

THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

OF MRS. PETER PEPPERBURY AND HER FATHER, THE DRUMMER ;—
OF HER MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT ;—HER WAYS AND MEANS ;—
HER MANŒUVRES ;—OF MISS PAMELA PEPPERBURY ;
HER EDUCATION AND HER FLIRTATIONS !

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.



PAMELA PEPPERBURY, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. PETER, was a nice looking girl. Tall and slight, with glossy brown hair, blue eyes and a beautiful complexion, with a very pretty hand and foot; of all this she was very well aware, and took the greatest possible pains that none of her beauties should be concealed from her admirers. She was a *belle* and she knew it.

PAMELA had many faults, but they were more the result of education than of disposition. She was naturally amiable and kind hearted, but she had been spoiled at home and flattered abroad, until she became a character very common in society in these parts, an *arrant-coquette*.

Her education was, as may be supposed, of a very imperfect character. She had been sent to the most fashionable school of the city, where she learnt a little of everything, but nothing thoroughly, except dancing. She played a little, sung a little, and drew a little. The first accomplishment was a very unpleasant noise, the second a decided screech, and as for the third, the skies in her landscapes were conspicuous for a muddy mistiness, the distant hills looked like musty hay-cocks, and the foreground was more like a green tablecloth with a yellow pattern than anything else. Miss PAMELA PEPPERBURY "sung in church."—Singing in church is a *practice* singularly peculiar to girls with loud screaming voices; they have an astonishing fancy for David's Psalms, done into bad English by Brady and Tate, and thundering Sanctuses, done by the Lord knows who!

PAMELA PEPPERBURY danced to perfection. She was the *belle* of every Ball room she went into, and no body ever saw her doing wall-flower. She was the first to begin and the last to leave off, and though she would have fainted with fatigue at taking a country walk for two miles, she could get over some leagues of a chalked floor in the course of a night without a murmur. She was great in the Polka—a lively enough dance borrowed from the Hungarians,—In this dance she loved to lean her head on her partner's shoulder, in the most die-away fashion, as if she were about to swoon away, while her feet were moving in a series of playful circles, that one wondered how she managed to describe them.—Some prim, demure people thought the exhibition rather astonishing, for ourselves we are astonished at nothing, and think this languishing style of dancing highly becoming.

PAMELA dressed elegantly, though it must be confessed that when in *grand toilette*, there was a display of charms not quite in accordance with a refined taste. There is, however, no accounting for taste in these matters.

Our fair friend had also another habit, which is not considered seemly in civilized countries. Her mother permitted her, and she herself had no scruple at all, not only to borrow the horses of single gentlemen, but to accompany those single gentlemen on equestrian expeditions, with no male relation, and not even a groom in attendance upon her, a thing which is quite contrary to the proprieties of society.

PAMELA PEPPERBURY is the *belle* of five seasons. She was brought out as they call it, at fifteen, and has been kept out, with immense assiduity on the part of her respectable mamma. The last time we saw her, and that is not very long ago, we thought we could detect faint traces of the deterioration that late hours, hot rooms, and unnatural excitement were working in that fair face; the eyes were heavy, the skin flushed, and the beautiful white shoulders had lost their dimpled roundness. It is a sad thing to see any thing that is beautiful going into premature decay, and hundreds of fair young girls, lovely and beloved, born to be the ornaments of their homes, are yearly hurried into their graves by the detestable system that exists in modern society.

PAMELA's flirtations were innumerable, but we never heard that any man ever thought of any thing beyond flirtation. It is a curious fact that the *belles* of Ball rooms very seldom do get married.

The quiet, modest, demure little monkeys, that sit shyly in corners, who are never seen away from mammas' protecting wing, are suddenly snapped up, when no one expects it. They are seen one day in white muslin and pink roses; and the next day one hears of them in white satin and orange blossoms. Now we have known a very pretty girl, and a very nice girl too, who but for this confounded propensity for waltzing, polking, riding and flirting, with any man who took the trouble to ask her and flirt with her, would have made a very good match, and turned out a very good wife, too; for PUNCH has observed that whenever one of your regular flirts does marry, she invariably turns out a very quiet, sedate, matronly sort of body. The reason is, that she has had all her fun before marriage, while the demure ones, who sat in corners, and insisted on being taken to mamma the moment the dance was over, are very apt to turn great flirts after marriage. We certainly begin to have our fears that our fair friend, PAMELA, will never marry. She is now to our own certain knowledge in her twenty-second flirtation of which we will give a sketch in our next number.

THE SONG OF TOO MANY.

Who in my reckless youth I sought,—
When every warning set at naught,
The future never cost a thought?

My Creditors!

Who gave me dinners, gave me wine,—
And clothes, in heaps, too, did assign,
To make me as a Peacock fine?

My Creditors!

Who found me horses, and a sleigh,—
A carriage, too, of colors gay,
For which I had no means to pay?

My Creditors!

In short who gave me all I had —
And when they dunn'd in voices sad,—
And nothing got—declared 'twas bad!

My Creditors!

Who broke my heart and broke my pride,
And made me in the bottle hide
Talents, friends had once descried?

My Creditors!

Who in a vortex, round and round,
For life have cast me:—like a hound,—
Pursuing me as one spell bound?

My Creditors!

Who poisoned ev'ry hope I have,
And ev'ry hour make me crave,
To pay the last great debt, the grave?

My Creditors!

GREAT DISCOVERY.

PUNCH has discovered the cause of the failure of the gas on a late occasion at the Theatre Royal. The Hon. Hume Blake consumed all which the "no monopoly" company is capable of supplying. This fact accounts naturally enough for the inflated speech made by the Honourable member. However, the St. Ann's Theatre did not benefit much by the transaction, for though there was much flare, the speech was not luminous, and finally the audience were left as much in the dark as the Theatre Royal. Reports were in circulation that the Gas Company had failed; they certainly failed in their supply of gas, but of course that is looked upon simply as a light failure.

NATIVE MANUFACTURE.

The general depression of trade causes Punch much sorrow and when he sees any particular branch making an effort to emerge from the general gloom, he shakes hands with himself as a matter of congratulation.—In this cold climate, fur is an indispensable article, and the youth of Montreal deserve great praise for their efforts to produce it. It will be observed that every youth who can by dint of Rowland's Macassar or the assistance of the domestic cat, raise fur above his upper lip, or coax a fringe round his chin, does it regardless of the bearish appearance it gives to his face. This is but right, for the down of this year will be the fur of next, and every "son and hair" will have added his produce to the market.