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Et carnis mendacium est optimum. - Cic.

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SAINT ANDREWS, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1859.

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GOING DOWN HILL.

A "Kick" vs. a "Hug."

"That looks bad," exclaimed former White, with an impressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected garden and broken down fence, in one of his daily walks.

"Bad enough" was the reply of the companion to whom the remark was addressed, "neighbor Thompson appears to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember the time when everything around his little place was trim and tidy."

"It is quite the contrary now," returned the former. "Hugger, outland lines and grounds all show the want of the master's care. Last fall Thompson is in the down ward path."

"He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man, rejoined the second speaker. "I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment of his make, and they have done me good service."

"I have generally employed him for myself and family," was the reply, "and I must confess that he is a good workman, but nevertheless, I believe I shall step into Jack Smith's this morning, and order a pair of boots that I need. I always make it a rule never to patronize those who appear to be running behind hand. There is generally some trick in helping those who do not help themselves."

"Very true; and as my wife desired me to see about a pair of shoes for her this morning I will follow your example and call upon Smith. He is no great favorite of mine, however, and is a little quarrelsome fellow. And yet he seems to be getting ahead in the world," answered the former, and I am willing to give him a lift. But I have an errand at the butcher's—step in with me for a moment, I will meet the neighbor who had been the subject of their previous conversation. He certainly presented rather a shabby appearance, and in his choice of meat there was a regard to economy, which did not escape the observation of former White. After a few passing remarks, the poor shoemaker took his departure, and the butcher opened his account-book with a somewhat anxious air, saying, as he charged the bit of meat:

"I believe it is time that neighbor Thompson and I came to a settlement. Short accounts make long friends."

"Indeed? Have you heard of any trouble, neighbor White?"

"No, I have heard nothing; but a man has the use of his own eyes, you know; and I never trust any one with my money who is evidently running down hill."

"Quite right, and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only delayed on account of the sickness the poor man has had in his family all winter. I suppose he must have run behind hand a little, but still I must take care of number one."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?" observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest. "Going down hill is he? I must look out for myself then. He owes me quite a sum for leather. I did intend to give him another month's credit; but on the whole I guess the money would be as safe in my own pocket."

Here the four worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability that he was going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

In another part of the village similar scenes were passing.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dressmaker, to a favorite, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been gazing on the passers-by. "If there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming up the steps with a parcel in her hand. She wants to engage me to do her spring work. I suppose, but I think it would be a venture. Every one says they are running down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She has always paid me promptly," was the reply.

"True; but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risks. The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented further conversation. She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her; but as great pressure of business was pleaded as an excuse, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took her leave. Another application proved equally unsuccessful. It was strange how busily the village dressmakers had suddenly become.

On her return home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, where two of her children attended. "Ah! Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you," was the salutation. "I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle our little account this afternoon?"

"Our account" was the surprised reply. "Surely the term has not yet expired!"

"Only half of it, but my present rate is to collect any money at that time. It is a plan which many teachers have adopted of late. I was not aware that there had been any change in your rates, and I have made arrangements to meet the bill at the usual time. I fear it would not be in my power to do so sooner."

The countenance of the teacher showed great disappointment, and as she passed on in a different direction she muttered to herself: "Soonest must be the best."

"I shall not get a cent," everybody says they are going down hill. I must get rid of the children in some way, perhaps I may get a pair of shoes or two for payment for the quarter, if I manage right; but it will never do to go on in this way."

A little discomposed by her interview with the teacher, Mrs. Thompson stepped into a grocery store to purchase some trifling articles of family store.

"I have a little account against you. Will it be convenient for Mr. Thompson to settle it this evening?" asked the civil shopkeeper as he produced the desired article.

"Is it his usual time for settling?" was again the surprised inquiry.

"Well, not exactly; but money is very tight just now, and I am anxious to get in all that is due me. In future, I intend keeping short accounts. Here is your little bill, if you will like to look at it. I will call on this evening. It is but a small affair. Thirty dollars is no small sum to us just now," thought Mrs. Thompson, as she thoughtfully pursued her way towards home.

"It seems strange that all these payments must be met just now, while we are struggling to recover from the heavy expense of the winter. I cannot understand it."

Her perplexity was increased upon finding her husband with two bills in his hand, and a countenance expressive of anxiety and concern.

"Look, Mary," he said as she entered. "Here are two unexpected calls for money, one from the doctor, and the other from the dealer in leather from whom I purchased my last stock. They are both very urgent for immediate payment, although they have always been willing to wait a few months until I could make arrangements to meet their claims; but misfortunes never come singly, and if a man once gets a little behind hand, trouble seems to pour in upon him."

"Just so," replied the wife. "The neighbors think we are going down hill, and every one is ready to give us a push, here are two more bills for you—one from the grocer and the other from the teacher."

Reply was prevented by a knock at the door, and the appearance of a lad, who presented a neatly folded paper and disappeared.

"The butcher's account, as I live!" exclaimed the astonished shoemaker. "What is to be done, Mary? So much money to be paid out, and very little coming in; for some of my best customers have left me, although my work has always given satisfaction. If I could only have as much employment as usual, and the usual credit allowed me, I could soon satisfy their claims; but to meet them now is impossible, and the acknowledgment of my inability will send us still further on the downward path."

"We must do our best and trust in Providence," was the consolatory remark of his wife, as a second knock at the door aroused the fear that another claimant was about to appear.

But the benevolent countenance of Uncle Joshua, a rare but ever welcome visitor, presented itself, setting himself in the comfortable chair that Mary happened to hand him, he said, in his somewhat eccentric but friendly manner:

"Well, good folks, I understand that the world does not go quite so well with you as formerly."

"What is the trouble?"

"There need be no trouble, my wife, if you will only do as I say, and attend to the things which the Almighty sees to be necessary for us. The winter was a trying one; we met with losses and misfortunes, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would have gone well, if those around me were not determined to push me into the downward path."

"But their lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This selfish world, everybody, or, at least a great majority, care only for a puncheon. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, their first thought is whether it will reflect on their own integrity, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. The only way is to keep up appearances—show no signs of going behind hand, and all will go well with you."

"Very true, Uncle Joshua; but how is this to be done? Bills which I did not expect to be called upon to meet for the next three months are pouring in upon me, my best

customers are leaving me for a more fortunate rival—in short I am on the brink of ruin, and nothing but a miracle can save me."

"A miracle which is very easily wrought, then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the amount of those debts which press so heavily upon you? and how, soon, in the common course of events could you discharge them?"

"They do not exceed one hundred dollars, replied the shoemaker, "and with my usual run of work I could make all right in three or four months."

"We will say six," was the answer, "I will advance you one hundred and fifty dollars for six months. Pay every cent you owe, and with the remainder of the money make some slight addition or improvement in your house or shop; and put everything about the grounds in its usual neat order. Try this plan for a few weeks, and we will see what effect it has upon our worthy neighbors. No, no, never mind thinking me. I am only trying a little experiment on humankind. I know you, of old, and have no doubt that my money is safe in your hands."

Weeks passed by. The advice of Uncle Joshua had been followed, the change in the shoemaker's prospects was indeed wonderful.

He was now spoken of as one of the most thriving village, and many marvelous stories were told to account for the sudden alteration in his affairs. It was generally agreed that a distant relative had bequeathed him a legacy, which had entirely relieved him of his pecuniary difficulties.

Old customers and new ones crowded in upon him. They had never before realized the beauty and durability of his work. The polite butcher, selected the best pieces of meat for his inspection, as he entered, and was as indifferent as to the time of payment.

The dealer in leather called to inform him that his best hides awaited his orders. The teacher accompanied the children home to tea, and spoke in high terms of their improvement, pronouncing them among her scholars. The dressmaker suddenly found herself free from the great press of work, and in a friendly note expressed her desire to oblige Mrs. Thompson in any way in her power.

"Just as I expected," exclaimed Uncle Joshua, rubbing his hands exultingly as the grateful shoemaker called upon him, at the expiration of six months, with the money which had been loaned in the hour of need. "Just as I expected. A strange world! They are ready to push a man up hill if he seems to be ascending; and just as ready to push him down if they fancy his face is turned that way. In the future, neighbor Thompson, let every thing around you wear an air of prosperity, and you will be sure to prosper."

And with a satisfied air, Uncle Joshua placed his money in his pocket-book, ready to meet some other claim upon his benevolence, whilst he whom he had thus befriended, with light steps and cheerful countenance, returned to his happy home.

Once upon a time, the conversation having turned, in presence of Dr. Franklin upon riches and a young person in the company having expressed his surprise that they ever should be attended with such anxiety and solicitude—instating one of his acquaintances, who though in possession of unbounded wealth yet was as busy and more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting house—the doctor took an apple from a fruit-basket and presented it to a child, who could not restrain about the room. The child could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave it another, which he caught with a look of delight, and then choosing a third, he held the three, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See there," said the philosopher, "there is a little man, with more riches than the king of kings."

THE ENGLISH IN SOUTH AMERICA.—A correspondent in the New York Times, dating from Lima, gives a sketch of measures that have been taken to establish a new English colony in South America. It seems the Republic of Ecuador, unable to settle the large debt due to English bondholders, has transferred to them the fertile region watered by the Napo, and other tributaries of the Amazon. The free navigation of the Amazon and its tributaries is also guaranteed to ships sailing under the English flag. Protests have been made in Peru and New Grenada, and Ecuador is arming and fortifying in expectation of hostile demonstrations from her neighbors, and endeavoring to gain time till the steamer now fitting out in England for river navigation shall arrive. Colonists are being recruited, and the next year will see the English flag floating on the Amazon and that noble region furnishing another avenue to British commerce.

As one of the results of the recent visit of the Postmaster General to this place we may state that arrangements are in progress for the location of the post-office of a more central part of the town. Such a step has long been considered necessary, owing to the great inconveniences caused by the situation of the building in which the office is now kept. The postmaster has, we understand, rented an office in Chipman's building, corner of King and Water Streets, and will in a few days, commence the business at his new quarters. This will prove a desirable accommodation to the citizens generally. We are also justified in stating that an increase

of salary to the postmaster, will be ere long made known. It is expected that the salary of the postmaster at St. Andrews will be increased.—St. Croix Herald.

THE HALIFAX AND QUEBEC RAILWAY.—The Morning News, of the 6th inst., has a leader on "the Old Story—the Halifax and Quebec Railway," in which the subject is fully and ably reviewed, and the probability of the great inter-colonial line being built by Lord Bury's Company, if the Province will consent to give up "ten miles on either side of the line," and £20,000 per annum. It also has a high price for the Locomotive "Whistler." The New Brunswick and Canada Railway Line is next considered, in pointed and significant language, and conclusions drawn, which must grate harshly on the ears of the citizens of St. John. Without further comment we quote the following passages from the "News":—

"It is conceded on all sides that unless the Legislature takes steps in order to secure the building of a branch road to connect St. John with the St. Andrew's Railroad, the town of St. Andrews is destined at a very early day to take the commercial position of St. John. We have already indications of this. There is no more picture of the ferry about it. We observe that several of our most spirited and enterprising merchants have left and are about leaving St. John to carry on business in St. Andrews, in connection with the upper country. Vessels in another year will proceed direct to St. Andrews with flour, pork, &c., for Woodstock, Grand Falls and above, to be conveyed over the St. Andrew's line. The St. John River will run sluggishly for awhile. We are therefore bound in self defence to have an air river line from this City—and the work should be commenced early in the Spring; for every day lost to St. John is a day gained to St. Andrews. The Religious Intelligencer remarks—"Goods are already going from this city to St. Andrews, thence up the country. We are informed by a private correspondent that many of the Merchants in Woodstock and in country places above and below, took up but very small supplies in the fall, intending to purchase in St. Andrews and take up their goods in small quantities by railroad, as they may want them through the winter. There can be no doubt that there will be a large amount of business done on this line next summer."

THE PATH WHICH LED BENEATH THE TABLE ROCK TO TERMINATION POINT, and which those who desired to go under the sheet of falling water traversed in oil cloth suits, has fallen away, and there is now no means of getting to the Point, if it still exists. One can still walk about a yard under the cataract, but no further foothold is afforded. For long, doubtless, now that the stratum of soft rock below has fallen and been pounded to clay, the upper mass will fall. And then another step will have been taken in the slow and tedious course in which Niagara has eaten its way back from Queenstown, and is to wear itself away somewhere above Chippawa.

THE SCHOONER M. F. WEBB, of New Brunswick, bound for Hartford with a load of coal during the storm of Sunday night last, dragged her anchors and struck on a reef of rocks off G. Hildon, Connecticut, where the waves made a complete breach over her. The persons on board, being three men, the captain, wife and daughter, a little girl three years of age, took refuge in the rigging, one of the seamen taking charge of the little girl, while the captain assisted his wife.

In this situation, says the New Haven News, they remained until the forenoon of Tuesday, being in full view of Faulkner's Island without any prospect of relief. At this time, the man holding the girl, worn out with great exertion, could do no more, and a wave striking the doomed vessel, the little girl dropped from his arms to the deck, and was probably instantly killed, as the angry sea washed the little body back and forth between the railings of the deck, in the sight of its agonized parents, and finally carried it to the boiling sea beyond.

During all this time the keeper of the Lighthouse on Faulkner's Island had been watching them, and at last resolved to rescue them or perish in the attempt. Leaving his little children alone, (his wife being absent ashore), after nearly exhausting his boat several times he successfully by the most exertion, in reaching the shore, and rescuing the survivors and landing them on Faulkner's Island.—Boston Transcript.

MURDERERS IN THE PENITENTIARY.—There are now in the jail in the city of Boston fifteen persons indicted for murder, including the eight Janitor murderers, one of whom has been awaiting trial for thirty-eight months. It is said the number is greater than at any previous period.

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New York is a queer place. The Sunday Mercury says there is a class of young men who propose to build the new post-office with the bricks they carry in their hats!

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The Miramichi River was still open on the 27th, according to the Globe.

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The brig Maggie, from Boston for Charlotetown, P. E. Island, has been lost in Fisherman's Harbour.—Ibid.

UNPLEASANT RESULT.—They tell a story about a man out West, who had a hair-rip, upon which he performed an operation himself, by inserting into the opening a piece of chicken-flesh—well adhered, and filled up the space admirably. This was well enough, until, in compliance with the prevailing fashion, he attempted to raise a moustache, when one side grew hair, and the other feathers.

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