

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

Ireland.

Six men have been committed at Tuam; Ireland, for trial for secret drilling.

Several imprisoned suspects have been released unconditionally within the last few days.

Right Hon. Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, replying in a letter to Messrs. Dickinson and Gavan relative to the imprisoned suspects and Davitt, points out that the Coercion Act is not for the punishment, but for the prevention of outrages.

On that memorable Saturday morning when the news of the attempted assassination of our honored President cast a gloom over the entire nation, filling every loyal heart with horror, another sad announcement (less wide-spread and important, it is true), but fraught with tender sorrow to many a loving friend, was whispered from lip to lip of the children of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the clients of His ever immaculate Mother.

IN MEMORIAM.

Madame Elizabeth Tucker.

RELIGIOUS OF THE SOCIETY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT THE ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART, NO. 1334 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, ON JULY 2ND, 1881.

On that memorable Saturday morning when the news of the attempted assassination of our honored President cast a gloom over the entire nation, filling every loyal heart with horror, another sad announcement (less wide-spread and important, it is true), but fraught with tender sorrow to many a loving friend, was whispered from lip to lip of the children of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the clients of His ever immaculate Mother.

"MADAME TUCKER IS DEAD!" Simple but impressive fact! Four little pathetic words which awoke in hundreds of souls the purest, tenderest memories of the grand old religious, who full of years and holy works, had passed in the early dawn of that July morning into the mighty dawn of God's Eternity!

Madame Elizabeth Tucker was a woman possessed of the rarest gifts of nature and grace. Born in London in 1809 of an old and distinguished family, of which it was her boast that it had never, throughout all the tempests of royal persecution, swerved from the ancient faith (her father even as a little boy at a Protestant college, preferring to live on bread and water, and endure the jeers of his heretical schoolmates, rather than break his abstinence on Fridays and Saturdays, and other days appointed by the Church)—Madame Tucker was sent for her education to Amiens, France, in which city she finally entered the Society of the Sacred Heart.

Detailed by her superiors to America in 1841, she spent several years at the Convent at Manhattanville, New York; and in 1847, coming to Eden Hall, near Holmesburg, in this country, was soon after appointed to be Superior of that convent, which is devoted to the education of young ladies. It was there that she built the handsome chapel which, by her noble exertions, was consecrated as a church (probably one of the first consecrated in the diocese) by Archbishop Hughes in 1851. After nine years of self-sacrificing and fruitful labor at Eden Hall, Madame Tucker was sent to the convent of her Order at St. Louis, and after remaining there until 1862 was in that year, to the great joy of her many friends in this locality, remanded to Eden Hall once more as Superior. During this her second administration this strong woman, who like her prototype in Proverbs, always "looked well to the ways of her house," was instrumental in securing the erection of a large wing to the academy building and effected necessary improvements in the main structure of the convent. Seven years later we find her again at St. Louis, and at Maryville, near that city, where, after completing the new convent, she was created Superior of all the Western Communities of the Sacred Heart. About this time she built a large convent at Chicago; and in 1879, after a year's residence with her Sisters of the Society at Manhattanville, she was made Superior of the Philadelphia foundation on Walnut street, where she remained until the time of her death.

In Mother Tucker the most casual observer could recognize a lady of superior culture and exceptional force of character. To the intellect and vigor of a man she united the delicate refinement and charming polish of the true woman. Her wonderful administrative gifts and financial abilities, joined with a fervent faith, a singular prudence and solidity of judgment, made her a sort of modern St. Teresa, a genuine heroine of "common sense." Under the ease and grace of that almost queenly bearing those who penetrate her interior knew that she was of the stuff of which the martyrs are made, for unmistakably did her words and treasured writings breathe her heroic sympathy with those sainted spirits who confessed Christ amid the blood and torture of the arena. But one of the most beautiful revelations of that most beautiful soul was in the glad, unquestioning submission of the strong, masculine mind to the smallest requirements of holy obedience. And when the children of her care recall the more than maternal tenderness and interest which the most trivial of their joys or pains ever elicited from the great heart of their departed Mother,—well may the tears of sorrowing affection fall like summer rain upon her grave, and keep it green through all the flowering year.

"Only serve Jesus out of love, and while your eyes are yet unclosed, before the whiteness of death is yet settled upon your face, or those around you are sure that that last gentle breathing was indeed your last, what an unspeakable surprise will you have had at the judgment-seat of your dearest Love, while the songs of heaven are breaking on your ears and the glory of God is dawning on your eyes, to fade away no more for ever!" So wrote in the past the venerated Father Faber; and in the death-agony of Mother Elizabeth Tucker her faithful sisters in religion might truly recognize a striking realization of those words of her gifted countryman. For when the dying nun lay in the seeming torpor of dissolution, and the vigilant attendants breathed aloud the final aspiration, "Heart of Jesus! receive her soul!" the glazing eyes were lifted and turned with all their old bright, intelligent expression, and then riveted with a look, half of sweetness, half of surprise, on some celestial vision in the air, invisible to all save one; and in the sunlight of whose glory that noble soul passed on the instant to the judgment-seat of her dearest Love. The last prayer she ever recited aloud, as Superior in the presence of her devoted sisterhood, contained these words: "Heart of Jesus! all love, I offer Thee these humble prayers for myself and for

all who unite with me in spirit to adore Thee. Vouchsafe, out of Thy great goodness, to hear and answer them, chiefly for that one among us who first shall end her mortal life. Sweet Heart of Jesus! pour into her heart in her death agony Thine inward consolations; take her within Thy sacred wounds; cleanse her from all stains in that furnace of love, that so Thou mayest soon open to her the gates of Thy eternal glory, there to intercede with Thee for all those who tarry yet in this land of exile!"

And when, beside the grave of Mother Tucker in the old cemetery at "Eden," fond memory recalls in tenderness and tears the well remembered voice enunciating (as it only could) that last pathetic prayer, the hearts of her bereaved children go up in one pleading petition to *Jesu Corona Virginum*; and, close at the feet of Our Lady of Dolors whom she, like St. Ignatius, loved so well the listening angels catch such words as these: "O Heart of Jesus! who hast gently pour'd Thy inward sweetness in this dying soul, Take her within Thy sacred wounds, dear Lord! And keep her spirit in Thy safe control. Cleanse her from every stain. O Love divine! Deep in the furnace of Thy glowing Heart; Those gates of glory which, eternal shine Before her happy vision, rend apart!"

That there, releas'd from pain and sad regret, Thy Heart's best treasures she may, ceaseless, share; And intercede for all who tarry yet, Poor exiles in a land of sin and care! E. C. D. FEAST OF ST. ELIZABETH, July 23rd, 1881.

"THE THUNDERER" AMONG US.

Mr. Walter, M. P., is the proprietor of that organ of Cockney opinion which is supposed by the innocent Londoner to make the world tremble. This organ has been surnamed "The Thunderer" because it never thunders, but always mildly reflects the opinion of the winning side. It kicks sometimes, but always when its man is down. It used to be held in respect outside of London; but, since the telegram has come into general use, the "provinces" disregard the Voice, and their journalists have learned to think for themselves.

Mr. Walter has come amongst us; and, of course, a representative of the Herald rushes to meet him and, on bended knee, to jot down his oracular utterances. "When I open my lips, let no dog bark." It was a touching sight to see the meeting between this truly great Briton and the humble Herald man whose proprietor may yet succeed in hiring the uncle of a lord to "shake 'em up." The Herald man, having reverentially reflected that the Londoner might have been a Russian or a Prussian, or even an American, but that he was an Englishman, permitted himself to be overcome with admiration and fear. Upon this, Mr. Walter metaphorically extended the tip of his sceptre to the awestruck Herald man. "I know the customs of the country," he said, with such sweet, sweet affability, that the Herald man, who had expected to "be shaken up" by a clap of Cockney thunder, made another salaam.

The interview began. If the reporter followed the policy of his paper, we may imagine him apologizing for introducing the low Irish into conversation. After this preliminary, he tremulously asked Mr. Walter for his opinion on the Land Bill. In replying, Mr. Walter became sharp, almost stormy. The mention of the Irish exasperated him. Upon this, we can see the affrighted reporter starting back and saying, "I am not an Irishman, Sir"—it is said they address Mr. Bennett that august title in the Herald office—"I am a Dublin University man." Mr. Walter was mollified. "The Irish," he remarked, in a tone in which sorrow and anger struggled—"the Irish are very credulous, very ignorant and easily managed, and can easily be convinced by the people who live by this agitation that they are the most oppressed people on the face of the earth; and of course there isn't a particle of truth in that. There is nothing on the face of the earth to prevent an Irishman from being happy, if he will only work and not get drunk."

Nothing—except starvation, extortionate rents which make a man little better than a pauper on almshouse-land, evictions, and no justice. Nothing to make him unhappy—except grinding penury, absolute dependence on a despotic agent, slow death for his little ones, no future on earth for his grown-up sons and daughters, no hope in his own land—no hope at all if he does not leave it. Mr. Walter is not ignorant of the real state of Ireland. If he were a Dublin University man, hired to lie about his countrymen, his words would not seem remarkable; but, coming from the proprietor of the London Times, they imply a depth of wilful prejudice, bigotry and mental degradation which is appalling. Mr. Walter thinks that the Irish are "very credulous, very ignorant and easily managed." Mr. Froude, who hates the Irish as bitterly as Mr. Walter or the Herald, and who is doubtless the favorite historian of both, would not corroborate this. The Irish have never been credulous enough to accept the promises of Protestantism, or ignorant enough to be satisfied with the pittance which England has offered them from their own store. If Mr. Walter will consult Froude, he will discover that even the peculiar processes of the "scientific" historian can not show that the Irish are "easily managed." England has never been able to manage them. Henry II. could not manage them. They converted the Normans and made them more Irish than the Irish. Elizabeth, tigress regnant that she was, could not manage them. Cromwell tried it at Drogheda, and he who could coerce the English people and depose their king did not succeed. The Union itself, born of bribery and corruption, could not effectually bind Ireland to England. This Union bound to destroy. And yet the unfortunate Irish struggled. Mr. Gladstone's recent concessions are disapproved of by Mr. Walter. But would the English people, of whom Mr. Gladstone is the representative, grant this concession if the Irish were "easily managed"? The hardest problem that any Government has had to consider within the last hundred years is—as every man versed in politics knows—the management of the Irish people. Is it think that has peopled America with Irish immigrants and the sons of Irish immigrants, "the bone and sinew of the land"? The men and women whom one meets at Castle Garden after the arrival of a steamer do not look like

drunkards. They have come willing to be hewers of wood and drawers of water in a foreign land, rather than to suffer, like paupers, in their own—rather than to have their crusts doled out by a tyrannical landlord, and every extra potato in a good season made an excuse for an increase of rent.

Mr. Walter, in his light, airy, careless way—he is accustomed to settling the affairs of the world—declares that there is not a particle of truth in the impression of the Irish that they are the most oppressed people on the face of the earth. It is true that they have only of late begun to recover from penal laws which would have disgraced Russian administration in Poland. It is true that very lately they paid tithes, under the penalty of the law, to support a religious establishment which they regarded as heretical. It is true that to-day they worship in such houses of God as they have raised, while the churches built by their forefathers are in the hands of foreign intruders. It is true that their cries of hunger are unheard in England, which choked their industries, exiled their sons, made them beggars, that rents might flow the more quickly toward absentee landlords and corporations in London; deprived them of every right of human beings—even of that of self-defence; which gives them the Coercion Bill, and offers them half a loaf when they ask for their rights. All this is true; and yet this Cockney journalist, who would gauge Eternity by the sound of Bow Bells, and who patronizes the world in his stupid and bovine way, tells us that the Irish would be happy if they did not drink—that oppression is imaginary; that famine is imaginary; that exile is imaginary. He would have us believe that Home Rule is a phantasm of *mania-a-poti*, and that Emancipation and the Land Bill were soothing sop thrown to a nation which, having delirium tremens, dreamed she needed them!

"It's a curious thing," continued Mr. Walter, in that condescending manner which is traditional in the Times' office, Mr. Delane having learned it from Lord Palmerston, "that when the Irish come here they give an open lie to their previously-declared predilection for agricultural pursuits. They don't like to become farmers, but loaf about the big towns, keep whiskey shops, and do everything else but farm. On my last trip to America I met two Lincolnshire farmers who had done very well in Iowa. They had employed Germans, Danes, Swedes, Irishmen—all nationalities—as agricultural laborers, and the only ones, they told me, with whom they really had trouble were the Irish."

What have the English landlords left the Irish farmer who comes here? He does not say good-bye to the "old country" until hope is dim. He may have a few pounds, and these he lays out to the best advantage. But he does not loaf, although the opportunity to invest his little money in a whiskey-shop may prove enticing to him. He does what his hand finds to do, but it is always honest. Irishmen—and the records of the railroads and all corporations will bear this statement out—have done more hard work in the last fifty years than any other class of men in the country. Loaf! Mr. Walter may think he knows the customs of the country; but he does not know the people; if he expects them to swallow calumnies contradicted every day by their own experience. Mr. Walter's Lincolnshire farmers may have told the truth. An Irishman and a Lincolnshire farmer could not be expected to love each other. But, if Mr. Walter will make an attempt to dissipate his insular ignorance of America while he is here, by impartial observation, he will change his opinion of the working-qualities of the Irish in America. They have done two-thirds of the work of building up the material resources of the country. Many of them are enjoying a reward which was denied to their labors in that land which ought to be happy, according to Mr. Walter, under benign British rule.—Freeman's Journal.

A CABLEGRAM FROM MR. PARNELL TO PRES. COLLINS.

The Hon. P. A. Collins, President of the Land League of America, received the following cable despatch from Mr. Parnell, Sept. 18th, summing up the result of the Convention:

DUBLIN, Sept. 17th, 1881. To Collins, President Land League, Boston: The Convention has just closed after three day's session. Resolutions were adopted for national self-government, the unconditional liberation of the land for the people, tenants not to use the rent-fixing clauses of the land act, but to keep out of court and follow old Land League lines, and rely upon the old methods to reach justice. The executive of the league is empowered to select test cases, in order that tenants in surrounding districts may realize for themselves by the result of cases decided the hollowness of the act. The laborers' organization is merged in that of the tenants, who, with the artisans and traders, are banded together in one solid organization, and will not move forward for the freedom of Irish land, the development of Irish industries, and for Irish legislative independence. The direction of the movement here will probably claim my instant attention and my presence in Ireland for many months hence, rendering a visit to America unlikely. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Dillon Eagan will sail for Boston early in October, and will represent my views and those of the Irish organization fully. (Signed) PARNELL.

OBITUARY.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of the parish of Maidstone, which took place at his sister's residence, Mrs. Knox, in Detroit, on the 17th inst., after a few days' illness. The deceased was a young man aged 25 years, was a blacksmith by trade, and worked for some time past in Essex Centre. He was highly beloved and respected by all who knew him. His funeral was very largely attended. He was buried at Maidstone, amidst the tears of his relatives and friends. His friends wish to show their love and respect by erecting a monument to his memory. A subscription list is open and a considerable sum subscribed.

OFFICIAL. C. M. B. A. NOTES.

To the officers and members of the C. M. B. A.—There seems to be some misunderstanding about the amount Branches should transmit to their Supreme or Grand Recorders upon a death-call, under the present graded scale. In my communication of April 27th, 1881, published in the official organs, promulgating the amendments adopted by the convention held at Erie, Pa., I used this language: "Under the graduating scale the full amount received by the branches on each assessment should be transmitted to their Grand Supreme Recorders." I thought this language sufficiently plain to make all further enquiry unnecessary. By virtue of the new Beneficiary assessment law, members in the Association before its adoption went into effect, over the age of thirty-five years, are assessed the sum of \$1.00. They now pay that amount as an assessment and as a part of the beneficiary fund, and there is no law permitting branches to hold back the ten cents over the dollar paid, any more than there is permitting them to hold back the eighty-five cents over the dollar paid by a new member of the age of forty-five years and upwards. The adoption of the new graded scale of assessment repealed and abrogated all former laws inconsistent or conflicting with its terms and provisions, and the Association at large is now assessed and working under our constitution. The Supreme Council is the general guardian of the beneficiary fund under our present laws. It accumulates in its treasury, and is disbursed by its officers. Then in all matters affecting the Beneficiary fund, in the nature of things, the Supreme Council must be the final arbitrator. It will not permit Canada, Michigan or Pennsylvania to assess under one system and New York to assess under another; and it is the only body having power to correct such an evil. When Branches are in doubt about the construction of a law, they should apply to the officers of the Grand Council, and abide the decision. When grand officers are in doubt, they should apply to the officers of the Supreme Council, and abide the decision. It is only reasonable to expect as much obedience in the one case as in the other. There can now be no further room for misunderstanding in the matter, and payment of the full dollar and ten cents into the Supreme Treasury for each member so assessed and collected will be strictly enforced against Grand Councils and officers. J. T. KEENA, Supreme President.

Detroit, Sept. 20, 1881. The foregoing was explained in our C. M. B. A. notes at the time it became law, and our Grand Council and Canadian Branches have been working under it since. If other Grand Councils have not done so, the amount in arrears, by said non-compliance with our law, should be exacted. S. R. BROWN, Secretary Grand Council.

Durham, Sept. 22.—During the thunder storm which prevailed here this morning the barn of Mr. T. Hutton, about one mile from here, was struck by lightning, and, with its contents, totally consumed. Loss, about \$2,000; no insurance on either the machinery, crop or barn. When it was struck Mr. Hutton and other members of the family were near it, and were all paralyzed, but recovered in time to let loose the stock, and take precautions to save the house.

DIED. In this city, on the 24th Sept., Mary Gertrude Maude, fourth daughter of Peter McCann, Esq.

COMMERCIAL.

Table with 3 columns: Commodity, Unit, Price. Includes sections for London Markets (Wheat, Corn, etc.), Flour and Feed (Fall Wheat Flour, etc.), Produce (Eggs, Butter, etc.), and London Stock Market (Agricultural, Dominion, etc.).

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes Refined Oil, Carload lots, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity, Price. Includes Lambskins, Potatoes, Onions, etc.

W. M. MOORE & CO. REAL ESTATE AGENTS, etc. Have a large list of Farms, Wild Lands and City Property of every description for sale.

MILLINER WANTED. MILLINER WANTED—FOR MRS. F. GALLENA, 148 Dundas St.

TO THE FARMERS!

And Freeholders of Middlesex. IF YOU WISH TO INSURE YOUR PROPERTY in a sound and reliable company, insure in the old WESTERN OF CANADA.

Capital, - - \$800,000 00 Cash Assets, - 1,422,008 18

Rates as low as any reliable company. Prompt Payment in case of Loss. No Policy or Survey Fee Charged. No Premium Notes. Have nothing to do with travelling agents. Come and send direct to the old-established insurance office, Albion Buildings, Richmond Street, London, opposite Bank of British North America.

ARTHUR WALLACE, F. B. BEDDOME, Agent. 155-1w. Knabe PIANOFORTES, UNEQUALLED IN Tone, Touch, Workmanship, & Durability. WILLIAM KNABE & CO. Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. No. 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Wm. E. Marshall, the engraver on steel, who so distinguished himself by his admirable engravings of Lincoln and Grant, has just published through Oscar Marshall, of New York, two admirable likenesses of President Garfield, which have evidently been long in labor and are not a hasty catch at the market. The two portraits are first a profile which brings out admirably the projection of the countenance, and a nearly full face view; both strongly lined and expressive likenesses. We call special attention to the advertisement that appears in another column.

Another Mutual Insurance Co. Failed. IF YOU WISH TO INSURE in a SOUND, RELIABLE COMPANY, have your property insured in the

OLD ROYAL OF ENGLAND. CAPITAL, TEN MILLION DOLLARS.

ASSETS—UPWARDS OF THREE MILLION DOLLARS. Deposited with the Canada Government securities for Canada Policy-holders, nearly FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. Rates as low as any reliable company. Prompt payment in case of loss. Farm Property insured against damage by lightning. No POLICY FEE CHARGED. No premium note. Have nothing to do with travelling agents; come direct to the best-situated office, Albion Buildings, Richmond St., London. ARTHUR WALLACE, City Cashier. 155-1w.

ASPHALT SIDEWALKS. TENDERS are required for making certain sidewalks in the TOWN OF DUNDAS, of Asphalt, to be constructed on the same principle as the best sidewalks of Asphalt are in London, Ontario.

EDWIN WOODHOUSE, Clerk of the corporation of the town of Dundas, Sept. 16, 1881. 155-2w.

CONSUMPTION CAN POSITIVELY BE CURED!

DETROIT THROAT & LUNG INSTITUTE. M. HILTON WILLIAMS, M. D. (Graduate of Victoria College, Toronto, and Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario) PROPRIETOR. Permanently established since 1870. Since which time over 16,000 cases have been permanently cured of some of the various diseases of the Head, Throat and Chest, viz: Catarrh, Throat Diseases, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh of Ophthalmia, (Sore Eyes) and Central Deafness. Also, Diseases of the Heart. Our System of Practice consists in the most improved Medicated Inhalations; combined with proper Constitutional Treatment. Having devoted all our time, energy and skill for the past twelve years to the treatment of the various diseases of the HEAD, THROAT & CHEST. We are enabled to offer the afflicted the most perfect remedies and appliances for the immediate cure of all these troublesome afflictions. By the system of MEDICATED INHALATIONS. Head, Throat and Lung affections have become curable as any class of diseases that afflict humanity. The very best of references given from all parts of Canada from those already cured. Remedies sent to any part of Ontario, Duties Free. If impossible to call personally at the Institute, write for 'List of Questions' and 'Medical Treatise.' Address: DETROIT THROAT & LUNG INSTITUTE, 253 Woodward Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

DOT IT DOWN!

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTTEN? CHAS. F. COLWELL, "THE PIANO AND ORGAN DEALER," HAS REMOVED TO 179 DUNDAS STREET, INSPECTION INVITED. 150-3m