

LOST PEOPLE

We find in the most ancient teachings things very similar to what are the latest conceptions of Christianity. Perhaps all the real difference between them is in the words used to describe them. More than half the disputation in the world is over words. This has been said before on this page, but it is a truth of such importance that it can with advantage be repeated occasionally. Buddha taught the doctrine of Nirvana. Perhaps he quite understood what he meant. In all probability he did; but it does not follow that every Buddhist priest since his time has understood it, and it is quite certain that Occidental dabblers in Hindu philosophy do not. Jesus of Nazareth said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." I go to prepare a place for you." Doubtless Jesus knew just what He meant; but it does not follow that those persons, who have since endeavored to elaborate His teachings into a system of theology, understand it. Perhaps if we could find out exactly what was in the mind of Buddha and what was in the mind of Jesus we would see that there was no real difference. Both of them seem to have been teaching that the ultimate end of human existence is absorption into the Divine. The dreamy Hindu, the imaginative

AUSTERLITZ

The peace that followed enabled Napoleon to inaugurate many useful reforms in France, and also to establish "the Confederation of the Rhine," a combination of German principalities under his influence. It also permitted him to complete his plans for the assumption of the imperial crown. Even in this act he played upon the popular fancy, for he professed to be Emperor of the French Republic; at least so the first coins struck under the new regime proclaimed him to be. The sovereigns of Europe refused to recognize this new-comer into their ranks, and on the very eve of Austerlitz we find the great Alexander of Russia addressing him as "the chief of the French Republic." The chief of the French Republic! There is no doubt that Napoleon's plans were to re-establish the ancient empire of Charlemagne, with himself as the head of it. "The Holy Roman Empire," as it was called, had existed for a thousand years. Most of those who claimed the title had been members of the Hapsburg House, which reigned in Austria, although in recent

Austerlitz left Napoleon supreme on the Continent of Europe, the Austrian Emperor abandoning his claim to be emperor of Germany. If Napoleon's ambition had not been insatiable, he might have established a dynasty and given France peace and prosperity; but he was not content. England was yet unaffected by his triumphs. Secure upon the sea, she bade him defiance. He resolved to humble her, and for that purpose to strike at her commerce. How he sought to effect this, and what the results were, we shall see in the next article of this series.

No special effort of the imagination is necessary to fancy that when the first unknown, but immortal, genius discovered how to produce fire, some primeval miscreant, after the first fire, arsonization, sortered in disgust, made observations on the effect that the discoverer no doubt had done something wonderful, but that any fool could have done the same thing, if he had happened to think of it, and that, anyway, the discovery would never be of any value. It is also easy to believe that some primeval bigot said that to make fire was to fly in the face of Providence, as they did when the first Englishman hoisted an umbrella to keep off the rain, for the primeval bigot would have argued that, if it was intended that men should have fire, fire would have been provided. That the discoverer could have had no idea whatever of the far-reaching possibilities of what he had found out goes without saying. These observations are made because there may be a similarity in some respects between the application of electricity to the purposes of mankind and the uses to which artificially produced fire has been put. Fire is a crude method of producing force, but it is at present the most generally available method. By and bye we will make greater use of the power developed by water, whether in the form of running rivers, falling rain or ebbing and flowing tides. We have already learned that it is not necessary to destroy anything to produce heat, light and power. We can get them all by harnessing a running river. That is to say, by utilizing Nature's circulating medium in its regular course from the clouds to the sea, we can heat and light our houses and drive our machinery. An age is therefore conceivable when we will be able to dispense with fire.

Perhaps the most important step in physics since the beginning of the Twentieth Century is the application to practical purposes of the etheric transmission of electric force. In the

Without "tuning" it may be found feasible, it is already theoretically so, to set up a central station where a high electric current could be generated, so that motors, equipped with the necessary receiving apparatus, could use the power, while within the range of the dynamos. Instead of having to fill a tank with petrol or some other explosive material, or charging a storage battery with electricity, the owner of the motor would simply make a connection between two parts of his machine and forthwith it would be able to run with the force communicated by the central station. We suppose a skilled electrician, who was a clever mechanic, could construct a machine that would do this as a sort of mechanical toy. The same principle that enables us to regulate the movements of a torpedo by etheric transmission could be applied, and doubtless will one day be applied, to the propulsion and guidance of other vessels. No very great degree of ingenuity would be necessary to construct a device, which, if placed on an Atlantic liner, would enable an operator on shore to stop and start the engines in mid-ocean. It is not easy to suggest any useful purpose that such a device would serve, but that it is possible shows the range of etheric transmission.

It is theoretically feasible for a man in a central office to speak the news of the day into a phonograph, and for a device to be placed in a bedroom miles away, whereby the man in bed, by pressing a button, could have the news repeated to him. It is said to be already feasible for a person to carry with him an instrument by which he can converse by means of etheric transmission with another person twenty miles away. We know now that an indefinite number of etheric electric vibrations or undulations, whichever may be the correct term, can be conveyed in every direction simultaneously without interfering with each other. The ether is the most efficient means of communication known to man, although we do not know what the ether is. And this seems to be the field of work into which mankind is just entering, namely, the utilization of this ever-present unknown thing. It is apparently not only in the air, but in all solids. It seems to be the primal base of the visible creation. Scientific investigation appears to have established that all solid bodies consist of matter in a state of vibration, and it may be that the only difference between a nugget of gold and a potato consists in the character of that vibration. Whether it will ever be possible by the use of electricity to so alter the vibration of matter as to change its nature it is much too soon to suggest, for sufficient is not known about the supposed vibration to enable any one to base any speculation upon such a point. It is mentioned in this connection only because, as one thinks the whole subject over, there seems to be an opening in that direction.

It would be easy to prolong these speculations a very great deal further, and no doubt some readers will follow them out for themselves. There is just one aspect of the subject which may be touched in passing. One of the most successful aeronauts has said that, when he is up in a balloon, he feels that the time is not far distant when man will be able to use the air as a means of travel without employing any appliances whatever. He sug-

The Great Novelist

III.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin)

So few really noteworthy incidents, except those which mark the publication of his various works, occur in the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, that to write his biography is a very simple task. He did not possess the temperament which gives rise to events or series of events which mean an uneven, tragedy-darkened career to the possessor. His attitude towards life was essentially contemptible. Though his books portray suffering, sin and bitterest expiation, the author so eliminates himself from his productions, that we can only dimly perceive the writer behind the books. It is almost as though he were the calm, unimpressed amanuensis, writing the stories at someone else's dictation. And yet the scenic environment he chooses is invariably a reflection of his own immediate surroundings, and his characters have as their influence, conditions with which he is familiar in his own life. To thus entirely separate a person's personality from one's literary productions is the hallmark of meritorious novel-writing, and a quality which is present in the works of all masters of rhetoric in their works of pure

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born of Puritan parents in that old town of unenviable reputation, Salem, Mass., on the 4th of July, 1804. In the most famous of his works, "The Scarlet Letter," we meet with people and circumstances that recall to us the history of the days long past, of Puritanical persecution, when innocent women and young girls were sacrificed to the brutal superstition of the people, and drowned or burned at the stake, as a propitiation for imaginary offences against religion. The spirit of their ancestors lived again in the men and women who branded his "Pyrrhne" with the scarlet letter of shame, and made her beautiful child an outcast from the comradeship of less worthy children. Hawthorne, when very young was abnormally shy and sensitive, probably a condition engendered by his delicate health. He was educated at first by private tutors and later attended Bowdoin College, Maine, where he had as fellow students the great American poet, Longfellow, and a future president of the United States, Franklin Pierce, the latter one of his lifelong friends. Hawthorne's first literary efforts were in no degree noteworthy, though he read everything he could lay his hands upon and wrote poetry and sketches during all his leisure time, he also edited a little weekly paper. But, his intellectual powers increasing, he destroyed all his preliminary productions as unworthy his capabilities, an example which might well be followed by many of our modern writers, who, having once attained renown through the merits of a really efficient work, use the notoriety thus gained to enable them to sell inferior youthful productions. When he was about twenty-four he began to contribute essays and stories to the different periodicals, which met with recognition and a meed of praise. He seems, however, to have cared little for notoriety and remained secluded in his country home, outside of which he was very little known. As his work improved it attracted more attention, and Longfellow in the North American Review gave him a very favorable notice which did much towards enhancing his reputation.

His friend, Franklin Pierce, of whose campaign life he had written an interesting account, showed his gratitude in 1853 by appointing Hawthorne to the lucrative post of consul at Liverpool, England. Thus the novelist was enabled to make a study of English life and customs, and given opportunities of traveling on the continent. During a sojourn in Rome he produced "The Marble Faun," a story the scene of which is laid in the old Italian capital. While in England he wrote his famous "Notebooks." His last two books "Septimus Felton" and "Doctor Grimshawe's Secret" were not published until after his death. He died in 1864 while on a trip to the White Mountains to recuperate, with his old friend ex-President Pierce, and was buried at Sleepy Hollow cemetery, Concord, Mass. His wife, whom he had married in 1842, survived him by seven years and edited her husband's notebooks after his death. The author's son, Julian Hawthorne, has made a name for himself in the literary field.

Unquestionably, the most noted of Haw-

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The Colonist has had the opportunity of examining a number of graphic impressions taken in the central island by Mr. Leonard W. of Albern. They show that we within a day's journey of Victoria what will be a day's journey, where E. & N. railway is extended to one of the most remarkable playgrounds in the world. We take to doubt if Switzerland, or the attractive parts of the Coast mountain ranges of the Continent, can show a number of scenes of equal interest variety.

It is true that men live on scenery alone; nevertheless the people of Switzerland manage to get a pretty good living out of people who come to look at her scenery.

Next summer we suppose the walk will be running to Cameron. We do not know whether or not Canadian Pacific will build a hotel there; but if it does not, one else will be sure to do so. Arrowmitch is not far from Cape Lake. It is a beautiful peak, its sides, where they are not too steep, are covered with mountain firs, some 5,000 ft. high, but is not difficult to ascend. From its summit a marvellous view is obtained. It looks over the ocean to the west, to the east the Gulf of Georgia, with its islands, and far inland on the coast to where the mountains of the range bound the vision, south over a wild, little known area northward into a vast, treeless landscape that is sublime and beautiful. The harbor valley and the town itself are plainly visible. To ascend Arrowmitch will be one of the features of the trip to Vancouver Island. But this is one of many points which tourists will seek. A few Sundays ago we saw some pictures taken around Great Lake. They were limited in number, and gave only a faint idea of the scenery thereabouts. But Cape Lake, to the north is equally beautiful. Sproat Lake, to the west, is also a beautiful lake, with water amid attractive surroundings. Next year, when the government survey is completed, it will be possible to go in a motor from Victoria to the north end of Sproat Lake, and also to visit the small town of Port Alberni. A strip of land separates Sproat from Kennedy Lake, another expanse of water, and a sail down the lake brings one to within a short distance of the wonderful sands of Beach and Wreck Bay, where one can surf as is to be seen in all the world's newspapers. The sands for the purpose of the survey will be examined. We suppose that Port Alberni will be a prosperous commercial and manufacturing town. There is an abundance of the finest timber in the world near it, and much valuable mineral; but had nothing else to recommend the marvellous scenery near it, it would be one of the best spots in the world. Transportation facilities have been all that was needed to develop the realisation of the project, which this unrivalled scenery will bring about, and these facilities will soon be provided.

Yesterday in referring to the tactical situation in Great Britain expressed doubt if Mr. Asquith was wholly correct in denying the right of the House of Lords to throw out the Budget. As this question may be acute, perhaps it will be of interest to give the Prime Minister's views on the subject, with such comments as may be necessary to condense into a space what, if given in extenso, would take more room than we have at disposal today.

There is no doubt whatever under parliamentary government it has been developed in the Kingdom, no taxes can be levied out the consent of the House of Commons, also that no plan of taxation can originate anywhere except in the House of Commons. It is an elementary constitutional doctrine that to give any enactment the force of law it must receive the assent of the three estates



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