

The Examiner.

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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

NEW SERIES.]

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LITERATURE.

Brown's Day with the Mimpson's.

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"Our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time."

[CONCLUDED.]

"By Miss Bellamy's account, my advent that day was looked upon by Mrs. Mimpson as an enraging calamity. Mrs. Mimpson was, herself, fourth cousin to a Scotch lord, and the plague of her life was the drawback to the gentility of her parties in Mimpson's mercantile acquaintance. She had married the little man for his money, and had thought, by living out of town, to choose her own society, with her husband for her only in-combrance; but Mimpson vowed that he should be ruined in Mark's Lane, if he did not house and dine his mercantile fraternity and their envoys at Rose Lodge, and they had at last compromised the matter. No Yankee clerk, or German agent, or person of any description, defiled by trade, was to be invited to the Lodge without a three day's premonition to Mrs. Mimpson, and no additions were to be made whatever by Mr. M. to Mrs. M's dinners, soirees, matinees, archery parties, suppers, dejeuners, tableaux or private theatricals. This holy treaty, Mrs. Mimpson presumed, was written with a gad of steel on a leaf of brass—inviolable as her cousin's coat of arms.

"But there was still 'Ossa on Pelion.' The dinner of that day had a diplomatic aim. Miss Mimpson, (whom I had not yet seen) was ready to 'come out,' and her mother had embarked her whole soul in the enterprise of bringing about that debut at Almack's. Her best card was a certain Lady S——, who chanced to be passing a few days in the neighbourhood, and this dinner was in her honor;—the company chosen to impress her, with the exclusiveness of the Mimpson's, and the prayer for her ladyship's influence (to procure vouchers from one of the patronesses) was to be made, when she was directed to their request. And all had hitherto worked to a charm. Lady S—— had accepted, Ude had sent his best cook from Crockford's—the Belgian Charge and a Swedish *Attache* were coming—the day was beautiful, and the Lodge was sitting for its picture, and on the very morning, when every chair at the table was ticketed and devoted, what should Mr. Mimpson do, but send back a special messenger from the city, to say that he had forgotten to mention to Mrs. M. at breakfast, that he had invited a Mr. Brown! Of course he had forgotten it, though it would have been as much as his eyes were worth to mention it in person to Mrs. Mimpson.

"To this information, which came to light in the course of rather a desultory conversation, Miss Bellamy thought I had some title, from the rudeness of my reception. It was given to me in the shape of very clever banter, it is true, but she was evidently interested to set me right with regard to Mr. Mimpson's good intentions in my behalf, and, as far as that, and her own civilities would do it, to apologize for the inhospitality of Rose Lodge. Very kind of the girl—for I was passing, recollect, at a most ha'penny valuation.

"I had made some casual remark touching the absurdity of Almack's aspirations in general, and Mrs. Mimpson's in particular; and my fair friend, who of course fancied an Almack's ticket as much out of Mr. Brown's reach as the horn of the new moon, took up the defence of Mrs. Mimpson on that point, and undertook to dazzle my untutored imagination by a picture of this seventh heaven—as she had heard it described, for to herself, she freely confessed, it was not even within the limits of dreamland.

"I knew this was true of herself, and thousands of highly educated and charming girls in England, but still, looking at her while she spoke, and seeing what an ornament she would be to any ball-room in the world, I realized, with more repugnance than I have ever felt before, the arbitrary barriers of fashion and aristocracy. An accident had placed me in a position to look on the reverse of the shield, I

determined, if possible, to let Miss Bellamy judge of its color with the same advantage.—It is not often that a plebeian like myself has the authority to

"Bid the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars."

"We were near the open window of the library, and I stepped in and wrote a note to Lady——, one of the lady patronesses, and the kindest friend I have in England, asking for three vouchers for the next ball. I had had occasion once or twice before to apply for similar favours, for countrywomen of my own, passing through London on their travels, and I knew that her ladyship thought no more of granting them than of returning bows in Hyde Park. I did not name the ladies for whom the three tickets were intended, wishing to reserve the privilege of handing one to Miss Mimpson, should she turn out civil and presentable. The third, of course, was for Miss Bellamy's chaperon, whoever that might be, and the party might be extended to a quartette by the 'Monsieur De Trop' of the hour—*cela eelon*. Quite a dramatic plot—was't it?"

"I knew that Lady—— was not very well, and would be found at home by the messenger, (my post-boy,) and there was time enough between soup and coffee to go to London and back, even without the spur in his pocket.

"The bell rang, and Miss Bellamy took herself off to dress. I went to my carpet bag in the bachelor quarters of the house, and by a discreet *entree* with the maid who brought me hot water, became somewhat informed as to my fair friend's position in the family. She was the daughter of a gentleman who had seen better days. They lived in a retired cottage in the neighbourhood, and as Miss Bellamy and a younger sister were both very highly accomplished, they were usually asked to the Lodge, whenever there was company to be entertained with their music.

"I was early in the drawing-room, and found there Mrs. Mimpson and a tall dragon of a young lady I presumed to be her daughter. She did not introduce me. I had hardly achieved my salutatory *salutem* when Miss Bellamy came in opportunely, and took me off their hands, and as they addressed no conversation to us, we turned over music, and chatted in the corner while the people came in. It was twilight in the reception room, and I hoped by getting on the same side of the table with Lady S——, (whom I had the honour of knowing,) to escape recognition till we joined the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner. As the guests arrived, they were formally introduced to Miss Mimpson by the mother, and every body but myself was formally presented to Lady S——, the exception not noticeable, of course, among thirty people. Mr. Mimpson came late from the city, possibly anxious to avoid a skirmish on the subject of his friend Brown, he entered the room barely in time to hand Lady S—— in to dinner.

"My tactics were ably seconded by my unconscious ally. I placed myself in such a position at table, that, by a little management, I kept Miss Bellamy's head between me and Lady S—— and my name was not so remarkable as to draw attention when called on to take wine with the peccant spouse of the Scotch lord's cousin. Meantime I was very charmingly entertained—Miss Bellamy not having at all the fear of Mrs. Mimpson before her eyes, and apparently finding the Yankee supercargo, or cotton clerk, or whatever he might be, quite worth trying her hand upon. The provender was good, and the wine was enough to verify the apocrypha—at least for the night,—a man remembering neither sorrow nor debt with such glorious claret.

"As I was *vis-a-vis* to Miss Mimpson, and only two plates removed from her mother, I was within reach of some syllable or some civility, and one would have thought that good breeding might exact some slight notice for the devil himself, under one's own roof of invitation; but the eyes of Miss Aurelia and her mamma passed over me as if I had on the invisible ring of Gyges. I wonder, by the way, whether the ambitious youths who go to London and Paris with samples, and come back and sport with the complete varnish of a man acquired in foreign

society—I wonder whether they take these rubs to be part of their polishing!

"The ladies rose and left us, and as I had no more occasion to dodge heads or trouble myself with humility, I took Lady S——'s place at old Mimpson's right hand, and was immediately recognised with great *empressment* by the Belgian Charge, who had met me 'very often, in agreeable society.' Mimpson stared, and evidently took it for a bit of flummery or a mistake, but he presently stared again, for the butler came in with a coronetted note on his silver tray, the seal side up, and presented it to me with a most deferential bend of his white waistcoat. I felt the vouchers within, and pocketed it without opening, and we soon after rose and went to the drawing room for coffee.

"Lady S—— sat with her back to the door, besieged by Mrs. Mimpson; and at the piano, beside Miss Bellamy, who was preparing to play, stood one of the loveliest young creatures possible to fancy. A pale and high-bred looking lady in widow's weeds sat near them, and I had no difficulty in making out who were the two after-dinner additions to the party. I joined them, and was immediately introduced by Miss Bellamy to her mother and sister, and with whom (after a brilliant duet by the sisters) I strolled out upon the lawn for an hour—for it was a clear night, and the moon and soft air almost took me back to Italy. And (perhaps by a hint from Miss Bellamy) I was allowed to get on very expeditiously in my acquaintance with her mother and sister.

"My new friend returned to the drawing-room, and as the adjoining library was lighted, I went and filled up the blank vouchers with the names of Mrs. Bellamy and her daughters. I listened a moment to the conversation in the next room. The subject was Almack's, and it was discussed with great animation. Lady S——, who seemed to me trying to escape the trap that they had baited for her, was quietly setting forth the difficulties of procuring vouchers, and recommending to Mrs. Mimpson not to subject herself to the mortification of a refusal. Old Mimpson backed up this advice with a stout approval, and thus brought Mrs. Mimpson out 'horse and foot,' and she declared that she would submit to any thing, do any thing, give any thing, rather than fail in this darling object of ambition. She would feel under eternal, inexpressible obligations to any friend who would procure for herself and her daughter admission for but one night at Almack's.

"And then came in the sweet voice of Miss Bellamy, who 'knew it was both wrong and silly, but she would give ten years of her life to go to one of Almack's balls, and in a long conversation she had had with Mr. Brown on the subject that morning—

"Ah!" interrupted Lady S——, "if it had been the Mr. Brown, you would have had very little trouble about it."

"And who is the Mr. Brown?" asked Mrs. Mimpson.

"The pet and *protege* of the only lady patroness I do not visit, said Lady S——, and unluckily too, the only one who thinks the vouchers great rubbish, and gives them away without thought or scruple."

"At that moment I entered the room. "Good heavens!" screamed Lady S——, "is that his ghost? Why, Mr. Brown!" she gasped giving me her hand very cautiously, "do you appear when you are talked of, like—like—like—"

"Like the devil? No! But I am here in body, and very much at your ladyship's service," said I, "for of course you are going to the duke's to-night, and so am I. Will you take me with you, or shall my *po-chay* follow where I belong—in your train?"

"I'll take you, of course," said her ladyship, rising— "but first about these vouchers. You have just come, and didn't hear our discussion. Mrs. Mimpson is extremely anxious that her daughter should come out at Almack's, and I happened to say, the moment before you entered, that you were the very person to procure the tickets from Lady S——. How very odd that you should come in just then! But tell us—can you?"

"A dead silence followed the question. Mrs. Mimpson sat with her eyes on the floor, the picture of dismay and mortifi-

cation. Miss Mimpson blushed and twisted her handkerchief, and Miss Bellamy looked at her hostess half amused and half distressed.

"I handed the three vouchers to Miss Bellamy, and begged her acceptance of them, and then turning to Lady S——, without waiting for a reply, regretted that, not having had the pleasure of being presented to Miss Mimpson, I had not felt authorized to include her in my effort to oblige Miss Bellamy.

"And what with old Mimpson's astonishment, and Lady S——'s immediate tact in covering, by the bustle of departure, what she could not quite understand, though she knew it was some awkward *contre tempts* or other, I found time to receive Miss Bellamy's thanks, and get permission from the mother to call and arrange this unexpected party, and in ten minutes I was on my way to London with Lady S——, amusing her almost into fits with my explanations of the Mimpson mystery.

"Lady S—— was to be still at Hampstead for a few days, and, at my request, she called with me on the Bellamy's, and invited the girls up to town. Rose Bellamy, the younger, is at this moment one of the new stars of the season accordingly, and Miss Bellamy and I carry on the war weekly at Almack's, and nightly at some wax-light Paradise or other, and Lady S—— has fallen in love with them both, and treats them like daughters.

"So you see, though I passed for a ha'penny with the Mimpsons, I turned out a sovereign to the Bellamys.

"Pass the bottle!"

VARIETIES.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.—Nor while speaking of the schoolmasters, in whose hands the printing-press is such a powerful agent of public instruction at the present time, must we forget newspapers. Whether we regard them as the guide or echo of popular opinion, and in some sort, they partake of both characters, we are lost in amazement and admiration at the quantity and quality of mind, and that of the highest order, now to be found in the columns of the daily, weekly, and provincial press. From being a mere chronicle of passing events, a dry register of dates and facts, the newspaper has grown into one of the leading schoolmasters of the day. Its articles amuse us with their wit, and instruct us with their wisdom. They exhibit the brilliancy of the classic scholar, and the close reasoning of the logician. It is an encyclopedia in itself. It reviews all books, and treats of all science, it is familiar with all geography, and at home in all history. It is *Edipus* to read the riddles which every political Sphinx may set before it. It dives into cabinet secrets, and anticipates the purposes of statesmen. It has the hundred eyes of the ever wakeful Argus, the hundred hands and fifty heads of Briareus. And, as omnipresent as omniscient, as ubiquitous as verastite, it is here, there, and everywhere, from Indus to the Po, from China to Peru, compassing the world with its correspondents, and, with its expresses and the electric telegraph, racing against time to communicate its intelligence of mankind in every region of the earth. The ancients counted up seven wonders of the world. If they had possessed a newspaper press, they would have had eight, more marvellous and more worthy than all the rest together.—*Speech of Rev. James Aspinall on Education.*

DISSEMINATION OF LITERATURE IN LONDON.—If the march of intellect be not rapid, it is not for want of schools and teachers. Private academies for both sexes number 851, district and parochial schools 129, British and Foreign 62, National 7, and collegiate institutions for granting degrees 50. The teachers of dancing amount to 55, of drawing 13, elocution 4, languages 54, mathematics 9, music 251, navigation 3, and writing 18. Literature is disseminated by 421 printers, 760 publishers and booksellers; and the books are preserved and beautiful by the skill of 281 bookbinders—so all of whom and to the entire writing community, materials are supplied by 620 stationers.—Lastly, this newspaper will pass into the

hands of the reader through the agency of one of 235 newsvenders.—*Daily News.*

TOO BAD.—Mr. Dotwood, in his "Hints to Young Mothers," recommends patience and care in teaching *boy* babies to feel their "footies."—He says for the sake of seeing them tootle, they are put upon the floor too soon, which has a tendency to furnish them with an everlasting pair of peranthetical shanks. "It is not of so much consequence about the girls."

A TRIPLE PUN.—Miss Edgeworth was one evening busy writing beside her father, when a servant brought in the tea equipage. The authoress measured the due spoonfuls into a china cup, then turned on the boiling water into the teapot, let it stand the time for infusion; put into other cups their cream and sugar, pouring thereon—what? In her literary abstraction she omitted to put in the lye, so that the draught she now offered her parent was very milk-and-waterish indeed. "Were you writing on Irish bulls that you made such a blunder, Maria?" asked the sire. "No, papa," returned his witty girl, "twas Irish *Absen-tea-ism*."

GIRLS DO YOU HEAR THAT.—Judge Eldred of Pennsylvania has decided in court, that listening at a keyhole, though against all etiquette, good manners and the clearest maxims of common law, in a man, is perfectly legal and justifiable in any individual of the gentle sex, owing to the amiable weakness of curiosity which nature has implanted in female bosoms. We are rejoiced that this point is settled at last. The Judge deserves a "piece of plate" from the ladies in the shape of a gigantic keyhole as big as the ear of Dionysius.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.—Perhaps there is scarcely an ordinary oath administered in any of the transactions of life so little regarded—even so little remembered by all classes, as that taken in the most solemn manner, and in the presence of the Almighty, by the husband and wife, "Love, honour, and obey." How many wives, "love, honour, and obey" their lords? How many even think of doing so? And yet there is an oath recorded against them, every simple violation of which is a distinct perjury.

OUT OF THE FULLNESS OF THE HEART, &c.—A Cumberland schoolmaster weary and worn with the labours of the week, sat himself down, a few Saturday nights ago, to a quiet game at cards, and stuck at the amusement till the clock struck twelve. On the following morning he went to church—and then went asleep. In the middle of the sermon, the congregation were startled by a loud thump in the pedagogue's pew, and a louder cry of "spades is trumps, and I'll stand." The parson came to a stand. His hearers tittered. The "miserable sinner" woke up; and encountering wicked glances on every side, would gladly have vanished through the roof or sunk through the floor.

HOW MR. JONES FAILED.—Some men fail so frequently, that it may almost be said of them that they do "nothing else." We wish they would all follow the example of Mr. Jones.

There once lived, in the city of Boston, a certain Mr. Jones. This same Mr. Jones was an eccentric man—very much so; and among his many other peculiarities was that of failing in business once in every two years. Some people now-a-days have the same extraordinary habit. Mr. Jones always paid his creditors fifty per cent. A very dignified and pompous man was Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones failed again—made an assignment of his effects as usual, and was very much surprised when his assignee said to him—

"Mr. Jones, we shall declare a dividend of forty per cent."

"Sir," said Mr. Jones, in a very dignified manner, "you must make it fifty, sir. I always pay fifty cents on the dollar, sir."

"It can't be done," said the assignee.

"It shall be done," said Mr. Jones elevating his right hand.

"We have not enough property in our hands to do it," said the assignee.

"Sir," said Mr. Jones, "declare fifty per cent.—I *always* pay fifty per cent, and, sir, if you have not sufficient property in