

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE MAD LAUGH.—A wild laugh; the laugh of a maniac, we fancied.

"For heaven's sake!" we said to our friend, Dr. Knight, "who is that?"

"That—oh! Mrs. Hartley; she that used to be Georgiana Greenleaf. Perhaps you remember?"

We did; the memory gave a slight pain, for we had known her well in her father's house.

"She was eccentric and wayward, then," he said, "but I hoped it was no worse."

"No worse! Why, what do you mean, doctor?"

"This, that in the ring of that voice I detect madness!"

"Nonsense," we said. "Why, she seems the gayest and brightest of women. Don't bring your medical fancies here, keep them at home with your articulated bones."

"I'll wager you any sum that more than one of her family have gone that way. What kind of a man is her husband? Do you know?"

"Oh! we have heard he's one of your sedate kind; great for making money; would sell the dust of his grandfather, if he could turn a penny by it. But he likes her—worships her, they say."

"There it is again!"

"Something a little coarse," we went on to say; "but Georgy was always different from others. Things are tolerated in her, we're told, that wouldn't be in some."

"Just so. Let us go and see her."

We went to the entrance of the room where dancing was going on.

"That's she," we said, "in the red, isn't it?"

Not a red, but a delicate rose color; the soft, white laces falling over rounded arms and gleaming bust; the dark eyes sparkling like vivid fire; the red lips apart.

Again that laugh.

"She'll stand it a year or two," my companion said. Then he bowed to her.

"You know that I have made that a speciality," he whispered to me. "If you had been through all those places on the Continent, and given them the attention that I have, you, too, would dread that laugh."

Presently the woman was beside us, thrilling, perhaps, with conscious power—for she had a strange fascination for nearly every one.

"Oh, doctor!" she cried, "you must come and see me; you must see baby."

A child! My heart failed me. If she really had the taint of insanity, what would, probably, be the destiny of that child?

A month after that the doctor came round to my rooms.

"Well, it has come," he said.

"What has come?"

"Hartley was going up with some bales through his warehouse. The rope broke—of course, he was killed. Fell fifty feet."

"And his poor wife?"

"Went crazy as soon as the intelligence reached her."

"And the child?"

"I heard nothing of that."

"Pray God he may take it from the evil to come!"

Never did we bend so thankfully over a little coffin, as, two years from that time, we placed a white bud in the little waxen hand of Georgy's baby.

How merciful it was in Heaven to shield the dear child from the fate that would assuredly have been hers! For the mother has never recovered.

FOOD AND MANAGEMENT OF CANARIES.—We have been requested to say something about canaries, and the best way of feeding and managing them. There are thirty distinct varieties of the canary, and these are placed in two divisions—the plain and the variegated, or, as they are called among fanciers, "gay birds," and the "jonques," or "jonquils." It is the interest of all who keep birds to pay them as much careful attention as possible. Their food is of great importance toward the maintenance of health.

Canaries are seed-eating birds; rape and canary-seed are the best kinds to give them as a general diet. During the moulting and breeding seasons they require richer food; therefore, it will be well to mix a small proportion of hemp-seed with the others, as well as a little hard-boiled yolk of egg, chopped small; occasionally, too, a small portion of raw, lean meat, scraped fine. During the hottest part of the year, let them have green food, such as salad, water-cress, and, while it can be had, the cage should never be without groundsel, of which they are very fond. It is mistaken kindness to overfeed with delicacies a feathered pet; many are killed by such treatment.

Plain diet is the best for them. Beware of keeping sugar between the golden wires of their prisons, for although some birds will only peck at it occasionally, others are immoderately fond of sweets, and bring on disease. Pastes and powders are apt to turn sour, in which state they act like poison on the birds. Moist food should never be kept more than twenty-four hours; in hot weather give it fresh twice a day, and wash out the vessels carefully each time.

To young birds, if you have to feed them by hand, give wheaten bread crumbled, or biscuit grated fine, and mixed with bruised rape-seed and yolk of hard-boiled egg; moisten this with a little water into a paste, and give about four quillfuls to each bird ten or twelve times a day. As they grow up and become able to feed themselves, this quantity must be gradually decreased, and increase that of the seed, mixing with it, occasionally, canary and linseed; the latter is considered good for the voice.

These "pets" are liable to many diseases, inherent, no doubt, to their captivity; the most serious of which are surfeit or rupture, egg-rupture, scab in the head, sweating, sneezing, overgrown claws and beak, huskiness and loss of voice, constipation, epilepsy, diseased feet, and moulting sickness. Should your "pets" fall under any of these misfortunes, it will be well for you to consult a professional bird-fancier, rather than doctor them yourself. The water-vessels to their cages should be of porcelain, and attached to the outside of the cage, the interior of which ought to be at least a foot in height, eight inches in length, and about the same in breadth—that is, for one bird.

As soon as the young birds are able to feed themselves, which happens when they are about three weeks old, the proper time to commence teaching and training them has come. Those which are to be taught to pipe or whistle an air, should be placed in separate cages hung in a darkened room, unless the cages be covered; but the material for this purpose should not be so stout as to exclude the air as well as the light. The tune must be correctly and clearly whistled to them, or played on a bird-organ, at intervals of two hours, repeating the tune at each interval five or six times. The morning and evening are the most favorable parts of the day for giving the lessons. While under tuition, they should be regularly but sparingly fed. Some are more quick at learning than others, and should be removed from the school-room as soon as they are perfect in tune.

With care and attention, these birds may be taught almost anything; for the canary is a very apt scholar, and much pleasure will be derived in teaching it.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVING, this month, we think, is irresistibly humorous. "Boys," as the old saying goes, "will be boys;" and so the schoolmaster has found out. We cannot say we approve of the smoking; but, we suppose, the angry teacher will settle that matter. He certainly looks as if he would give the lads a flogging all round, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise—and who shall say the young rogues do not deserve it?

ANOTHER COLORED PATTERN this month. Some of the newspapers wonder how we can afford to have these, now that we give a double fashion-plate instead of a single one. They say they expected we would abandon the colored patterns altogether. We shall give colored patterns, good friends, whenever there is anything new; and we have two or three very fine ones now being printed.

BEGIN TO GET UP YOUR CLUBS FOR NEXT YEAR EARLY.—"Peterson," for 1867, will be very elegant. One of the editors has been in Europe, all summer, looking out for novelties, and has already sent home some beautiful things, which our subscribers will see next year. No other magazine, in 1867, will even approach "Peterson" in excellence.

THE MEN WHO FLATTER WOMEN do not know them sufficiently; and the men who only abuse them do not know them at all.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Julius Cæsar. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The second volume of this imperial history treats of the wars in Gaul, after the "Commentaries," giving accounts of the causes of the Gallic war, the state of Gaul in the time of Cæsar, the campaigns against the Helvetii, Ariovistus, and Belgæ; the war of the Veneti, the first passage of the Rhine, and the two descents in Britain, ending with the submission of Gaul, and the events of various years down to 705, in which Cæsar crosses the Rubicon. The source from which this history emanates has called to it a greater degree of attention than would otherwise have been accorded it, yet we cannot say, more than it deserves. The plan of its imperial author is without precedents. Its form is novel, if the matter be not. He has not chosen the most used, the most profound, or the most academic. He has given the preference to the one best suited to his own condition—the one in which Cæsar is made to reflect Napoleon III. His chapters are full of life; they preserve the physiognomy of the times, and his recitals are full of a subtle argument and comparison with the events of his own career. Whatever may be said of the peculiar theories of the work, it will always maintain a high place among the literature of scholars.

Passages, Incidents, and Anecdotes in the Life of Junius Brutus Booth (the Elder.) By his Daughter. New York: Carleton.—Mrs. Clarke, in presenting this record of her father's life to the public, has gracefully performed a very loving duty. It appears to be a very faithful account of the great actor, and clears away from his memory much that was illy heretofore set down against him.

The Contest. A Poem. By George P. Carr. Chicago: P. L. Hanson.—We cannot award high praise to this poem, but accept it as a promise of better things. As a specimen of beautiful printing, paper, and binding, it is one of which its publishers may be justly proud—the famous press of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, at Cambridge, Riverside, could do nothing better.

The Apostles. By Ernest Renan. Translated from the Original French. New York: Carleton.—To say that a great thinker and scholar wrote this book, and threw into its execution all the charm of perfect style, and all the might of a masterly genius, is only, in our minds, the strongest argument we can urge against its finding its way into the hands of any others than those equally gifted as the author. To such it can do no harm; their wisdom and thought will stand on equal ground with his, and combat it; will stand upon the highest ground of simple faith in Christ, and so conquer the hosts of his unbelief. As it is not good for men, or communities, or nations, to deny the divine attributes of our Saviour and his holy Apostles, so is it not good to learn anything from M. Ernest Renan, whose beautiful sentences are vile with the poison of infidelity.

Four Years in the Saddle. By Harry Gilmore. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Almost, in reading this story, do we feel our belief in the transmigration of souls becoming a reality. The knightly mendacious Baron Munchausen has slept under some old German mountain these many years; but now he wakens again as Col. Harry Gilmore, his foot is once more in the stirrup; and again he rides that famous horse out of whose body the grove of laurels grew. We know it is the same Baron, the same horse; for, says he, (under the name of Gilmore,) "There were two of us upon his back, weighing five hundred pounds; and he leaped handsomely three fences with us." Superb horse, mendacious Baron!

Self-Love; or, The Afternoon of Single Life. Philada. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This volume is charmingly written, and is full of tender, womanly lessons to women. The deep religious element that pervades it, and the strong conviction of duty that led the author to write her experiences for the benefit of her sex, will commend it to all thinking, conscientious people. A healthier toned, or more earnest work, it has been long since we have had the pleasure of noticing. And with this short reference, far below its merits, we commend it fully and unhesitatingly to our readers.

Who Goes There? Or, Men and Events. By "Sentinel." New York: Carleton.—This is a volume of personal recollections and reminiscences of our country's great and heroic dead, related to the author by those who had themselves known, or seen, or had enjoyed extraordinary opportunity of information of the persons delineated. The work is written in a pleasant, anecdotal style; and, beginning with Washington, supplies the reader with an uninterrupted record of the statesmen, soldiers, and scholars of America, down to nearly the present time.

Rhemie Keller. A Novel. By F. G. Trafford, author of "Maxwell Drewitt." New York: Harper & Brothers.—However large was the measure of commendation we gave to Mr. Trafford's novel of "Maxwell Drewitt," we think his present work still more deserving of our sincerest admiration. His novels are all earnest, sincere, and healthy-toned, treating of fictitious people and events as if they were real, and persuading his readers that they are real.

Running the Gamble. By Edward Yates, author of "Broken to Harness." Boston: Loring.—This story professes to illustrate modern London life—and does it after a rather free fashion. People so wretchedly bad or divinely good, as Mr. Yates here represents, seldom come in direct contact in either London or other society. Mr. Yates' society is a fast society; and we suggest that our readers can scarcely be benefited by venturing into it.

The Old Merchants of New York City. By Walter Barrett, Clerk. Fourth Series. New York: Carleton.—These series, very pleasantly and entertainingly written, have more than a local interest; the subjects of the biographical sketches often having a reputation wide as our country.