

## CENSUS OR NON-CENSUS.

"The census, it is said, embraces 17,000,000 women: who would not be a census?"—*Exchange*.  
 "Mercy on me! what a multitude is here!"—*Henry VIII.*, Act 5, sc. 3.  
 "Your commission will tie you to the numbers and the time of their dispatch."—*Cymbeline*, Act 3, sc. 1.  
 "But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic."—*Coriolanus*, Act 3, sc. 1.  
 "Lost this great sea of boys, rushing upon me, drawn me with their sweetness."—*Pericles*, Act 3, sc. 1.

Just think of it! Seventeen millions!  
 Resplendent with multiplied charms.  
 A host of adorable women  
 Rushing right into your arms.

Counting one after another,  
 Faster than flakes of snow;  
 Myriads hurrying up to be kissed,  
 And waiting for others to go.

Just think of it! Seventeen millions!  
 From every land under the skies:  
 Multitudinous types of figure and face,  
 A world of wonderful eyes.

Love's wildest visions of possible bliss  
 Fanned sweetly, suddenly true.  
 Who wouldn't, if he could, be a Census?  
 Think! Seventeen millions! Who?

But stop! These seventeen millions,  
 From every land under the skies,  
 Can't all be adorable women,  
 Can't all have wonderful eyes.

There are faces unbecoming to look at,  
 Expressions decidedly bad;  
 Hoops on heads that even a mad beauty,  
 Or have lost the little they had.

There are women who scowl and who squint,  
 And look opprobrious at a time,  
 And thinking, blear-eyed monsters,  
 Whose kiss would be kin to a crime.

There are horrible objects with wens,  
 And features all twisted away,  
 Termagants armed with a iron-tick,  
 And slatterns that smack of the sty.

There are anatomical women,  
 With most of their bones outside,  
 And others, like magnified tumors,  
 That you couldn't embrace if you tried.

There are women with turned-up noses,  
 And noses bent down flat,  
 And features drawn, and teeth all gone,  
 And cheeks like a knicker-in-hat.

There are women all knickered and panted,  
 More humble than women—I'm told—  
 Manufactured of cotton, and offered for sale  
 At current prices of gold.

There are women with hair that comes off,  
 And teeth which they have to put on,  
 Who drop slowly apart, like a bonnet,  
 As you pull out each separate pin.

Women with brains like a baby's,  
 But tongue enough even for ten,  
 Whose trade is stirring each other,  
 And won on who feed upon men.

Amazons, Jerryls, cannibal hags,  
 Shatterers, simpatons, shrews,  
 Say sixteen millions of such, and I about  
 One million a fellow might choose.

You must take them, though just as they come,  
 As fast as they come, as fast as they go,  
 On the whole, 'twould seem, viewing it calmly,  
 As best to keep up, not to begin.

It's a pity to give up these great ones,  
 But think of those others, my friend,  
 And as soon as you start at the head of the line,  
 You're in for it, down to the end.

It strikes me you'd better not do it,  
 In view of the risks that you run;  
 The feeling of constant anxiety  
 Would take all the edge of the fun;

In fact, the more one reflects,  
 The more he's constrained to reply,  
 If the present comes, "What'll be a Census?"  
 "I thank you most kindly, not I."

For myself, if they asked me the question,  
 I'd answer, as who does, what?  
 And say, "By your leave, Mr. Census,  
 There are seventeen millions for you;  
 I wish you joy of your bargain,  
 And a quiet night's rest when you've done."  
 I'll be thankful as usual to a Census,  
 And rest peacefully happy with one.

—*Penn Monthly*.

—*Women for the Cause*, from *Illustrated News*.

## AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

## An Incident on the Upper Ottawa.

BY EVELYN SHERIDGE.

During the year 18— I was engaged in the service of an extensive lumbering firm on the Upper Ottawa. My functions in the lumber camp consisted in attending to the store established for the convenience of the men, and keeping an account of the general financial receipts and expenditures of the firm. Towards the close of the season, it was in the month of March, I was sent to Montreal for a supply of money to pay off a number of the lumberers who returned to farming operations in the new townships north of Bytown, as it was then called. Owing to a prejudice on the part of the men against paper money I was directed to procure gold and silver, which I did, chiefly English sovereigns and Mexican half-dollars.

I returned as far as Pembroke by stage, and as my road from thence was off the stage-route, I mounted again my faithful steed for my ride of over a hundred miles to the lumber camp. Rozinante, as I called my mare, from a fancied resemblance to the celebrated animal rendered illustrious by the gallant knight of La Mancha, was a tall raw-boned chestnut, of rather ungainly figure, but with an immense amount of go in her. The silver I carried in two leathern bags in the holsters of the saddle, and the gold in a belt around my waist. I carried also for defense one of the newly-invented Colt's revolvers.

The weather was bitter cold, but the exercise of riding kept me quite warm, much more so than when travelling in the stage. The entire winter had been one of unprecedented severity. The snow fell early and deep and remained all through the season. Deer were exceedingly numerous, even near the settlements; and at the camp furnished no inconsiderable portion of the food of the men, varied by an occasional relish of bear's meat.

Toward the close of the second day I was approaching the end of my journey and indulging in a pleasant anticipation of the feast of venison I should enjoy, and of the refreshing slumber on the fragrant pine-boughs, earned by continued exercise in the open air. The moon was near the full but partially obscured by light and fleecy clouds.

I was approaching a slight clearing when I observed two long lithe animals spring out of the woods towards my horse. I thought they were a couple of those large shaggy deer-hounds which are sometimes employed near the lumber camps for hunting cariboo—great powerful animals with immense length of limb and depth of chest—and looked around for the appearance of the hunter, who, I thought, could not be far off. I was surprised, however, not to hear the deep-mouthed bay characteristic of these hounds, but instead a guttural snarl which, nevertheless, appeared to affect my mare in a most unaccountable manner. A shiver seemed to convulse her frame, and shaking herself together she started off on a long swinging trot, which soon broke into a gallop that got over the ground amazingly fast.

But her best speed could not outstrip that of the creatures which bounded in long leaps by her side, occasionally springing at her hams, their white teeth glistening in the moonlight, and snapping when they closed like a steel-trap. When I caught the first glimpse of the fiery flashing of their eyes there came the blood-curdling revelation that these were no hounds but hungry wolves that bore me such sinister company. All the dread hunter's tales of lone trappers lost in the woods and their gnawed bones discovered in the spring beside their steel traps, flashed through my mind like a thought of horror.

My only safety I knew was in the speed of my mare, and she was handicapped in this race for life with about five-and-twenty pounds of silver in each holster. Seeing that she was evidently flagging under this tremendous pace, I resolved to abandon the money. "Skin for skin, yes, all that a man hath will he give for his life," so I dropped both the bags on the road. To my surprise the animals stopped as if they had been highwaymen seeking only my money and not my life. I could hear them snarling over the stout leather bags, but lightened of her load "Rozinante" sprang forward in a splendid hand gallop that covered the ground in gallant style.

I was beginning to hope that I had fairly distanced the brutes, when their horrid yelp, and melancholy long-drawn howl grew stronger on the wind, and soon they were again abreast of the mare.

I now threw down my thick leather gauntlets with the hope of delaying them, but it only caused a detention of a few minutes. I was rapidly nearing the camp; if I could keep them at bay for twenty or thirty minutes more I would be safe. As a last resort I drew my revolver, scarce hoping in my headlong pace to hit the bounding, leaping objects by my side. Moreover, they had both hitherto kept on the left side of the mare, which lessened my chance as a marksman. The mare, too, who was exceedingly nervous, could never stand fire; and if I should miss and in the moment be dismounted, I knew that in five minutes the maw of those ravenous beasts would be my grave.

One of the brutes now made a spring for the mare's throat, but failing to grasp it, fell on the right side of the animal. Gathering himself up, he bounded in front of her, and made a dash at my body, catching and clinging to the mare's right shoulder. The white foam fell from his mouth and flecked his dark and shaggy breast. I could feel his hot breath on my naked hand. But the fiendish glare of those eyes I shall never forget. It haunts me still in midnight slumbers, from which I wake trembling and bathed in the cold perspiration of terror. I could easily have believed the weird stories of lycanthropy, in which Satanic agency was feigned to have changed men for their crimes into werewolves—ravenous creatures who added human or fiendish passion and malignancy of hate to the beastial appetite for human flesh. If ever there was murder in a glance, it was in that of those demon-eyes that glared into mine, and which seemed actually to blaze with a baleful greenish light—a flame of inextinguishable rage.

I felt that the supreme moment had come. One or other of us must die. In five minutes more I would be safe in camp, or else a mangled corpse. The muzzle of my revolver almost touched the brute's nose. I pulled the trigger. A flash, a crash, the green eyes blazed with tenfold fury, the huge form fell heavily to the ground, and in the same moment my mare reared almost upright, nearly unseating me and shaking my pistol from my hand, and then plunging forward fairly devoured the road in her flight.

As I had expected, the other finishing beast remained to devour its fellow. I galloped into the camp, almost fell from my mare, which stood with a look of human gladness in her eyes, and staggered to the rude log shanty, where the blazing fire and song and story beguiled the winter night, scarce able to narrate my peril and escape. After light refreshment, for I had lost all relish for food,

I went to bed to start up often through the night under the glare of those terrible eyes, and to renew the horror I had undergone.

In the morning, returning to look for the money, we found the feet, tail, muzzle and scalp of the slain wolf in the midst of a patch of gory snow, also the skull and part of the larger bones, but gnawed and split in order to get at the marrow. And such, thought I, would have been my fate but for the merciful Providence by which I was preserved. We found also, some distance back, the straps and buckles of the money bag, and the silver coins scattered on the ground and partially covered by the snow.

## PATE DE FOIE GRAS.

THE PROCESS THROUGH WHICH ONE OF THE GREAT DELICACIES OF OUR TABLE IS OBTAINED.

There are three places in France where the famous goose-liver-pastry tureens are produced, to wit: Toulouse, Nérac, and Strasburg.

The fattening of geese for the tureen is now carried on in Strasburg very extensively. The fatteners or "crammers" buy their birds late in autumn whether lean or half fattened.

The birds are confined in narrow cages, with just room for a movement forward of a few inches, but altogether precludes the possibility of turning round. The cage has a narrow opening in front through which the bird can put its head to drink, a vessel of water being placed before it. Great attention is paid to the cleanliness of the cage. Most crammers keep the birds in cellars and dark places only, caged up as close as possible during three or four weeks' martyrdom.

In the annual cramming process, the maize is soaked in warm water with a little salt in it.

The poor goose is dragged forth for the purpose from its narrow cage by the feeder, who places it firmly between her knees, opens the beak with one hand, and crams the softened maize down the gullet with the other. When the bird has had enough it is thrust back into its living tomb, and left to digest, in helpless immobility, its forced gorging, till its turn comes round again for another repetition of the same unnatural act. It has usually taken from a fortnight to three or four weeks to cram a goose up to the proper throat-cutting point. In the last stage of the process, the unhappy goose may be said literally to sweat fat through the pores of its body; its cellular tissue, its intestines, its blood, may, even its evacuation, are absolutely loaded with fat.

Under the unnatural treatment the liver of the bird swells to an enormous size, attaining a weight of one to two, and even three pounds. In the last stage of the fattening process the crammer has to be very careful in the handling of her birds, as cases of apoplexy are by no means rare. An unlucky blow or hard squeeze will sometimes suffice to bring the bird's life to an untimely end. We are told by one of the most expert in her business in Strasburg, that she has literally to watch the bird's eyes for symptoms threatening a premature end. If a goose is permitted to fall a victim to apoplexy instead of the knife, the loss to the feeder is rather serious, as the liver of the dead bird, filled with dark-colored blood, is held to be of no use to the pastry-cook. When the crammer thinks the time has come for poor fat goosey, the knife puts an end to its miserable life.

The dead bird is miserably drawn, the liver being left intact inside, as this most important part must first acquire the necessary degree of firmness before it can be taken out. To this end the carcass is kept hanging for twenty-four hours in a cold and airy place, after which the liver is most carefully removed, so that no scratch or other blemish may be found upon it. A fine liver must look a nice white, salmon, or cream colour. We saw five livers at one crammer, all of them remarkably of large size, averaging from one and a half to two pounds each in weight. These had all come from small birds, weighing when drawn six or seven pounds only.

These birds had been fed three weeks, on an average twice a day, entirely with parboiled maize; the total quantity of Indian corn consumed in the process averaging some twenty quarts per bird.

The livers are neatly wrapped in a wet muslin or fine linen cloth, to be taken to the pastry-cook, who pays for them according to size and quality. The pastry-cook seasons and spices the raw liver, after which he places it in the tureen along with truffles and other ingredients. The dearest tureens generally contain only one large liver, while the less expensive contain two or several small livers. We were shown a tureen in the Malsengasse, with an exceptionally large fine liver in it, which, we were told, weighed three pounds one ounce; for this article the proprietor got the small sum of £2 10s. When the contents of the tureen have been duly baked, a layer of fresh hog's lard is poured over the mass to keep it from contact with the air.

It is calculated that the amount of money which the Strasburg pastry-cooks net annually by the sale of goose-liver tureens reaches very nearly one hundred thousand pounds sterling.

## Art and Literature.

A statue to Leonardo da Vinci has been unveiled at Milan.

A new Russian tenor named Mariewitsch, with a magnificent voice, has arrived in Paris.

A new penny weekly paper called the *Conservative* was to appear in London on the 5th inst.

M. Offenbach has a new one-act operetta ready for the Paris Bouffes, called "Pomme d'Api."

Sothorn has been elected a trustee of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, in place of Charles Dickens.

The Austrian Government has prohibited the sale of the German translation of the "Life of James Fisk."

Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope's library at Florence, consisting of about 10,000 volumes, will be sold by auction at his villa next November.

The Mendelssohn Quintet Club will open a "National College of Music" at Tremont, in Boston, September 16. Their concertizing will, in future, probably, be limited to New England.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is writing "The Life and Adventures of Alexandre Dumas" in which the singular career of Dumas, and his strange system of manufacturing books, will be related.

The Théâtre de la Renaissance, alias the Porte St. Martin, which was burnt down under the Commune, is rapidly being completed, and is expected to be ready by the 1st of next January.

A new musical society has been formed in Paris, entitled "L'Harmonie Française," the subject of which is to publish the compositions of its own members. It comprises the best composers of France.

A wealthy amateur of Paris, Anatole Crescent, recently deceased, has left a sum of 120,000 francs for the foundation of a perpetual competition for dramatical and musical composition.

There has just appeared at Baden a new musical phenomenon in the person of Senorita Sanjuan, a Spanish girl, thirteen years old, whose performances on the violin are said to be wonderful.

Melanie De Stael said, "If I were mistress of fifty languages I would think in the deep German, converse in the gay French, write in the copious English, sing in the majestic Spanish, deliver in the noble Greek, and make love in the soft Italian."

One of the Paris theatres has been taken on a three years' lease for a novel form of entertainment, if entertainment it may be termed. Every Sunday morning authors will be permitted to read unedited poems or dramas, and composers to play unpublished music.

Mlle. Lucille Toster, who first introduced opera bouffe to New York, which was at the French Theatre on Fourteenth street, under H. L. Bateman's management, is in Brussels, playing legitimate comedy. She is to return to America and appear in her celebrated character of the "Grande Duchesse."

Steps have been taken in Vienna for the erection of a grand monument in honour of Beethoven. Large amounts have already been subscribed, and the government of Austria has granted permission to use the space opposite the "Academy Gymnasium," upon condition that a sufficient amount of money be raised to erect a work of superior merit.

Speaking of pronunciation, Sheridan agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of wind should be wynd, but insisted, contrary to Walker, that gold should be goold. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short i, by saying, "I have a great mind to find why you pronounce it wind." An illiberal critic retorted this upon Sheridan by saying, "If I may be so bold, I should be glad to be told why you pronounce it goold."

Mr. J. B. Barnett, a Hebrew scholar, writing in the *Jewish Chronicle*, asserts that the Prophet Jeremiah, with the remnant of the tribe of Judah, migrated to Ireland, and was no other than the celebrated Irish Reformer and law-giver, Ollam Fola. The prophet brought with him the Lia Fáil, or Stone of Destiny, which was subsequently conveyed by an Irish prince to Scotland for coronation purposes, and centuries afterwards removed to Westminster Abbey by King Edward III., since which time all the Kings and Queens of England down to Victoria have been crowned upon it. This stone, Mr. Barnett says, was that which was originally kept in the sanctuary of the first temple of Jerusalem, and was known as "Jacob's Stone," being none other than the stone directly apostrophized by King David as "the stone which the builders rejected," but which was destined for peculiar honours.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid cures Stings of Insects.