



LONDON:
OFFICE OF THE TOMAHAWK, 199 STRAND, W.C.
1868.

LONDON:
M'GOWAN AND DANKS, STEAM PRINTERS,
16 GREAT WINDMILL STREET, W.



675. 5. 11. 1870
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FLOATING in the Air.

Floating in the Air, TOMAHAWK passes o'er the World free as the eagle, and as fearless. With eyes cast down in sorrow or raised in ecstasy. Disdainful of the Earth, and sustained by something nobler, something infinitely better than the muddy ambition of Wordly Men. Passing o'er the Earth and making towards the Great Hereafter. Away from the smoke and impurities of the earthly air into the purer atmosphere of the skies. Away from contemptible Man to soar among the rays of the Sun.

And as TOMAHAWK floats away his eyes are turned towards the Earth, and as he passed o'er the Nations—so contemptibly small when viewed from the clouds—he pauses now and again—yes, he pauses and ponders.

A mighty Land, icy cold and burning hot. A mighty Land, numbering a score of Nations—Nations that have been ruthlessly subdued, and taught to sing of their conqueror's triumphs—Nations that have learned to make a bow at the command of their enemy like unto the cringe of a wretched cur performed at the bid of its master. A mighty Land, the home of a race of mighty Bullies—Bullies who, in spite of their strength, are stolid and spiritless—who have in the Cannon their Law-giver and in the Knout a Public Instructor. TOMAHAWK leaves Russia

drunken with the blood of Poland and thirsting for further territory. Leaves the cold Barbarian with her mock Church and her Creed of Cruelty—her Chains and her Prisons—her Grandeur of to-day and her Obscurity of yesterday!

Floating in the Air, past the Nations. At last the Country of Smoky Philosophers, the Home of the Needle-gun. Hail, most valiant people, winning your battles without risk, and stealing your neighbours' property without hesitation! Hail, noble thieves and cautious cut-throats—success gives popularity, and you have been *very* successful!

Floating past the Land of Bismarck, TOMAHAWK hovers over the Country of a Usurper. He looks down upon a noble city built of stone and bankruptcy, upon an army composed of unwilling conscripts, upon a people dissatisfied and oppressed. He looks down upon the Usurper and there is blood upon his hands, and falsehood upon his soul. He looks down upon the Throne, and it is built up of Lies and Tyranny. He looks down upon the Country and he finds nought but "Sham!" False Glory, false Commerce, false Security! The power of the Usurper has risen like a dream—his prosperity may disappear like a nightmare! And TOMAHAWK looks down upon Louis Napoleon, as (remembering the *coup d'état*) well he may: Crime successful, and trickery triumphant—he sees nothing more!

Floating away from France he passes over Spain and Italy—two Countries once the pride of Europe. How changed are they now! Spain, land of decay—Italy, home of dishonesty: The first holding fast to the traditions of the Past, the last careless of the advent of the Future.

Floating more quickly now—nay, flying, for TOMAHAWK is nearing his native land,—he hovers over London. An empty Palace that should be full; a full "House" that might well be empty. A retired Queen who should be among her people; an active Statesman who should not refuse to retire into the bosom of his family. "Place not patriotism:" Once more the sentiment forces itself upon the mind of TOMAHAWK,—Oh, "Land of the Brave and the Free," where gross injustice is tolerated, and Society has a code of rules, which manufactures chains for the hands and ruin for the soul!

A little further to the West, and TOMAHAWK passes over a spot of green. This is the land of "Paddy"—poor pig-headed, warm-hearted Paddy. See how pleased he looks. He has just seen our dear Princess Alexandra—that accounts for his smile and his loyalty.

And now TOMAHAWK has to take his adieu. See, then, here is his Second Volume produced in spite of the machinations of an unfriendly Press. He has nothing to regret or complain of. The Public have been his friend. TOMAHAWK rejoices at the fact, and hopes for many, many years to return the Public's compliment.

