

## THE PEPPERBURY FAMILY.

HOW MISS PAMELA PEPPERBURY LOST MR. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, AND HOW THE LOSS BROUGHT ON A FIT OF "GREEN AND YELLOW MELANCHOLY,"—HOW MR. PETER PEPPERBURY BETOOK HIMSELF FIRST TO THE DOGS AND THEN TO CALIFORNIA, AND HOW MRS. PETER PEPPERBURY CONSOLED HERSELF AMIDST THE FAMILY AFFLICTIONS.

## CHAPTER VI. — CONCLUSION.

**A**SAD change came suddenly over the fortunes of this amiable family. The prosperity and high dignity of Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY, was a drop too much in the cup of happiness, a turn too many of fortune's everlasting wheel, and we regret to say that the first stroke of her malicious spite was levelled at the fair PAMELA. It came unexpectedly and cruelly, and on the side of her affections, for strange to say, Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON had really contrived to make an impression. It came in this wise. The Regiment of Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON was suddenly ordered to India, on the receipt of the intelligence of the disaster on the Jhelum. The grim old Colonel who commanded it caused a representation to be made to a certain high authority, that it might be as well for his corps, as it was likely to be actively engaged, to proceed to its destination with its full compliment of officers, and that as another Aid-de-Camp could easily be found to ride behind Sir JASPER SHABRACQUE, he therefore suggested that an order should be sent forthwith to Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON to rejoin his Regiment. And it was sent, and that interesting young gentleman had just twenty-four hours allowed him to pack up his kit, settle his affairs, and put himself *en route*. Packing up his kit was a serious business: for Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON, was a young gentleman who did not at all agree with Sir Charles Napier as to the quantity of articles necessary to take the field with. But there was no help for it, so Mr. JOHN and his servant, proceeded to pack up some twenty pairs of boots, dozens of coats and scores of trousers; lots of boot hooks and hairbrushes; bottles of scents and jars of shaving soap; hundreds of useless and costly knicknacks; enough of whips, harness and horse gear of all kinds to stock a saddler's shop. And then Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON packed up his books—there were only two or three of them; those he was obliged to exhibit at certain periodical inspections; and then he put on his regimentals, and lastly his sword—and as he looked at the latter, there rose before him an unpleasant vision of whole ranks of Sikhs, and Afghans and Beloochees, with fierce mustachios and very sharp tulwars, and Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON at that moment felt very queer and uncomfortable, and we are afraid that he broke the articles of war by an indulgence in profane swearing. In other words, Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON dammed his bad luck and the people at the Horse Guards. Having thus packed up his baggage, and the sight of his chests, boxes and bags would have made old Napier's hair stand on end, Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON made arrangements with a brother officer for the sale of his horses, and his Staff uniform and appointments, and went to bid farewell to his numerous friends and PAMELA PEPPERBURY. We cannot say that Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON appeared to be much affected at the prospect of parting with the fair Pamela; the truth being that he had no more real respect for her than he had for the Queen of Clubs, and had only flirted with her because she was a very pretty girl, and the fashion. Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON conceived it to be as indispensable and requisite to have a flirtation in every town he was quartered in as to have a horse in his stall. So he wished PAMELA PEPPERBURY good bye for ever, without a word of sorrow, without a word of explanation; he did not even promise to write to her; he did not even make her a parting present of the white-legged chestnut mare. PUNCH is not malicious, but he sincerely trusts that Mr. JOHN FITZROY TOMPKINSON will meet with something unpleasant on the banks of the next river to the Jhelum; whatever that may be; he does not hope that he may lose an arm or a leg, only that Charles Napier may order twenty

camel loads of his effeminate trumpery to be pitched into the water. Poor little PAMELA took it sadly to heart; besides that she liked the man, beast though he was, it is not pleasant to be made a fool of; and with all her faults she had a warm heart and a high spirit. It has in one respect done her good; she has quite eschewed the Polka, and is no longer seen promenading for hours at a time on the sunny side of the most fashionable thoroughfare. We did indeed hear, that she had become very religious and was an active teacher in a Sunday school, but that we hardly believe. Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY JUNIOR, "Broker and General Agent" is himself broken; thoroughly done up; the affectionate father has refused any further advances, and his unhappy mother is tired of his delinquencies—so Mr. PETER PEPPERBURY JUNIOR, has started for California to add one more to the rogues and knaves, congregated in that auriferous region. Whether he will return with any gold, is quite another matter; we have not yet heard of any one who has.

There remains yet one other member of this interesting family—the mother of the children—the wife of the husband—the daughter of the drummer—and of her we shall only say, that not even the unexpected honors showered on the head of her husband, by a discerning and pugilistic constituency, and a needy and unprincipled Government, could entirely make up to her for the sorrows and misfortunes of her children. Mrs. PETER PEPPERBURY has taken the affairs of her son and daughter so sadly to heart, that for two months she has done nothing but scold her servants and occupy her leisure hours in perusing the light and agreeable pages of the "whole duty of man" a book held in great estimation by old "ladies of both sexes";—some scandalous people say that she has acquired a great taste for cherry-brandy, Punch says nothing but he thinks the more.

There is a moral to this history of the Pepperbury family; but it is not necessary that it should be written here—for is it not written, on the faces of scores of men and women, whom we meet daily in the streets—is it not written in courts of law—in the Gazette—in the jail—in the mad-house—in exile—in suicide—in disgrace? We may have written in a light manner of these things, but it is the way of Punch. His style may be light but he inculcates serious truths.

## WHAT IS A BRITISH AMERICAN LEAGUE?

Mr. Punch having been waited on by a highly influential deputation (his boy, with a clean face and a subscriber) requesting to be informed what a British American League is: instantly formed himself into a Committee and makes the following

## REPORT,

Your Committee, Mr. Punch, having looked into his mensuration tables, finds that a British American League is about three miles. A French League is two miles and a half. The famous seven League boots are understood to have strided twenty-one miles. The corn-law association was a League, and so was the band of forty thieves: the band of the nine-teenth Regiment is not a League: although they might be present when others are beleaguered. Leagues are generally marked by mile-posts: as thus: DISTANCE FROM CANADA TO THE UNITED STATES. 1st Post: erected by the Hon. Geo. Moffatt, 90 miles, decreasing distance. 2nd Post erected by Thomas Wilson Esq., 7 1-2 miles. 3rd Post by Harrison Stephens Esq., 0.

From all which your Committee, Mr. Punch, concludes that a "British American League" is a distance of about three miles from Annexation Point.

The whole is respectfully submitted.

## A MONSTER PETITION.

Punch is authorized to state that a numerously signed Petition is to be presented to "Dolly" in the course of a few days: the prayer of which is that he keep his establishment open to a late hour on the nights of musical parties at "Monklands." The petitioners having found from experience that though "music is the food of love," it is not refreshing to those who travel miles on bad roads to listen to it. Harmonious sounds are very delicious but under such circumstances even cod-sounds would be preferable.