GRAND SEASIDE NUMBER

THE TOMAHAWK

TOMAHAWK SUPPLEMENT.

FOR THE SEA-SIDE

STORIES, TALES, AND NOVELETTES.

WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED.

EDITED BY ARTHUR J. BECKETT.

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT MORROW.

This is an advertisement within the wrapper.
By the time these lines are in type and are in the hands of our readers, Napoleon III. will be either re-established on his throne or humbled to the very dust. Whichever be the fate of the unlucky Emperor, the conduct of the Parisians in the moment of France's greatest trial will remain as a disgrace and a scandal for evermore. As a sample of the demeanour that may be expected from the people at the time of a nation's peril, that conduct is worthy of a little more attention than the silent scorn and hearty loathing that one is naturally prone to afford it. It will be wholesome to hold up that conduct to execration, as a warning to those who foolishly sympathise with the ravings of a Beales, a Lucraft, or an Odger. The moment the hour arrives for the display of real patriotism, these same Parisians, forgetful of all the favours they have received at the hands of their chosen chief, turn round upon him and attempt to ruin him!

"Put not your trust in Princes," cried Wolsey in his disgrace, "Put not your trust in peoples," may well be the sigh of Napoleon III., as ill, and almost dying, he feebly clings to the throne which he has rendered so glorious. Yes, "put not your trust in peoples." What can you expect from briars but thorns? These Parisians for eighteen years have been basking like tigers in the sun of prosperity, the savage nature of their race has only been dormant within them. Descendants of the men who deluged Paris with innocent blood in the time of the Revolution, they have lost none of their forefathers' ferocity. They have been lying in wait for years, now they have sprung upon their prey. While the Emperor was successful they received his favours, and shouted "Vive l'Empereur" until they were hoarse, but the moment his fortune failed him, and he called upon them for help, they were at his throat in an instant, seeking to encompass his ruin—perhaps even his death. They did this because they were brutes by nature, and dolts by training! The ouvrier of Paris is physically, a ferocious monster, morally, again to use plain Anglo-Saxon, an unmitigated ass! Over here in England we have the ouvrier's counterpart. The so-called "working man" is every atom as ferocious as the Parisian, he is as great a coward, as big a bully, and as "pronounced" a donkey. We can afford to laugh at him in England, because if he becomes a decided nuisance we can kick him into his native mud—not so in Paris, for over there the ouvrier (in the absence of soldiers) is in the majority. And in the majority the nuisance ripens into a danger—a very great danger.

Among the processionists of two years ago a body of very
dirty foreigners, carrying a cap of liberty on the top of a pole, were put in an appearance. The mob did not know what they meant, did not know that they were specimen of the men who made such good use of the gulletine in years gone by, did not know that they only required support to wreck London. These dirty foreigners, if they ever appear again, should be ducked in the fountains of Trafalgar square—it would certainly be hard upon the water, but that is a matter of minor importance. With the lesson of Paris before our eyes, we should be careful to prevent any encouragement of an English mob. We must not be indifferent to the danger of the roughs. In the hour of need we should find these gentry rising and committing any number of excesses—accordingly we must teach them that they must not rise. The instruction can be easily knocked into their heads with the aid of a few police stations. The sooner it is done the better.

Before we leave the subject of the French disturbances, we cannot refrain from referring to the present position of the Emperor Napoleon. For years we have opposed his Majesty to the best of our ability. We have done so honestly and consistently, but this is not the time to return to the charge. In spite of the cowardly attacks upon the Emperor in the "leading journal," we are quite sure that it is thoroughly un-English to "hit a man when he is down." Whatever grievances we may have against the French, the French have none—there is no excuse for their treason. When his Majesty is once more established on his throne we will (if occasion calls for it) attack him again. We do not regret a single cartoon about him, we do not retract a single line, but this is not the hour for reproaches or abuse. He is ill, unlucky, deserted. He may be ruined, but he is not undone. His people, who owe him so much, have rebelled against him in his hour of need—this will not steal away the glory attaching to his name.

When he has overcome his present troubles we will criticise him again, but now is the time for sympathy, not attack. We feel sure that the English people, the large-hearted, generous-minded English people, will join us in showing sincere respect to Napoleon in his trouble, to the greatest Ruler of the Nineteenth Century, as he stands bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, of that sun that may never rise again upon his failing fortunes! An opening of renewed life and activity had come, this war, up-to-date, and we are ready to work our way to the high places in store for him, with a persistency which will make him again. We do not regret a single cartoon about him, we do not retract a single line, but this is not the hour for reproaches or abuse. He is ill, unlucky, deserted. He may be ruined, but he is not undone. His people, who owe him so much, have rebelled against him in his hour of need—this will not steal away the glory attaching to his name.

When he has overcome his present troubles we will criticise him again, but now is the time for sympathy, not attack. We feel sure that the English people, the large-hearted, generous-minded English people, will join us in showing sincere respect to Napoleon in his trouble, to the greatest Ruler of the Nineteenth Century, as he stands bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, of that sun that may never rise again upon his failing fortunes! An opening of renewed life and activity had come, this war, up-to-date, and we are ready to work our way to the high places in store for him, with a persistency which will make him again. We do not regret a single cartoon about him, we do not retract a single line, but this is not the hour for reproaches or abuse. He is ill, unlucky, deserted. He may be ruined, but he is not undone. His people, who owe him so much, have rebelled against him in his hour of need—this will not steal away the glory attaching to his name.

When he has overcome his present troubles we will criticise him again, but now is the time for sympathy, not attack. We feel sure that the English people, the large-hearted, generous-minded English people, will join us in showing sincere respect to Napoleon in his trouble, to the greatest Ruler of the Nineteenth Century, as he stands bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, of that sun that may never rise again upon his failing fortunes! An opening of renewed life and activity had come, this war, up-to-date, and we are ready to work our way to the high places in store for him, with a persistency which will make him again. We do not regret a single cartoon about him, we do not retract a single line, but this is not the hour for reproaches or abuse. He is ill, unlucky, deserted. He may be ruined, but he is not undone. His people, who owe him so much, have rebelled against him in his hour of need—this will not steal away the glory attaching to his name.

When he has overcome his present troubles we will criticise him again, but now is the time for sympathy, not attack. We feel sure that the English people, the large-hearted, generous-minded English people, will join us in showing sincere respect to Napoleon in his trouble, to the greatest Ruler of the Nineteenth Century, as he stands bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, of that sun that may never rise again upon his failing fortunes! An opening of renewed life and activity had come, this war, up-to-date, and we are ready to work our way to the high places in store for him, with a persistency which will make him again. We do not regret a single cartoon about him, we do not retract a single line, but this is not the hour for reproaches or abuse. He is ill, unlucky, deserted. He may be ruined, but he is not undone. His people, who owe him so much, have rebelled against him in his hour of need—this will not steal away the glory attaching to his name.

When he has overcome his present troubles we will criticise him again, but now is the time for sympathy, not attack. We feel sure that the English people, the large-hearted, generous-minded English people, will join us in showing sincere respect to Napoleon in his trouble, to the greatest Ruler of the Nineteenth Century, as he stands bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, of that sun that may never rise again upon his failing fortunes! An opening of renewed life and activity had come, this war, up-to-date, and we are ready to work our way to the high places in store for him, with a persistency which will make him again. We do not regret a single cartoon about him, we do not retract a single line, but this is not the hour for reproaches or abuse. He is ill, unlucky, deserted. He may be ruined, but he is not undone. His people, who owe him so much, have rebelled against him in his hour of need—this will not steal away the glory attaching to his name.

When he has overcome his present troubles we will criticise him again, but now is the time for sympathy, not attack. We feel sure that the English people, the large-hearted, generous-minded English people, will join us in showing sincere respect to Napoleon in his trouble, to the greatest Ruler of the Nineteenth Century, as he stands bathed in the last rays of the setting sun, of that sun that may never rise again upon his failing fortunes! An opening of renewed life and activity had come, this war, up-to-date, and we are ready to work our way to the high places in store for him, with a persistency which will make him again. We do not regret a single cartoon about him, we do not retract a single line, but this is not the hour for reproaches or abuse. He is ill, unlucky, deserted. He may be ruined, but he is not undone. His people, who owe him so much, have rebelled against him in his hour of need—this will not steal away the glory attaching to his name.
THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND ENGLISH ANONYMOUS JOURNALISM.

Last week we had to direct attention to the brutal onset made by a certain portion of the British press against the Prince Imperial, and point out the unfeeling rowdism which inspired it. We have this spirit a step further. Since our last article was penned Imperial France has received a terrible blow, under which, before these lines find their way into print, she may have fallen for ever. It is, however, still possible that the 15th of August may dawn on a great day for the name of Napoleon, and that the Eagle may once again break through to victory. But let the days go, go, go, &c, &c, &c. London, and with this view, a subscription will be set on foot to surround herself in the fulleries with the troops which are wanted at the frontiers, and to order charges of Cuirassiers upon an unarmed crowd. If an invasion of Germany needs Phylacter y Lodge, July 29.

"Convicted by a succession of defeats of having provoked a war he could neither conduct nor sustain, of exposing the valour of the French army, of the derision of Europe, of the results of his ignorance of the first principles, of the very alphabet, of military science as by his mock battles and his Burlesque victories, so 100 times followed by very real reverses, the Emperor Napoleon, or rather the Government that represents him in Paris, has energy and courage enough to perpetrate a massacre of the people of Paris. The Second Empire succumbs to the wishes of the people."

To the Editor of the TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—A certain Mr. Smollett has given evidence before the Select Committee on Poor Law (Scotland), in which he says that there is not "the same amount of kindness of feeling towards the poor that prevailed in his younger days." He then adds to the decay of that infamous system once in vogue with rich country gentlemen of keeping a number of pensioners always hanging about their backdoors, to whom doles of meat and bread were daily given. I rejoice to hear that all such "charity" really means. We are beginning to comprehend the fundamental maxim of true respectability, which is that you have never less than five per cent. of your money, whether you invest it in Shares or in Benevolence.

Send me your subscription, and without the Board of Management of no less than ten important Charities, and I am happy to say that in no case do I pay less than five per cent. for my money, either in coin or in security. I allow me, Sir, to express a hope that the Christian religion has not existed for some eighteen hundred years in vain. If the requisition which was addressed to a certain young man in the "Vicinity of London," viz., "to go and sell all he had and to give to the poor," were addressed to any of us Christians now-a-days, I doubt not, if all of us would hesitate to answer in the affirmative with the utmost readiness, provided, of course, that five per cent. was guaranteed.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

A JUST MAN.

Woorth Lodge, July 20.
The inventor of nitro-glycerine and dynamite, not content with having given to civilization these highly efficacious articles, has just patented another combustible, which he calls dualine. While according Mr. Noble (this is the gentleman's name) every credit for introducing this "latest novelty," we would, at the same time, point out to him that in our limited experience, we have found nitro-glycerine quite sufficiently explosive for all ordinary purposes, and we doubt if there is any need for its superscession. Mr. Noble would do well to turn his talents in a milder direction.

The Alhambra Company (Limited), has just declared its half-risked over a race as if they were so many counters—where their dividends to the shareholders, at the rate of 25 per cent. Dukes at all events, feel confident that, if called upon to fight, he will win probably—stupid vulgar brutes—would lay their half-crowns and expect to get a fair run for their money—for such an outside point of view, we may as well admit that we do not—It is the worst pun that has appeared in print this year.

According to the Times, the Government Stores contain three such low wretches as a cab-driver, a tobacconist, and a carpenter: "If they wished to carry on their business in possession of a betting list, and pretended to give the odds to the other two—apparently in half-crowns. Nothing very out-of-the-way or amusing in this—transactions appear to have been confined to the three persons mentioned, and not to have been in any way dishonest. But listen to Mr. Mansfield's excellent advice to the tobacconist—'You are simply in the principal road, and you are bound to have taken good care to have your goods insured.'"

A Grim Joke.—The First great Prussian Success: Some-thing Worthy fighting for! Half Seas Over—Mr. Bessemer's latest process is to crown an hour. Cure seasickenes$! This is truly a royal invention. Even the marquises and earls and baronets squander the four-pence amassed by long lines of ancestors—where men of low social status certainly are admitted, but not unless their vulgarity is very thickly gilded, for they are expected to lay the odds to any extent in hundreds, and to be able to pay: these three such low wretches as a cab-driver, a tobacconist, and a carpenter, who are ignorant even of such polite manoeuvres as "milking a horse," "laying against a dead 'un," &c., &c., and who probably—stupid vulgar brutes—would lay their half-crowns and expect to get a fair run for their money—for such a beastly to aspire to the magic ring of Tattersall's is as presumptuous as if a costermonger who played pitch and toss according to his lights were to put up his name for the Portland or the Arlington. Irony is a deadly weapon, Mr. Mansfield: but it should not be found in the armoury of Justice.
This blank page is the back of the cut and should be segmented as a single item.
THE ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[CONTINUED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BEFORE BOULOGNE, Aug. 10, 1870.

I can give you very little news as even these lines have to be sent by a secret messenger. I am with the Chief's army, situated as you see. The forces opposed to us consist of a regiment of French police, and our position is extraordinarily critical, though our troops are in admirable condition.

I cannot explain to-day how we got here. It is a long story.

It is, however, enough to say that in consequence of the Chief insisting that our first battle should come off at the table d'hote of the Hotel du Nord, heavy reinforcements were brought up against us, and we had to fly. We have, at all events, rallied, and have been here three days hidden in a windmill. We have had great difficulty in reconstituting the position of the enemy; but have managed pretty well when the wind blows, for then the Chief gets into a sail, and takes a turn once or twice, reporting what he sees as he comes round on his head at the bottom. His chief feat, however, has been in the "spy" business.

Unable to get any information as to the probable course that would be pursued by the authorities at Boulogne from entering the town at dead of night in a clothes bag, Spagno suggested that it would be a great move to secure a local newspaper.

The plan was this:—The Chief was to go to the office and offer his services as editor, or failing that, as foreign correspondent, and when in the machining room, was to fling himself on to the paper feeders and pass through the rollers, and so get an impression struck off on him back and front. This feat he actually accomplished; but, as there was some objection raised to his attempting it on the part of the officials, he had to drag the publisher in with him. The result was that the Chief, unfortunately, came out covered with advertisements, the telegrams and police news being the publisher's shirt front, cheek, and back hair. We had, therefore, to have recourse to some more simpler methods of getting requisite news.

HAD SUDDENLY TO SLIP HERE.

The police attacked us in force at about ten o'clock this morning, demanding our passports and ten cherry tarts the Chief had forgotten to buy in the Grand Rue on the previous evening. A desperate battle ensued, in which the Chief effected prodigies of valour with a garden roller. We had only seventeen troops. The police numbered three. We are all prisoners.

SPECIAL TELEGRAMS.

BEFORE BOULOGNE, Aug. 16, 1870.

The police attacked us in force at about ten o'clock this morning, demanding our passports and ten cherry tarts the Chief had forgotten to buy in the Grand Rue on the previous evening. A desperate battle ensued, in which the Chief effected prodigies of valour with a garden roller. We had only seventeen troops. The police numbered three. We are all prisoners.

...
end the Rhine. People living in Belgrave Square might as well
throw their valuables out of window and send post haste for
engines and fire escapes because there is a fire in Whitechapel.
But we suppose our English love of caution has done good ser-
vice in its time, so we must not grumble.

Chapter I.—Why I thought of it.

I am a very rich man, am I?

I ain't a stuck-up chap, although I'm no end of a swell. Lay
bless you—you should see my turn-outs. Slap bang, "OK"
stunning. My get-up, too, is simply gorgeous. Expense ain't
an object, and an introvert. Ah? You should see my velvet coat
—best silk pile—worth seven shillings a yard, not that I gave
that for it, but then you know where to get it cheap. I
ain't to be imposed upon, as sure as my name's Moses Mel-
chisideckion!

That's my name—"Moses Melchisideckion, Esq.," at your
service. I don't mean writs, you know, by "service,"—I
leave that to my lawyers—now!

I am a gentleman; and although I don't belong to many
West End Clubs (I could if I liked), I can pay my twenty-five-
thousand shillings in the pound. Now, a gentleman can't do
more than that,—can he?

Another thing: in spite of my turn-outs, I don't go much in
what you call "society." It ain't my style. Look 'ere,
live to 'ave an amusing chap to smoke my cigars and drink my
wine while he amuses me. That's my style; I ain't stuck up
bless you!

I belong to a very ancient family mentioned in the Old
Testament. Still I ain't stuck up—it ain't my style.

The other day, a chap I stand treat to sometimes, said to me,
"Mr. Melchisideckion, why don't you go into society?"

"I can't afford it, my dear boy," I replied. Look 'ere,
that for it, but then you see I know where to get it cheap. I
ain't to be imposed upon, as sure as my name's Moses Mel-
chisideckion!

That's my name—"Moses Melchisideckion, Esq.," at your
service. I don't mean writs, you know, by "service,"—I
leave that to my lawyers—now!

I am a gentleman; and although I don't belong to many
West End Clubs (I could if I liked), I can pay my twenty-five-
thousand shillings in the pound. Now, a gentleman can't do
more than that,—can he?

Another thing: in spite of my turn-outs, I don't go much in
what you call "society." It ain't my style. Look 'ere,
live to 'ave an amusing chap to smoke my cigars and drink my
wine while he amuses me. That's my style; I ain't stuck up
bless you!

I belong to a very ancient family mentioned in the Old
Testament. Still I ain't stuck up—it ain't my style.

The other day, a chap I stand treat to sometimes, said to me,
"Mr. Melchisideckion, why don't you go into society?"

"I won't go in for literature! It's so dodged low, you know!

"By starting a paper—that's the trick, Sir." BLOOD FOR BLOOD!

"Well, sir, before we begin to talk about this

"Mr. Melchisideckion, sir, before we begin to talk about this
paper, I should like to know what honorarium you intend to
get me," said Brown.

"And me?" said Jones.

"And me?" said Robinson.

"I shall treat you liberally, on my honour as a gentleman."

"We know that," said the three; "but the question is, what
will it be?"

Chapter II.—How we got up a Staff.

You soon can gather together a lot of low literary chaps.

Give 'em plenty of beer and they will stick to you like leeches.
I didn't take long about finding 'em. As it would be un-
gentlemanly to be personal I'll call 'em Brown, Jones, and
Robinson.

Brown used to take 'is rum like a fish. He was always
getting beastly screwed. He said he couldn't write when he
was sober.

Then there was Jones very bit as bad as Brown.

Then there was Robinson, the very worst of the three.

"Mr. Melchisideckion, sir, before we begin to talk about this
paper, I should like to know what honorarium you intend to
give me," said Brown.

"And me?" said Jones.

"And me?" said Robinson.

"I shall treat you liberally, on my honour as a gentleman."

"We know that," said the three; "but the question is, what
will it be?"

Chapter III.—How we gathered News.

The day before we started, Brown, Jones, Robinson, and I
sat in the editorial sanctum considering.

"We must have Reuter's telegrams," said Brown.

"No,—the second edition of the Times will do," I replied.

"We can come out after the evening papers, and prig their
news."

"How shall we get intelligence from the Seat of War?" cried
Jones.

"Why, any inkstand will supply that," said I, calmly. "It
was not a pretentious sheet by any means, and relied rather
upon its news.

The first hit we made was caused by a "Contents Bill," of
Jones's composition, to this effect:—The only news we had was

"Ow?" I asked, "You don't mean by the bill dodge, sixty
shillings in the pound. Now, a gentleman can't do

"Our journal, the "Farting Lyre," and brought it
out at two, four, five, six, thirty, seven, seven two, eight, and
eleven thirty.

It was not a pretentious sheet by any means, and relied rather
upon its news.

The first hit we made was caused by a "Contents Bill," of
Jones's composition, to this effect:—The only news we had was

"Ow?" I asked, "You don't mean by the bill dodge, sixty
shillings in the pound. Now, a gentleman can't do

"Our journal, the "Farting Lyre," and brought it
out at two, four, five, six, thirty, seven, seven two, eight, and
eleven thirty.

It was not a pretentious sheet by any means, and relied rather
upon its news.

The first hit we made was caused by a "Contents Bill," of
Jones's composition, to this effect:—The only news we had was

"Ow?" I asked, "You don't mean by the bill dodge, sixty
shillings in the pound. Now, a gentleman can't do

"Our journal, the "Farting Lyre," and brought it
out at two, four, five, six, thirty, seven, seven two, eight, and
eleven thirty.

It was not a pretentious sheet by any means, and relied rather
upon its news. We must have Reuter's telegrams," said Brown.

"No,—the second edition of the Times will do," I replied.

"We can come out after the evening papers, and prig their
news."

"How shall we get intelligence from the Seat of War?" cried
Jones.

"Why, any inkstand will supply that," said I, calmly. "It
was not a pretentious sheet by any means, and relied rather
upon its news.
In the July number was commenced a new novel, "Through the Fire!", by Arthur A'Beckett and Sydney Daryl.
Cremorne Theatre—Most Wonderful and Dazzling Performance by the Indian Brothers, Rajah and Sumjoo, on the High Flying Rope, at 10.15 and 11.45.

Cremorne—Admission, 1s. Amusements Free.

Cremorne—Special Notice. — Mr. John Baun has been engaged for the Cremorne Gardens, and will appear every evening at 9.30 and 10.45—In Two Distinct and Exciting Performances.

National Assembly Rooms, High Holborn. The Female and Separate Hall Rooms are Open.

Shrewsbury Journal have an ever-ready and unceasing supply of Notice to the Public. We may therefore urge the following expenses, and if they can be spared, we shall be grateful.

Lion in the Field: by post, 1s. 6d.