

But what is the Irish National Fair, Chicago, to which it is so glorious a thing to have sent two pairs of patent leather boots with morocco tops?

Well; Chicago, on Lake Michigan, at the mouth of the Chicago River is the chief city of Illinois, of which the growth during the last thirty years has been so rapid as to be wonderful even in America. Ten years ago it was the largest primary grain depôt in the world, and its population, now of about one hundred and ten thousand, has trebled since that time. It trades with three thousand miles of coast line on the lakes, and has navigable water communication with the Mississippi and the sea: so that it can load a vessel at its wharves either for New Orleans or for Liverpool. Among the Irishmen in this town of Chicago, the "Fenian Brotherhood" professes to have its head-quarters. Here, certain flats and sharpers held in November last what was called the "First General Congress of the Fenian Brotherhood," whereat they resolved that this "Brotherhood" should be a fixed and permanent institution in America, with a head centre, state centres, and centres of circles; and that the object of its members should be "to gird their loins silently and sternly for the inevitable struggle that is approaching." This organisation in Chicago is opposed by the bishop of the Irish Catholics, as it is opposed in Ireland and America by the main body of the bishops and priests of the Irish Catholic Church, except only a few men like Father Lavelle, who described Prince Albert at the Rotundo meeting as "a German reviler of our creed and country, and the husband of a foreign queen." Oppressed as their Church truly is by a dominant Protestant establishment, which is the genuine cause of more than half the bad blood of the country, its honest efforts to check the "Young Irish" party in its wild course of sedition have been unintermitting, and made at some sacrifice of popular influence. Let us give to faithful servants of Christ who are not of our own communion, the honour due to them herein for Christian work. The Chicago Fenians scout the admonitions of their Bishop Duggan. "When the old world harness," says one magnificent spirit, "is attempted to be buckled tightly upon the Americanised Catholic mind, and the gear once fails, as in the case of the Fenians, it may as well be returned to the lumber-room, or used only for docile females and quiet old men, who from long training will not grow restive in the traces. We regard the Fenians as having achieved their first great step in the elevation of Irish nationality, by teaching a lesson to the priesthood which they will never forget, and the first of a series which, once taken, the rest will follow." The Americanised Irish sharper fully developed into a Fenian leader is a most eloquent creature; "rough he is, so air our bars; wild he is, so air our buffalors; but his glorious answer to the tyrant and the despot is, that his bright home is in the setting sun." Hear, for example, one of the two great managers of Fenian finance at Chicago, Meers. Michael and John Scanlon, proposing at a "Fenian banquet," on Saint Patrick's Day, "the Day we Celebrate" (spelling is not one of the strong points of the *Chicago Fenian and National Fair Gazette*, wherefrom we quote), hear him tell how "our glorious pagan ancestry, rising above the things of earth, plucked the very sun from heaven, placed it in their banner, and marched to victory beneath its beams," or hear him praise the United States, and quote the Americanised Shakespeare. "States, where men walk earth in the light of freedom, with nothing twixt their souls and heaven, until the kings and titled nobility of earth appear as pigmies,