

## THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MR. THOMAS STUMFYBUMP AND MR. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON,  
THE LAST AND PRESENT LOVES OF MISS PAMELA  
PEPPERBURY:—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MR. JOHN  
FITZROY TOMPKINSON

## CHAPTER IV.

**M**R. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 129th Regiment of Foot, and Aide-de-Camp to General Sir JASPER SHABRACQUE, G. C. B. is the last acknowledged and ostensible flirt of Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY; that is, he is the gentleman who at this present time most frequently and most conspicuously waltzes with her and polks with her; cloaks her and shawls her; hands her to the carriage; and condescends the most pertinaciously of any man about town, to eat old PEPPERBURY'S dinners and drink his claret.

Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON had succeeded to the post in Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY'S very uncertain and migratory affections, held only a month ago by Mr. THOMAS STUMFYBUMP, a young gentleman who followed mercantile pursuits and who was in that respect pretty much of the same school as PAMELA'S respected papa. He had been an ardent and devoted admirer for three whole months. No man can tell what desperate havoc Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY had made in Mr. THOMAS STUMFYBUMP'S susceptible heart, nor the more desperate havoc in his purse, the result of the numerous articles of *virtu* and *bijouterie* which through his means found their way from the jeweller's to Miss PAMELA'S dressing table. One fine morning he found however that there was a wreath of green willow "all around his hat;"—Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY had discarded Mr. THOMAS STUMFYBUMP for ever; but, — she kept his beautiful bracelets! Poor THOMAS is just now endeavouring to drown his sorrows in the strongest brandy and water, and seeks a diversion for his melancholy by rushing into all sorts of mad speculation in all sorts of merchandize, from consignments of jews-harps to whole cargoes of West India produce. Two days after his unceremonious dismissal, Mr. THOMAS STUMFYBUMP had the unspeakable satisfaction to find himself splashed from head to foot with mud, thrown from the heels of a white-legged chesnut, the property of Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, on which his old flame PAMELA was gracefully cantering along, escorted by its owner, and looking as prettily saucy as if there never had been a STUMFYBUMP in the world.

Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON derived his aristocratic *prenom* from a celebrated General, and his surname from his father, who had been that General's Tailor, and his Regiment's Tailor into the bargain, which was quite another matter and a very profitable one too, for the Tailor and the General, though what it was to the unfortunate "foot-wobblers" who wore the uniforms manufactured by TOMPKINSON *Père* is a "horse of a very different color." It was of course by virtue of the mutually profitable and agreeable relations existing between General LORD FITZROY and Mr. JOHN TOMPKINSON *Senior*, Army Clothier of King William Street, London, that Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON found himself one morning clad in a very uncomfortable jacket and trousers, and practising still more uncomfortable attitudes, vulgarly known as the "balance and extension motions" in the barrack yard of an English garrison town, in a manufacturing district, which had then the distinguished honor of being preserved from the onslaught of rampacious chartists by the presence of Her Majesty's 129th Regiment of Foot.

Ensign JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON having in due time according to the report of the serjeant-major and the adjutant, become duly accomplished in the "balance motions" and several other very ingenious modes of torment, deemed necessary for licking military ubs into shape, was pronounced fit for duty, and from that time to this, took care, to do as little of it as possible; for the three years during which he honored the 129th with his personal

presence, he just contrived to attend sufficiently to the daily routine of a Regiment, to keep to wind-ward of a very grim old colonel, and then, through the interest of the old General got himself appointed aide-de-camp to another old General, on a foreign station.

This General, whom we shall call Sir JASPER SHABRACQUE, was a fine old fellow who had served his country for some sixty years, in different parts of the world, at one time half roasted in the tropics, at another half frozen in Canada. He was a very tall, spare man, with a stoop in the shoulders, such as is common to all men who have spent half a life time in the saddle. There was a ghastly scar on his cheek, a record of the charge on the banks of the Esala, and half his teeth were left behind him at Salamanca, kicked out by the heels of his dying charger, where he shared in the glories of Le Marchant's terrible onslaught; his right arm reposed not far from the Marquis of Anglesey's leg on the field of Waterloo, and altogether he had been so scored and hacked, that the wonder was how there was any body left together to hold his gallant spirit. He was a brave and good soldier with not an atom of "pipe-clay" about him, and the only wonder with every one was how he could possibly tolerate such an aide-de-camp as Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON; the probability was that the General knowing that there was no chance of war where he was in command, thought that he might just as well have Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON to ride after him, in a cocked hat and cock's tail, as any other officer.

Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON was not a very military looking person. He was very tall and bony; there were as many corners in him as there are in a "front of fortification;" he was all angles, "saliant" and "re-entering," with a very red face and very light hair and very large glassy grey eyes. But Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON was eminently popular among the fashionable fair, for he was a capital dancer, and it would have been hard indeed if he could not do that well, inasmuch as he could do nothing else; and he was an inimitable talker of those meaningless platitudes which make up the usual conversation of a ball room and of evening parties, in certain circles. And better than this, Mr. JOHN TOMPKINSON who was the only son of his father, the tailor, received from that exemplary parent a very handsome allowance in addition to his pay, which enabled him to shew off with a stylish equipage, handsome horses, fine clothes and many other etceteras, all of which act on young ladies, pretty much the same as the worms, gentles and maggots in an angler's bait box act on fish, or a decoy duck on wild fowl. Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY was the last pretty little fish, the last dear little duck, caught by the bait which has deluded so many of the genus.

## OCHLOCRITICAL SAPPHICS.

Poor Robert Baldwin, what art thou going to do!  
All round about thee, things are getting equally,  
Terrible Tories making up their minds for  
A horrible row!

Only a week ago they smashed your windows,  
Brickbats and stones they threw about in hundreds,  
And with many cheers the savages did in  
Effigy burn you.

Better take it quietly, poor Robert Baldwin!  
And like the iron Duke, put up iron shutters,  
After the radicals served him so scurvily  
In Piccadilly.

Next time they roast you, they'll do it in earnest,  
You and Mackenzie, poor Jemmy Price and Blake,  
For those fellows have some queer ways of their own  
Up in Toronto.

You've made a pretty mess with your rebel bill,  
Sleek-looking, sly, political deceiver!  
Either instanter go about your business,  
Or you'll be turn'd out.