

## BRENNAN'S ADIEU.

(San Francisco Monitor.)

A LARGE audience attended the farewell lecture by Thomas Brennan at Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday, the 7th of May. Mr. Brennan spoke on "The Life and Labours of Thomas Davis," saying: "Davis, while alive, was unknown out of that small circle of brilliant writers and patriots whose soul he was. It was only when dead that he was recognised as the hope of that country endeavouring to redeem itself from foreign slavery and the demon of internal strife, and that the people learned what a loving disposition and brave heart he was. One of the evils of the provincial condition of our country is in that she is drained of her wealth. Modern customs have so captured and degraded people that they accept nothing that does not bear the mark of English gentility. There are few outside of Ireland who know of Thomas Davis, of James Clarence Mangan, or of Lady Wilde, other than as the mother of Oscar. Ireland has produced many a devoted patriot, and many a sincere reformer, but she has given birth to but one Thomas Davis. If over Ireland be free, above all the names who struggled for her freedom, will appear the name of him who found her in religious and internal broils and who breathed balm on her wounds, our guide and prophet, Thomas Davis. His poems breathe the very creed of patriotism. The songs of Thomas Davis touched the Irish heart, and there came not forth lamentations, but the music of hope for the future. How much do we, who think we are accomplishing something for our country's freedom, owe to him who is now sleeping in Mount Jerome Cemetery! Never did God breathe a purer spirit into human clay than when he sent him forth as a preacher among men, and never did finer ashes mingle with Irish soil than when his country at last pressed Thomas Davis to its bosom. He grew up amid O'Connell's agitation. O'Connell's Catholic Emancipation Bill placed the ermine on a few Catholic aristocrats, but it brought no additional comfort to the cabid of the poor man. It elevated to the bench a few Catholic aristocrats who thanked their God they had a country to sell, and from which they hurled the Irish patriots on to the scaffold. A few young professional men joined the national movement. Half of them were Protestants. One of them was Charles Gavan Duffy, his honest name before he fell down before the noble trappings of his country's oppressors. They were brave and scholarly men, united in devotion to Thomas Davis, their leader, and Ireland their common mother. They believed in elevating the Irish race and directing it to a noble aim. They came to teach a new gospel, that of brotherly love, to all Irishmen, and undying hate to their oppressors. It was Davis' influence, generous trust, broad toleration, that brought to the movement men of intellect and refinement irrespective of religion. As a consequence, he brought exile to many a countryman, desolation and death to many an Irish heart; but there was not one that did not follow him to the rack with a guiding trust, for he had filled their hearts with an impassioned love for their native land. His creed was Ireland a nation, and that the people should cease to hate each other for the love of God. He taught liberty and equality. Davis was no speaker. He was much more—a thinker and writer. Never did his pen write a word that was not dictated by honesty and truth. Davis, Dillon, and Duffy started a national paper, whose fountain has flowed in bright streams through our land. The Press then was servile. The reception of his utterances by the gentility and the artisan gave evidence that no matter how the people cheer the man who praises their imaginary virtues, they despise the man who dares not tell them the truth. Davis brought the light into every Irish home. He said, "Ignorance induces sycophancy. Let the young men get knowledge. Educate that you may be free. The highest training is that of character." There is nothing in that about the finest people in the world, but there is that which will redeem the Irish people if they are ever to be redeemed. Davis presented the case of Ireland in every phase. He argued that the interests of England and Ireland were diametrically opposite, and that the prosperity of the one meant the ruination of the other. England then, as now, misrepresented us before the world. She robbed us and then called us beggars, took the arms of resistance from us, and then called us cowards. Davis presented Ireland's case in a true light. He laboured, as we are doing now, to create public opinion everywhere repugnant to England's opposition and favourable to Ireland's struggle. He laboured to create a foreign policy for Ireland. Whatever O'Donovan Rossa is to-day, barbarity made him. Gladstone's policy is such as has been practised for centuries. Davis was for liberty wherever its fair form was assailed. He was for Italy for the Italians as well as Ireland for the Irish. The lecturer recited Davis's poem beginning, "Oh! for a steed," and continued: Davis believed, as we believe, that the wrongs of Ireland justify every means known to honourable and courageous men for redress. But he believed also in prudence and in biding our time till the right moment came. He had a supreme contempt for powder and shot and baptism of blood from those men who would be the last to give effect to their words. He was a poet of the first water, but not impracticable. He was an organiser and inaugurator. His soul sickened as he tried to breathe the principles of republicanism into the people, so wrapt were they in demonstrations of royalty. He endeavoured to dispel the mists of religious prejudice from the Irish mind. He, a Protestant, pledged his word that his Catholic fellow countrymen would unite to tear down any system that was based on creeds. He taught them that their tenant-right and freedom had nothing to do with the thirty-nine articles. He instilled the principles of self-reliance into the people's hearts. Let us feel to-day if Ireland is to be free by the brawn, the brain, the strong arm of her sons. Certain men have said that the Land League is opposed to the teachings of Davis, more especially P. J. Smith, the renegade of '48, and that person who misrepresents the county of Mayo in Parliament. Davis struck the keynote for the total extirpation of those leeches who were sucking their country's life away. Many have claimed to have originated the Land League, but Davis anticipated all its doctrines by more than thirty years. Spirit of Thomas Davis! Know to-night that however else we have not obeyed thy teachings,

in this, at least, we have been faithful—that a united Ireland is determined to drive the landlords from out the land! Know that the blades of Irish vengeance have been whetted on the tombstones of the victims of English cruelty! Davis died young, and the light went out in the Irish sky, the bond that held so many bright intellects was broken. He died among scenes calculated to sadden such a spirit as his. Davis died, and the clouds that fell on the coffin lid were never before wet with the tears of so many strong men. Davis died, and the Irish people were like sheep without a shepherd when the snows begin to fall.

Mr. Brennan spoke for an hour and forty minutes, and concluded as follows: "And now as we turn from his grave we can best serve our country by taking lessons from his life and making that life our model in our onward march to freedom. Let us be in earnest as he was—earnestness is the true secret of success. Let us avoid that brag and bombast that was so hateful to his nature. Let us go on to the path of right and truth, no matter how the tongue of scandal may assail us. To you, young men of the Irish race, especially, belongs the memory of Davis. It was you for whom he wrote and laboured. It was you he tried to enlist in the crusade for Irish liberty. Make his life your model; study every word he wrote; it will elevate your natures and make you feel that there is something above living a coward's life and dying a coward's death. If you waste your lives away in the follies of the age, if you consult only your own pleasures, if you go with the whirlwind of modern depravity and allow this age to pass away without accomplishing anything for your country, a future generation of Irishmen will execrate your memories. Ah! my young countrymen, you in whose hands rests the future of our country, her glory or her shame, her freedom or her slavery, let my last words be to you. Let me ask you to remember that God has given you lives for another purpose than to be the play toys of passion and of fashion. Life is a serious thing. Act well your part in that life, and God will yet reward your fidelity and truth and give you strength to free the land you fondly call your own. You have had terrible odds to contend against; the advantages forced on the young men of other countries were jealously withheld from you at home. Let this fact but move to work the harder so as to keep up in the race of life with your more favoured brothers. Let the night school, the reading room, the club for the interchange of thought and the cultivation of brotherly love, be the attraction instead of the places where so many young lives have been wasted away. If you take a part in the affairs of your adopted country do so as men of honour and honesty. Let the glory of that land that has given you a refuge and a home be your first consideration, and in adding glory to her renown you will reflect part of that glory on the land that gave you birth. Correct all the faults and weaknesses and follies engendered by the system under which we lived, and with souls strengthened by resolution and hearts buoyed up by hope, go forward in the battle of life and to the struggle of your country's freedom. Do you not hear that country's call? A voice comes across the Atlantic; it comes borne on the winds of Heaven; it breaks o'er the air as the morning splendour breaks on the eye; it is your country's invocation. A living writer has tried to interpret it:

'O brave Young Men, my love, my pride, my promise  
'Tis on you my hopes are set,  
In maadness, in kindness, in justice  
To make Ireland a nation yet.  
Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,  
In union or in severance free and strong;  
And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis  
Let the greatest praise belong?'

And now, farewell, and "God save Ireland."

It is reported the Mahdi has instructed his follower to capture General Gordon and bring him to El Obeid alive.

The Orangemen of Newry, pursuing the tactics with which we are now so familiar, are doing all in their power to bring about a disturbance on Sunday next, when a national demonstration will be held in the town. The Government having refused to proclaim the National League meeting, the Orangemen are making supreme efforts to make the "counter-demonstration" a success. Lord Arthur Hill and Colonel Waring have issued an inflammatory placard of the characteristic kind, which, of course, can only have the effect of inflaming the worst passions of the Orange mob. The "disloyal meeting on Sunday next" is denounced. The promoters of the national demonstration are described as being about "to flaunt the flag of sedition and socialism in our midst, and to effect the dismemberment of this glorious empire," and, of course, the placard abounds in the usual number of "No, never!" Mr. Henry Thomson, M.P., and many other of the respectable Conservatives, have refused, it is said, to countenance the Orange demonstration. The national meeting will be addressed by Mr. William O'Brien, M.P.; Mr. Biggar, M.P.; and Mr. John Barry, M.P.—*Nation*, May 31.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 22, says:—"Mr. Redmond intend shortly to call attention in the House of Commons to the vexed question of the Polynesian labour traffic. And if a letter from Brisbane which appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of April 9 can be trusted, it is certainly high time that the matter should be firmly taken in hand. 'None of us doubts,' says the writer, 'that some of the worst villainies to which humanity is addicted are practised in connection with the recruiting traffic. Sometimes the ill-treatment of recruits culminates in murder, but the proverbial honour among thieves shields the perpetrators of the outrages. We spare our readers the details of two or three acts of murderous violence, in all of which the guilty parties either escaped punishment altogether, or were most inadequately punished. Fresh instances of the abuses connected with "our slave trade" are almost superfluous at this time of day. What is wanted is not to establish the existence of outrages, which no person open to conviction any longer doubts, but to focus the disapproval and indignation at such outrages which is felt in the Australian colonies themselves, and to strengthen the hands of the authorities for their effectual suppression.'