

# The Gleaner

AND NORTHUMBERLAND SCHEDIASMA.

VOLUME IV.]

Nec araneam cane teus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

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MIRAMICHI, TUESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1882.

## THE GLEANER.

### BORROWING.

There is no class of people so annoying in a community as those who are eternally in the habit of borrowing—who through extreme parsimony neglect to provide themselves with the various articles which are considered indispensable in a well regulated family, and subsist almost entirely at the expense of their neighbours. But it is a notorious fact, which we dare say many of our neighbours will bear witness to, that there are many families who seem to make it the chief business of their lives to borrow!

'My dear,' said Mrs Green to her husband one morning, 'the meal which we borrowed from Mr. Black a few days ago is almost out, and we must bake tomorrow.' 'Well,' said the husband, 'send and borrow half a bushel at Mr. White's; he sent to mill yesterday.' 'And when it comes, shall we return the peck we borrowed more than a month ago, from the widow Gray?' 'No,' said the husband gruffly, 'she can send for it when she wants it. John, do you go down to Mr Brown's and ask him to lend me his axe to chop some wood this forenoon; ours is quite dull, and I saw him grinding his last night. And James do you go to Mr Clark's and ask him to lend me a hammer—and do you hear? you may as well borrow a few nails, while you are about it.' A little boy now enters and says, 'Father sent me to ask if you had done with his hoe, which you borrowed a week ago last Wednesday; he wants to use it.' 'Wants his hoe, child? What can he want with it? I have not half done with it yet—but if he wants it I suppose he must have it.' 'Tell him to send it back though as soon as he can spare it.' They sat down to breakfast. 'O la!' exclaims Mrs Green, 'there is not a particle of butter in the house—James, run over to Mrs Notable's, she always has excellent butter in her dairy, and ask her to lend me a plateful.' After a few minutes James returned: 'Mrs Notable says she has sent you the butter, but begs you to remember that she has already lend you nineteen platefuls, which are scored on the dairy door.' 'Nineteen platefuls!' exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Green, holding up both her hands; 'it is no such a thing—I never had HALF that quantity; and if I had, what is a little plateful of butter? I never think of keeping account of such a trifling affair—I declare I have a great mind never to borrow any thing of that mean creature again, as long as I live.' After breakfast Mr. Green must shave. His razor is out of order. 'John, where is Mr. Smith's hone and strap?' 'He sent for it the other day, sir, and said he should like to have the privilege of using it himself sometimes.' 'Sent for it? Impertinent! He might at least have waited till I was done with it. Well, go down to squire Stern's and ask him to lend me his best razor; tell him mine is so dull I can do nothing with it. I know he has an excellent one—for I saw him buy it at Mr. Grant's store. Be sure and get the new one.'

A girl enters—'Mother sent me to see if you had done with the numbers of the Lady's book, (or perhaps the Constellation) which you borrowed of her several months ago. She says she would like to read it herself?' 'My dear child, why did not your mother send for it before? I declare I don't know where it is now. I lent it to somebody—I forget who! I'll make inquiry and if I can find it, I will send it to her in the course of a few weeks.' In the afternoon it rains—'Wife, where is my great-coat?' 'My dear, your great coat has two large holes under the arm-pits; besides, it is so shabby I am ashamed to see you wear it. Can't we borrow one somewhere?—Here, James, go to Deacon Davis's, and ask him if he will lend your father his new surtout, as it rains, and his is not fit to wear. He will take good care of it, and return it when he is done with it.'—And so on to the end of the chapter.

A friend once informed us that about ten o'clock, one cold stormy evening in the month of February, when his family were about retiring for the night to their respective apartments, a loud rap was heard at the door, which on being opened, there entered a little urchin, who said his mamma, who lived but a few paces distant, had sent her respects, and wished to borrow a warming-pan to warm her bed, as the night was cold, and they had none in the house. The warming-pan was forthwith brought from the kitchen and handed over to the little fellow; but he was not yet satisfied—'Mother says if you lend us the warming-pan, perhaps you would lend us some coals to put into it, as our fire is almost gone out!'—*Exeter News-Letter.*

The Liverpool (Pa.) Mercury quotes an advertisement from the Hingham Gazette, in which the writer states that he has 'opened a school for young ladies. Also, a heavy wagon, which he would exchange for a cart.' This, continues the Editor, reminds us of the reply of an old acquaintance of ours, a shopkeeper. He was asked by a lady if he had any white lace veils. 'Why, no I haven't, but I've just got up a real lot of first chop potash kittles.'

NEWSPAPERS.—The following satire is from the Boston Transcript; we believe there is more truth in it than some persons would be willing to allow; it is an annoyance even worse than borrowing, to say nothing of the paitry spirit that could stoop to such a degradation in a country which abounds with cheap and useful papers:—

Do you take a newspaper, neighbor? 'Yes.' What one? 'Take? egad, why I take all I can lay my hands on!'

FROM THE LONDON COURT JOURNAL.

### DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "INNS" AND "OUTS."

Reverse of fortune renders all men misanthropic. from Timon of Athens to an ex Under-Secretary of State, and Marius, when he sat meditating among the ruins of Carthage, was but the prototype of the courtiers of George IV, of blessed memory, sitting sulking among the ruins of the cottage in Windsor Park.—*Sweet?*—Verily, the uses of adversity are as bitter as a Quinine lozenge!

'Tis a mighty easy thing for a monarch, taking his ease in his velvet fauteuil, to say, 'Let Whigs be trumps!' or, 'My Lords and gentlemen, get out!' but a mighty hard one to be captured as an odd trick, or fated to an awkward exit, and such of the INs as think proper to parade to the OUTs the *ennuis* endured at Royal breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, Royal marchings and counter-marchings from St. James's to Windsor, from Windsor to Brighton, are little to be trusted. It is, in fact, a perquisite of office to my Lord Groom of the Stannaries or Sir Privy Purse, to grumble over the necessity of renouncing his hereditary castle or beloved domestic hearth for the Palace or the Pavilion. But experience teaches that people are apt to wax wondrous weary of the home of their ancestors; and after all, a Royal MENT is not to be despised, nor a bed of down the worse for being enjoyed at his Majesty's or the nation's expense.

For the first five days of ex-Ministry, it certainly affords some consolation for one's grievances, to rhodomontade about the thraldom of Downing street, and the sacred domesticities of private life. Like Wolsey in his fall, I remember exclaiming—

'Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!' But soon I discovered that my tirades were listened to with a sneer; and that every one knew, as well as I know myself, how peerless are the

'Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious office,' how sweet the downy nest of a sinecure; how exciting the duties of a tax-collectorship of perquisites. Salary

is a mere tame and vulgar gratification, compared with the valiant piracies and buccaneership of official picking and stealing. Numberless, indeed, as they are precious, are the privileges and immunities of a Court favourite. At the theatres the Royal box;—at races, the Royal stand;—on the road, the Royal equipage;—on the high seas, the Royal yacht;—exits and entrances undreamed of by the common-place frequenter of levees or drawing-rooms;—a frigate to the Mediterranean for one's sick son;—a suite at the Pavilion for one's sick self; a rangership for one's villa;—and the Queen's band for one's diversion:—pine-apples from Kew, venison from Windsor;—a private view of the exhibitions, uncontaminated by plebeian breath;—a public re-view in the Park cheered by a shouting multitude.

And then the pleasure of insulting one's foes by all the condescension of patronage; and the comfort of insinuating one's friends into some secret snuggery of office;—the delight of visiting, uninvited, and in the Royal train, some stiff-necked Duchess who has been grinding her teeth at us for thirty years past;—or taking one's place, per virtue of office, at some dinner-table, whose host silently wishes his viands poisoned for our sake;—of being fawned upon by one's worst enemy, and humbly petitioned by some wretch who has despitely used us and persecuted us! These—these are joys beyond the computation of quarter-day: quotidian joys and nightly triumphs; delight for every hour in the twenty-four of the whole three hundred and sixty five days of the official year.

The beautiful Duchesse de Mazarin used to assert that there was rapture in infringing the smallest of our duties;—how much more then in invading the united duties of custom and excise, and over-stepping the high pressure squeezing of the streets of Dover?—And then the editors of the public prints! What charms do they find in all our faces,—what dignity in all our steps! We cannot so much as bestow sixpence on a Savoyard and his monkey without gaining credit for the action. We become 'philanthropic' on the strength of a guinea-subscription extorted from us by much urging on the part of the directors of some lame, deaf, or blind institution; or 'affable' when we dare not order our tall footman to cane away the Irish hatters besetting our carriage on a race-course. In the daily papers, the lady of the Home Department (like a bride) is always 'the amiable and accomplished,' and of a Lord of the Admiralty, 'lovely and interesting.' The wife of a Cabinet Minister is, in fact exempted from the common destiny of women. She cannot grow old and ugly;—and at worst [even trembling at seventy-two,] is sure to be qualified as 'dignified' or 'estimable.' Her children and grandchildren are cupids or cherubim; nay, even her doating old aunt becomes 'a venerable personage.' The world—the fashionable world—is called upon to sympathize with her slightest catarrh;—and the announcement of her smallest dinner party reaches the uttermost end of the earth—'Yesterday evening, Viscountess Treasury-Bench entertained a select circle of friends,' becomes eventually known at St. Petersburg, Canton Madagascar, and Baffin's Bay!

And then the prodigious accession of family, the miraculous extension of clan, insured by honourable mention in the Court Circular! Our body-guard of cousins would fill Hyde Park, and every human creature to whom we ever addressed a sentence, were it but 'stand out of the way,' becomes our 'old acquaintance,' or 'early friend.' The nearest sighted people grow lynx-eyed enough to detect us at the distance of a mile;—and we are found worthy to be seen and bowed to from the gallery of the ball, as our carriage passes through St. Paul's churchyard. Na incog, no oblivion, can disguise our features, or veil our person.

—'It were all ours  
That we should take some bright particular star.'