

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

## Placing a Daughter at School.

BY MOTTE HALL.

["I have brought my daughter to be taught every thing."]

"Dear madam, I've called for the purpose  
Of placing my daughter at school;  
She's only thirteen, I assure you,  
And remarkably easy to rule.  
I'd have her learn painting and music,  
Gymnastics and dancing, pray do,  
Philosophy, grammar, and logic;  
You'll teach her to read, of course, too?"

"I wish her to learn every study;  
Mathematics are down in my plan,  
But of figures she scarce has an inkling,  
Pray instruct in those, if you can.  
I'd have her taught Spanish and Latin,  
Including the language of France;  
Never mind her very bad English,  
Teach her that when you find a good chance.

"On the harp she must be a proficient,  
And play the guitar pretty soon,  
And sing the last opera music  
E'en though she can't turn a right tune?  
You must see that her manners are finished,  
That she moves with a Hebe-like grace;  
For though she is lame and one-sided,  
That's nothing to do with the case.

"Now to you I resign this young jewel,  
And my words I would have you obey;  
In six months you return her, dear madam,  
Shining bright as an unclouded day.  
She's no aptness, I grant you, for learning,  
And her memory oft seems to halt;  
But, remember, if she's not accomplished,  
It will certainly all be your fault."

[From Life Illustrated.]

## BALANCING THE BOOKS.

BY CLAUDIUS.

An old gray-headed merchant was seated in his counting-room, looking over his day-book and ledger, and expressed some surprise to his confidential clerk, as well as the highest gratification, that he had found the books of the concern in such excellent order. He had done business there, in that same house, for over half a century; and while many of his neighbors had been obliged to make an assignment, his affairs had gone on prosperously, without being sensibly affected by those periodical commercial revolutions that had swept away like cobwebs the fortunes of so many of our best business men.

He scarcely knew himself why he had never been compelled to apply for bank accommodations, or ask a friend to endorse his paper, while so many others seemed to depend wholly upon this practice for their success. While cursorily inspecting the accounts on the morning above alluded to, he noticed that the faithful Mr. Barlow, his head clerk, had politely invited no less than eight of his best customers to walk into the counting-room and attend to balancing the books.

Not a word of disagreement dropped from the lips of either party as they looked over the catalogue of items, and they each cheerfully paid the amount of their indebtedness in cash, or embodied it in a promissory note, payable in sixty or ninety days, as might be most convenient to the debtor. This was the uniform practice of this mercantile establishment, for which its prosperous proprietor was indebted to the rigid, methodical business habits of Mr. Barlow. Once a quarter the books must be balanced.

Mr. Graham now realized more than ever how much he was indebted to the industry and fidelity of Mr. B. for the almost princely fortune that had found its way into his hands. He found no long strings of old accounts running through half a dozen day-books and half as many ledgers, reaching back over a period of five or six years. But everything indicated frequent and recent settlements.

He found, much to his surprise and satisfaction, that but few of his customers who had dealt with him for so many years, owed him any considerable amounts, while the bank-book showed that many thousands were safely deposited in bank. His clerk and himself had grown old together—for Mr. B. had been in his service now over forty years—and for more than thirty the former had been regarded as a fixture of the concern, without whose attentions its business would be seriously embarrassed.

Everything had been so prudently conducted, that but little time was necessary to prepare for retirement—and Mr. Graham now testified his appreciation of the valuable services of Mr. Barlow by bestowing upon him a liberal fraction of the accumulations of so many long years of toil.

As with Mr. Graham's, so with every well-regulated business establishment, whatever its character, frequent settlements must be among the established order of things. But, whether frequent, or infrequent, the day of reckoning is sure to come. Some shortsighted patrons and customers are weak enough to flatter themselves that because they are not often summoned to final settlement, they will be allowed to trade on credit ad infinitum.

They presume upon the liberality of their chief creditors, trade on carelessly and recklessly, running deeper and deeper into debt, finally, and unexpectedly, the day of reckoning dawns, and they are by no means prepared to meet its imperious demands. Often the results in such cases are bankruptcy and ruin! They reap the bitter fruits of their own negligence and folly.

The summons, "Walk into the counting-room and settle," will sooner or later come to all.—The mother who imprudently feeds to her darling child sweetmeats, sugar candies, rich gravies, hot teas and coffee, and dresses it to show off, instead

of to promote its health, with heavy sighs and scalding tears will follow that little one to its infant tomb! or, it may be, the child will grow up to be a man or woman, all mantled with infirmities, that convert life into one perpetual curse—no blessing to society—no consolation to friends.—The summons to that inconsiderate parent is, "Please walk into the counting-room and settle up the books!"

The young lady sometimes spends all the long hours of the night in the dissipation of the ball-room; walks on the damp ground or cold pavements in thin slippers and stockings; suspends upon her hips, day after day and years after year, fifteen or twenty pounds of dangling skirts; laces herself up with a mechanical pressure equal to a burden of from sixty to one hundred pounds, and exposes her neck and arms to freezing cold. By-and-by she is invited into the counting-room to settle up, and balance the books, and lo! she is found bankrupt!—goes into a decline, and dies of consumption!

The laibriate goes on from year to year, rejoicing that he has sufficient self-control to govern himself, while thousands of others gradually sink below the reach of hope; he drinks with moderation, sips a little only, every hour of the day, looks down upon the poor besotted drunkard, despises the lost and wayward victim of appetite, "thanks God that he is not like (some) other men;" contends that a little, drank with regularity, injures no man—especially him.

But the day of reckoning approaches, the books must be balanced; he is summoned into the counting-room for settlement! poor bankrupt! he dies long years before his time, with all the frightful, tormenting horrors of delirium tremens!

The snuff-taker, tobacco-chewer and smoker considers his departure from the laws of life and health so slight, that he can not regard it probable that he shall ever hear the rude summons, to walk into the counting-room for settlement. He pays out his money in small sums, pollutes his breath, rots his teeth, poisons his blood and nerves, slowly puts out his eyes, destroys his hearing, palsies his organs of taste and smell, invites into his system every kind of disease known to the flesh, and fancies himself a very exemplary, temperate man, and perhaps a very devoted Christian! Yes, pious soul! mouth filthier than the sewers of the streets, and the Holy Spirit in his heart!

Pious, prayerful saint! sending up his morning and evening oblations to the throne of his Maker, all besmeared and polluted with the smoke and juice of tobacco! breath so rank and offensive as to almost act like an emetic upon the stomachs of bystanders! this, the breath of prayer! Holy man! grieved into fits, perhaps, because a neighbor, or brother member of the church, sometimes drinks a glass of brandy! Oh! ye tobacco mongers! your time will soon come—the summonses are being made out, that will call you into the counting-room of settlement!

The loathsome debauchee, the heartless libertine, the villainous seducer, seek to elude the gaze of mortal eyes, and transact their deeds of infamy under the cover of thick darkness, vainly and foolishly, hoping to escape retribution. They secretly boast that pay-day will never come.

But soon health is mined, constitution broken down, and the poor votary of lustful passion is marked from head to foot with more than leprous pollution—he is suddenly summoned into the counting-room for settlement—the books must be balanced—he stands before God a bankrupt!

The young lad just out of his teens thinks it will be a pleasant affair to get married. He falls in love with some slender, delicate, giddy-headed young damsel, quite too frail to take care of herself, saying nothing of the cares of a family, and he soon begins to feel quite like an old man. He is soon encumbered with a group of sickly children, two or three nurses, and as many doctors, and he sensibly realizes that this world is indeed a vale of tears.

He curses the marriage institution, curses the day he was born, wishes his wife and children were all in heaven, makes all sorts of reckless resolves, but has not the fortitude to put them in practice, and finally settles down into a kind of half-stupid reconciliation, and regards his as the ordinary lot of suffering humanity. He is having a sober time in balancing the books—a long time in the counting-room!

Every mortal being, sooner or later, must be brought to a settlement. The accounts of life may sometimes run on for a long time—many years—but pay-day comes at last. A young man gets in the habit of eating late suppers, eating with rapidity, and eating many things that never ought to be put into a human stomach; and because he is not summoned by the laws of Nature, to a speedy settlement, he fancies his day of grace will be indefinitely extended. But by the time he reaches the meridian of life, is afflicted with dyspepsia, and it holds him for the remainder of his days.

For a quarter of a century or more he must sit quietly down on the stool of repentance, and own up that he has been a fool! Yes, the books must be balanced. When will mortals learn the lesson, that for every infraction of the laws of Nature, from a tight shoe that generates a toe-corn, up to the reckless and criminal exposure that invites instant death or lingering consumption, they must be summoned to judgment! Reader, remember Nature employs excellent book-keepers.

[From the New York Tribune, Nov. 24.]

## Bathing---Cooking---Ventilation.

The people of the country—not counting many of those of the town—have much to learn of the great art of life—of domestic economy, and the world of good it affords. Some recent observations in various rural parts have surprised us as to the real facts of their mode of living, as we looked for progress and reform in that department along with the whole upward impulse of the age. Without going South, where we learn from the Southern papers that the civilized life of the

White Trash is lower than that of the Indians, or taking the poor of the North, but confining ourselves to a notice of people having enough to eat, drink, wear and keep house with, we find the standard of comfort, the laws of physical being included, sadly on the wrong side of the balance. The people, in a word, have much to learn of the arts of life, and on this head we wish to say a few plain words.

There are some things necessary to constitute a well-ordered household, whether it cost a few hundred or many thousands a year. Among these is first the aristocratic habit of having fresh water and plenty of it. Next, there is the liberal use of the said water applied to washing the body regularly and entirely every day; washing the hands clean when work is over or meals are ready; cleansing the teeth, so far as to forestall or retard decay and keep the breath pure. Now in regard to water, the provisions of the great majority of little country households are simply vile and shameful. A basin and ewer which would not accommodate a monkey are set before a man. Then such things as proper conveniences for bathing seem desperately scarce. The people, in a word, don't wash themselves. They are not clean. Where one washes himself from top to toe each day, there are hundreds who do not.—'The greasy mob' is thus a term too true. And why should it be so? Why cannot the man of small means be as careful of his person as the dandy, as the courtier, as the aristocrat? Wash and be clean. Look well at the type of baptism, and find it an ever-living declaration against the filth of the masses, and the diseases, moral and physical, such filth begets. If we had to give advice to a parent, the first thing we would say would be: Bathe daily, and make your children do the same; be spotlessly clean. But the standard of cleanliness is now awfully low.

Another point is cooking in the country. The American cooking there is generally as repulsive to taste as it is to health. It is difficult to recognize the goodness of God, with such cooking as one gets in the vast majority of houses in the country. Good cooking will make inferior materials palatable, and bad cooking will make a canvas-back duck unfit to be tasted. Miss Leslie says there are three reasons why women will not learn to cook (and in the country all the cooking is done by women).

The first is, that no woman will use the scales to weigh the proportions of a dish; the second is, that no woman will use a thermometer to determine the heat of the water used; and the third is, that no woman will use a watch to mark the time a dish has been on the fire. It is, in a word, sheer guess-work.

Now a few shillings spent on a good cook book, and the habit of measuring and marking details, by scales, thermometer and watch, up to the time, if that should come, that habit becomes infallible, will turn all the feminine Yahoos of American kitchens—say 1,000,000 in number—into decent, God-fearing caterers of His tangible mercies—of the fatness of the land—of fruits and meats, and all the abundant harvest of His ineffable goodness.

As a general rule, in the country there is nothing fit to eat. First as to breakfast. The coffee is simply slops, though nothing is easier than to make a cup of good coffee. There should be very little water to it, and much pure milk or cream to dilute it, of which last items there ought to be an overflow in the country.

The tea may be generally better than the coffee, but it is sufficiently bad and unfit to drink. Then on the breakfast-table there is a chaos of crude dishes, when some two or three things at most, well cooked, are ample. The bread is too often sodden, the butter too much like tallow; then there is a mess of tough meat, greased and cooked to the consistency solo-leather; horror of hot cakes, pies, and heaven-knows-what-all, sufficient to repel, but not to invite appetite!

If this rampant, multitudinous array of a breakfast table came of poverty, we would have nothing to say about it—but it is simply the product of ignorance. There is generally an excess on the table, an extract of which excess might be, and would be fit to eat if there was anything like discreet preparation of food—but there is not.

Housewives in the country, take our advice.—Buy a cook-book and learn to cook, and don't spread your breakfast table with a chaotic mass of indigestible, repulsive crudities. Have little, but have it good—"a dish to put before a king," and then it is fit to put before yourselves and not otherwise. Reform your cooking. It is simply savage.

Then another point, as to heating and ventilating rooms. We have no question that the standard of good looks and of health is lowering, owing to the present mode of heating and ventilating—that is of not ventilating—houses in the country. Formerly the houses were so rudely built that the air had a secure play, and the foul air engendered within was purified "without malice prepense."—Then, too, there was a great chimney-place, where a blazing good fire carried off the impurities of the cooking-and-sitting-room and nursery, for in most houses in the country they are all rolled into one.

But now the houses are better built. The doors shut close, and the windows shut closer. The heavens and the atmosphere are contraband. Like the meat-jars of the Shakers, the air is scrupulously excluded. Then, again, the noble, jolly, practical, poetical, ample chimney place is obsolete, and an immense stove, which would properly be the devil's patent, has taken its place. This infernal arrangement, hot as Pandemonium, glows night and day in the kitchen, and nursery, and sitting-room.

The good wife and her babies are broiled over it like their cakes and potatoes. As for the composite stench of such an arrangement, it were impossible to describe them. Pure air, under such an arrangement—where can it be? How can it exist? In regard to the sleeping apartments—Chimneys these have not, and the windows are so

constructed that the sashes will either not slide up, or if they will, there is no weight to hold them—so if you cannot find something to hold them up, your bedroom before morning will be in closeness like the Black Hole of Calcutta.

That there ought to be ventilation, never appears to enter into the heads of the unfortunate creatures who construct such houses. Such aberrations from the plainest laws of nature—which bees and birds, animals and reptiles, all and equally understand—and this among a people whose Fourth-of-July orators vaunt the populations to the skies, is as sad as it is incredible.

Our domestic arrangements for health have declined, while luxuries have increased—declined simply because the present state of living in the country is, generally speaking, neither one thing nor the other—not the pioneer's nor the huntsman's, nor that of the disciplined and scientific man. Live a little more like immortal beings.—You have the means—only study the mode, which lies within your grasp.

BIRTH OF NEW LANDS.—Lava streams that have flown from restless craters begin at last to cool, and life takes possession of them. Thus, in the still hot lava of Mount Etna the Indian fig is planted largely by the Sicilians, to render those desolate regions capable of cultivation. It strikes its strong, well-armed roots into the fissures of the black, fiery mass, and soon extends them into every crevice of the rock.

Slowly, but with ever increasing force, the tender fragile fibre then bursts the large blocks asunder, and finally covers them with fertile soil and a luxuriant vegetation. At other times vast tracts of seabottom are dyked in and drained; a thousand varieties of mosses gradually fill it up, and form, by their unceasing labor, a rich vegetable mould for plants of larger growth. Or truly new lands are suddenly seen to claim a place upon our globe. An earthquake shakes a continent and upheaves the mighty ocean, until cities crumble into ruins, and the proud ships of man are engulfed in the bottomless depths of the sea.

But the earthquake rolls away, the storm rages itself to rest, the angry billows subside, and the holy calm, which is the habitual mood of nature, is restored as if it had never been broken. Only where yesterday the ocean's mighty swell passed freely, there to-day an island has risen from the bosom of the deep.

Vast rocky masses suddenly raise their bare heads above the boiling waters and greet the heavens above. Such was the origin of Stromboli, of St. Helena, and of Tristan d'Acunha. Or, the busy hot of corals, after having built for a thousand years the high ramparts of their marvelous rings, at last rise to a level with the surface: they die, having done their duty in the great household of nature, and bequeath to man a low, flat, circular island, which now first beholds the sweet light of day above the dark waves of the ocean.

Then come other hosts of busy servants of the Almighty, to do their duty. A soft, silky network of gay, bright colors, hides, after a few days, the nakedness of the rock. It is a moss of the simplest kind we know, consisting of single cells and wondrously short-lived. It dies and disappears, leaving apparently no perceptible trace behind it; still, it has not lived and labored in vain.

A delicate, faint tinge, and a little more is left behind, and in that mere shadow of things gone by lies the germ of a future mighty growth.—Years pass on, and the shadows grow darker; the spots begin to run together, and then follow countless hosts of lichens, a kind of humble mosses, which the great and pious Linnaeus touchingly called the bond-slaves of nature, because they are chained to the rock on which they grow, and after death are buried in the soil which they make and improve for others only.—[De Vere's Leaves from the Book of Nature.]

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."—Some forty or fifty years ago there was a telling sermon preached in the "old Bay State," by a famous minister, in which occurred the following droll passages:

"My dear brethren, God works in a mysterious way, and ain't above using the humblest means to bring his critters to their senses, when he sees them slothful in business, and a-going down to hell with their eyes shut; and here's a case in point, which affords a solemn warning to all who neglect this great duty. Some time ago, I knew a man down at Marblehead Point—a fisherman—a desperate, wicked man, a profane swearer, a drunkard who never darkened the door of meetin'-house, or took delight in holy things.

He had a family—a wife, three sons and two daughters—all bad as himself; all a-going straight down to hell as fast as their legs could carry them. But at last they were brought to their senses in this wise, and from limbs of Satan transmogrified into the children of light. Once upon a time there was great trouble in the heads of the family. It was long since they had been mowed or raked, and so to speak, there was varmin in the grass.

They all got desperate uneasy, and to come to the point at once, there was a loud cry for the fine-tooth comb. But, my friends, nobody knew where it was. It couldn't be found! It couldn't be found! And so it went from bad to worse.—Scratchin' was of no use—'twas too bad for scratchin'. Lookin' wouldn't do—'twas too bad for lookin'.

They hunted every where for the old fine tooth comb—from garret to cellar, and from cellar to garret. They ransacked every closet and every drawer, but it couldn't be found." Here the preacher paused and looked around, then went on in a low, solemn, and emphatic tone: "At length it was found. Who found it? I don't know; but it was found, to the great joy and everlasting salvation of all that family. And, my friends, where do you think they found it?"

A long pause.—They found it in the old family Bible, (sotto voce.) They found it in the old family Bible, (crescendo.) They found it in the old family Bible, (in a voice of thunder) and the dust lay so thick on it that you might have written