

## THE LATE JACOB HARVEY.

MR. EDITOR.—The death of this amiable and excellent gentleman is a subject of the deepest regret, throughout the entire private, but by no means limited circle, of which he was at once, I might say, the centre and the ornament. But as one of those, who were permitted to enjoy the confidence of his friendship, and the hospitalities of his board, which kept alive among us the reminiscences of that virtue, as exercised in the best days of his unhappy native land, I cannot forego the melancholy occasion which his death offers, to put on record the more extended relations in which I regard my late friend, as having discharged the benevolent and high offices of a station, in which, I fear, there is no man left amongst us to take the place which his demise has rendered vacant.

Mr. Harvey was the centre of the private circle, he was no less a connecting link among persons and parties, whose estrangement from each other, the natural benevolence of his heart, and the cheerful and sprightly attributes of his mind, tended continually to diminish.—The respectable position of his family in Ireland, his native country, to which his attachments continued fresh to the last, caused him to receive more letters of introduction, from distinguished persons visiting this country, than perhaps any other private citizen in New York. His study was to bring them into agreeable contact, with such persons as would be most likely to give them favorable ideas, and often times useful information, with respect to the United States, its people and institutions, and thus through his means to rub off national prejudices, if any existed on either side, and to brighten up and bring into play the better and more enlarged feelings that are common to all, though not always on the surface. The influence which he exercised amongst the various religious denominations of this city, was of a similar and equally benevolent nature. If any class was exposed to the general prejudice of other classes, it was the natural prompting of his heart to take sides with those who were most friendless, often times in consequence of being least understood. He was the friend of his countrymen without distinction, but the whole tenor of his thought and conversation would indicate, as it were, a leaning of affection and partiality for the Irish Catholics, both at home and abroad. Many of them, no doubt, as the news of his death shall penetrate the remotest portions of the country, will yield the silent tribute of their tears, to the memory of the friend who took such an interest in their welfare, on their first landing at this port. They have been at different times, as a class, objects of bitter and bigoted denunciation. Good Mr. Harvey was at all times, through evil report and good report, their defender against their assailants, as well as their kind friend and adviser; and this he was the more efficiently, as the the very gentleness of his advocacy oftentimes disarmed the blind enmity, which had been cherished against them.

In short, it was the delight of his life to contrive ways and means, by which men might be brought to know and believe more good of each other, and by which, if he could not produce actual love, he might at least labor to diminish mutual alienations and uncharitableness. That beautiful idea, that glorious enthusiasm, if it can be so called, which has induced a distinguished French philanthropist, to create at the sacrifice of his own toil and labor, a system of literary exchanges amongst the various nations of the earth, of different climes, and tongues, and creeds, had been acted upon in the moral relations by our lamented friend, through all the opportunities of his useful and honorable life. Neither was it exclusively in the tone and temper of his charming conversation, but it was infused into his various contributions to the literature of his time, and perhaps still more in his extensive private correspondence with gentlemen in the higher positions of society, even statesmen both in Great Britain and in America. I have but faintly alluded to the amiable traits of mind and heart which distinguished Mr. Harvey, yet I doubt whether these allusions will not be sufficient, simply by calling attention to the subject, to convince those who thought they knew him best, that there has lived no man amongst us in recent times, whose influence for good has been so faithfully employed, and so widely exercised, in fostering the charities of social life, and promoting the highest advantages of benevolent humanity.

## THE SEASON.

Peace! silence!—gentle, genial Spring  
Demands a passing tribute now,  
With all her birds upon the wing  
And bursting buds on every bough.

Hush—listen to that warbler's strain,  
That sweetly comes from yonder bush—  
How little does it tell of pain!  
What little care is in it!—hush!

Can mortal pour a song so glad?  
Is there such rapture in our race?  
Our happiest strain to that is sad,  
With us such transport has no trace.

And oh! that heavenly, balmy breeze  
So sweet, so freshening, and so bland,  
Sweeping the high and healthful seas  
And bringing hope and life to land!

Can all the arts of vain mankind  
Revive the fevered brow so well?  
Away—give me the vernal wind  
Its treasures are unspeakable.

It breathes from out the beautiful West;  
With odours and with freshness laden,  
Cooling all nature's warm green breast,  
And gladdening old man, youth, and maiden.

Blow, blow, sweet breeze! I welcome thee—  
I hail thee on those hills of ours—  
'Twas thou, methinks, so fair and free,  
That revelled over Eden's flowers.

The bright skies, too—the azure skies—  
How holy—peaceful—pure they seem!  
Blaming with their laughing eyes  
The glassy sea, the chrysal stream.

They look as if they did rejoice  
Above old hoary winter's flight,  
And seem to bless glad nature's voice  
Now warbling, wide, of life and light.

As if they triumphed over this  
As o'er a glorious battle won,  
With young flowers, emblems of their bliss,  
Bright, blushing 'neath their fostering sun.

Then smile away, ye skies so blue,  
I may not tell what transports rise  
When thoughtful, thus, I gaze on you,  
Place of ten thousand mysteries!

But why name bird, breeze, sky—when all  
Make nature now so fresh, so fair!  
The wide world looks a festal hall,  
With light and beauty everywhere!

Fair emblem of a fairer time!  
Brief is your lingering in the vale—  
May we yet meet in happier clime,  
Where suns ne'er set, nor roses fail.

M. A. W.

New Brunswick, May 26, 1848.

## IMPORTANCE OF A CATHOLIC PRESS.

There was a time, when Christian piety delighted in the foundation of monasteries, churches, and hospitals; and such works are good and holy at all times. But besides that the need of them is less pressing now than it was then, there is a greater difficulty attendant upon them now owing to the state of the law.

On the other hand, the press is free. To form an association in this direction nothing is required but the will. In a word, the press is the great work of the day, since it is now the chief great moving power. It is therefore in favour of a press truly and faithfully Catholic that people ought to make large and liberal offerings. This is the direction into which the devotion of enlightened Catholics should throw their contributions, in order to insure to these influential and necessary publications the independence requisite to enable them to continue inflexible in the path of duty and to fill their pages with matter interesting to all classes of readers, and to offer terms of subscription within the reach of every purse.—*Bishop of Langres.*

"THE UNITED IRISHMAN."—It is announced that extraordinary editions of the *United Irishman* will be published "every evening till Mr. Mitchel is free or condemned. They will be published at a half-penny, and sold to readers, and by the dozen, at the lowest possible rate."

THE CLERGY AND THE QUEEN.—Three addresses to the Queen—adopted in the archdiocese of Cashel and the dioceses of Elphin and Ferns, and signed by three Prelates and two hundred and seventy-five Clergymen, appear in the *Freeman* of Thursday.

## A FEW WORDS OF COUNSEL TO BRITANNIA.

"Major sum quam cui possit Fortuna nocere."  
I am far beyond the reach of ruin. So said proud Niobe, whilst basking under Fortune's noonday splendour.

Beware, Britannia, of this rash and haughty lady's fate. Like her, she boasted of her numerous offspring, and like her, she had every earthly joy her heart could wish for. But, mark what happened! She would not hearken to one word of counsel; she put herself above all around her; and at last her consummate assurance reached the abode of the immortal Gods. To punish her audacity, they slew all her fourteen children, and she herself died broken-hearted.

Britannia, thy own presumptuous conduct in these our days of strange development, may, ere long, reduce thee to extreme distress. Thou hast pillaged thy sister Erin's patrimony; thou hast vilified her creed; thou hast ruled her with a rod of iron; and hast doomed her thousand to a death of famine.

Perhaps the humiliating hour is not far distant, when thy rapine may be punished, thy crime avenged, thy power be diminished, and thy cruelty chastised.

Despise, then, no longer the wailings of thy beautiful weeping sister. All that Erin asks at thy hands is common justice. O give it to her whilst there yet is time, and lend thine ear no longer, I pray thee, to traitorous flatterers who advise a course of non-concession. Erin may possibly rise in despair, and obtain in anger what now she only asks in meekness.

Recollect, fair Queen of the Ocean, that time has been when the British lion was bearded by its own whelps, and was at last driven ignominiously for its choicest ranges in the western world.

The march of intellect—the fermenting minds of modern innovators—the power of steam, ruthfully destructive to all manual labour, and a monster debt, all tend to warn thee of forthcoming evils, out of which even thy immense resources may fail to extricate thee with honour to thyself and with profit to thy people.

Take, then, thy still willing sister by the hand. Dry up her flowing tears, and assure her that her day of grief has passed away for ever. Then, should invasion threaten thy domains, Erin will draw her patriot sword and show that timely kindness on thy part has easily achieved that which thy power, and fraud, and wrath have ever failed to do.

CHARLES WATERTON.

Walton Hall, May 15, 1848.

## THE EXETER HALL MEETINGS.

May has brought round the customary period for holding meetings at Exeter Hall, where fly-loads of females from the suburbs are being set down all day, to sympathise with the uneducated Chippewa, and send out a few reams of tracts to the open-mouthed Yahoo, who, it is supposed, can be crammed *ad libitum* with good books, because he, generally speaking, is ready to swallow anything. The serious excitement season has regularly set in, and the female enthusiasts are rushing in swarms to hear the Reverend Mr. Longjaw preaching on the possibility of bringing home Doctor Watts to the bosom of the Rhapangis. Surely the little savages who crowd our courts and alleys should have the first claim on the sympathies of Englishwomen. The home market is sufficiently stocked to render an expatriation of our benevolence unnecessary.

We perceive that in order to enable the women to sit out the entire amount of serious eloquence that is addressed to them, and to prevent the meetings from being gradually dissolved by excessive heat and fainting fits, "refreshments are to be introduced at Exeter Hall," so that the assemblies which now last from about 10 a.m. till 5 p.m., may in future be expected to become very nearly permanent. The tea will keep the audience up to the mark, in the way of attention, until another meeting is ready to assemble, and take the place of the one that has just broken up; and as the refreshments will, of course, extend to the platform, the speeches may be expected to be double the length they have been hitherto.—*Punch.*

The Clare mountains were all lighted up with large fires on Wednesday night, as a mark of joy, we presume, at the result of the Government prosecutions.—*Clare Journal.*—The same was the case in Ulster.—*Belfast Weekly Vindicator.*

## MR. MITCHEL AND THE "UNITED IRISHMAN."

Mr Mitchel—bolts and bars notwithstanding—comes out with unimpaired vigor in his journal of Saturday. There is no symptom of retreating. Another epistle bearing his signature, and addressed to the Protestant farmers of Ulster, concludes as follows:—"For me, I abide my fate joyfully, for I know that whatever betide me my work is nearly done. Yes; Moral Force, and "Patience and Perseverance," are scattered to the wild winds of heaven. The music my countrymen now love best to hear, is the rattle of arms and the ring of the rifle. As I sit here in my lonely cell, I hear, just dying away, the measured tramp of 10,000 marching men—my gallant confederates, unarmed and silent, but with hearts like bended bow, waiting till the time comes. They have marched past my prison windows to let me know they are 10,000 fighting men in Dublin—felons in heart and soul. I thank God for it. The game is a-foot at last. The liberty of Ireland will come sooner or later, by peaceful negotiation or bloody conflict, but it is sure; and wherever between the poles I may change to be I will hear the crash of the downfall of the thrice accursed "British Empire."

JOHN MITCHELL.

## MORE ARRESTS.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of some members of the Confederation, Mr. Devin Reilly, the colleague of Mr. Mitchel in the *United Irishman*, was arrested on Monday while visiting Mr. Mitchel, on a charge of felony, under the act of the present session.

On Monday a warrant was issued against Mr. Charles G. Duffy, of the *Nation*, and he was arrested while visiting his friend Mitchel in Newgate. Mr. Darcy M'Gee, his collaborator, is also mentioned as likely to be an object of interest to the police authorities. I could ascertain no correct particulars relative to either. Mr. Devin Reilly was brought on Tuesday before the magistrates of the police-office on a charge of having violated the Drilling Act. After investigation, the magistrates refused to accept bail, as that question was for the determination of the Judges of oyer and terminer. He was accordingly committed *pro tem.* to Newgate, but liberated this afternoon on bail. The more serious charge of felony still impends over him. It was supposed that the Attorney-General would not proceed against Mr. Reilly until the issue in Mr. Mitchel's case was decided, but I have heard that informations have been sworn to day charging him with felony under the recent act.—*Correspondent of Daily News.*

Mr. J. H. Dnnne in a letter to the *Freeman*, speaking of his visit to Mr. Mitchel, says:—"In a small flagged courtyard stood an Irish citizen and an Irish patriot, surrounded by the pickpockets and burglars who have been committed for heinous crimes. I am content with putting these facts before the Irish people—I will not describe what are my feelings, and what I believe should be theirs."

Mr. Mitchel's partner, Mr. Devin Reilly, contributes a letter to their joint journal. The contribution is headed "The Man in goal for Ireland," and the object of the writer is to draw a parallel in the cases of Mr. Mitchel and the ill-fated Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Mr. Devin Reilly threatens that in the event of a jury being hardy enough to convict Mr. Mitchel, 50,000 armed men shall release him from the felons cell.

THE "UNITED IRISHMAN."—The Rev. Father Kenyon has arrived in Dublin, for the purpose, it is said, of superintending the editorial department of the *United Irishman*, in the event of that journal being deprived of the services of its present staff. Mr. Kenyon, you are aware, has been relieved of his ecclesiastical duties, and as it is added that he has no intention of taking any steps to induce Bishop Kennedy to withdraw the sentence of suspension, the Rev. gentleman will have ample time to devote to the pursuit of newspaper literature. He is possessed of property in the county of Limerick sufficiently ample to render him independent of the income derivable from the parish of Templedeery.—*Correspondent of the Times.*

LATE TRIALS.—The provincial journals, especially in the south and west, contain further accounts of the popular rejoicings on account of the temporary failure of the prosecutions against Mr. Smith O'Brien and Mr. Meagher; and advantage is taken of the opportunity to sympathise with Mr. Mitchel.