

Conversations With Tennyson On Religion.

Tennyson's reserve has become almost proverbial. His aversion to the dissection of his personality before the public after his death, led, as is well known, to the destruction of much of his private correspondence. One of those to whom he was wont to unburden his mind in free converse seems to have been Wilfred Ward, and he has written, from notes made by him of talks with the poet, an interesting article in The New Review (London, July) "The "Doric Beauty" of Tennyson's conversation, the humility of his mind, his absolute loyalty to truth, his fits of abstraction, especially in the presence of strangers, are illustrated in turn. During the last ten or twelve years of his life the great problems of metaphysics and of man's origin and destiny occupied a larger and larger share in the poet's thoughts, and the most interesting portions of Mr. Ward's article are those reproducing his meditations on these subjects. We quote:

"The problems of the physical universe and of man's physical life alternated as a theme of conversation with metaphysics themselves, and thus claim their share in my notes. Nearly all the sayings I have set down belong to the years 1885-87. He spoke of the mysteries of metaphysics. 'After religion,' he said, 'metaphysics are the great hope for mankind. They must stem the tide of materialism. They show materialists that you can't escape from mystery by escaping from religion.' A subject which especially exercised him in this connection was the mystery attaching to space and to extended matter, indications of which are in 'Vastness,' the second 'Locksley Hall,' the 'Ancient Sage,' and 'De Profundis.' We were passing one day through a plowed field, and, pointing to the clouds, he remarked that to a wood-louse they might look as grand as the Swiss Alps to us. 'All greatness is relative,' he said. 'What are the Swiss mountains themselves when you know their proportion to the earth; and the earth itself when you know its proportion to the universe?' A little later on I returned to this subject, and instead of 'woodlouse' said a 'flea.' He stopped me at once: 'Not a flea; it could jump to the top in a moment, and that would prevent the idea of such greatness.' On my saying, then, that it was painful to look on one's impression of the beauty of Swiss mountains as only a subjective feeling, without corresponding objective reality, he said he did not mean this. The size is relative; but the beauty may be real. The clouds in the plowed fields may be really beautiful, but one needs to be as small as the woodlouse to appreciate the beauty: 'Then, too, what mystery there is in a grain of sand. Divide and divide it as you will, you never come to an end of it. All that has magnitude is divisible; two atoms without magnitude can not make one with magnitude. So you can always divide.' He passed, then, from the consideration of infinite littleness in matter to that of infinite greatness: 'Think of the proportion of one human eye to our earth; of our earth to the sun; of the sun to the solar system; of that to the universe; and then think that one human eye can in some sense be in contact with the stars of the Milky Way.'

On the subjects of Calvinism, and "the vindictive idea of God," the poet's thoughts are given as follows:

"He is given strongly on misuses of the word 'God,' and often condemned the immorality of extreme Calvinism. One could not but trace to the memories of the Calvinistic surroundings of his boyhood the deep feeling evident in such poems as 'Despair' and 'Demeter' against the conception of a vindictive Deity. I remember one woman who used to weep for hours because God was so infinitely good. He had predestined (she said) most of her friends to damnation, and herself, who was no better than they, to salvation. She shook her head at me sadly, and said, 'Alfred, Alfred, whenever I look at you I think of the words of Scripture, 'Depart' from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.'" The Calvinist minister who was spiritual guide to the neighborhood had typhoid fever. To the horror of his congregation, on recovering he became a Universalist and ceased to believe in hell. He told me of another Calvinist minister who argued with a clergyman of more liberal views on the ways of Providence. 'Wait a moment,' interrupted the latter, 'we have not defined our terms. We are using them in different senses. Your God is my devil.'

"This vindictive idea of God was perhaps his greatest trial in popular religion. Another was the anthropomorphism which regarded the Supreme Being as a sort of 'magnified clergyman.' But he admitted that this was almost inevitable with some of the uneducated. 'These misuses of the word "God" make me prefer another name,' he said. 'I prefer to say the Highest or the Supreme Being. In "Ancient Sage" I have called God "the Nameless." I have sometimes demurred to the phrase "personal" as applied to God for that same reason. It has been used as the personality were quite similar in God and in man. But I only mean that His personality is higher than ours. Lotze says the lack of personality is in us. God is unknowable as He is in Himself, but He touches us at one point. That point is the conscience. If the conscience

could be further developed, we might in some sense see God.' And again: 'The conception in us of a perfect being realizing our highest ideals is some proof of God's existence, tho not a conclusive proof. Why should we conceive of such a being unless it were put into us to do so?'

"Lushington used to say to me, he continued, 'that if there were no other world this world would be all the more valuable. I, on the contrary, feel that it is only the light shed on our earth from another world which gives it any value. The thought of working for the human race is not incentive enough to virtue if man is not immortal. The whole race will be extinct, probably, in a few thousand years. All the greatest aspirations are without meaning if man be not immortal. Religious belief is necessary to give life any meaning or value. A man without religious aspirations is only half a man.'

Tennyson attached great value to his "De Profundis" and to "The Ancient Sage" as expressions of his metaphysical thought. Early in 1889, while still quite ill from rheumatic fever, he read the former over to Mr. Ward, explaining his purpose and feelings. The following impressive scene ended the reading:

"He seemed so much better when he had finished his explanation that I asked him to read the poem through again. This he did, more beautifully than I have ever heard him read. I felt as tho his long illness and his expectation of death gave more intensity and force to his rendering of this wonderful poem on the mystery of life. He began quietly, and read the concluding lines of the first 'greeting,' the brief description of a peaceful old age and death, from the human standpoint, with a very tender pathos:

"And last, in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,  
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,  
To that last deep where we and thou art still."

Then he gathered force, and his voice deepened as the greeting to the immortal soul of the man was read. He raised his eyes from the book at the seventh line and looked for a moment at his hearer with an indescribable expression of awe before he uttered the word "spirit": 'Out of the deep—Spirit—out of the deep.' When he had finished the second greeting he was trembling much. Then he read the prayer—a prayer, he had told me, of self-prostration before the Infinite. I think he intended it as a contrast with the analytical and reflective character of the rest. It is an outpouring of the simplest and most intense self-abandonment to the Creator, an acknowledgment, when all has been thought and said with such insight and beauty, that our best thoughts and words are as nothing in the Great Presence—in a sense parallel to the breaking-off in the ode to the Duke of Wellington: 'Speak no more of his renown, Lay your earthly fancies down.' He began to chant in a loud, clear voice:

"Hallowed be thy name—Hallelujah! His voice was growing tremulous as he reached the second part:

"We feel that we are nothing—for all is Thou and in Thee;  
We feel that we are something—that also has come from Thee."

And he broke down, and sobbed aloud as he finished the prayer:

"We know we are nothing—but Thou wilt help us to be.  
Hallowed by thy name—Hallelujah!"

—Literary Digest.

A VALUABLE FIND.

A Derelict Worth \$160,000 Picked Up At Sea.

NEW YORK, July 31, 1896.—The derelict iron bark, Janet Court, laden with a valuable cargo of nitrate of soda, was towed into port today by the ocean tug C. W. Morse, and is now lying in the Erie basin. She is one of the richest prizes ever recovered at sea, and the captain and crew of the steamer Innerly will have a chance of dividing about \$70,000 among selves.

The Janet Court carries in her big iron hulk about 2000 tons of nitrate of soda, consigned to Hemingway & Brown of this city. She left the Danish island of St. Thomas in the West Indies about a year ago. Early in March she sighted Sandy Hook, but was caught in a gale and blown out to sea. Then a squall carried away her steel masts and her rudder, leaving her at the mercy of the waves.

Murdered By Request.

A strange boy murderer is Francois Bertolier, a lad of sixteen years, who had been tried before the Aix Assizes for killing an old man named Blanchard at the latter's request. In the dock he related his crime with grim composure. He said:

"On Friday, Oct. 13 (mark the uncanny day and date), the day before the arrival of the Russians, Blanchard and I went to Toulon. He then spoke of me for the first time of his intention of putting an end to his life. He dwelt on this topic for several hours, telling me about his lamentable physical condition and entreating me to deliver him from his suffering."

"Did you ask him why he hesitated to commit suicide?"

"He told me he could not bring himself to the point, and that he had religious scruples. A couple of days later he came into my bedroom and woke me up. He said: 'Francois, I count on you for today. I wish it to be all over by this evening.' I was very astonished. He added: 'I am going to sign a bill for 1800 francs for you. You must cash it at my notary's at Carpentras.'"

"This sum of 1800 francs caused you to make up your mind?"

"I did. I bought a sheet of stamped paper and made out the bill, which Blanchard signed. Then we went to Joliette (to Marseilles) to take the steam tramway. Just before starting we went to a cafe, where my friend made me drink glasses of peppermint. He gave me sixpence to buy a knife at a store. In a tramway Blanchard told me to smoke a lot in order to deaden my feelings."

"At L'Estaque we entered another cafe and I was made to drink four or five absinthes. We went along the high road, when Blanchard, stopped, said: 'This seems to me the right spot. We shall be very comfortable here.'"

"We went under the bridge. My friend undressed and blindfolded his eyes, and stretched himself on the flagstones."

"How many blows did you strike with your knife?"

"Four. on the way he commanded me to strike several times—to strike at the temples and the jugular vein."

"Indeed, you followed out his advice. You struck with a deftness which a professional murderer would envy. Did Blanchard die at once?"

"Yes. He leaned forward a little, heaved a sigh, and that's all."

"What did you do next?"

"I had a little blood on my fingers, I washed them in the sea."

"Did you feel no remorse, no terror?"

"A little, yes."

The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty on the ground that Bertolier had acted without knowledge of crime, but the tribunal ordered that he should be sent to a house of correction until the age of twenty.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—The president has issued a proclamation, bearing date of 27th, again commanding citizens to observe neutrality towards Cuba. The proclamation of 12, 1895, demanding an observance of the neutrality laws in respect of the Cuban insurrection, and gives notice that all violations will be vigorously prosecuted, and the president cites the decision of the Supreme Court in the Wiborg case, construing the statutes relative to military expeditions, conspiracies and the extension of aid by furnishing transportation in order that citizens may not be misled as to the meaning of the neutrality laws.

Safe Place.

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk.

"I have written a poem," she began.

"Well!" exclaimed the editor with a look and tone intended to annihilate, but she calmly resumed:

"I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—"

"Oh," interrupted the editor with an extraordinary suavity, "you don't know how I am relieved. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn, I'll stop and read the poem."—Public Opinion.

Sure to Win.

The people recognize and appreciate real merit. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sales in the world. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures—absolutely, permanently, cures. It is the One True Blood Purifier. Its superior merit is an established fact, and merit wins.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate, cure indigestion, headache.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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The wonderful cure related below is by no means unusual with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine has given health to suffering children, even when health seemed impossible. The secret of its success is that it purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood.

Incurable

During the next winter and spring he became rapidly worse. We took Jimmie to a specialist, who said it was hip disease. At this time the affliction became so severe that we could not move him without causing screams of agony. He became reduced in weight to 30 pounds, and was but a shadow of his former self. We had about given up hope when we read of a cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla of a similar case. We resolved to try this medicine. Jimmie was decidedly improved after taking the first bottle. He was even

Better

after the second. We have since used over a dozen bottles of the medicine, and the change has exceeded our expectations. James is now able to walk without the aid of crutches and goes to school every day. He has been wonderfully cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. O. RUNDLELL, Oakley, Michigan.

Cured

by Hood's Sarsaparilla and that Mr. Rundell is thoroughly reliable. He has a good sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, both of which are giving perfect satisfaction. He says Hood's Pills seem to be the coming family cathartic.

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is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Notice of Sale!

To the heirs of Peter Breau, late of the parish of St. Mary's, in the county of Kent, farmer, deceased, and Philomena, his wife, and all others whom it may concern:—

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fifteenth day of February, 1882, and made between the said Peter Breau, and Philomena, his wife, of the first part, and Henry O'Leary, of Richibucto, N. B., merchant, of the second part, and duly registered in Book B., No. 2, of Kent County Records, pages 390, 391 and 392 and numbered 15462 therein, there will, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, be sold at Public Auction, at the Court House in Richibucto, on FRIDAY, THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY OF AUGUST, next, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, the land and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture as follows:—All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of St. Mary's, County of Kent, being the Eastern half Lot No. 34 in said settlement and bounded as follows:—East, by land granted to John Bernard, North by land located to Theophile Bastarache, West by land owned and occupied by Joseph Arseneault, and South by the Main road leading from Buctouche to the I. C. R. Y., at Birch Ridge, being the eastern half of the said lot, the same containing 40 acres more or less.

HENRY O'LEARY, Mortgagee.

Richibucto, May, 27, 1896.

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Richibucto, May 6, 1896.

Unable to Compare.

He—Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so?

She—Well, really, I don't know—I can't tell—for in my life I never!

He—Now, now, Miss Kitty!

She—Never ate an egg without salt.—Woonsocket Reporter.

SCYTHES.

If you want a sweet cutting Scythe, buy the one made by the Dunn Edge Tool Co., and see that the name is stamped on them.

They are for sale by most dealers and W. H. THORNE & CO., Ltd, MARKET SQUARE, St. John, N. B. Agents for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island.

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A large and complete assortment of Shirts for men and boys WHITE DRESS SHIRTS, FINE SPRING and SUMMER TOE SHIRTS, NEGLIGÉ SHIRTS, DURABLE WORKING SHIRTS @ 50c. Also, a large stock of Men's Ready-Made Clothing, besides 70 pieces of Cloth, suitable for Suits, Coats and Vests or Pants and Vests, and 10 pieces of fine Overcoating to be sold cheap for cash.

HENRY O'LEARY, - Richibucto.

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Richibucto, May 6, 1896.