

# The Examiner.

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

"This is true Liberty, when free-born men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—MILTON'S EURIPIDES.

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## LITERATURE.

### Brown's Day with the Mimpson's.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Our virtues lie in the interpretation of the time.

We got down from an omnibus in Charing Cross.

"Sovereign or ha'penny?" said the ead, rubbing the coin between his thumb and finger.

"Sovereign, of course!" said B— confidently, pocketing the change which the man had ready for the emergency in a bit of brown paper.

It was a muggy, misty, London twilight. I was coming up to town from Blackheath, and in the crowded vehicle had chanced to encounter my compatriot B—, (call it Brown,) who had been lionizing the Thames Tunnel. In the course of conversation it came out that we were both on the town for our dinner, and as we were both guests at the Traveller's Club, we had pulled the omnibus string at the nearest point, and, after the brief dialogue recorded above, strolled together down Pall Mall.

As we sat waiting for our fish, one of us made a remark as to the difference of feel between gold and copper coin, and Brown, fishing in his pocket for money to try the experiment, discovered that the doubt of the ead was well founded, for he had unconsciously passed a half penny for a sovereign.

"People are very apt to take your coin at your own valuation!" said Brown, with a smile of some meaning, "and when they are in the dark as to your original coinage, (as the English are with regard to Americans abroad) it is easy to pass for gold as for copper. Indeed you may pass for both in a day, as I have lately had experience. Remind me presently to tell you how. Here comes the fried sole, and it's troublesome talking when there are bones to fight shy of—the 'flow of sole' to the contrary notwithstanding."

I will take advantage of the hiatus to give the reader a slight idea of my friend, as a preparation for his story.

Brown was the "mirror of courtesy."—He was also a mirror of vulgarity. And he was the mirror of every thing else.—He had that facility of adaptation to the society he was in, which made him seem born for that society and that only, and, without calculation or forethought—by an unconscious instinct, indeed—he cleverly reflected the man and manners before him. The result was a popularity of a most varied quality. Brown was a man of moderate fortune and no profession.—He had travelled for some years on the continent, and had encountered all classes of Englishmen, from peers to green-grocers, and as he had a visit to England in prospect, he seldom parted from the most chance acquaintance without a volunteer of letters of introduction, exchange of addresses, and similar tokens of having "picked through the castle wall." When he did arrive in London, at last, it was with a budget like the postman's on Valentine's day, and he had only to deliver one letter in a score to be put on velvet in any street or square within the bills of mortality. Sagacious enough to know that the gradations of English society have the facility of a cat's back, (smooth enough from the head downwards) he began with a most noble duke, and at the date of his introduction to the reader, was on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair.

Presuming that you see your man, dear reader, let us come at once to the removal of the cloth.

"As I was calling myself to account the other day, over my breakfast," said Brown, filling his glass and pushing the bottle, "it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There's a 'tousjours perdrix,' even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my lord's carriage. I thought perhaps I had better see some other sort of people.

"I had, under a *presse papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduc-

tion—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards, and follow up the trump.

"John Mimpson, Esquire., House of Mimpson & Phipps, Mark's Lane, London."

"The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of Mr. (and probably Mrs.) John Mimpson. After turning over a deal of rubbish in my mind, I remembered that the letter had been given me five years before by an American merchant—probably the correspondent of the firm in Mark's Lane. It was a sealed letter, and said in brackets on the back, 'Introducing Mr. Brown.' I had a mind to give it up and cut again, for I could not guess on what footing I was introduced, nor did I know what had become of the writer, nor had I a very clear idea how long a letter of recommendation will hold its virtue. It struck me again that these difficulties rather gave it a zest, and I would abide by the oracle. I dressed, and as the day was fine, started to stroll leisurely through the Strand and Fleet Street and look into the shop windows on my way—assuring myself at least, thus much of diversion in my adventure.

"Somewhere about two o'clock, I left daylight behind, and plunged into Mark's Lane. Up one side and down the other—'Mimpson & Co.' at last, on a small brass plate, set in a green baize door.—With my unbuttoned coat nearly wiped off my shoulder by the strength of the pulley, I shoved through, and emerged in a large room, with twenty or thirty clerks perched on high stools, like monkeys in a menagerie.

"'First door, right!' said the nearest man, without raising his eyes from his desk, in reply to my inquiry for Mr. Mimpson.

"I entered a closet, lighted by a slanting sky-light in which sat my man.

"'Mr. John Mimpson?'"

"'Mr. John Mimpson?'"

"After this brief dialogue of accolit I produced my letter, and had a second's leisure to examine my new friend while he ran his eye over the contents. He was a rosy, well-conditioned, tight-skinned little man, with black hair and looked like a peer on a chair. (Hang the bothering rhymes!)—His legs were completely hid under the desk, so that the ascending eye began with his equatory line, and whether he had no shoulders or no neck, I could not well decide—but it was a tolerably smooth plane from his seat to the topmost curl of his sinciput. He was scrupulously well dressed, and had that highly washed look which marked the city man in London—bent on not betraying his 'diggins' by his complexion.

"I answered Mr. Mimpson's enquiries about our mutual friend with rather a hazardous particularity, and assured him he was quite well, (I have since discovered that he has been dead three years) and conversation warmed between us for ten minutes, till we were ready to part sworn friends. I rose to go, and the merchant seemed very much perplexed.

"'To-morrow,' said he rubbing the two great business bumps over his eyebrows,—no—yes—that is to say Mrs. Mimpson—well, it shall be to-morrow! Can you come out to Rose Lodge, and spend the day to-morrow?'"

"'With great pleasure,' said I, for I was determined to follow my trump letter to extremities.

"'Mrs. Mimpson,' he next went on to say, as he wrote down the geography of Rose Lodge, "Mrs. Mimpson expects some friends to-morrow—indeed some of her very choice friends—if you come early, you will see more of her than if you just save your dinner. Bring your carpet bag, of course, and stay over night. Lunch at two—dine at seven. I can't be there to receive you myself, but I will prepare Mrs. Mimpson to save you all trouble of introduction. Hampstead road. Good morning, my dear sir."

"So, I am in for a suburban bucolic, thought I, as I regained daylight in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House.

"It turned out a beautiful day, sunny and warm, and had I been sure of my navigation, and sure of my disposition to stay all night, I should have gone out by the Hampstead coach and made the best of my way, carpet bag in hand. I went into Newman's for a post-chaise, however,

and on showing him the written address, was agreeably surprised to find he knew Rose Lodge. His boys had all been there.

"Away I went through the Regent's Park, behind the blood pasters, blue jacket and white hat, and somewhere about one o'clock we mounted Hampstead Hill, and in ten minutes thence was at my destination. The post boy was about driving in at the open gate, but I dismounted, and sent him back to the Inn to leave his horses, and then depositing my bag at the porter's lodge, walked up the avenue. It was a much finer place altogether than I had expected to see.

"Mrs. Mimpson was in the garden.—The dashing footman gave me the information, led me through a superb drawing room, and out of a glass door open the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

"It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner, but, at a turn on the grand walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

"I made my bow and begged leave to introduce myself as 'Mr. Brown.'

"With a very slight inclination of the head and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (with-out introducing me to her) to show me to lunch. The speaker was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome, but, to give her her due, she had made a very narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions, but that she was not at all glad to see Mr. Brown, was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other, and younger lady who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye, which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined however to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

"The lunch was on a tray in a side room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and mean time I was getting through the weather and the other common-places, and the lady, saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a Mimpson.

"'Hand this to Miss Armstrong?' said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

"'Miss Bellamy, you mean, sir?'"

"I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a courtesy as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to Miss Bellamy—through Thomas, the footman! Miss Bellamy burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighbourhood of Mrs. Mimpson.

"Of course I set about picking Miss Bellamy's brains for what information I wanted. She turned out quite the nicest creature I had seen in England—fresh, joyous, natural and clever, and as I was delivered over to her bodily, by her keeper and feeder, she made no scruple of promenading me through the grounds till the dressing bell—four of the most agreeable hours I have to record in my travels.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## VARIETIES.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.—We find the following in a late number of Blackwood's Magazine:

"Not long since, a small farmer in a little village in Somersetshire, who prided himself on his cheese, in a fit of unwonted generosity—for he was a penurious man—sent her majesty Queen Victoria a prime cheese. A person given to practical jokes, knowing this, bought an eighteen penny gilt chain, and sent it in a letter, purporting to be from her majesty, appointing him her 'well beloved' mayor of the village, in the document exalted into a corporate town, but where-

of he, the said mayor, formed the sole body and whole authority. The poor ignorant man swallowed the bait, and called the village together, gave an ox to be roasted whole, and walked at the head of the invited procession, wearing his chain of office: and for several weeks exhibited the insignia and royal autograph, at church and at markets."

MUTATION.—On the 18th of June 1815 was won the victory of Waterloo. On the 18th of June 1849 the Duke of Wellington and his companions in arms met to celebrate the 34th anniversary of his victory. 1000 of the nobility left cards of congratulation at Apsley House. Never has history presented a stranger spectacle—these old victors cannot look any where on the Continent and point to a single throne and say "we set it up." They have outlived everything they fought for. The life of a man is likened to the existence of a vapour, yet his life outlasts the trophies of his sword. In Spain they substituted a Bourbon for a Bonaparte, and the heir of the Bourbon is a hopeless pretender.—In France they dethroned Bonaparte, and set up a Bourbon, and the Bonaparte is again in Paris, with a pale and a red republic. In Germany they enabled the princes to refuse parliaments for a time, only to concede them in troublesome days. Defeated victors! conquered conquerors! of Waterloo!—North British Mail.

DOGGERY LAW.—A culprit having been convicted of a misdemeanor before a Warwickshire magistrate, the latter thus addressed him:—"By the Act of Parliament I see that the offence is punished with six months imprisonment, on conviction before two magistrates. Now, you may think yourself a nation lucky fellow, for if my brother magistrate had been here, you should have had the whole six months, but as I am alone, I can of course only send you to gaol for three months! and before you go, let me give you a word of advice—take care of your conduct in future, and avoid bad company, which has brought you to this situation, for if you hadn't done that there, you wouldn't have come to this here!"—Coventry Paper.

AN OCCURRENCE IN ONE OF OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—The teacher, a young Lady, put the question to her scholars, one morning. "Who made you?" The oldest boy in the school could not tell, neither could any of the scholars, till she questioned the smallest and youngest urchin in the school. He answered promptly, that God made him. The teacher, turning to the largest boy said, "are you not ashamed not to know what this little fellow knows?" "He," replied the "big un," "Thunder! I should think he might know; 'taint a fortnight since he was made."

A SANITARY MOVEMENT.—Lady—"Dear me, Count, you don't look well today."—Count—"Oh! I have done vore foolish ting—vare foolish ting—I have wash my neck!"

There is nothing more annoying in places of business or public reading-rooms, than two persons continually conversing in an under-tone. If the example were generally followed, a perfect Babel would be the result; and those parties practising such troublesome improprieties inevitably become unpopular.

Two old gentlemen of our acquaintance were complimenting each other on their habits of temperance.

"Did you ever, neighbour," said one, "see me with more than I could carry?"

"No indeed," was the reply, "not I. But I have seen you when I thought you had better gone twice after it."

HYMENIAL ANECDOTE.—Some time since, in the Highlands of Scotland, an affectionate lover conducted his intended bride to the altar, to secure her for life. The ceremony began, and proceeded with its accustomed regularity, until the fair one was asked this important question—"Wilt thou have this man for thy wedded husband?" To which, with much apparent sincerity, she replied, "No." The poor bridegroom was half petrified, and gazed upon her with astonishment; but no expostulation, either from himself, from the minister, or from the friends of both

parties, could induce her to alter her resolution. On being asked to explain the occasion of such unexpected conduct, she frankly replied that she had seen a man whom she liked better than the persea she was about to marry. This declaration soon brought affairs to a crisis. The marriage ceremony was suspended; and as an immediate dissolution of partnership took place, the minister conducted the parties to distant doors. The half bridegroom, rather disgusted with her conduct than mortified at his disappointment, declared that his affections were alienated from her, and that nothing should induce him to take her for his wife, even if her resolution was to alter. One of her friends finding him in such good spirits, intimated that as the supper was prepared, the priest still at hand, and many of the guests were in waiting, much time and expence might be spared, if he would return to the church and conclude the ceremony with one of the bridesmaids. The hint was instantly taken, and the proposal made; and as the fair one had no objection, they immediately returned, got married, repaired to the house, and regaled themselves with the supper which had been provided for the other, and partly at the expence of her friends. A few weeks afterwards the deserter was married to the man whom she liked better, and both husbands, meeting shortly after these events, shook hands, and they have continued to live in friendship ever since.

EPITOME OF WAR.—The history of every war is like a scene I once saw in Nithsdale. Two boys from different schools met one fine day upon the ice. They eyed each other awhile in silence, with rather zealous and indignant looks, and with defiance on each brow. "What are you glowrin at, Billy?" "What's that to you, Donald? I'll look whiar I've a mind, an' hinder me if you daur." To this a hearty blow was returned, and they began such a battle! It being Saturday, all the boys of both schools were on the ice, and the fight instantly became general. At first they fought at a distance with missile weapons, such as stones and snow-balls; but, at length, coming hand to hand, they coped in a rage, and many bloody raps were liberally given and received. I went up to try if I could pacify them; for by this time a number of little girls had joined the affray, and I was afraid they would be killed. So, addressing one party, I asked, "What are you fighting those boys for? What have they done to you?" "O, naething at a' maun; we just want to gie them a guid thrashin', that's a'." My remonstrance was vain; at it they went afresh; and after fighting till they were quite exhausted, one of the principal heroes stepped forth between the combatants, himself covered with blood and his clothes all torn to tatters, and addressed the opposing party thus: "I'll tell you what we'll do wi' ye, if ye'll let us alone we'll let you alone." There was no more of it; the war was at an end, and the boys scampered away to their play. That scene was as a lesson of wisdom to me. I thought at the time, and have often thought since that this trivial affray was the best epitome of war in general that I have ever seen. Kings and ministers of state are just a set of grown up children, exactly like the children I speak of, with only this material difference, that instead of fighting out for themselves the needless quarrels they have raised, they sit in safety and look on, hound out their innocent but servile subjects to battle, and then, after an immense waste of blood and treasure, are glad to make the boys' condition, if ye'll let us alone we'll let you alone."—James Hogg.

A FLATTERING FAREWELL.—A good deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbour, who was a churlish and universally unpopular man, put the question—"Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh, yes," said the sick man, "I am." "Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for all the neighbours are willing."

TOM DIBDIN, the author and celebrated punster, had a horse which he called 'Graphy,' and gave his reason for christening him, as follows: "When I made up my mind to buy a horse, I said I'll buy a graphy; when I mounted him, I was top o'