the same defects in the education of other members of the PEPPERBURY family. Our object is to reform abuses; to point out defects in our social system. Punch has a horror of snobs, whether in high station or low; whether they be male or female; for it is a mistake to suppose that snobism is confined to the poor; the greatest snobs we have ever met with, have been those who hold their heads high in the world.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

'Tis idle sitting down to sleep,

When the snow is falling, boys,—

When the wind is felt to sweep

With a blast appalling, boys.

Be the distance e'er so far,

And the suff'ring hard to paint,

Never let the heart be faint!

Bear in mind the promise quaint,

Written by an ancient saint!

Aide-toi, le Bon Dieu l'aidera.

On this earth, there's never one,

But his doom is sorrow, boys,—

Yet for every mother's son,

Joy comes on the morrow, boys.

Patience, Patience, lo! a star

Glimm'ring ere the light appear,

Tells the brighter day is near!

Are ye men that ye should fear?

Lo, the word men's hearts to cheer!

Aide-toi, le Bon Dieu l'aidera.

Rolling on, and on, and on,

Hard years our hopes will baulk, boys,

But nothing yet on earth was won

By wasting time in talk, boys.

Up! be stirring, labor wins

Dame Fortune's smiles. Strain every nerve

And work, and work, and never swerve,

Energetic toil must serve

To make ye rich, so ye deserve.

Aide-toi, le Bon Dieu l'aidera.