

## HUMLETS

*Apropos* of that ambitious building, which Mr. Davie proposes to get erected in Victoria at the expense of the taxpayers of this Province, we beg to quote, and to commend to his careful consideration, the following passage from a book which is probably not as familiar to him as Blackstone, but which might, nevertheless, do him good to read occasionally: "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest, haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, *This man began to build and was not able to finish*."—*Luke XII 28-30.*

It was very amusing to read the almost hysterical comments of the press of the United States on the reported disabling of the Mohican by a shot from a daring buccaneer of a pelagic sealer, named the Alexandria, which the old fossil of a man-of-war was said to have ventured rashly to pursue. There was quite a flutter, for a time, among the admirers of that magnificent navy which, while it serves fairly well—on paper—to satisfy the taxpayer of Ohio, Kansas or Dakota, who has probably never seen the sea, that he has got something for the money which he has been made to pay out so freely, and which ex-Secretary Whitney and his successors in the Navy Department have expended so lavishly, is, nevertheless a cause of derision to the nations in every harbor where one of its ships cast anchor. True the United States has a few new vessels which might cost one of the big iron-clads of Europe a few minutes to blow out of the water, but the big majority of the ships that constitute the Navy of the country that "whips creation" consists of a job lot of old relics of the middle ages of naval construction, which it were the very grossest kind of flattery to call seaworthy, and which are only useful in providing an unfailing source of revenue to a small army of ship-carpenters and caulkers who would otherwise be out of a job.

There is a significant indication of the amount of confidence the Americans, with all their blow and bluster, really have in the... men-of-war, to be found in the fact that the *canard* was actually believed for a while, and that it was only after a time that some patriotic genius hit on a story, which was almost as absurd as the other, that the shot that did the damage had been fired by a Russian cruiser, which the Captain of the Mohican had mistaken for a sealer, and across whose forefoot he had, with reckless daring, fired a shot! In this connection, we have only to say that, if the Captain of the Mohican had been capable of making such a lubberly blunder as to mistake a cruiser for a pelagic poaching craft, he thoroughly well deserved to have his ship disabled.

But the whole story was one of cock and bull—"made out of whole cloth," to use one of those Americanisms which are so utterly nonsensical in themselves, but which have, nevertheless, come to have a certain very definite meaning attached to them. It is learned that the *canard* originated with a "smart Aleck" of a reporter in Fort Townsend, named Alfred Searle. Alfred "played it low down" on one Jones, the item-hunter of a loathsome contemporary, by jutting down hurriedly the points of the story on a piece of paper which he was careful to drop in the other man's way. That gudgeon 'val'wed the bait, and sent the tale, of the way the Mohican was crippled, flashing over the whole continent. The trick was a shabby one, to say the least of it, and the perpetrator would not be the worse—as the San Francisco *Call* suggests—of a short sojourn in the penitentiary to prevent him, in the future, from giving Uncle Sam so frightful a scare. Such a sojourn would not, however, be likely to have much effect on the festive Alfred—that is, if all we hear be true. A coat of tar and feathers, and a pass to leave town within twenty-four hours would be a more effective cure for his complaint.

There was fine ruction in the British House of Commons on Thursday evening, when Mr. Chamberlain was interrupted, in his reply to Mr. Gladstone, by Mr. T. Power O'Connor, who applied the name of "Judas" to the senior member for Birmingham. This was the spark that caused a conflagration such as never before disgraced the House of Commons of Great Britain. The scene was an exact reproduction of Donnybrook, and an unmistakable indication of how an Irish Parliament would be conducted in College Green. It would seem as if there would be just as much prudence and common sense in the keepers of the Zoological Gardens in London proposing to let all the wild beasts under their charge loose together, as in the proposition to give self-

government to men of the sort that the people of Ireland elect to represent them. Gladstone has succeeded in raising a demon which he can, neither by cunning nor cajolery, succeed in "laying." It will be the duty of others to perform that task—and they will have to do it *by force*.

## MEN OF THE MAINLAND!

### A TRUMPET-CALL THAT SUMMONS YOU TO THE RESCUE.

[The following lines are the work of a valued friend of *The Hornet* and are *apropos* of Mr. Innes's excellent representation of British Columbia's position in the power of the spoiler, which appeared in *The Hornet* of the 10th inst.—ED. HORNET.]

- "Is he a man, who basks aloof  
In the rays of the summer sun,  
Far from the battle-field of life,  
Whilst others join in the raging strife,  
And wrong is being done?  
Is he a man?"
- "Is he a man, who, churlishly  
Close wrapped in his selfishness,  
Sits mutely by (nor plays his part),  
With hand inert and coward's heart,  
When his country's in distress?  
Is he a man?"
- "Turn thee, and look on the maiden fair,  
Bound in the rising tide,  
With poor strained form and wind-tossed hair,  
Her face the picture of despair!  
Shall rescue be denied?"
- "Look at the rushing waters!  
Look at the lowering sky!  
See where ill-omened carrion broods  
Are swooping, ever nigh,  
Ready insatiate maws to fill,  
E'en ere the maiden die!"
- "What riddle's here? Who runs may read!  
With pencil and with pen  
*The Hornet* battles in the lead,  
And loudly calls for *men*!"
- "Your country's danger should be yours,  
And they your foes should be  
Who follow Davie's slogan call—  
'Boodle and roguery.'
- "Cast off those shameful cords that bind,  
For then, and not till then,  
Can *Honesty's* proud accolade  
Dub you true knightly MEN."  
JAY SEE EYE.

## AS OTHERS SEE US.

Capt. Jaegers (sic), of the steamer Rithet, instructed his lawyers this morning to take legal proceedings for damages for libel against YE HORNET, Vancouver, for impertinent insinuations published against his character in the last issue.—*Vancouver World*.

It is usually dangerous to attack a "hornet's" nest. This, however, Captain Jagers, of the Rithet, proposes to do by entering an action for libel against Vancouver's HORNET, in respect of certain stinging remarks which he considers quite unjustifiable.—*News-Advertiser*.

[The brethren are advised to get their lie-making machinery oiled and try again.—ED. HORNET.]

The boys are tickled to death to see that two of Vancouver's fairest daughters have taken to bicycling lately. Not tricycling, mind you, but riding on the regulation "bike," and riding clothes-pin fashion at that. The well known modesty of THE HORNET precluded its asking whether they went in for the "divided skirt" or not, and the Insect was too shy to watch and find out for itself.

Strange, isn't it, that, when a lawyer is placed on the bench, he doesn't feel at all as if he had been "laid on the shelf."

• • Silver and gold fizzes and all first class drinks at the Palmer House.