

of the cross, and I trust to the mercy of my Redeemer." He persisted in going to London, where he hoped to utter his last public words in the cause of Catholic Emancipation. But the journey realised the fears of the physicians. He reached London on the 31st of May, 1820, and died there on the 4th of June. He expressed the strongest wish that his body should be buried in the graveyard of Moyenna, in the Queen's County; and it was only when he was unable to utter scarcely a sentence that he gave consent to the request of the Duke of Sussex, and some other English friends, to be buried in Westminster Abbey. Before the close of the present year his statue, which is executed by an able Irish artist, will be erected in College Green, facing that grand old house whose walls so often echoed with his magnificent eloquence; that grand old building now occupied by the Bank of Ireland, which amongst all the banks, refuse to subscribe for any patriotic or Catholic object. We hope that they will soon have to move their office to another quarter, and that Ireland's sons will again show forth to the world their eloquence in discussing laws for their own country. A crisis cannot be very far distant, and the work which the gallant band of Irishmen have got through during the past session of the English Parliament, in opposing coercion and gaining other important victories, show that gold cannot buy them; nor an office satisfy them no more than it could Grattan.

With the never-failing pens of Mitchel and Duffy to work in literature, and the eloquence of Butt, we hope soon to see that grand old country what she ought to be—

"Great glorious and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

#### SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

They are coming back to Ireland, those men of '48. Only the other day the foot of John Mitchel pressed the Irish earth; to-day we welcome the return of Charles Gavan Duffy. With all the rich effusion of the Irish heart their country bids both the exiles a *cead mille faillte*. Time has dealt hardly with that brilliant band of poets, orators, and wits who formed the Young Ireland party, and wreathed the Irish national cause with an evergreen chaplet of eloquence and song. The chivalrous heart of O'Brien has ceased to beat. The waters of a great American river have closed over all that was mortal of the fiery Meagher. The remains

of Terence Bellew M'Manus have been borne through the sorrowing cities of Eire. More fortunate than his brethren, the harp of Davis was hushed for ever while hope was still high and the future bright and glowing. But of all the noble band there were none more gifted, none more famous, than the two men who within a few days have returned from the exile of many years. They have returned under circumstances widely divergent. John Mitchel has come back broken in health and borne down by many calamities. In the Western World he attached himself with characteristic passion to the Southern cause. He shared in its disasters, in its overthrow, in its ruin. To him domestic misfortune followed in the footsteps of public calamity. Like Burke, he has lived in an inverted order. He has known the supreme trial of seeing those who should be the props of his old age go down before him to the grave. Sorrow and Time have bent the once erect frame, and marked with their iron hands the manly countenance. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy for the second time returns to Ireland, after a career in the Austral World singular in its brilliance and success. He has shone in Antipodean Senates, and achieved greatness under the gentle Southern skies. He has ruled as Prime Minister one of the greatest colonies that have sprung from the loins of Britain. He has been at once the honored of the people and the Crown. Affluence, title, rank—all that human ambition could desire—are his. Since the Irish shore first faded from his sight, he has drunk to the dregs the cup of gratified ambition and worldly success. Strange is the contrast between the fate of the two men, and generous Ireland, if she receives with hearty welcome her illustrious and fortunate son, turns with a warm and tender feeling to him who has come back weary with the buffetings of fortune to seek health and repose in the hills and valleys of his birth.

Charles Gavan Duffy was born in the county of Monaghan nearly sixty years ago, of respectable Catholic parents, of the mercantile class. Who at that period could have envied the humiliating position of an Irish Catholic, whether in the capital or in the southern counties of Ireland? Only one person—the persecuted Catholic of Ulster. Elsewhere there was community in suffering, the partial repose accorded to acknowledged might and a social existence; in Ulster the nearest neighbour was, perhaps, a bitter foe, and life, at times, no better than a perpetual vigil. The Catholic soldier, invited to fight unto death against the