

## THROWING THE BOOMERANG.

A traveller tells us something of the singular weapon, the boomerang, used by the natives of Australia. They ranged from two feet to thirty-eight inches in length, and were of various shapes, all curled a little, and looking as he describes them, like a wooden new moon. They were made of a dark heavy wood, and weigh from one to three pounds. In thickness they vary from half an inch, and taper to a point at each end.

One of the natives picked up the piece of wood, and posing it an instant threw it, giving it a rotary motion. For the first one hundred feet or more it went straight ahead. Then it tacked to the left, and rose slightly, still rotating rapidly. It kept this latter course for a hundred feet more, perhaps, but soon veered to the left again, describing a broader curve, and a moment later fell to the ground six or eight feet in front of the thrower, having described nearly a circle in the air.

Another native then took the same boomerang and cast it, holding it with the same grip. It took the same course but made broader curves, and as it came round the black caught it handsomely in the right hand.

Another native next threw it, and lodged it on the ground about twenty feet behind him, after he had described a circle of 200 yards or upwards. After him they all tried it, and but one of them failed to bring the weapon back to the spot where they stood.

Cariboo, a native, then selected from the heap of boomerangs another one, and cast it with a sort of jerk. It flew very quickly for forty or fifty yards, whirling like a top. Then it darted into the air, mounting fully one hundred feet, and came over our heads, where it seemed to hang stationary for a moment, then settle slowly, still whirling, till he caught it. Two others of the blacks then did the same thing.

Meanwhile I had with my knife hewed a little of the wood from the convex side of the boomerang. This I now offered to one of the natives to throw. He took it without noticing what I had done, poised it, but stopped short, and with a contemptuous glance at my improvement, threw it down and exclaimed, "Balo drudgery!" (no good).

The others then looked at it cautiously but it was a bale drudgery with them also, no one could be induced to throw it.

Myers asked them why they did not use it, but they could not give a definite answer. It was plain they did not like the way it poised when held in the hand, yet I could not distinguish any difference whatever between this and the other weapons.

Burleigh then walked to a distance of 200 feet or more from the blacks, and Cariboo threw to them. The native looked at him a moment rather curiously, then comprehending what was wanted, he selected one of the heaviest of the missiles, and turning round, threw it with great force in a direction almost opposite from that where Burleigh stood.

The weapon sped smartly for 60 or 70 feet then tacked in an instant and flew directly at Burleigh, and had he not most expeditiously ducked, he would have received a hard blow, if nothing more. It struck this ground about 20 paces beyond. The feat brought out a broad grin and something like a chuckle from the whole of them. Cariboo even intimated that he would like to try another cast, but Burleigh expressed himself fully satisfied.

Mr. Smith, however, offered to take a shot but not at too short a range. We were standing in front of one of the storehouses. Cariboo placed Smith in front of the door and stood with his back to him, with Smith's hand on his shoulder.

None of us knew what sort of manoeuvre he had in mind, not even Myers. Standing in his position, the black threw the boomerang straight ahead. Immediately it curved in the air. Then it disappeared around the corner of the building, and before we had time to guess what was meant, it came around the other end, having passed completely around the storehouse, and gave him a sounding slap on the back, which made his eyes snap.

## THE HUNTING MANIA IN ENGLAND.

We may here notice one of the most anomalous features of hunting etiquette, which consists in this, that if a man does not hunt at all, hunting men do not consider him a first-class stranger; but, should he hunt only once a week, they look upon him as a sort of disgrace. They seem to imagine that, if any one hunts, he would certainly like to hunt at least four days a week, and that his not doing so arises either from stinginess or from the slowness of his purse. Some men are miserable if they cannot make up the quota of days' hunting every week which they consider sufficient. Five days' hunting, and a considerable sense of fatigue will not prevent them from going a long distance,

## THE PHYSIQUE OF CANADIANS.

(From Rowan's "Emigrant and Sportsman in Canada.")

A comparison between the climate of the United States and Canada, as exemplified by the physique and appearance of the people, is very strongly in favor of the latter climate. A climate suitable to the forest, as we have seen, is also that one most suitable to the growth of grasses and to the health of cattle. It is also most favorable to man, who appears to benefit by a certain amount of humidity in the atmosphere as much as the forest tree. Thus the natives of the forest regions in North America are robust and ruddy, while those of the prairie and treeless regions are lanky and yellow. The world cannot produce finer specimens of manhood than are to be met with in the backwoods of Canada, more especially in the lumber districts. Canadian-born men are, if anything, taller than the Old Country people, and less fleshy; they are hardy, robust and vigorous, presenting a very striking contrast to their next neighbors.

Although the colonies are better known and more thought about in the Old Country than they were a short time ago, still there is a certain amount of mist to be cleared away. Untravelled and unthinking Englishmen are apt to suppose that because the two countries lie side by side in the map of the New World, separated through many degrees by only an imaginary boundary line, that therefore the citizens of Canada and of the United States must be almost identical in physique, appearance, habits, character, and so on. There cannot be a greater mistake. Canadians are simply Englishmen who have been taken out of the nursery and transplanted into a new field. As the strongest plants are generally chosen by the gardener for planting out, so in emigration it is generally the men of most strength, spirit, energy and ambition that leave the Old Country to push their fortunes in the new. Conquering the wilderness and making homesteads out of it, is an occupation calculated to stimulate, and not to subdue, those qualities of mind and body, such as self-reliance, energy, patience, on the one hand, and hardness, strength, and activity on the other, which are supposed to be characteristics of Englishmen. There is as much difference between the United States citizen and the Canadians as between the Englishman and the Frenchman. By blood the American of to-day is a strange mixture of all the Old World races—European, Asiatic and African. He is famed and feared all over the world for his cleverness and shrewdness, or 'cuteness.' But even the least observant traveller cannot fail to discover that he has cultivated his brains at the expense of his body. The citizen of the United States has also fought against and conquered the wilderness; but he has done this not with his own strong arms, like the Canadian, but with the hands of the Chinaman, the African and the Irishman.

I suppose in considering the future of the two peoples, an ethnologist would study the women more than men. There is quite as great a difference between the American women and the Canadian woman as between the men. American women who have not to work for their living object to any sort of exercise, except, perhaps, dancing. They neither walk nor ride. They go by rail and drive in carriages. They object even to the work of looking after and superintending a house, and on that account prefer to live in hotels. Those who are obliged to work for a living do so as school teachers, as clerks in post offices, in telegraph offices, in shops, in any way in fact where physical exertion can be dispensed with. The American women have perfectly regular, though rather sharp, features, and when very young is undoubtedly very pretty; the bloom, however, rapidly fades away, and she is an old woman at thirty. She has only one, or at most two, children. The Canadian woman is a marked contrast. She is, in appearance, quite the Englishwoman—generally a blonde. Canadian ladies are fully as much addicted to outdoor pursuits and amusements as are English ladies. Even in the depths of winter they have their daily walks or their snow-shoeing, tobogganing, or skating parties. Thanks to this more healthy mode of life, to their robust constitutions, and to their healthy climate, they preserve their good looks to the last. As to the poorer women in Canada they have no Chinamen, negroes, or Irishmen to work for them, and so they are compelled to attend to their households and dairies, and this seems to agree well with them. Unlike the Americans, there seems to be no limit to their families and no end to their good looks, and the middle-aged Canadian women (if such an expression can be applied to the fair sex), present as great a contrast to the worn-out and faded American women of a similar unmentionable age as can possibly be imagined.

## KANSAS DOGGEREL.

## Horse Notes.

LOSS OF VALUABLE COLTS.—Three valuable blooded colts, belonging to James W. Wadsworth, of Genesee, N. Y., met recently with a most remarkable death, caused by licking up the salt on a stone boat on which had been slained a deer which had died of some disease. One of the colts, four years old, was valued at \$4,000.

A colt at Crompton, R.I., three years old, was a fifth foot, which projects from the right fore-leg, just above the ankle. The foot consists of a small, but perfectly developed hoof and ankle. It generally has a shoe on and requires care like the other feet.

PRICE OF GOV. BENTON.—We are informed that the actual price paid to Mr. Charles Robinson by Ex-Gov. Stanford for this famous horse, was \$25,000—the Governor giving Mr. Robinson his check for \$20,000 and five or thousand dollar bills in payment. We make this statement because our correspondent firmly believes it to be true, but we are convinced that the price reported by us last week, \$16,000, is nearer correct.—*Spirit*.

A TROTTER TEAM OF OXEN.—Dexter, the tamer of bovines, created a great sensation on the streets yesterday, by appearing in a carriage drawn by four milk-white oxen, all in harness and driven tandem. The gay and festive-looking beasts pranced along in fine style—"heads up and tails risen," as our John would say. Governor Thayer was invited to take a ride, and was driven about for some time by Dexter. Other gentlemen also enjoyed the novelty. Dexter says that either of his oxen can trot a mile in 8:47. He offers to bet any amount of money that he can load a wagon with 4,500 pounds of freight, attach his four oxen, and make better time to Deadwood than any four-horse or mule team with the same load can possibly do.

## THE STAGE DEFENDED.

REV. FRED BELL ON THE DRAMA AND ITS CANTING CRITICS.

I have found actors as a rule, both male and female, said the Rev. Fred. Bell in his sermon at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Sunday, 21st ult., to be noble, honorable, studious, high-toned, benevolent, and exceedingly sensitive, and any one who knows anything about the drama knows that the profession requires a poetic nature which is far removed from coarseness and the animal nature which is essential to sensuality, but death to high art. The ass may put on the lion's skin, but his bray betrays him whether it is on the stage or in the pulpit. If this is true, and it is, the wholesale denunciation of the stage is unjust. The stage is under disadvantage. It is friendless, when we consider that the dramatic forms an element of success both in stage and pulpit. I go further, and say that one might learn of the other. The pulpit would be more effective if it underwent the discipline of the stage, while the stage would be advantaged by the purity and influence of the pulpit. I do really hope that preaching is not considered altogether a profession, though I know a great many preachers have been made to order. We fix up preachers any time, anywhere, no matter what the quality may be. If you will show me a man who has failed as a lawyer, a mechanic, a tradesman, a merchant, a laborer or a farmer, or at selling tea, even, I will show you a man, as a rule, who will fail as a preacher. Show me a successful preacher and I will show you a man who would excel at anything. Preaching would not be powerless if it were more seriously studied from the actors' point of view. Nay, it would be far more effective and grand in its accomplishments, more souls would be saved, people would listen more attentively. There would be no complaining about their audiences and no going to sleep, and sinners would be saved by hundreds if we had live men in the pulpit. You remember the reply of Garrick to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who asked the great actor—

"How is it that you gentlemen of the stage can affect your audience so much?"

"Oh, well," said Garrick, "we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."

This is the great trouble. I think it is a fact that no one will deny that the drama has a foothold and patronage next to the pulpit and the press. You may as well tell the sun not to shine as to hope to stop the drama by denunciation. It will never stop its career, and why? Because there is too strongly developed in man the dramatic element of both tragedy and comedy. Men will have the drama—rest assured of that. It is one of the powers of this present world. It has fought its way to human recognition as an art. It has gained the field in human esteem as an agreeable pastime, and I hold it to be persecution to oppose it further. (Applause). Since this is a fact, and I hold it is, let the pulpit face it. Let it do it manfully, not with unfriendly criticisms, but with intelligence and rational piety. Who is going to deny that the American theatre needs reforming? It does. It needs reforming by the standard of all true lovers of the drama. I know some actors are unfortunate and dissipated and a disgrace to the profession. These are dark spots which are regretted by the majority of actors. I stand

with the hypocrite. I speak to you who would go to the theatre on any account. Oh, no! you would not be seen in such a place. You would not ride on a car or show yourself on the Sabbath day. Of course not. But I will tell you what you would do. You would damn the reputation of your neighbor by slander or get the better of him to-morrow morning in a business transaction if you could. (Applause). Oh, ye hypocrites! the time will come when your mask shall be torn off and the cloak which has hidden the whitewashed sepulchre shall be taken away. Your corrupt and filthy heart shall be laid bare, and at the judgment day before the men and angels and the all-seeing eye of the Almighty God then shall you understand what the Saviour said when he addressed the hypocrites in His time. "How shall ye escape the condemnation of hell?" If, instead of denouncing the drama, we can help to purify it, by God's help we might succeed then in extending God's kingdom and promoting His glory.

## STOCK GAMBLING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Stock gambling in San Francisco is the text for a column of moral reflections in a late number of the Chronicle. The writer says:—"It is a mania in this community—a contagious epidemic, infecting priest and layman, merchant and laborer, mechanic, artisan, and household servant. The stock tarantula sits in his cave, uncovers his web, plots and plans, and, with subtle and ingenious devices, schemes how he may rob and plunder his fellow-citizens. Everybody knows the danger of the venture, and still every poor, silly fly flutters up in the spider's trap, thinking to steal and sink away. While we have only contempt for the plundering stock-jockey, who thus systematically robs his victims, we have a feeling nearly akin to it for the victim himself. It is a dishonest, dishonorable business, and there is not a single operator, inside or out, who is not impelled by greed or avarice to engage in a pursuit which his conscience and his judgment alike condemn. This stock gambling is ruinous to our people, and is laying broad and deep the foundation of superstructure of crime and disaster to our State and city. It is to make a few disreputable and unscrupulous gamblers rich; it is sweeping away the earnings of thousands, and will leave them in poverty, disheartened and despair. It is destroying the industry of the people; it is sapping the morals of all who engage in it. The merchant, the manufacturer, the artisan, the clerk or laborer who deals in stocks is upon dangerous ground; and the women who dabble in the dirty pool is upon the brink of moral degradation, if she is not in the depths. The merchant who gambles should be distrusted, the clerk who gambles should be discharged, the woman who gambles should be shunned. If an individual must gamble let him or her skulk into a secret faro den where honest cards are turned, where there is some show of a fair deal, where the player may at least see the game, can shuffle and cut, and on demand can draw the cards; but shun this stock business, which is a one-sided, deliberate swindle—open, undisguised robbery. The diamond drill, the mill where ores are crushed, the timber, the tailings, the chemicals, the water, the machinery, the bullion, the essays, the books, the superintendents, the secretaries, the assessments, the dividends—everything above ground and underground—tunnel and incline, shafts and drifts, crosscuts and airholes—all are means of stealing. A pack of playing cards has but fifty-two elements for dishonest combination; but, even adding wax and marks and dexterous manipulations, and the mine will double discount the pasteboards, for in the mining-pack every card is a knave. Our community is just now being milked for the fortieth time. Out of this chaos we shall have a few more mansions for our rich bonanza nobles. Nob Hill will be crowned with a few additional palaces; a few more blocks of eleventh buildings will be added to our city; a new equipage, with cipher and monogram will roll through our streets, a few shoddy women will figure in our aristocracy of wealth, and the names of a few beery-faced solid men will be added to list of millionaires. In a few days still will rally, and a new crop of fools will gathered to the slaughter when next fool-killer comes this way.

## THE POWER OF AN UMPIRE.

A decision of some importance was given by H. J. Stoner, Judge of the Wentworth County Court, England, on Tuesday, December 19, in the case of Brain vs. Wheeler. The defendant was a stakeholder in a racing match between Job Brain and John O'Leary, rowed on November 16, from Brentford Ferry to Richmond Bridge, for £5 a side, which race Mr. McKenny, the umpire, Brain had won by two lengths; but the partisans of Callis alleged that a foul occurred, which was claimed by him, but disallowed. Ambrose Haynes, who appeared for the defendant, called a number of witnesses, who deposed to witnessing a foul, as they alleged.

## MARKET HARBOUROUGH.

How Mr. Sawyer went to the Shires.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE MATCH.

I pictured to myself how enchanted "Broadway Swells" would be with Crasher's superlative languor and general loquacity. How they would worship him as the "real article" in dandyism, how they would quote his sayings and imitate his nonchalance, and how favorable a contrast such an imitation would offer to their normal state of hurry and confusion, particularly about dinner time. But I wondered what could have taken Crasher there, of all places in the world. Then I mentioned that I had seen nothing of my old friend Sawyer for a considerable period, and indeed had received no intimation of his doings since the steep climb, in which he got so bad a fall.

"Haven't you heard?" exclaimed Savage. "Why, Sawyer's married, poor fellow! Married pretty Casey Dove, that darning girl who used to look so well on a chestnut horse. You must remember Casey Dove. Why, there's the very horse going up to the train with Sawyer's lot. I suppose she's given up riding now—got something else to do."

Sure enough there was the late Mr. Dove's exceedingly clever palfrey, looking fat and in good case, as horses always do when they are "to be sold without reserve." There was Wood-Pigeon, twice his hunting size. There was the brown and the grey, and one I didn't know, and Jack-a-Dandy himself, submitting, not very patiently, to the attentions of a villainous-looking man in dirty white cords, who was coughing him and punching him, and feeling his legs, and now rowly escaped having his brains kicked out for his pains.

I turned to moralize with Savage, but he was gone. You never can speak to anyone in London for more than five minutes together, and I walked out of the yard muttering upon man's weakness and woman's power, on the uncertain tenure by which a bachelor holds his freedom, on the common lot, and how nobody is safe. "I never would have believed it of Sawyer," I thought, as I turned meditatively into Piccadilly, but then I did not know he had been out gathering votes in a seductive company, with his arm in a sling.

Turned into Sam's Library, with intent to secure a stall at the French play for my niece, I politely awaited the leisure of a very smartly-dressed lady examining the plan of the Opera House, and bending studiously over the same at the counter. Her cavalier, a thick-set man, attired with considerable splendor, was engrossed in a volume which he had taken up, as it would appear, to read away a long and tedious interval of conversation between his companion and the shopman. The lady looked up first, and under her little white bonnet with its innocent bride-like lilies of the valley, I discovered a pretty dark-eyed face, such as one has heard of many a son of Adam, forgetful of his progenitor's misdeeds, into the common lot of matrimony.

"Ain't you ready yet?" she inquired, addressing her cavalier with just the slightest possible turn of asperity, to give piquancy, as it were, to the drops of honey still remaining from the moon. "Ain't you ready, she repeated in a sharper key, perceiving the student so engrossed as to be unconscious of her observation. This time there was more of the vinegar and less of the honey, and he

I shall expect to see him at the next meeting of two or three hunters yet, before November is over.

## THE END.

FROZEN BITS FOR HOLSTEIN.