

Correspondence.

[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.]

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR,—On perusing the columns of your valuable paper of the 30th of January, I could not help noticing the grand account of the result of the bazaar held in connection with St. Joseph's Church, Lyttelton, contributed to your paper by an "Occasional Correspondent."

Now, Sir, I would like to point out to "Occasional Correspondent" that he should be a little more accurate in his statements. In the first place he states, in describing the names of the various stallholders, that No. 1 stall was presided over by Misses O'Brien and Maher, it should have been Meslames O'Brien and Maher, and in No. 3 stall he has put Mrs. Moynihan's name instead of Mrs. Gilmore's. He also states that he could not chronicle the names of the gentlemen who also worked for the good end; but he could not help noticing the untiring exertions of Mr. M. O'Connell, who, he believes, acted as secretary. Now, Sir, it appears to me that from the way "Occasional Correspondent" penned the above lines, and when we cannot state the names of the gentlemen who assisted, he knows very little about the affair, and who ever led him to believe that Mr. M. O'Connell acted as secretary is sadly mistaken.

I may state that the names of the gentlemen whose diligent exertions went far in assisting the stallholders to bring forward such a grand sum are Messrs. John Madden, P. Coffey, John Kirby, M. O'Connell, P. O'Brien, P. Devereux, W. J. Burns, and last, but not least, the Rev. Father Lavery, whoever since he came amongst us has on all occasions worked hard for the good of his parish and parishioners.

In conclusion, I hope "Occasional Correspondent" will exercise a little more care in future. Hoping to hear from him at some future date and trusting I have not intruded upon your valuable space—I am, etc.,

MICHAEL FAGAN.

Lyttelton, February 2nd, 1891.

LABOUCHERE'S OPINIONS.

HONESTLY, I (*Truth*) have not the slightest doubt that Mr. Parnell is mad. There is no other way to account for the wild and reckless fashion in which he is going on. He must by this time be aware that the vast majority of the Irish Home Rulers are determined not to allow his personal ambition to wreck their cause. His latest craze is that the majority of his former followers in Parliament have, with Mr. Gladstone and the English Liberals, been hatching for years a plot to supersede him as leader—some induced by vanity; some by hatred; some by envy; some by ambition; and some "by baser motives," whatever this may mean. His latest manifesto is to the hill-side men—i.e., to the Fenians, who are requested to shout, "Hurrah for Charles Stewart Parnell," and not to give up the afore-said Charles Stewart to the Saxon wolves, who bowl for his destruction. All this is entirely inconsistent, not only with his own past, but with his sanity.

I was of opinion, when the O'Shea verdict was given, that Mr. Parnell's private morality rather concerned the Irish than us. I thought the Irish Parliamentarians wise to dispose him from the Leadership when it became clear that a large English vote would be lost to Home Rule if this were not done. I was confirmed in the wisdom of this course by what followed: by the Irish Bishops declining to accept his leadership, and by his own egotistical and scandalous conduct. I, therefore, cannot be accused of looking at the issue with prejudice or sentiment. I want Ireland to get Home Rule. With Parnell and without the English vote she will not get it. Without Parnell and with the English vote, she will. With me, in politics, principles are everything—men are mere counters. I should denounce my best friend if he stood in the way of the triumph of my political principles, and I should make common cause with my greatest enemy if I thought that he could give efficient aid to make them triumph. Mr. Parnell might be the best or the worst of men. In either case I should wage war against him, were he to stand in the way (as he now does) of the success of that Home Rule which is one of my political principles. In the St. Patrick's I voted again and again with Mr. Parnell and against Mr. Gladstone, because I thought this most conducive to the success of Home Rule. I am now with Mr. Gladstone and against Parnell, for precisely the same reason. I commend to the Irish this practical mode of recognising the exigencies of politics.

Mr. Parnell is going from bad to worse. His speeches are beneath contempt. He is appealing to the anti-English feeling which it was his boast that he had put an end to, and, in order to do this, he sticks at no falsehood respecting Mr. Gladstone or his own lieutenants. I understand that his main following consists of the publicans and their hangers-on, publicans and sinners being now his chief supporters. Although he cannot touch the Paris money, there is above £20,000 banked in his name in London over which he has absolute control. This money was placed in his hands as chief of the Parliamentary Party, and if he acted honourably, he would not draw upon it to fight for his own hand against the majority of that party. But he appears lost to all sense of decency. A considerable portion of this money, it is understood, was spent, to work up his reception in Dublin, and a further portion is being expended in Kilkenny. He is, however, doomed. The Irish are generous and impulsive, but they are realising that their god is made of clay. Everywhere they are falling away from him, and the Kilkenny election will be his *coup de grace*.

A TRUE BILL.

DR. MORGAN T. WILLIS, a recognised American authority on cerebral disease and insanity, writes: "It is well for us to know that the emotions cause more unhappiness and crime than any other function of the brain. Human beings are governed by their emotions and it is well that they should be, though it is emotions that wear away the brain. It is the emotions such as anxiety, fear, sorrow, and love. I consider that eight hours are sufficient for a man to use his brains, because if he exceeds that time he becomes nervous and fretful, and an exhausted brain is an irritable brain. You may not feel the evil effects of the stress of brain work at the time, but you will sooner or later, when it will be too late. The men that work at night with their brains are the ones that expose themselves to danger and death, which will surely come unless the great strain on the mind is lightened."

Any man that neglects the first warning of a brain or nervous system that is becoming exhausted, overtaxed or about to break down is not only a fool but a criminal. These signs are not many, but they tell the story of coming dangers only too plainly. Headache, sleeplessness, irritability of temper, neuralgic pains about the head and heart, unrefreshful sleep, nervous dyspepsia, dull eyes, heaviness of the head, and stupid feeling after meals, worry about trifles, unreasonable anger, tingling and numbness in the limbs, cold feet and hands, flushed face and burning ears, palpitation of the heart, and irregular, weak and unsteady pulse. When you note these symptoms beware; the brain and nerves are about to break down, and it may be insanity, perhaps death."

For all such troubles we recommend Clements Tonic. This is a scientific specific, brain and nerve food, and positively repairs the ravages of overwork, time, disease, etc.

If Clements Tonic was not genuine, would the *Kiama Reporter* call it "The remedy of the day," or the *Tamworth News* say it was "A specific for all diseases of debility," or the *Goulburn Post* say it was "a Radical Cure," or the *Newtown Chronicle* say it was "A Remedy of approved efficacy," or the *Nepean Times* call it "A really first class Tonic," or the *Macleay Argus* say "It is a reliable article," or the *Bulletin* say "It is a remedy of the highest value," or the *Grafton Grip* say "Praise is superfluous," or the *Bingeru Telegraph* designate it "A valuable medicine," or the *Presbyterian* say, "It can be confidently prescribed." Yet all these papers have printed these words in connection with Clements Tonic. The Press is far too conservative to endorse an unproved article, but we can show hundreds of similarly eulogistic comments from the Press similar to the above. We don't need to guarantee when we can get disinterested parties to speak of Clements Tonic as the journalists do.

One more conversion from "Father" Abbot's Church, Clapham, is chronicled this week. Mr. Cartmel, a prominent member of the choir of Christ Church, has, with his wife, been received by Father Stevens, C.S.S.B., at St. Mary's, Clapham. Within a comparatively short time four Anglican curates have passed through this Ritualistic centre into the True Fold.

St. Louis has at times been called the Rome of America, and judging from the statistics recently collected by Chancellor Vander Swaenlen, that city can boast of a truly great Catholic development. She has 47 Catholic churches, attended by 82 priests, nearly 18,000 children in the parish schools, which are under the guidance of an efficient body of religious and lay teachers, and she is well supplied with monasteries, convents, and other religious charitable institutions.

In consequence of the forcible suggestions concerning the great need of an efficient Catholic Press, set forth at the Spanish Catholic Congress, and closely followed by the recent letter of the Holy Father which touched on the same question, Catholic periodicals have been started in each diocese in Portugal. Some of the Portuguese newspapers have recalled the words of Pius IX.: "One good Catholic journalist is of greater value and accomplishes more than half a dozen preachers."

If Dr. Koch's discovery turns out to be all our fancy has painted it, a heavy blow ("Physician" writes) will have been dealt at the anti-vivisectionists: for the discovery has been made by means of vivisection. It will not only furnish an unanswerable vindication of the value of that method of investigation, but will probably lead to a demand on the part of English pathologists for some relaxation of the restrictions which at present hamper them as compared with their Continental colleagues. Pasteur and Koch! France and Germany are leaving England behind. There is another point worth noting. Dr. Koch had no sooner finished with his guinea pigs and expressed a wish for human subjects than hundreds hastened to offer themselves. It is true they came voluntarily and for their own good; but they are liberally submitting themselves to vivisection experiments, and showing that, in this case at least, men are willing to undergo the same pains which they inflict on others.

The manifesto of Mr. Parnell (says *Truth* of December 4), is a considerable relief to me, for I have always had a liking for the man, and I was greatly shocked when I found that he was subordinating the cause of his country to his personal ambition. Nothing can be more evident than that he is suffering from cerebral excitement, and that he is not, consequently, responsible for his actions. Were it not for this I should have to regard him as the meanest of men. Confidential communications in regard to a Home Rule Bill naturally took place between himself and Mr. Gladstone. The one held full powers from England, the other held full powers from Ireland to arrive at some arrangement advantageous alike to the Empire and to Ireland. But the communications were, in their nature, private. Neither could honourably allude to them without the consent of the other. Six months after receiving these pretended revelations Mr. Parnell lauded Mr. Gladstone to the skies. He now, on account of the revelations, as he would have the world believe, declares that Mr. Gladstone is not to be trusted, and that he is conspiring against Home Rule.