

A NEW "SAW,"—OR—CURING A BAD HABIT. CHAPTER I.

Tom Whitewood was tired; he had done an unusually hard day's work in the shop, and it was with a feeling of satisfaction that he entered his neat cottage, where rest and refreshment awaited him.

Tom was the village blacksmith, at Spindle-ville, and people had a very high opinion of his good qualities of mind and heart, no less than of his industry and perseverance in business.

He had been married about two years, and a bright little girl had for six months smiled upon his happy home.

Tom went into the house, rejoiced that his day's work was done. Sundry vivid pictures of a lounge on the sofa after supper, with the newspaper in his hand, and of listening to a dozen pages or so from "Bleak House," which Susan had taken out of the Spindleville Library, which she had been reading to him at his leisure—in short, a picture of comfort and ease, which only a tired man can appreciate, played through his mind.

Hanging his hat upon the nail—Tom's bump of order was "plus 6"—he threw off his coat, and proceeded to give himself the regular scrubbing which his sooty calling required.

This done, he put on his slippers and sat down by the kitchen fire, to wait till Susan got the supper upon the table. The steaming tea-pot, and the hot biscuit looked more than usually inviting, for Tom was hungry, as well as tired—and his bump of alimentiveness was also "plus 6."

"Thomas won't you bring in an armful of wood!" said Susan.

Tom would, and did; and when he returned, supper was ready.

"Oh, dear! I'm so tired!" said Susan, as she threw herself into the chair and drew a desperate long breath.

"So am I," replied Tom, "and the chair feels good. These are first-rate biscuit, Susie; they taste tip-top."

Susan was pleased with the compliment. We believe housekeepers have a weakness in being tickled, when their culinary preparations are praised.

"I am glad you like them, Thomas."

"I do, and no mistake," added Tom, cramming the half of one into his capacious maw. They say a wide mouth indicates a large heart, and Tom's mouth was very large indeed.

"Won't you get me a pitcher of hot water, Thomas? This tea is too strong for me; I shall not sleep a wink, if I drink it so strong."

Tom got up and filled the pitcher with water, as desired, and retreated himself.

"There! I declare I have forgotten the cheese," continued she, when he was fairly down.

"Never mind it, Susie; I don't want any."

But I do; won't you bring it out of the pantry?"

Tom brought the cheese, though candor compels us to say, that his tired limbs growled a little. He didn't; Tom was too good-natured to growl just then. Once more he seated himself, for the further enjoyment of his meal.

Susan rehearsed the gossip of the day. Mrs. Sam Swelter had called; old Mr. Booby had another fit of apoplexy; Tim Jones was really courting Nancy Sykes; and she had seen the doctor stop at Mr. Peter Pendleton's house, and was quite sure they had four children now, instead of three, as before.

"Hark!" said Susan, suddenly dropping her knife and fork.

"What's the matter, Susie?"

"Didn't you hear the baby?"

"Do, Thomas, just step into the bed-room and see if she hasn't waked up."

"She will let you know it in the natural way, when she does," replied Tom, a little vexed.

"I am sure I heard her."

scolding us women about something, and finding fault with us! Now it is poor Mrs. Whitewood. She is an awful sinner, no doubt; but I suppose Tom Whitewood is an angel."

There is the trouble. Tom was not an angel. If he had been, probably I never should have found the material for my sketch. He was human, and though a very clever fellow, and a model of industry, perseverance and thrift in Spindleville, he had his infirmities.

It would have taken seven men and a boy, to wait upon Mrs. Whitewood; that was her infirmity. If there was anything to be done, she always asked somebody to do it; if she wanted anything, she never could get it herself. Tom had never been permitted to sit twenty minutes at a time, without being called upon to execute some little commission—to get a pitcher of water; to put a stick of wood on the fire; to go into the sitting room to see what time it was; to go up stairs and bring the baby's napkin; and a thousand and one other little things, which she might have done herself.

But Susan was a very good-hearted little woman, and loved Tom with all her soul. She would willingly have sacrificed her own comfort to that of her husband's; but she did not think! Tom worked very hard, and his was a laborious calling; especially for one of slender build. It never occurred to her, that it was unreasonable to ask him to wait upon her, after he had done a hard day's work; it was a habit she had fallen into, of asking to be waited upon; a habit whose consequences never presented themselves to her mind. Compared with her husband's, her daily duties were very light. She was in good health, hearty, and strong; and a woman came regularly every week, to do the washing and ironing.

At the risk of still further offending our lady readers, we must repeat that Tom was a good fellow, and bore his trials with exemplary patience. It is true, he felt a little growling in his infirm nature, when called upon to exert his wearied limbs in doing these little chores. He could not help feeling a little sour about it, but he manfully kept down the storm that was brewing in his breast.

Supper was ended, and the "things" cleared away. Tom stretched himself upon the sofa in the sitting-room, and began to feel very comfortable.

"Come, Susie, where is Bleak House?" said he.

"It is up stairs."

"Why don't you leave it down here?"

"I am afraid it will get injured. You run up and get it, won't you? It won't take you but a minute."

It was true, it didn't take him but a minute; but then he was so nicely fixed on the sofa, and his aching bones had begun to feel so good! But Tom was a philosopher, at the time of which I write, and he set off himself comfortably upon the sofa again, and began to wonder what Lady Dedlock would say and do in the forthcoming chapter.

Susan began to read, and things went on quietly for the full space of half an hour, at the end of which time, the reader, like the pendulum of the old clock, which had hung for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, suddenly stopped.

The lamp burned rather dimly. Sundry nullifying incrustations had gathered upon the wick, which Susie superstitiously declared were "letters" for her, at any rate they made their light darkness, and if they were letters at all, they were "dead letters," so that it became necessary to remove them.

"I wish you would bring me the lamp scissors, Thomas. I can't see worth a cent."

"Ugh! to get up again! But Lady Dedlock was about to say something smart, and he was anxious to know what it was."

All right again!

"Now, let us know what Lady Dedlock has to say," said Tom, stretching himself once more.

Susan continued the reading for five minutes and then stopped again.

"My throat is all dried up. I wish you would get me some water. There is some in the pail in the back room."

Tom got the water, and Susan went on again. Rap, rap, rap!

"Somebody is at the door, Thomas."

"Take the light, Susie, and see who it is."

"You go, Thomas."

Tom did go. It was only a man who wanted to know where Mr. Peter Pendleton lived.

Once more Tom was scolded for the fire got down, and Susan wanted him to fix it, though the wood lay by the fire-place.

"I guess I won't hear any more to-night, Susie. I will go to bed now," said he, yawning.

There are only two pages more to the end of the chapter.

"I am too fatigued," and Tom retired in disgust.

CHAPTER III.

Three years after.

Tom sat in the store smoking a long pipe. For nearly a year he had spent his evenings

there, smoking and telling stories till long after bedtime.

What for? Tom used to have such cozy times at home evenings—why don't he stay there now, instead of loafing about the stores, and associating with all the rowdies and vagabonds in Spindleville!

We are sorry to say it; but Tom's house is no longer a pleasant place to him. He never could sit down there half an hour, without his wife asking him to do something which more properly belonged to her, and which she could do just as well as he.

That very evening he had sat down before the fire in his comfortable sitting room, to make out some bills against some of his customers. He had got the items of Mr. Pendleton's account on the paper, and was running up the column of figures.

"Tom, I wish you would get a pitcher of water; I am almost choked," interrupted Susan, who sat the other side of the table making a little apron for the second baby.

"Forty-one, forty-seven, fifty-one," said Tom continuing to add the figures.

"The pitcher is on the table in the kitchen."

"Sixty-three, seventy-one, eighty—"

"Rinse it out before you put it in the pail."

"Zero, carry eight."

"Come Tom, will you?"

"Eight, eleven, sixteen—"

"I am almost choked," said Susan, reaching over and taking hold of his arm. "Get me some water, will you?"

"Get it yourself—eight, eleven, sixteen—"

"That is polite, I must say."

"Twenty-one, twenty-eight—"

"How cross you are, Tom!"

"Thirty-one, thirty-seven—"

"Will you get the water or not?"

"No, I won't!"

"It did not use to be so," snarled Susan.

"When I asked you to do anything for me—"

"Like a darn fool, I did it—eight, eleven, sixteen—"

"I never thought you could treat me so."

"Twenty-one, twenty-eight—"

"You are an altered man; you are off now almost every evening," whined the poor wife—

we pity her, while we point out her fault.

"There!" exclaimed Tom, closing his account-book in a pet, and putting it back into the secretary. "I should as soon think of doing anything in Tophet, as here!"

Seizing his hat, he rushed out of the house, and made his way to the store, where we found him at the opening of this chapter.

He had not been gone more than half an hour, before Uncle Tim, her mother's brother, a solid, substantial old farmer, who took a great interest in Susan's welfare, made her a call.

The poor wife's tears were scarcely dry, and her eyes were swollen with weeping.—She believed herself the most cruelly abused woman in Spindleville—a martyr to the harshness and cruelty of her husband.

"Where's Tom?"

"He is not at home. You know he never stays in the house evenings now," replied Susan, struggling to repress a fresh flood of tears.

"What's the matter, Susie? You look so you had been cryin'," continued the old man kindly. "I'm 'fraid Tom ain't so good a fellow as we used to think he was."

Susan only shook her head, and Uncle Tim sat in silence for a few moments. Suddenly the poor wife, no longer able to hide her grief, burst into tears and sobbed like a child.

"What's the matter, Susie?"

"Tom was very cross to me to-night."

"How did it happen?" asked the old man, who had been a close observer of his niece's domestic relations, and who already understood the matter very well.

"Why, you see, he was making out bills, and I asked him to bring me a pitcher of water. Then he scolded terribly."

"I have been afraid of this since the first week you were married," added Uncle Tim.

"I am sure I do everything I can to please him, but he grows worse and worse."

"I s'pose you won't thank me, Susie, for tellin' you it is mostly your fault."

"My fault, uncle?"

"In my opinion."

"Why, uncle?"

"I remember, nigh three years ago, passin' some time in the house here one night. Tom had come in from work dreadful tired, that day, and throwed himself on the sofa to rest his bones. I remember, too, you made him git up four times within an hour to get things for you, that you might just as well got yourself."

"Was there any harm in that?"

"Sartin. When he was all tired out, you ought not to bothered him. Things have been goin' on in this way. You ask him to do things, and that makes him fret, and then you fret. Men-folks ought to bring in the wood and water, and do the heavy work about house; but when you make a nigger servant of 'em, they won't stand it."

Susan reviewed the past, and she could trace a great many of their little quarrels to the

source which Uncle Tim had pointed out as the fountain of their discord.

"I s'pose you've read Poor Richard's almanac, and all the 'old saws' it contains; but I'm goin' to give you a new 'saw'—NEVER ASK ANOTHER TO DO FOR YOU WHAT YOU CAN JUST AS WELL DO YOURSELF."

Uncle Tim took his leave, and Susan set herself to thinking very vigorously. The result of her reflections was a resolution to make the new "saw" a principle of every-day life.

It was faithfully applied, and was oil upon the troubled waters of the sea of matrimony. Tom soon discovered the difference, and after a while the matter was talked over between them.

Again home was pleasant to him, even more pleasant than it had ever been before. Peace was entirely restored, and Tom is seldom disturbed—Never for unnecessary demands.—So much for the New Saw.

WHO ARE THE SANTALS?

It is perhaps necessary to say a word regarding the nature of our new enemies in India. Who are the Santals? is a question which until recently, few even in India could answer. The name is familiar enough to those who have paid any attention to the condition of the aborigines of India, and much light has been thrown on the habits of the people by recent missionary researches. Thus a very elaborate description of a branch of the tribe—a branch which is not yet, we hope, impregnated in the insurrection—will be found in a work lately published in London, entitled, 'India is a Field of Foreign Missions,' by Macleod Wylie, Esq. It is sufficient for our present purpose to say that the Santals, though possessing many of the characteristics of the real hill tribes, whose similarity if not identity, as they exist throughout the country from the hills of Assam to those of Coconac, is so remarkable, are still in many respects distinct from their highland neighbours.

NOTICE.

THE Business heretofore carried on by Messrs. James Duncan & Co., in this day dissolved, and all persons indebted to them to pay the same to DUNCAN, MASON & CO. are also authorized to adjust and pay the said Firm of A. & J. DUNCAN, dated this Third day of October. ANDREW DUNCAN, JAMES DUNCAN, JAMES DUNCAN.

Notice.

THE undersigned having this Partnership under the firm of DUNCAN, MASON & CO., they will intimate to the public generally, that they will sineas heretofore carried on in this firm of "A. & J. DUNCAN & Co., porters and Merchants, in their N. at the Corner of Queen and Dorchester City.

JAMES DUNCAN, JAMES DUNCAN & ROBERT ROBNSO City of Charlottetown, October

Charlottetown Mutual Company.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament. THIS COMPANY offers the case of loss, and accepts it fully 50 per cent. to the insured. The present reliable Capital exceeds having property in Charlottetown should lose no time in applying to this Company for Policies or Indemnity. One of Phillips' Fire Office purchased by the Company, for the insured in this Office. In case of loss can be obtained immediately. Secretary's Office, Kent Street, August 5th, 1853.

W. HEAL HENRY Sec

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T. HEAT Agent for P Office, Queen Square, September 8, 1853. 1st



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