

THE TOMAHAWK

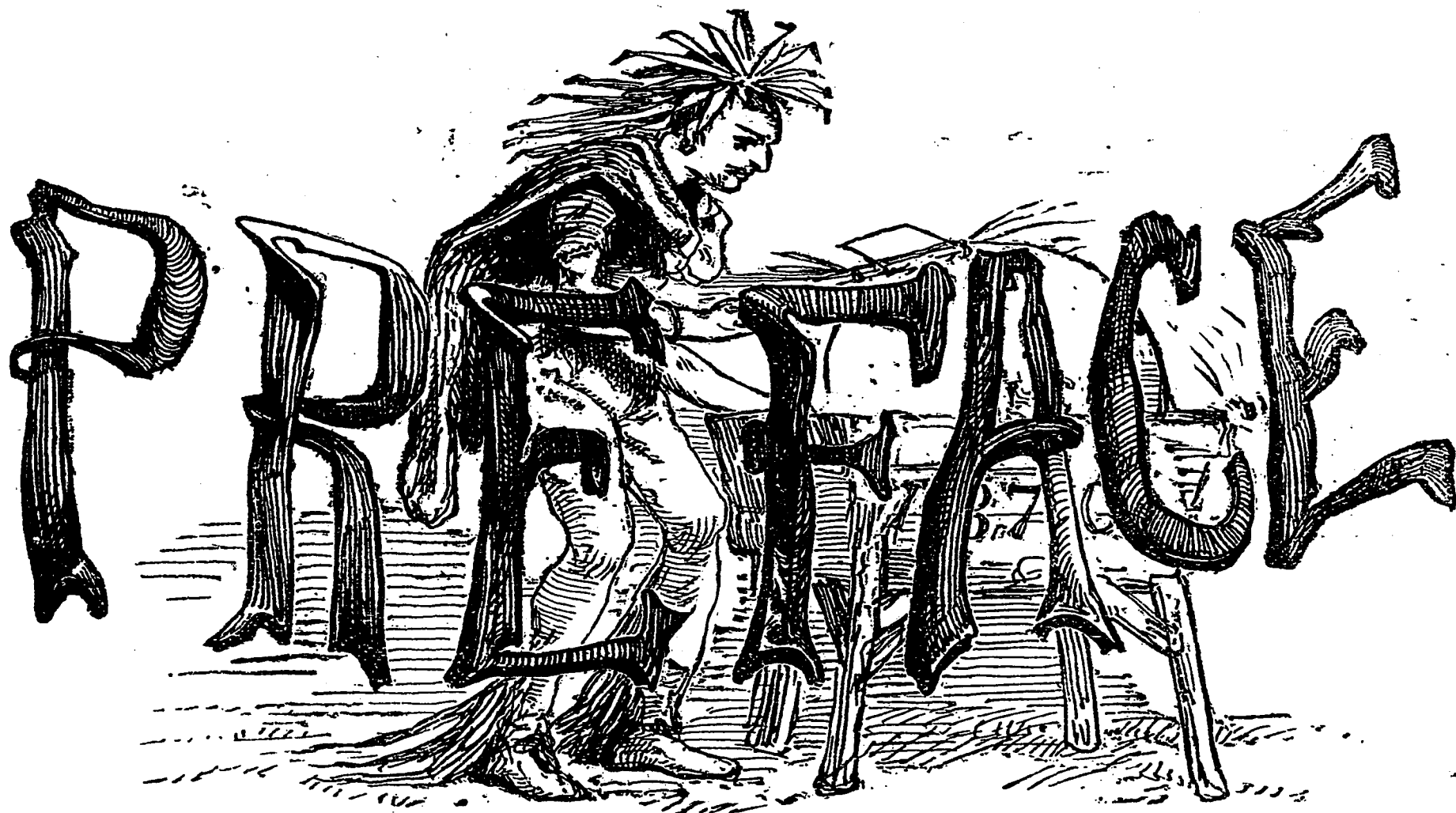


LONDON:
OFFICE OF THE TOMAHAWK, 199 STRAND, W.C.
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LONDON:

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16 GREAT WINDMILL STREET.





FROM his Wigwam TOMAHAWK regards the World. TOMAHAWK the elder—the man of many Volumes—Volumes Five in Number—full of Wisdom, Mirth, and Gladness.

From his Wigwam TOMAHAWK sees the wicked fat and prosperous, very fat and rather prosperous—full of gold and having plenty; men of straw and made of humbug—men who very often spoil the widow, spoil the widow, rob the orphan. Prating oft of largish fortunes made by specs both safe and swift, specs that yield a noble income—specs that yet bring nought but ruin.

From his Wigwam TOMAHAWK sees a City fine and mighty, full of houses made of beauty, a river clean and lovely, a bridge of fine proportions—proportions grand and useful, a bridge quite new this very summer, new and better than the other—Blackfriars is its name. And he sees a spanning highway crossing o'er a tide of traffic, traffic very full and crowded, crowded and inconvenient, and in Holborn is it found. And he sees another highway which is close unto a palace, a house oft called the Mansion, where lives the great Lord Mayor. But the highway is quite spoiled, spoiled and made quite useless, by a block of ugly houses, houses most impeding, impeding not convenient, making the road so narrow, so narrow and so noxious, to merchants whose time work is valued as it were golden, whose moments are most precious, filling them with sorrow, with sorrow and yet with anger at minutes often wasted in the Poultry's narrow

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road. And TOMAHAWK has said so, a score of times most truly, and yet repeats, yes, once more, "THE POULTRY MUST COME DOWN!"

From his Wigwam TOMAHAWK looks at the World abroad with its troubles and its Councils its rumours and its murmurings. With its Rocheforts sharp and bitter, bitter, false, and Godless, With its France harbouring treason, and its Egypt caving under. And he thinks, "Oh my dear my darling England, my loved and only true land, how blessed art thou in this time, when all are near to war!" And he plucks the red red berry, and waves the branch of green leaves, the leaves called Mistletoe, the emblems of peace to all men, and love, and home goodwill.

And he smokes the fragrant Peace Pipe, and he loves the coming new year, and he holds the hand of friendship, to those whose hearts are wounded, wounded in the heat of battle, wounded with his sword of goosequill. Asking them to smoke the Peace Pipe as the Christmas bells are ringing in the cold but cheery night air, bells that tell of joy and gladness, bells that call us all together, telling us that we are brothers, brothers all in one religion. And he greets both foes and kinsmen, wishing them all sorts of goodness, wishing them

A Merry Christmas.

Wishing all a Happy New Year—happy, happy, very happy,

Wishing Them a Glad New Year!

