



Frederick P. Leavenworth Papers.

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Boomerangs---A Remonstrance.

If my memory serves me aright, it was during the winter of 1857-8 that the grand project of the manufacture of boomerangs was first seriously entertained by the Directors of the Grand Consolidated Lapland and Timbuctoo Railway Company.

The financial resources of this magnificent institution, never large, were then in a state of pitiable attenuation; its very existence was threatened; and even the Herculean efforts of the Reis Effendi himself, and the whole of his family, seemed unavailing to support it any longer.

In this emergency the Directors of the Lapland and Timbuctoo Grand Consolidated Railway, with one of the Reis family at their head, devised a scheme for the redemption of their credit, and the success of their enterprise. This was the manufacture of boomerangs.

Now, Mr. Goatherd, C. E., the climatologist of the Lapland and Timbuctoo Railway had discovered upon section 42,754, far in the North, a substance possessing the same self-propellant properties as those commonly attributed to women, mules, and curses, i. e., that when forced never so violently in one direction, they return with greater force in exactly the opposite. It was proposed that the Lapland and Timbuctoo Railway Company, in common with other corporations should commence the manufacture of boomerangs at once.

During the month of March, 1858, the chiefs then convened in council—having "light" and knowledge properly showered upon their happy heads—granted to the Grand Consolidated Lapland and Timbuctoo Railway Company, and other specified corporations the right to make the boomerangs whereof I have spoken.

Well do I remember the day on which the chiefs granted this privilege. The elder of the Reis family, bearded like a Hutchison, was here, there, everywhere, persuading, mollifying, convincing,—the fire water of the whites was kept beneath the very council chamber itself,—and when the measure was agreed on, I discerned amongst those hilarious with joy, the lath-like form of Bahl Kum, and the testy visage of Behmun, the Great Animaleule. I left the council chamber, and wandering out to the north side of the great city of Deal-in-for-it, I sat down upon the side of a bluff where it was said the Grand Consolidated Railroad would pass. The day was raw and gusty, but the people in the suburbs were industrious, and loaded wagons and vehicles of every description continually rattled along the road, and rumbled over the bridge which crossed the crooked little creek at the foot of the bluff. I indulged in some joyful anticipations of the future, when the iron horse should

rush through the valley of the little creek, bearing the wealth of the North, and snorting shrill defiance to the old-fogyism of the past. But the savage north-wester blew the leaves in my face, and I returned to the city.

That night the friends of the boomerang project had a grand feast at the Aboriginal caravansera or the Amplior, I do not remember, and it does not matter now, which. Only a great deal of bad wine was drunk and some bad breath wasted.

Winter passed away—the ice-fetters of the rivers were loosened—the snow-drops and crocuses appeared in bloom, and the Directors of the Railways went to work. Many Milesians, red-mouthed, red-visaged, traversed the line of the railway with vehicles supported upon a single wheel. The mountains were laid low, and the valleys exalted, crooked places were made straight, and straight places disfigured with curves. And when the autumn winds strewed the cuts and banks with yellow leaves, the work had gone on briskly. Even northward of An Oka, and up the fertile valley of the Minne Sota, and southward on the Zom Bro had the followers of Selah and of the nobleman Graf done their work.

At last the boomerangs were finished. Beautiful were they to look upon, being covered with choice engravings and chased work, and stamped (though reluctantly) by the great chief Harcoely al Seeb-el-y. And this great chief with his companions, the Reis and the man of displeasure whose name is Uf, and the man of the valley of the Cedars, took these boomerangs and went a great distance to sell them. But the money-changers, the chief of whom is Dun Khan and Shur-Mun laughed the boomerangs to scorn and said, Have your people considered the use of these weapons? Will they stand, and with courageous fortitude receive the backward blow? Have not your chiefs in council deceived your people as to the use of these missiles? And the sellers of boomerangs were dismayed and discouraged.

Now it is the privilege of a great and hardy people, in the full bone and sinew of manhood, sometimes to use this weapon without injury, but to the tyro it is certain destruction. Whereupon, in the name of a disgraced past, and uncertain present, and an ominous future, we solemnly protest against the further use of this deadly weapon by ignorant and unskilful hands.

RASOTONGA.

Minneapolis, Minn.
Fuller, J. H.

Geo. S. Sibley

H. D. Hall, Duluth, Minn.
North, B. C., Duluth, Minn.

James H. Sibley
Duluth, Minn.

Balcombe of Minn.

Berman styled "The Little"

Grant & Co.

The Grand Consolidated Lapland and Timbuctoo Railway Co.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Minnesota & Company, P. Co.