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Miscellaneous Selections.

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon,
So deep
On a heap
Of cloudless sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high,
In the sky,
With her ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain;
Said the Wind, "I'll blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim:
"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread:
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone
In the air;
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the sky stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar:
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more.

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still broader the moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I?
With my breath,
Good faith,
I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what strength am I?"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the grear Wind blare

—*Good Words.*

A Belgian Tragedy.

On the night of the 13th of June there took place near Brussels the capital of Belgium, a tragedy, the shocking particulars of which seem to have orginated in the fertile brain of a French romancist, rather than to have occurred in reality. On the preceding day Christine Duquesnoy, a young girl of twenty-three, who, for several years, had been a servant at the house of a wealthy widow lady in Brussels, was informed that her aged mother, who lives at the village of Quatre-Bras, had, in consequence of an accident, lost her eyesight. The dutiful daughter resolved at once to leave her situation, and to return to her native village in order to take care of her poor blind mother. While grieving greatly over the misfortune which had befallen the latter, Christine congratulated herself upon having saved from her wages the handsome sum of 1,800 francs, which she had deposited with a notary public, and which she thought would enable her to preserve herself and mother from want. Next morning she received the money from the notary, and took the train for home. Upon reaching the last station, she found that she was unable to obtain a carriage for Quatre-Bras, which was about five miles distant. She resolved to proceed there on foot; but, after walking about three miles, she hesitated. A feeling of terror seized her. She had to pass through a forest, and there being a house belonging to acquaintances of hers in the neighborhood, she resolved to pass the night there. She reached it in a few minutes, and found the proprietor, an elderly farmer named Aubusse, and his wife Elize, at home. Upon inquiring where their only daugater, Francoise, was, Christine was told that she had gone to Quatre-Bras, and would not return before morning. Christine then told them that she was afraid to proceed with the money she had in her pocket to her native village, and Aubusse and his wife cordially invited her to sleep under their roof. As she was very tired they told her to retire immediately, and Elize conducted her to her daughter Francoise's bed in the small back room. Christine Duquesnoy went to bed without delay, but as is often the case with persons who are very tired, she did not sleep very soundly. She had not closed her eyes very long when she was awakened by voices in the adjoining room. It was Aubusse and his wife. Although they were conversing in an undertone, Christine could understand every word they uttered. To her horror she discovered that the two had resolved to murder her for the money which she had in her possession.

"Francoise," said Aubusse's wicked wife, "will not come home to-night, so nobody will know that Christine was in our house. We will bury her corpse in the garden, and who will ever find her grave there?"

The wretches then stepped into the front room. Christine Duquesnoy, a prey to indescribable terror, sprang at once from her bed, and although she was but scantily dressed climbed out of the open window, and sped across the large garden into the open field. She ran for fifteen minutes as fast as her feet would carry her, without daring to look back. Then she stood still, and, after resting for a few minutes, she started anew. In her terror she did not care in what direction she was going. At last, after she had been running for upward of one hour, she reached the Brussels highway, and was soon afterward espied by two gendarmes. They hailed her, and ordered her to stop; but she sped on, and finally sank down in utter exhaustion behind a shrub by the wayside. When the gendarmes overtook her one of them threw his cloak to her and then she told them all about the fiendish plot of Aubusse and his wife. They asked her to accompany them to the house of the Aubusses, which they reached at an advanced hour of the night. All was dark and silent in the house, but, on going around to the rear of the building, they discovered a light in a distant part of the garden. They went cautiously toward it, and, on coming close up to it, saw Aubusse and his wife engaged in throwing earth upon a human body lying on its face in a hole that had been dug in the ground. Suddenly the two gendarmes rushed toward them. When Aubusse and his wife caught sight of the young girl they uttered piercing cries of terror.

"She is alive!" yelled Aubusse, whose face had turned livid.

The next moment one of the gendarmes had collared him and his wife, while the other drew the corpse from the hole in the ground. When he held the lantern, which stood by the side of the hole, up to the face of the victim, Aubusse and his wife uttered still more heartrending cries.

"It is Francoise!" shrieked Aubusse's wife.

Aubusse looked a moment at the corpse. Then he suddenly broke loose from the grasp of the gendarme, and, before the latter was able to seize him, stabbed himself with desperate energy, while his wife fell into a deep swoon. The greedy couple had murdered their own daughter, instead of their intended victim. While they were preparing the grave in the garden for Christine Duquesnoy, their daughter, Francoise, had returned from Quatre-Bras, and, being very tired, had at once gone to bed. When all was ready for the reception of the corpse, Aubusse and his wife, Elize, had stealthily re-entered the house, and then, utterly unaware of the change which had meanwhile taken place in the occupants of Francoise's bed, they had rushed into the small back room, and smothered the person in it to death by covering her face tightly with a heavy pillow. They perpetrated this deed in the dark, and when the victim had ceased to breathe, Aubusse lifted her from the bed and carried her into the garden, his wife preceding him with a dimly burning lantern, to the hole in which Christine Duquesnoy was to have been buried. Ambusse threw the corpse into the hole, and he and his wife had thrown a few shovelfuls of earth upon it when they were surprised by the gendarmes.

When Elize Aubusse reawoke it was found that the terrible shock had deprived her of her reason. It was horrible to hear that crazy laughter with which she looked upon the corpse of her young daughter and dying husband, who expired soon afterwards.

Effect of Smoking Hashish.

It was in my own house at Cairo that I tested the virtues of the drug—on this occasion in company with an Englishman in the service of the Viceroy, long resident in Egypt, and accustomed to such experiments. We sat on opposite sides of the dinner table in the evening, in a small room, the ceiling of which was lofty, though the apartment was long and narrow. Our nargheles were brought in; on the burning top of each was deposited a small cake of the greenish paste of the hashish, which gave out a peculiar and pungent perfume distinct from the odor of tobacco. They smoke the narghele (or water pipe) by strong inhalation, drawing the smoke into the lungs by each effort After the first few inhalations I experienced a sensation of constriction across the forehead, as though a cord had been tightly drawn around my head. Then I felt some disturbance or wavering of vision, as though the pupils of my eyes were dilating. Suddenly the constriction and the wavering of the vision ceased, and a sense of expansion and enlargement of all my powers, physical and mental, succeeded. Every sense, every nerve, every muscle seemed to be endowed with a new and more subtle life and power than before. My strength seemed to swell into that of a giant, and a sense of illimitable power and energy to possess my whole being. My companion, sitting on the opposite side of the table, receded from me until he seemed seated at the end of a long gallery, the walls of the room receding as he did; and when he spoke (or laughed, under the influence of the drug,) his voice came pealing on my ear like the crashing sound of thunder. Never before had I experienced any sensations at all similar, save in my vague recollection of the delirium of fever.

One peculiar idea was common to both states—the idea of duality—as though one person were watching the phenomenon in another, yet conscious of feeling them in himself—a state equally common under hashish and febrile influence. So long as consciousness of personal identity and the consequent struggle against the intoxicating influence of the drug continued, the sensation was painful. But both myself and my companion soon soared out of this lower region into the higher one of hashishland, into the enchanted domain of the "The Thousand and One Nights," which probably were wrought out under his inspiration. Unlike the frenzied and broken fragments of recollections evoked by any other form of intoxication, the hashish pictures paint themselves so vividly on the brain that even after awakening from its dreams sufficient traces of them still remain to be recalled at will.—*Hearth and Home.*

Curious Tribe of Jews in Hindostan.

In the city of Cochin, Hindostan, says the Jewish *Times*, live some 2,000 colored Israelites, whose skin is not quite so dark as that of the genuine Ethiopian. They are Jews in every sense, worship the God of their fathers, the only true Jehovah, and are intellectually the superiors of the white inhabitants of the place. According to their own account their origin is as follows: The conquest of a portion of the East Indies by the Europeans opened to commerce a wide field and attracted a multitude of speculators from all parts of the world. Among these were many young Israelites from Bagdad, Bassorah, and Yemen, who came to make their fortunes in the new Eldorado. After they had settled down they purchased from the negroes black female slaves many of whom were afterwards converted and then married by their masters. It is from these marriages that the present race descends. Ancient Hebrew manuscripts and law tables, written on parchment, have been found among the Cochin Jews.

A New York lady who aspires to lead a certain set and to keep cool, as well, has had a fan built which is 30 inches wide and has on it a picture of Niagara.

General News Summary.

Personal and Political.

Hon. R. F. Turner, Mayor of Sioux City, Iowa, has been presented with a $11,000 soltaire diamond by his grateful constituents, as a mark of their appreciation of his services as a public officer and citizen.

Dr. Thomas Dudley, first assistant of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum at Lexington, Ky., committed suicide on the afternoon of July 18, by taking thirty grains of morphine.

A Washington special says that the Senate Select Committee on Transportation, through their chairman, Senator Windom, have addressed a letter to the Masters of all State Granges of the Patrons of Husbandry, requesting that each State appoint a suitable person to confer with the committee and present the views of the farmers of such State in regard to the "defects, abuses, and grievances alleged to exist under the present system of transportation, and also any suggestions they may desire to make as to the remedy required."

Ex-Governor Colby, of New Hampshire, died at Concord on July 21, aged eighty.

Attorney-General Williams has given an adverse opinion in the case of Carl Vogt, the Prussian subject, charged with murder, arson and robbery in Belgium, and whose extradition is sought under the treaty with Prussia.

Representative Chas. Foster, of Ohio, is the last member of the House list of those who have returned their back pay to the treasury. His share was received July 17th, making the thirty-fifth on the list. Two hundred and fifteen members of the House and delegates have drawn their back pay and kept it, and the remaining three have not as yet signed their warrants, and their money remains in the treasury.

Crimes and Casualties.

Samuel O. Davison, an old citizen of Davison County, Tenn., was run over by a locomotive and instantly killed, at Nashville, on July 17.

F. A. Shower, jr., son of F. A. Shower, Appraiser in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's office at Philadelphia, has been arrested on the charge of forging his father's name on checks to the amount of $4,000.

A building in the process of demolition at Indianapolis, Ind., on July 17, fell and buried under the ruins over a dozen workmen. George Scott was fatally injured. The rest were more or less hurt.

Mrs. McArthur, of Los Angelos, Cal., took strychnine, on July 17, because her husband found fault with the quality of his breakfast.

Stephen Hood, colored, was arrested in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 18, for the murder of his step son the day before.

A German family of seven persons, at Louisville, Ky., on the night of July 18, supped on smoked herrings, and soon after exhibited symptoms of poisoning.

The Riviere Planing Mill, at Montreal, together with the entire block adjoining, was burned on the afternoon of July 19. Eighteen families were rendered homeless. Loss $150,000.

A disastrous fire occurred at Jackson, Tenn., on the morning of July 20. Thirteen business houses were burned, including the office of the *Whig and Tribune*, and the post-office. Aggregate loss about $100,000.

The jail at Arkadelphia, Ark., was broken into on the night of July 20, and delivered of fifteen prisoners, among them two murderers, two robbers, and one horse thief. Seven were confined in secure dungeons, and the balance in a large open room. The parties from the outside broke into the first room and then into the vaults or dungeons. The marshals and citizens hunted the neighboring thickets and swamps all night, and recaptured one of the prisoners, but he was drunk.

A band of disguised men visited the house of Daniel Galbreath, a worthy farmer of McCracken County, Ky., a few nights since, and demanded admittance. Being refused, they set fire to the house, and forced Mr. Galbreath and brother, L. M. Galbreath, outside, when the outlaws fired upon them, severely wounding L. M. Galbreath, who fired at the party, it is thought, killing one man. No reason is assigned for the attack.

Mrs. Jacob Schaefer, of Winona, Minn., the other day poured kerosene over a young fire and covered herself with flames. She died after four hours of intense agony.

On the night of July 21, an eastward-bound train on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, when near Adair, Iowa, a lonely point about fifty-five miles west of Des Moines, ran into some obstructions purposely placed on the track by a band of robbers. The locomotive and two baggage cars were doubled up and badly smashed, and the engineer, John Rafferty, was instantly killed. The passenger coaches came to a stop without being injured. As soon as the train stopped, six large, athletic men, wearing masks, appeared at the express car, in which were the conductor, superintendent, express messengers, and three other persons, and commenced firing rapidly into the car, yelling, "Get out of there, d—n ye! Get out of there!" Two bullets passed through the clothes of the conductor, one grazed the skull of the baggage man, and one grazed the side of the head of the express messenger. The inmates jumped out, when they were ordered to the rear, under cover of half a dozen navy revolvers. Two of the robbers marched up and down the train, threatening to shoot any person who showed their head on the train. The robbers then took about $2,000 from the express safe, and cut open the mail sacks, but took no letters, then mounted each a horse and rode off across the prairies in a southerly direction, the whole being done in less than ten minutes. They fortunately did not cut the telegraph wires, and Superintendant Boyce at once hastened to the station and telegraphed in all directions. Engines and a posse of men were sent out from Council Bluffs, on the Burlington and other roads, to intercept the robbers in a southerly direction. It was ascertained that during the day the robbers stole a spike bar and a hammer from a hand car house at the nearest station. They drew the spikes from one end of the rail, and fastened a small cord to the end of the rail and secreted themselves several rods away, and as the engine approached they pulled the rail out of place. The promptness of the engineer and the air brakes saved the passengers from harm, as not one was injured. The management of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad have offered a reward of $5,000 for the detection of the villians.

Domestic Intelligence.

Gold closed, in New York, on July 22, at 116¼.

The United States Engineer Department has decided to use so much of the appropriation of $100,000 made by the last Congress for the improvement of the Illinois River as shall be necessary to build the foundation of Copperas Creek lock. This will save one year in time and $80,000 in expense to the State of Illinois.

The two-mile foot-race for the Bennett Challenge Cup came off at Springfield, Mass., on July 17, and was won by Bourie, of McGill University, Canada, in 11 minutes 18½ seconds. In the College Regatta, Yale won the Freshman race and also the University race, the Wesleyans in the latter coming in second. Amherst was second in the former.

The repairs to the bridge at St. Joseph, Mo., are completed, and trains will pass over it on July 19.

The announcement is made that the New York customs officers in a recent investigation, discovered such evidence of fraud on the part of a well-known importing house as will compel the payment of about $500,000 penalty to the Government and cause the imprisonment of at least one member of the firm.

There were seven deaths from cholera, in the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary, on July 17.

The decision of the Court of Inquiry into the cause of the disaster to the steamship City of Washington has been rendered. Capt. Phillips is suspended for one year.

Pension agents in all large cities have been instructed to forward their quarterly returns to the Treasury Department by express instead of mail. Postage on these returns, from Chicago or St. Louis, would amount to $200 while the express charge would be but $3.

The Memphis Board of Health officially announce the total disappearance of the cholera in that city.

The recent attacks of Lieutenant Babcock on the Tonto Apaches have produced a good effect. Two hundred have surrendered at the reservation.

The cholera at Mount Vernon, Ind., on July 20, was reported to be very bad, and business was almost entirely suspended. More than one-half the inhabitants had left town.

Crop reports from Arkansas, Mississippi, and North Alabama, on July 20, continued favorable, though the greater portion of Mississippi was suffering for want of rain.

It is stated that the Erie Railroad Company proposes to build a trunk line from Port Jervis to New York City, thus shortening the distance twenty-eight miles, and the time of travel seventy-five minutes. It is proposed to use the new route for through freight and passengers, retaining the old line for way passengers, freight, coal, etc.

News from Abroad.

Don Carlos has issued an order that the fighting Cure of Santa Cruz be treated as a rebel. The Republican forces in Spain have received orders to shoot all priests taken with arms in their hands.

The Khan of Khiva has signed a convention to pay 2,000,000 roubles indemnity to Russia within ten years, in virtue of which he is to be confirmed in his right to the Khivan throne.

Friends of Edward Mill, founder and editor of the *Non Conformist* gave him a reception at the Crystal Palace, London, on the evening of July 18, and presented him with a purse of $50,000.

The Carlists say that Gen. Cabrinety, the leader of the Spanish Republican forces, during the recent engagement, was killed by his own men. Advices from the same source say that the Cure of Santa Cruz has resumed his clerical duties and gone to Rome to ask forgiveness of the Pope.

A wonderful gold mine has been discovered in the Argentine Republic said to be the richest in the world. One-half of it has been sold for $100,000,000.

The coronation of Oscar and Sophia, King and Queen of Norway, took place, on July 18, at Drontheim, the ancient capital of the Norwegian kings.

Lord Westbury, formerly Lord Chancellor of England, died on July 20, aged seventy-three.

There are conflicting reports concerning the fate of a severe battle fought at Ignalada, Spain, on July 18. The place was attacked by the Carlists under Prince Alphonso, and there was desperate fighting for eighteen hours. One part of the population assisted in the defense, and the other part sympathized with the Carlists.

Private advices from Vienna, dated July 17, state that up to that time there had been sixty-one cases of cholera reported, forty-two of which were fatal. In a single hotel, where forty-two persons were attacked with symptoms of cholera, six died. The hotel was closed.

The new Spanish Ministry is constituted as follows: N. Salmeron, President; Fernando Gonzalez, Minister of State and Finance; Berges, Minister of Justice; Maisonava, Minister of the Interior; Gonzalez, Minister of War; Oviede, Minister of Marine; Palanca, Minister of Colonies.

A Madrid dispatch of July 22, says that the crews of the Spanish men-of war Almanza, Vittora, Mendez, Nuenez and Fernando El Catolico having revolted, the government had issued a proclamation, declaring them pirates, and authorizing their capture and treatment as such by any foreign power on the high seas. A decree had also been issued, dismissing from the public service Generals Contreras and Pierrad, and removing from office the civil Governors of Cordova, Marcia, Pontevidra, Leon and Orense. Geneneral Pavia has been appointed Captain-General of Andalusia and Estramedra. The province of Alecante has declared itself an independent canton.

In the French Assembly, on July 21, Jules Favre attacked the home policy of the Government which punished with severity insulters of the Assembly and permitted journals to insult ex-President Thiers with impunity. He also exposed and denounced the alliance between Monarchists and Bonapartists. After scenes of great disorder a vote of confidence in the Government was adopted by 400 yeas to 270 nays. This large majority on the eve of recess was regarded as significant, and was contrasted with the vote by which the present Government was called into being on the 24th of May, when President Thiers was defeated by only fourteen votes.

Advices from the City of Mexico, July 16, via Havana, state that the yellow fever was spreading on the Gulf coast.

Autographs by Telegraph.

A very curious and complicated transmitter, used in France, is an autographic instrument by which the fac-simile of the handwriting can be produced at any other office where a similar instrument is used. It is especially used for messages relating to transfers of money, as it affords the receiver an opportunity to test the authenticity of the dispatch by the fac-simile of the sender's signature. It is said that on an average nearly thirty messages an hour can be transmitted by it. The message is written on chemically prepared paper, and the price varies with the size of the paper. This instrument can transmit stenographic writing, and then its rapidity is said to be truly prodigious. Portraits and drawings can also be transmitted by it. This seems almost incredible. But the reader who has followed the explanations before given can form a general idea of the process by imagining that two great pendulums are made to swing simultaneously, one at either end of the line. Each moves a metallic point back and forth over the surface of chemically-prepared paper, and after every movement the position of the pencil is changed a hair's-breadth down the page. If, then, at the instant that the metallic point at one terminus is in contact with a line of the manuscript or copy, a telegraphic current is transmitted to the point of the other terminus, and passes thence through the paper, it will produce a discoloration, which will be a dot or a line, according to the duration of the current. If the autograph be closely inspected it will be seen that it is made up of very fine parallel lines.—*Harper's for August.*

Digger Indians Catching Grasshoppers.

Riding through the foot-hills, near Rocklin, I saw a curious and unexpected sight. There are still a few wretched Digger Indians in this part of California; and what I saw was a party of these engaged in catching grasshoppers, which they boil and eat. They dig a number of funnel-shaped holes, wide at the top, and eighteen inches deep, on a cleared space, and then, with rags and brush, drive the grasshoppers toward these holes, forming, for that purpose, a wide circle. It is slow work, but they seem to delight in it; and their excitement was great as they neared the circle of holes and the insects began to drop and fall into them. At last there was a close and rapid rally, and half a dozen bushels of grasshoppers were driven into the holes; whereupon hats, aprons, bags, and rags were stuffed in, to prevent the multitudes from dispersing; and then began the work of picking them out by handfuls, crushing them roughly in the hand to keep them quiet, and crowding them into the bags in which they were to be carried to the rancheria. "Sweet, all same pudding," cried an old woman to me, as I stood looking on. It is not a good year for grasshoppers this year; no, they like the year of which an inhabitant of Roseville spoke to me later in the day, when he said, "They ate up every bit of his garden truck, and then sat on the fence and asked him for a chew of tobacco."—*Charles Nordhoff in the New York Tribune.*

An enterprising New York druggist has been prosecuted and fined by the authorities in Essex County, New York, for defiling the face of nature by painting his advertisement on rocks and fences in that vicinity. County treasuries generally suffering from a financial deficit might profit by the example of the rural New Yorkers.

The Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the sunlight of a cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at his face lifts us at once out of the arms of despair; out of the mists and shadows, away from tears and repining into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in a household will keep everything bright and warm within. Envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, despondency, and a host of evil passions, may lurk around the door, they may even look within, but they never enter and abide there; the cheerful will put them to shame and flight.

It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, yet cannot express; and its cheery smile sends the blood dancing through our veins for very joy; we turn toward the sun, and its warm genial influence refreshes and strengthens our fainting spirits. Ah, there is a word of magic in the plain, cheerful face! It charms us with a spell of eternity, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

It may be a very little face; one that we nestle upon our bosoms or sing to sleep in our arms with a low, sweet lullaby; but it is such a bright cheery face! The scintillations of joyous spirit are flashing from every feature. And what a power it has over the household! Binding each heart together in tenderness and love and sympathy. Shadows may darken around us, but somehow this little face ever shines between, and the shining is so bright that the shadows cannot remain, and silently they creep away into the dark corners where the cheerful face is gone."

It may be a wrinkled face, but it is all the dearer for that, and none the less bright. We linger near it and gaze tenderly upon it and say, "God bless this happy face! We must keep it with us as long as we can, for home will lose much of its brightness when this sweet face is gone.

And after it is gone how the remembrance of it purifies and softens our wayward nature. When care and sorrow would snap our heartstrings asunder, this wrinkled face looks down upon us, and the painful tension grows lighter, the way less dreary, and the sorrow less heavy.

God bless the cheerful face! Bless it! He has blessed it already; the stamp of heaven is on every feature. What a dreary world this would be without this heaven-born light! And he who has it not should pray for his daily bread.—*Phrenological Journal.*

"Beautiful Snow."

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sir: A paragraph is just now in circulation through the country press—accredited to the "New York correspondent of a Swiss paper"—containing the statement that the piece of verse called "Beautiful Snow" was "written by William Winter, dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune.*" I wish to say that the statement is false. I am a miserable sinner; but I am not the author of "Beautiful Snow." I do not think that snow is beautiful. I live, at times, on an island in the ocean; and I am practically acquainted with the subject of snow. I consider that snow is a nuisance—almost as great a one as "the New York correspondent of a Swiss paper" who has afflicted me with the dreadful imputation, which I now cast back upon his trice accursed head. I once read a portion of "Beautiful Snow" (who, alas! has not?), and I must be permitted to say that there is something barbaric in the cruel pertinacity with which persons are laboring to fix the authorship of that melancholy mush upon their innocent fellow-creatures. Baleful must be the mind that can engage in this diabolical work—devastating the peace and blasting the hope of a brother mortal! This has been a quiet summer. For at least six weeks I have not been accused of bribery, corruption, conspiracy, or body-snatching. I had begun to think myself secure from calumny for as much as three weeks longer. Fond delusion! The spoiler rises in the likeness of a Swiss correspondent—and all is gas. But, he shall not triumph in the silence of his victim. There are limits even to the patience of a dramatic critic. I am *not* the author of "Beau iful Snow," and I defy him! And, while I am upon the subject, I will likewise state that I am *not* the author of "Nothing to Wear," nor of "Rock Me to Sleep," nor of "Betsy and I Are Out," nor of "Shoo Fly," nor the "Letters of Junius."

William Winter.

New York, July 15, 1873.

What do Your Children Read?

A bad book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Our mental companions—the thoughts and feelings that dwell with us when alone, and influence our actions—these are what lift us up or drag us down. If your child has pure and good mental companions, he is safe; but if, through corrupt books and papers, evil thoughts and impure imaginings get into his mind, his danger is imminent.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys.—*Exchange.*