

menced. Amid countless throngs of interested spectators the army once more returned to its military performances. Ready and eager for the impending fray—for a battle was about to be fought—the brave and impetuous hosts of warlike men listened with entranced attention to eloquent and spirit-stirring speeches which were delivered by Captain J. C. O'Neill, General McWilliams, Colonels Dunn and Byron, and Major General Spear. The British army, being conveniently on hand and bearing the flag of St. George, was then drawn up in battle array. The Fenian army charged it with a yell, and routed it instantly. Prodiges of valor were performed. The rifles cracked, the cannon bellowed and thundered, the bayonets glittered in the sun, sabers clashed, and the dead and wounded were strewn about the field. This is the usual result of all decisive battles, and on this occasion it was to be expected. Everything went off in the most satisfactory manner, and the managers, Messrs. Fitzsimmons, McGrath and O'Neil, deserve great credit for their valuable services and admirable arrangements.

#### The Annual Fenian Picnic at Chicago.

The fourth annual picnic of the Fenian Brotherhood came off at Haas' Park on Thursday, 15th inst. In spite of the lies of wretched English-born, or English paid, penny-a-liners, we pronounce the picnic, in its main points at least, a great success. There must have been ten thousand people on the ground. The day was delightful, the locality charming, and the railway arrangements were all that could be expected, especially when it is taken into consideration that the getting on and off of such a vast multitude was a matter of great difficulty. Although nearly a hundred cars were engaged, hundreds of the males were compelled to ride outside for want of room inside. It was almost a miracle that such numbers could have been brought back and forward so closely pressed together, without an accident.

Some five hundred of "the boys in green" turned out, fully uniformed and armed. The military were commanded by General Spear, Colonel Cosgrove, Adjutant Crowley and Lieut. Hennessy. These four gentlemen were well mounted, and presented, in their gorgeous uniforms of green and gold, very fine spectacles. No less than four U. S. generals, in civic costume, were present. They were General White, General Osborne, General Mann and General Beveridge. These gentlemen were attended by Messrs. Morrison, Cardwell and Russell, who had been appointed to wait on the invited guests. About one o'clock a substantial lunch of cold meat and Mr. Conley's best Rhine wine was spread on the grass. As the guests were soldiers and men who had been used to the field, the fight, and the bivouac, they made no croaking complaints because there were no table-cloths, and a scarcity of knives and forks. Some half a dozen gentlemen connected with the various dailies of the city were also present, and partook of the humble fare prepared by the Brotherhood, which, if not got up in so *recherche* a style as it might be, was tendered in that true spirit of hospitality which told of the courteousness and sincerity of those by whom it was given.

We are sorry to have to acknowledge that there was some slight disturbance, as there always will be at such large gatherings, but we have failed to hear of any one being seriously injured. The fact is, that some of those present partook too freely of whatever drinks were on the ground, and as a natural consequence there was some confusion, but nothing like what some of the Chicago daily papers have endeavored to make the public believe. In plain words, there was no fight or row from beginning to end worth a row of pins, and if only the same amount of disturbance had taken place in any crowd not an Irish crowd, the venomous English hirelings who do the reporting (lying) for the Chicago papers would never have taken the slightest notice of it.

Here we deliberately make a very grave charge against two at least of the Chicago papers. When we opened the papers on the morning following the picnic, we could hardly believe our eyes as we read accounts of fights that never had existence, except in the brain of the wretched cockney scribbler who wrote about them. No wonder that Europeans should still believe that America is doomed to death, and that the Republic is only a mighty bubble, waiting for the prick of a tiny English pin to burst it. Now, we hate side-winded allusions, or muggy inuendoes. So, consequently, we openly state it as our deliberate conviction, that the notices of the picnic in some Chicago journals owed their unfriendly tone to English influence—the very same English influence that misrepresents Americans on all possible occasions, and that caricatures the slightest difference of opinion in the halls of legislation as mortal combats. What, in the name of God, is to become of America if a British spy and an enemy of America is to be found whenever they are wanted to do English work? Must a miracle greater than that of the loaves and fishes be performed to open the eyes of the American people? Perhaps when their country is a prey to anarchy, and when the cry of joy is once more heard in England, (for it was heard before, when Lee and Jackson were winning victories,) the American people will see who is their real enemy. If our American friends have any doubt as to a great portion of the newspapers, ostensibly American, being written up in the English interest, let them go into the sanctums and behold who write up those delectable articles on *Irish* affairs. We say now, and we will prove it by and by, that a part of the English

plan for creating dissensions and divisions in America is to send out editors and reporters to manage the American press. We are always willing that Americans shall criticise us. As a people, we have faults, and we are willing to have them corrected, and we feel sure it is not in the American nature to stab in the dark. On the other hand, we do not want Englishmen to criticise us through American channels, as they have done and are doing, for there is too much bad blood between us already. When England was howling for the destruction of America, the wild Irish met in Dublin and voted to take the side of the United States; and the Irish in America—among whom were those Boys in Green, from Spear and Cosgrove down to the commonest man in the ranks, who were at the Fenian picnic at Haas' Park—were fighting the battles of America, while those same vile cockney scribblers had British protection papers in their pockets.

We have been pained at this insignificant matter, because it shows how "the wind blows," and what tremendous difficulties we have to overcome; but we tell our Chicago newspaper reporters that their slanders have been written in vain, and if they think the Irish cause is going to suffer materially by their exposition of the acts of a few drunken rowdies at a picnic, they are most—mistaken.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., August 8th, 1867.

Editors Irish Republic.

"Our able and energetic countryman and brother, Col. Morrison, visited this city on the 6th inst. The evening was one of the warmest of the season. A fatal accident had caused the death of one of our oldest Irish residents. Yet the largest hall in the city was filled. For an hour and a half the orator held the audience entranced. Round after round of applause testified their appreciation of the truths laid before them, and at the close thirty-five stalwart Fenians came forward and joined the circle.

The late feshet carried forty millions of logs over the falls. This has compelled all the mills and factories to stop. As a necessary consequence, hundreds of men are idle. This is the reason why our cause is not supported as it otherwise would be. But we are in hopes of doing better hereafter. We will do our utmost to have a proper representation at next Congress in Cleveland. God speed the right.

Fraternally yours,

P. F."

### SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

#### Sheridan for President.

There is one solution to all our political problems—the Presidency. That answers everything. It explains the anomaly of a Congress almost unanimously convinced that Andrew Johnson deserves impeachment, yet refusing to impeach him. It explains Henry Wilson's tour through the South, and Mr. Seward's purchase of the Russian icebergs. It explains the unrelenting hatred of Edwin M. Stanton by the Democrats, and their obstinate resolution to drive him from the Cabinet. The denial of Benjamin F. Butler's superb ability and his services to the country, and the savage abuse heaped upon him, result from the knowledge of his popularity as a Presidential candidate. That the Copperhead papers, formerly Grant's worst enemies, are now his most obsequious flatterers; that a brigade of Jenkines follow him by night and day, and publish his most insignificant movements; that all the financial misfortunes and successes of this country are equally attributed to Chase; that the President at once profoundly desires, and as profoundly fears, to remove Sheridan—these are mysteries of which the next Presidency is the true and sufficient solution. It is very well to talk of Presidential nominations as premature, but they are, nevertheless, made. The reconstruction question is settled; the principles have been permanently fixed, and the difficulty of their execution is no longer a national question. Nor is there any doubt that the Republican party will sweep North and South. Tennessee has decided that, by her glorious majority of 30,000 for Brownlow, and in almost every rebel State the registration returns show that the black vote will be far in excess of the white. The choice of the next President is narrowed down to a few leading Republicans, of whom Grant, Butler, Stanton, and Chase, have thus far been the more prominent.

Two nominations have just been made which have unusual significance. The first is that of Grant, by the Union Conservative Committee of this city, a body of politicians who seceded from the Republican party last fall, and have since borne to the Democracy the exact relation which the pilot-fish bears to the shark. The choice of Grant by this obscure committee is intrinsically of little importance, except as it is a recognition of his popularity by the office-seekers, who are notoriously good barometers. Hunger sharpens all the senses. But the indorsement of the nomination of Grant by the Democratic papers has meaning: they have ravenously taken the hint. *The Eastern Argus*, of Bangor, Maine, declares that the Conservative Republicans evidently look "to the election of a man eminently prudent, of great firmness, devoted patriotism, and broad, liberal, statesmanlike views, as the only means of rescuing the Government from the hands of the revolutionists now in power, and restoring the Union under the Constitution. There are a great many of the same opinion, and who believe that General Grant is the man for the emergency. We are of this number." Grant's inveterate silence, rarely broken, has unquestionably inspired the Democrats with the hope that he is not without sympathy with their policy—a hope which Mr. Johnson has encouraged by claiming Grant as a partisan of his administration; they are the more anxious to obtain Grant as their candidate, because they are well aware that no Democrat has the ghost of a chance. Pendleton is vaguely mentioned, in an insincere way, but Sunset Cox confidentially informs his friends that to nominate him would be to retire from the contest. The chances of Seymour would be little better than those of Jack Rogers, of New Jersey; and as for George B. McClellan, nobody mentions his name. Nobody knows where he is; he has absolutely disappeared, and his friends think of adver-

tising in *The Herald*: "If G. B. M., who was last seen on board of a Cunard steamer, waving an eternal farewell to an ungrateful country, will return to his afflicted friends, all will be forgotten and forgiven, and no questions asked." In this utter dearth of candidates, the Democracy have addressed themselves to the capture of Grant—like the devil-fish of Victor Hugo, which lies in wait to strangle and devour.

But the second Presidential nomination recently made has far more importance. When a leading Republican paper, such as *The Tribune*, virtually declares that General Sheridan is its candidate for the Presidency, that indicates a deep satisfaction with the reticence of Grant on the part of many of the Radicals. It proves they are alarmed by the support he has received from the Democracy, although he has not said one word to show that he would accept such support. Yet it would be unjust both to Sheridan and his friends to interpret his nomination as merely an aggressive movement against his old commander; it means that his bold and straightforward policy in Louisiana has won for him the confidence of the whole Republican party, and that those who urge him for the Presidency do so, in a great measure, upon independent grounds, irrespective of their perfect willingness to accept Butler, or Grant, or Stanton, if either of these gentlemen should be the choice of the party. There is no question but that many Republicans have been looking to Sheridan as a possible candidate ever since the New Orleans massacre of July, 1866, and the action of *The Tribune* is the most significant of recent political events. It would become even more important should the President execute his threat to remove Sheridan from the command of the Fifth Military District, for that would arouse the indignation of every loyal man. The censure of the President would be justly interpreted as the highest compliment to the integrity and ability of Sheridan's patriotic course. What that course has been we may briefly examine. After Sheridan's brilliant rides around Richmond, a series of cavalry operations which effectually broke up all railroad communications with the Confederate capital, and insured the capture of Lee and his whole army, he was assigned, in May, 1865, to general command west of the Mississippi and south of the Arkansas rivers. This appointment intrusted him with the control of Louisiana and Texas, and from the first Sheridan's policy was to build up a loyal party in the Southwest, and to trample out the unextinguished fires of treason, which, in 1866, Mr. Johnson had carefully fanned into flame. It was comparatively easy work to rule Louisiana till July of that year, when he found it actually necessary to prohibit the organization of Confederate batteries and brigades. But they were organized, and played their part in the riots of July 30. We all know that terrible story, but it was not till months afterwards that the part Sheridan had taken was made fully known to the American people. Then the publication of his official correspondence with the President, the Secretary of War, and General Grant, disclosed the suppression and mutilation of his dispatches to suit the policy of a corrupt Administration, and the bitter opposition he had met with from Andrew Johnson. Never was a man more systematically tempted. Immediately after the massacre the President addressed him a series of leading questions, which were in effect: "Was not this riot caused by the Radicals? Are not Herron, Monroe, and Abell, blameless?" Sheridan answered with an emphatic—No! He told the President precisely what the President did not want to be told—the truth. Three days after the affair he sent this word to Grant: "It was no riot. It was an absolute massacre by the police, which was not exceeded in murderous cruelty by that of Fort Pillow. It was a murder which the Mayor and police of the city perpetrated without the shadow of a necessity. Furthermore, I believe it was premeditated." The investigation of the causes of the massacre by a Military Commission, and by the Congressional Committee, conclusively proved all that Sheridan declared; and in March, 1867, he carried out his convictions by removing Monroe, Herron, and Abell from office, and putting loyal men in their stead. In Texas the condition of affairs was even worse than in Louisiana. Massacre was chronic there, and so treasonable had the State become that in April General Griffin was compelled to forbid all elections by civil authority. Freedmen were shot down at the very doors of the civil courts, whose judges refused to punish the murderers. Union men were killed with impunity. Sheridan undertook to change all this, and the President's reply was the threat of his removal. But that gallant soldier never swerved in his impartial course. In June he removed Governor Wells, a corrupt Radical, precisely as he had removed unrepentant Rebels. In the meanwhile he was pushing on registration, and working for the reorganization of his department upon a permanently loyal basis. But he fought his way step by step. The President was against him; the Cabinet, Stanton excepted, was against him. All that he did was done in the very teeth of the Administration, and his success must be estimated by the strength of the opposition. Had Sheridan been decently sustained, there would never have been a July massacre; loyal men would long ago have filled all the offices, and we should not have waited till the other day to see Throckmorton of Texas removed from the office which he had occupied solely in the interest of the Rebels.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*.

#### State of Parties in Mexico—Juarez and Escobedo.

Affairs in Mexico approach a crisis. The war of intervention has terminated, or exists only in its smouldering embers; but the political cauldron seethes and foams, and no one can tell what may come of it. Two parties are gradually forming themselves. In our case, the rebellion changed the political issues, and obliterated the old party lines; a similar result has occurred in Mexico. It is no longer the party of the Church; the latter, in losing its immense temporal possessions, has lost also its overshadowing power. The contest against the French invaders, with its five years of desolation and of suffering, has given birth to a new party, showing considerable strength for the moment—as new parties, though destined to be ephemeral, are apt to do—but without any element of permanence. If Escobedo's letter to Gomez be not a forgery—and we have seen no sufficient reason for doubting its authenticity—then it is evident that the economical purchaser of Maximilian, availing himself of an accident which has brought his name prominently before the Mexican people, aspires to be the leader of this new party. He has nothing, in his own merits, military or political, on which to found a claim to be a candidate, against Juarez, for the Presidency; and, as all men do who have no merit of their own, he appeals to the prejudice of the hour as affording the best chance for office.