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P R E F A C E .

FLOATING WITH THE TIDE!

Yes. Floating with the Tide of Right and Virtue, TOMAHAWK pursues his course towards the Great Deep Sea of Truth. Afar off, afar off, perhaps never to be achieved, never to be arrived at, still the Canoe shall travel on towards the happy waters as it has for Summers twice-told, as it has for Winter twice seen.

Floating with the Tide, beside the dark dread banks of falsehood, the sharp strong rocks of slander, for ever moving, for ever conquering, the Canoe and its steerer float past the shores and shoals—shores full of danger and shoals yet more deceitful.

Floating with the Tide o'er the rapids of opinion, down along the Stream of Time. Light as the feather of a dove, strong as the eagle's claw. Onwards, onwards, for ever onwards. Firm and fragile, with power and pleasure, sweet and mighty. Ever ready, ever wrathful with the wicked, the proud, and scornful. Strong and loving with the weak, and poor, and helpless.

Floating with the Tide away from sun and pleasant sunshine to the lands of mighty princes—princes great and very haughty. Away, away. Yes, far away from home.

Floating with the Tide beside the Neva's best-loved city. By the palace of the Pope-King—Alexander the Czar—Czar of all the Russias—Mighty Sovereign full of weakness—worldly priestling nursing error!

PREFACE.

Floating with the Tide beside the Frenchman's barracks—to the land of many riots. To the town of swords and war songs, to the place of much dissension. Beside the Despot's throne with its base so often shaken; beside the soldier's gun, so often used for bloodshed; beside the patriot's grave, so often filled with "bunkum." Near Napoleon, the aged, Napoleon the master, holding his sword of lath, and making friends of plaster!

Floating with the Tide to the land where much is humbug—humbug so soon retracted—retracted and forgotten. To the place where lies—lies so sweet are told,—where thieves are only wise and rogues the only masters. To the States we call United, because they hate each other!

Floating with the Tide to the land of Spain and Treason, where men who'd rule the world, love wine, and scoff at Reason! Where men are mad, and women sad, and laws are bad. Where they think their king's a bore, and their queen's a something more!

Floating with the Tide to the land of Sand and Sphynxes. Where the lord is not the king, where the king is not the lord. Where Egypt loves to lurk, feasting princes, and scoffing at the Turk!

Floating with the Tide to the land of Rome and olives. Where Victor is the King, and yet is not the Victor. Where the South loves not the North, and Garibaldi wildly fumes away and fiercely twaddles—"froth!"

Floating with the Tide to Ireland, the much oppressed. Where wrong is called right, until wrong is asked to fight. Where men are either fools, the slaves of Orange rules, or knaves, with wretches for their tools!

Floating with the Tide to the land of his birth, TOMAHAWK leaves off writing rhythm, and getteth back to work!

