

were contributed. "Donations of food in any quantity," it was announced, "will be gratefully received. Beef, mutton, lamb, veal, bacon, ham, pork, sausages, fowls, turkeys, geese, chickens, game, raw or cooked, fish and vegetables of all sorts, cakes and pickles, fruit and vinegar, anything, in fact, that will tend to the comfort of the visitors and the increase of the receipts, and the further it has to travel and the greater the quantity, the more highly it will be valued."

The fair was to be opened by the governor of Illinois, and for the entertainment of visitors there were to be theatrical performances, concerts, lectures, &c., &c. "Ireland's gifted daughter," Miss T. Esmonde, was to give poetical and patriotic readings; "the soldier and patriot," T. F. Meagher, to make an address; and "the committee were also negotiating for, and hoped to be able to conclude the necessary arrangements to give a grand billiard tournament by those celebrated Irish knights of the cue, Messrs. Phelan, Cavanagh, Tieman, and Foley;" while mere sight-seers might have the gratification of visiting Colonel White's museum, where "they will see two millions of curiosities, including the invisible lady."

All this sounds very comical, but there is a tragic side of it, not, indeed, for England, but for the warm-hearted people among the untaught masses of Ireland, who are thus misled. The Fenian chiefs are themselves no better taught than the majority of sharpers. They write about "blessings and boquets," and "auxiliary entertainments," and everywhere, in distorted ill-spelt language, scatter their wicked perversions of the truth. What Irishman of modern intelligence does not know how heartily England strove to allay the distresses of the Irish famine of 1847-8, yet thus a "smart" Fenian ventures to play on the credulity of his poor victims.

"England, with the cold, malignant ingenuity of an incarnate fiend, has laid down the sword for the *famine*, and the fire for the *pestilence*, and with these agents, these purely English agents, has now reduced our destruction to the certainty of a mathematical problem. Four or five years of such successful famine as 1847-8 would have rid England of all her troubles. But the destruction was too horrible. The world stood appalled at a whole nation perishing of want in the midst of plenty, and the plan was modified to suit the advanced civilisation of the age, and at the present rate it will take fourteen or fifteen years to blot the Irish race from its native land. Oh! countrymen, it was not thus in the days when the men of Ireland, with their keen battle-axes and trusty swords, defended the fields they cultivated and manured them with the corpses of the invaders."

Eighty years ago, Sir Jonah Barrington said of his countrymen, that "nine-tenths of the whole population would rather fight than let it alone." And the love of fighting somebody or anybody, still appears stronger in Irishmen in Ireland than it does elsewhere; no matter when or where or what about, they are always ready. One the other day knocked down his comrade without provocation, and on being asked by him, "Pat, what did you strike me for?" replied, "Shure, Mick, and ef I struck you myself, I wouldn't let any other man do it." One may observe them at either race, or fair, or pattern, sitting as uncomfortable as possible when all is quiet, turning suddenly at the slightest noise, as if it might be the happy forerunner of a blow, and apparently grudging every minute that slips by, as if they thought it was all lost time when not