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, of Spindleville, 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 resumed 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 Scrivner had called, and Mr. Bonzy 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?"

"I guess not."

"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."

"If you did, she wants *you*, and not me."

"Just step in and see if she is awake, won't you, Thomas!"

Tom wanted to say he would not get up again for anything till he had finished his supper; but his better nature saved him this time from being saucy, and he left the table, to comply with his wife's request. The baby was all right, sleeping like a trooper after a forced march, and he so reported.

"I was *sure* I heard her," said Susan.

"Another cup of tea, Thomas!"

Tom passed his cup; but now the milk had been all used out of the pitcher, and Tom could not drink his tea without milk.

"Is there any more in the house?" he asked.

"Plenty down cellar; you will find it in the tin pail, on the cellar bottom."

That was a broad hint, b ut Tom's better nature triumphed again, and he brought the milk. His supper was finished without further interruption.

Chapter II.

"What are you driving at *now*, Mr. Optic?" I can almost fancy I hear from the pouting lips of some wife or maiden. "You are always 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 waituponher, 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."

"Will you not 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 settled 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, tap, tap!

"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 settled, but the fire got down, and Susan wanted him to fix it, though the wood lay by the fire-place.

I guess I won't bear 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 nine. 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 cosey times at home evenings—why don't he stay there now, instead of lolling 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," snivelled 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 as 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?"

"Certain. 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, implicated 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 Concan, is so remarkable, are still in many respects distinct from their highland neighbours.

The tribe in question, occupy rather the lower slopes of the hills themselves, and extending as they do from Bhaugulpore to Orissa, they form a sort of connecting link between the various hill tribes which occupy the higher regions of that section of the country. Thus although any direct communication between the present insurgents and the hill men of Orissa would be out of the question, yet by means of the Santals, who are common to both districts, such communication becomes easy. And to this circumstance it is that the rapid spread of disaffection seems to be attributable. For the rest, the Santals are little better than savages as they are the most purely destitute of fire arms, but they in a measure make up for this disadvantage by their skill in the use of the bow, which they do not hesitate to render more deadly by the cruel device of poisoned arrows. Their religion is a simple and barbarous idolitary, the worship of stocks and stones without any of those mystical refinements by which the idolitary of the Hindoos is overlaid. Their mythology compared with that of the Hindoos, is almost a plank, and they have no notions of caste. Their food consists of almost anything that can be eaten, from toads and caterpillars up to tigers and horned cattle, for the flesh of kine is not forbidden to them. As to their vices, it is certain from their recent proceedings that they combine cowardice with cruelty, to a remarkable degree, for they war with women and children as well as men, and unlike the North American Indian, who regards the taking a scalp, the head of a woman is to the Santal the most acceptable trophy that he can take away from the village of his enemy. But with all this, it is remarkable that the Santals are distinguished for a love of truth, which exists nowhere else among the natives of India. Their numbers are said to amount to 100,000 fighting men, and if they are joined by the other tribes, the number of Vindhyan hill men capable of bearing arms against us would become formidable indeed.

A four-footed Crimean Hero.

The Trieste Journal contains the following:—Great sensation was created in the camp of the allies by the courageous conduct of a large dog, belonging to Colonel Metmain, of the 73rd Regiment of French infantry. On the 16th of August, during the battle of the Tchernya, the animal broke his chain and dashed into the fray, fighting in the ranks of the soldiers. He saved the life of a serjeant and a private of the regiment, and made three Russian prisoners. A ball grazed his four-paw, but the smarting wound only served to make him more infuriated. He singled out a Russian officer, and attacked him with ferocity, threw him down, and dragged him as a prisoner to the French lines. A surgeon dressed his wound, and the four-footed hero is going on well. He will probably be decorated with a medal as a reward for his bravery.

Cartridges for the Crimea.—The Montreal *Chronicle* of 12th inst., states that the commissariat advertises for a vessel to convey six thousand barrels of cartridges from Quebec to England. The large consumption of ammunition in the present war not only exhausts all that the mills can make, but will cause the larger part of the contents of the provincial magazines to be called out of their slumbers into actual service.