

Journal of Margaret B. Harvey 1809

Some months ago, with the permission of Dublin Yearly Meeting Historical Committee, we received on loan from Ida Pim, custodian, a typescript of extracts from the Journal of M. B. Harvey, with the suggestion that they might suitably be printed in the Journal of the Friends Historical Society. Shortly afterwards it came to light that the Harvey Journal had been printed in Philadelphia, and we were fortunately able to obtain a copy, though at considerable cost. The book bears the title: "A Journal of a Voyage from Philadelphia to Cork, in the Year of our Lord, 1809, together with a Description of a Sojourn in Ireland, by Margaret B. Harvey, with a Supplement by her Granddaughter, Dora Harvey Develin," 1915. Mrs. Develin's Supplement gives valuable information of the Harvey and Boyle families; there are several illustrations among the 78 large octavo pages of the book, and there is a genealogical table at the end.

Margaret Boyle (1786-1832) was a daughter of James Boyle (1753-1824), Irish by birth, of Chester County, Pa., and Martha Williams, his wife (1756-c. 1805). She married Edward Harvey (1783-1858), in 1808, at Merion Friends' Meeting House, Pa. Edward Harvey arrived from Ireland in 1804 with the object of "introducing to the members of the Society of Friends the grey beaver hats worn by the Quakers in Ireland and England, made by his uncles Stephens in Dublin." He was a son of Captain William Harvey, and Margaret Stephens. Reproductions of miniatures of Edward and Margaret B. Harvey appear in the printed Journal. The voyage from Philadelphia to Cork began "Fifth Month 9th," and Cork Harbour was reached "First Day, the Eleventh of June."

The following extracts open when the travellers and Captain Hand had finished tea at an hotel in "Georges Street, in a handsome drawing-room up one pair of stairs." The typescript has been collated with the printed Journal.

CORK

June 11, 1809. After tea Edward went to look for his brother Church's house¹ and met a relation whose name was Doyle, who is in the Harvey's counting house and could tell him, of course, where all his relations lived. He accosted Edward and asked if he was not a Harvey; it struck him

¹ Anne Harvey married James Church in 1806. They had six sons and two daughters.

that he was, from the great likeness that he bore to the family and his sister Anne with whom he was well acquainted. He made it his business to go immediately and inform her of his arrival and prepare her to see him. Edward wanted to go at once but he would not let him ; he said he did not know what the consequences would be as she was very delicate and nervous. She had been fretting about him for a long time, so Mr. Doyle accordingly went. My Edward came back to me but so uneasy, seemed to think every minute an hour till he saw his sister. I felt a little queer—a little jealous I believe. He did not stay with me long but set off again and left me under the protection of the Captain at the hotel. His sister sent me a message that she was too poorly to come that night to see me and wished I would not stand on formality but come at once to their house, at the same time ordered the state room to be fixed for us. I would not go to her house immediately so he was obliged to stay at the Hotel the night. Besides I wished to look over my clothes.

My E. H. went directly after breakfast to see his sister and when he came back he told me she was intending to come and see me in the course of an hour. I expected to see a handsome woman but did not expect to see beauty of face, elegance of form and dignity of manner as combined as they were in her. I had nearly lost my presence of mind but I checked myself and put on as consequential a look as possible for my little brow of wisdom to put on. Her hair is a light brown, very glossy and long. Her complexion exceeds anything I ever saw, I think, for transparency and whiteness, with a faint blush in her cheeks. Taking her altogether she is the most elegant woman I ever saw.

She insisted on my going with her, so I put on my straw bonnet and tried to look as smart as possible, and off we went. Their house is a large, old-fashioned building, with a flight of steps to it, five large windows with inside shutters. The first lobby fronts the hall door and has a very large window in it as large and in the shape of a church window. Now for the parlors. There are four doors in the hall, it being a double house. In the front parlor is a sofa, eleven mahogany chairs, and two window seats large enough for three, two tables, one of satin wood cost five guineas alone ! It stands under a pier table glass that is six feet by three. The dining parlor has in it about a dozen mahogany chairs,

a handsome carpet and sideboard, mantle ornaments, two side tables and a breakfast one. Inside the dining parlor is a little room where they keep all their plate and china which they have an abundance of. I will give thee a list of the plate and thee may judge of the rest of the things accordingly. 1 coffee pot, 1 tea, 1 cream, 1 sugar, 1 tongs, 2 waiters, 2 tureens, 2 urns, 1 soup ladle, 1 fish spoon, 2 pr. candle sticks, 3 pr. salt cellars, 3 porter cans, 2 pairs snuffers and trays, 2 butter knives, 6 egg cups, 1 castor with 8 bottles. A quantity of table, tea, dessert and salt spoons that I never counted. Now for the domestics. First a wet-nurse who is of great consequence ; a smart young woman who takes care of the chambers and is waiting maid to Anne. Next a cook who superintends the kitchen, and three men servants, one to drive Anne, one to clean boots and shoes, and one to run messages for the office and parlors. After we had dinner and sat drinking wine for a length of time which annoyed me greatly—a custom which all genteel persons do here—Anne took me up stairs.

Next morning the mantua maker was sent for to new rig me. James and Anne had an invitation to the wedding of a distant relation of hers and Edward's who was to marry Reuben Harvey's wife's sister [Sarah Ffennell who married William Lecky].² Our coming prevented their going, so Anne resolved to pay a bride's visit the next evening and by that time had me fixed to go with her. Our clothes were all at Cove in the ship, excepting a few changes in a small trunk I contrived to get out unknown to the Custom House Officers. I was obliged to put the silk I bought on leaving Philadelphia into my pocket lest they should find it out. I gave it to the mantua maker and she made it up very handsomely for the occasion. The next things were flesh colored silk stockings, new kid shoes, gauze for neck handkerchiefs, white silk cord round my waist, and hair dressed. Anne would not let me wear a cap but got me

² John Lecky, of Putney, writes, 1927: "William Lecky, son of Robert and Margaret Lecky (and therefore brother of my grandfather, John Lecky), married Sarah Fennell, daughter of William and Mary Fennell, of Rehill; they were married at Cork on the 15th day of 6 month, 1809. They had seven children, none of whom married. William Lecky died in 1841 and Sarah in 1848. The daughters Margaret, Susanna and Hannah lived at Tivoli Gardens till 1877.

Printed Journal, for *L* read *S*.

a white gipsey hat (cost $5\frac{1}{2}$ guineas),³ picnet sleeves and white gloves. When Anne was dressed I thought I never saw such elegant simplicity and ease displayed before. The truth is that I felt and looked so badly by the side of her that I did not want to go, but she told me that there was to be a great number there, and almost all our relations, and I had better be introduced to a room full at once, as it would save me the trouble of being introduced separately, as they would be calling for the purpose if I did not go there. So I took courage and we went off in great style, leaving James and Edward over their wine for they never dine until 4 o'clock. They both preferred staying at home as neither chose to leave wine for tea, so we were obliged to go alone.

After a nice drive of about a mile, we stopped at a beautiful house called "Mile End," that being the exact distance it is from Cork. We were met in the hall by a number of bearers who took us into a handsome parlor where we took off our things. The bridegroom and some of the bridesmaids came down to meet us. We were then ushered upstairs and from the lobby I saw the room was quite crowded. My heart began to palpitate but I stopped it as well as I could and walked in with as much composure and firmness as it was possible for me to assume. We were handed to the bride who was seated on a large sofa. I being a stranger was put next to her. (Don't talk of the Irish for they exceed the Americans for ease of manner, good breeding, and hospitality!) After being introduced to several ladies, a very smart little man advanced and sat down by me. "Well," thinks I, "where did this Frenchman come from?" For his dress and address were so like one. He had most beautiful soft white hands with rings on his fingers. He talked and looked so much the thing that I could not tell where to put him. He talked a deal, asked me about the voyage. When I told him what a tempestuous time we had had I thought he seemed to feel for us more than a Frenchman would do. I saw across the room a very good looking man looking steadily at me. After a while he advanced toward me; with that the other left me. He said he had been waiting a long time for his brother to move. "Brother," thought I, "is it possible that so fashionable a man can be the brother of a plain though richly dressed man with a straight collared coat?" When I

³ Printed Journal: cost a guinea and a half

had an opportunity I asked a woman who they were. She said it was Reuben Harvey and his brother Tom.⁴ The same I heard Jerry Warder talk of, had been paying such attention to me. I was shortly after introduced by Reuben to his wife, who is not very handsome, rather a low figure but has a very fine complexion and is the picture of good nature. Tom's wife was not there.

The company was nearly made up of Harveys, Ffennells and Leckys. I believe there were between forty and fifty in the room and every one related more or less, married or intermarried. I was tired of being introduced to the name of Harvey, for this wedding brought them from Youghal and all quarters. I could scarcely think I was among Friends they have so much style and grandeur in everything. We had tea, coffee, bread, butter, and pound cake with a variety of other cakes handed about which were excellent. But I was too much taken with looking and thinking and fearing that I would betray astonishment to eat much. (But I ventured to take off my white gloves lest I should spoil them which nobody else did, but I was determined to be at ease and be at home as much as I could, for I had made up my mind not to appear startled or unused to anything I heard or saw.) We returned home in good time as we were alone.

Next day I saw a great deal of the town, but would soon get lost if left alone the streets are so crooked except some of the principal ones. Sarah, Tom's wife, came very soon and drank tea with us. She is quite celebrated for her beauty and gaiety, and has a number of gallants who follow and flutter about her, whom she treats with the greatest indifference. Tom and she are quite a fashionable couple. They live in the highest of the Ton, but are a very fond pair. They have six beautiful children, the eldest just turned of eight. Four of them go to the dancing school, small as they are. When their mother was married she was only just turned of sixteen; she has blue eyes and auburn hair, she is very pretty but not so elegant a figure as Anne Church.

⁴ Reuben and Thomas Harvey were sons of Reuben Harvey (1734-1808). The former married Mary Ffennell and had eight children, the latter married Sarah M. Newenham and had sixteen children. "Reuben lives at Chiplee, a mile and a quarter from Cork. They live in great style but not in the luxuriant way Tom does. Mary is an Overseer in the Meeting, and I believe Reuben is also." "Tom" was doubtless the "Frenchman."

Friends celebrate weddings much longer here than with us. Tom Harvey gave a dinner in compliment to William Lecky and his bride, and of course James and Anne and Edward and I were invited. We went accordingly, found a great number of persons collected, nearly all the Harveys, Ffennells and Leckys, the longest family I ever knew. James Abell, a worthy and valuable Friend, was there, one of the family also, and several gay^s persons. We dined up in the dining hall. There was one large table in the middle and two side tables laid. The furniture of the room and the superb manner the tables were decorated exceeded anything I ever saw. The room is about forty feet by twenty, with three large windows front, over which is a pole the length of the room by way of a cornice, beautifully gilt. The curtains were crimson with wings to them, but the drapery was thrown over the pole and hung in festoons from one end to the other and of course over the pier. It is a graceful way of putting up curtains. I never saw any put up so handsome with us. The floor is covered with a rich Turkey carpet ; mahogany chairs ; the room elegant, light papered. Above the chimney is a portrait of the eldest boy as large as life, playing shuttlecock. Under the table was a green cloth spread, fine enough for coats. But how shall I give thee an idea of the grandeur of the table? I don't know.

We sat down at 5 o'clock. At the head of the table sat Tom, after seating the bride, and me next her on the right side of him. Next him on the left Sarah was seated. Mary Harvey, Reuben's wife, next below me, then Anne Church, according to their age and consequence, all handed by the men, an etiquette rarely attended to in America. On the other side, a long string of the Ffennells, all Mary Harvey's relations ; at the lower end were the young girls and beaux, at the side table Reuben Harvey, James Church and Edward among them, enjoying themselves greatly. Worst of all, how shall I convey to thee any idea of the banquet, for so I must call it? I have read of such entertainments but never expected to see anything like it, much less to be at one. I will give thee a description in brief as much as I can, for it would be an endless task to give a full description. All of the service was blue Nankin china, cut glass and plate, the knives and forks

⁵ Printed Journal note : The term " gay " meant not Friends or Quakers.

with white ivory handles with the Harvey crest cut on them—leopard and shamrock, and on the back of the spoons and all smaller articles of plate with the crest alone, but the larger ones with the complete coat of arms—three shamrocks and crest.

With respect to the eating part I cannot undertake to tell thee, only there were about eight courses. The first green turtles with plenty of soup, which I partook of and talked of, for I was asked a number of questions about our turtles. I answered with as much *sang froid* as if I had been used to turtle feasts all my life! I ate stoutly of roast duck and green peas. They have a way of cooking potatoes which makes them delightful. The potatoes are boiled, then mashed up with butter and cream, then made into little round loaves, they look like our rusks (rissoles) when done. There seemed to be everything that money could purchase and the season afford, that taste and good cooking could contrive, but the dessert was beautiful beyond description. Before the first cloth was taken off after the meats were removed, there was an elegant cut glass bowl filled with water put before everyone with a damask napkin. I forgot to tell thee that they have a custom which they call hobnobbing, that is the men and women drink to each other. I saw a great many decanters of different wines on the table. Concluded they would not drink wine until the meats were removed, but I was mistaken, for very soon Tom Harvey asked the bride to drink with him, which set me trembling inwardly, but I watched them thinking it would be my fate shortly which, accordingly, was very soon after. However I made out pretty well, except I almost finished my glass. I soon found that would never do, for the bride and I were called on to drink from all the men at the table, the other women not quite so much as we, she being a bride and I a stranger. If we had drunk a glass with everyone we should have been in a bad way, but it is necessary to sip some out as the person you drink with expects you to fill up the glass with them each time or they would take offence.

But to return to the bowls. I saw one of the ladies sip from hers and thought it was put there for that purpose. She only did it for an air! I was greatly astonished when I saw the company wash their fingers in the bowls and wipe them on the napkins. Such a luxury smote my conscience! (I followed their example.)

The upper cloth was taken off, I found there had been two put on at once to save trouble. Then came pies, puddings, tarts, puffs and everything in the pastry line, not forgetting bread, butter and English cheese (that was directly after the meats). After the pastry was finished, fruits and sweetmeats. In the middle of the table was an "aperghen"⁶ (I do not know whether I spell it right, but that is what it is called). It is of silver with a kind of pillar in the middle, a glass bowl on top, from the sides eight branches, and at the ends of each were elegant cut glass cups containing sweetmeats of every description, both foreign and home-made. Over the middle and branches wreaths of artificial flowers hung carelessly. It was the most superbly elegant thing I ever beheld. On the table were baskets of raisins, almonds, figs, oranges, English walnuts, citron and candied fruits of all sorts, and whips. As I told thee before, there seemed to be everything that money could procure to gratify the palate and eye.

After staying considerable time with the men at wine the women withdrew to the handsome parlor below furnished richly, pictures, Washington's portrait, and so on. The men stayed at the wine until late, James Abell with them a good while.⁷ Then, after giving them a caution not to drink too much, he came to us. Toasts were proposed, and when it came to my Edward's turn, they insisted he should toast some American fair one. Who dost thou think he toasted but Lydia Poultney? So thee may tell her that she has been toasted by a large party of gentlemen in Ireland. About 9 o'clock the men came down and tea and coffee were handed round and abundance of pound cake. On the table stood two silver urns, but the china exceeded anything I ever saw for beauty of pattern. It was a landscape done in colors like pictures on a white ground with a deep gold border. At 11 o'clock we sat down to a sumptuous supper, the table brilliantly lighted up. We had hot lobster brought up, which Tom seasoned and dressed over a chafing dish with spirits of wine burning in it. He said he was making a devil. It was too rich to eat much of it, then wine and hot punch. My head

⁶ Printed Journal: epergne

⁷ James Abell had been an Elder since 1784. He was "a tender father to the youth." (*Annual Monitor*).

and eyes began to ache with seeing, hearing, feasting ! We got home about 12 o'clock, which was thought early. I was exceedingly wearied and worn out.

I must alter my plans and not be so minute. The First Day following we went to meeting and were introduced standing up fronting the gallery to Hannah Gough who is related to Edward and all the Harvey families, which I did not know a word of till I came to Ireland. I little thought when reading the History of Friends I should be any way connected with the author's family, He has left two daughters and one son. The girls reside in Cork, the brother is a printer in Dublin. I like them very much ; their chief foible is family pride, their father being so well known and caressed. He did not die very rich but still they rate themselves first chop.

The meeting house is about as large as Pine Street. There is a mahogany railing to the gallery and very nice with mats in the aisles. I was introduced to numbers after meeting, was afraid of being spoiled. Was called on by Mary Ann Church, James's cousin, a fine blooming girl. I don't wonder Anne wished Edward and Mary Ann to make a match, she is a most agreeable creature, but is very sentimental, and would marry for love and love alone, provided the object pleased her. I fancy she thinks Edward very pleasing notwithstanding his plain manners. I have often thought it was almost a pity I was the only obstacle between them, for whatever Anne says is law with her, such is the excessive fondness for her, indeed the romantic attachment that exists between Anne and her was talked of before Anne was married and it has not the least abated since. I have often joked her about Edward that I expect Anne was disappointed their not coming together. I found the subject was not new to her, that she and Anne had often been contemplating his picture that he sent Anne, which is in comparison better than the one I have, she said she would have known him anywhere and I believe fully expected he would return single. "Perhaps he would never have had me." This she would say to me quite mournfully for I was soon her confidential and bosom friend. She is the most artless and unassuming and affectionate creature I ever met. It would be impossible to be with her long and not love her, at least I find it so, she

nor any one else seems to make any impression on Edward, it is very well he is so blind to his *poor bargain!* The fact is I believe it was unexpected to both his bringing a wife home with him, but they behave very well to me. I was often at Mary Ann's home, it is a beautiful place about a mile from Cork, called "Tivolee." I sometimes spend a week or ten days there with her just as it suits me, leaving Edward in Cork and when he would come for me she would almost quarrel with him and scarce let me go. I spent many a delightful day with her.

There are a great many of the Deaves family connected with the Harveys and Churches. A sister of Reuben married one of that name who was in the firm. He died about six weeks before we arrived. She is a very fine woman, one of the heads of Cork Meeting and remarkably humble and innocent. I believe if ever there was a sincere good woman she is one, although her husband left her with £30,000 clear, exclusive of stock in trade, so the firm is as it was before his death.

I intended to keep a regular journal or diary after I came to Cork but I found I could not with ease. In the morning I am generally riding with Anne, not getting up until 9 o'clock. Go to breakfast between nine and ten, then set off to ride about twelve. Call at different places and return about half past three. Go to dress for dinner, sit down about four and not rise until 6 o'clock. Then either walking or receiving company the rest of the evening. This kind of life was rather tiring at first to me but I soon got used to it.

I did attempt to keep my own room in order but found that would never do. Anne would not allow me, saying she had servants enough and if they saw me doing anything it would lessen my consequence among them. So I had nothing to do but counting my clothes for the washer woman. All genteel families put out their clothes to be washed here. The clothes are mangled instead of ironed so the washer woman brings them home in nice order just ready to put in the drawers. Anne puts all these out and keeps a seamstress so she has nothing to do but fancy work (she has great taste for that), visit and receive visitors.

Soon after I arrived Anne sent for a kind of powder, put it on my face, neck and arms and had her waiting-maid

cleanse my hair with it ; she kept me sitting while she gave me a good cleaning with it. I received so much combing, brushing and rubbing until I was greatly fatigued, and wished all the waiting-maids far enough, for they are so consequential and impertinent. If I did anything for myself she would exclaim : “ La ! you do more for yourself than any lady I ever knew, does the ladies in your country wait on themselves so much ? ” So I was obliged to give her all my clear starching and have her about me when dressing.

The next week after we went to Tom Harvey’s dinner, Anne gave one, which was very elegant, and if I had not been at Tom’s before, I should have thought it more so. There was not that extravagant luxury that was at Tom’s (Don’t imagine that people borrow here as many Americans do, for I really believe they would go without before they would be beholden to neighbors for anything. Those who give entertainments have everything suitable, and strive to vie with each other, as to which shall have the greatest table—indeed, it seems to be a national foible).

We were very soon invited to an entertainment at Reuben Harvey’s and I was again astonished to see such style, such order and elegant neatness in our⁸ family. We sat down with a large company (Richard Baker among us) to a sumptuous dinner, conducted with great order and regularity, the servants moving like clock work. The house is situated on a beautiful hill, on the river Lea. The lawn is very handsome with a bathing house at the bottom of it for the water is quite salt. It is the best laid out grounds and most convenient house I ever saw. There is a large hall and dining parlour, a large drawing room, a study and two pantries on the first [ground] floor. A large lobby—large enough for a room—on the second floor from which proceed five chambers. They found their house too small for them and the continual round of company they keep. (It is an asylum for every decent stranger who comes to these parts.) So this spring they intend enlarging their house, making it as large again.

We were also at old Reuben Harvey’s, it has been sold since his death. It is a very beautiful place called “ Pleasant

⁸ Printed Journal : one family

Field.”⁹ The children were all settled before his death except two who were single. They did not choose to keep the house alone. He left his five daughters £2,000 each, his five sons a good deal more, it is supposed. It is monstrous large old fashioned building with two flights of steps from the hall door, one to the right the other to the left with iron railings. It is built of red brick with white marble cornice like some of the nice houses in Philadelphia. It is very high and lofty with several large windows in front. It is thought a coach and four could turn with ease in the hall. It is the largest I ever saw or ever expect to see. The parlors are large in proportion, the doors, windows, sashes and wainscoting all are thick mahogany. One of the chimney-pieces is thought to be superior to anything of the kind, it is of different colored marble, inlaid in such a manner that it is impossible to distinguish it from a solid piece.

It was Anne Harvey (old Reuben’s daughter) that accompanied us thither. She is single, about 29. She is a most amiable character. It was a great trial to her feelings to go to “Pleasant Field,” not being there since the death of her father, but she wished to gratify us as much as possible. She often regretted the death of her father on our account as well as her own, saying that he was a great politician and a man of uncommon ability and a strong advocate for America. During the war he was very serviceable and corresponded constantly with General Washington. By that means he had the news of our country correct, in so much that he contradicted some false news that he understood was to be laid before Parliament against the Americans. He therefore sent dispatches immediately to a friend in England who had them read before the House, which rendered the other abortive. In a short time after, official news was sent from our Government to Parliament confirming what he had before sent. It was the wonder of many where and how he got all the news first, not knowing he corresponded with General Washington and so had it from headquarters.¹⁰

⁹ Printed Journal note: “Pleasant Field” is now the Ursulina Convent, Black Rock, Cork. It was built in 1771.

¹⁰ Printed Journal gives two pages of letters written to Reuben Harvey by George Washington, taken from the *Journal of the Cork Historical and Archæological Society*, February, 1896.

Sailors and persons of every description that bore the name of Americans, when in these parts, went to him and were never sent away empty. He wrote abundance in favor of the Americans under a fictitious name. I have never seen any of the pieces but have heard of them. It was of Reuben Harvey that Jerry Warder put so long an account in the Philadelphia newspapers. Don't you remember how much my E.H. was affected when reading it at Merion? It was Reuben Harvey who gave Edward and his brother William letters of introduction to Wilson and Sons in Baltimore. His sister, Susanna Mee, the aunt that brought up Anne Church, is dead also; she died a few weeks before our arrival, to the sincere regret of all who knew her. Here we were again unfortunate in coming too late! We were at her late residence, "Temple Ville," a beautiful place near Reuben Harvey's.

"Horsehead," James Church's father's place, is very handsome, it is built in cottage style. It is just six miles out of Cork or as the inn keeper's wife said: "Just out of Passage." The old folks soon came to see us, invited us to "Horsehead" and fixed a day to go. They kept us a week. It is a complete cottage, thatched roof and but one story high, a large old portico, beyond that a large hall, winding stairs in it. A parlor to the right and left—one very large. At the side of the house is the servants' hall and apartments and upstairs a range of chambers. It is situated on a point of land on the river Lee, something the shape of a horse's head from which it derives its name. The prospect is beautiful, having a view of Passage and all the shipping as it comes up. The gardens are large and an abundance of fruit from which Anne is supplied. I think I never knew anyone settled in greater ease and plenty. At her marriage the old man chose that James should settle £2,000 on Anne which was accordingly done. In case of failure (which is not very likely) the old man said that he wished to have her secure as she had been brought up delicate and was too delicate a creature to bear hardship, and he did not wish her to go through any on James's account. They made so much of her at and before her marriage that I should not wonder if she was quite spoiled. Indeed she does keep them all under her thumb.

The Church family are very pleased with the connection

and James's maiden sister thought him courting, if going after her and paying a great deal of attention can be called courting. I have understood the old folks did say that she, being a Harvey, was quite sufficient for them to wish the connection to take place. Mary Ann Church told me that on the day of her marriage her aunt, James's mother, went up to the Friend who read the certificate and thanked him for marrying her son to Anne Harvey. The Church family are very rich but not so high blooded as the Harveys.

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We spent one month at "Chiplee," Reuben Harvey's place, a most delightful time we had. Used to go to Cork almost every day. The carriage went in every morning with the eldest daughter to school. It is but a mile and a quarter "from Tom's." Sometimes the carriage and gig would be full, she would then go on her pony, a beautiful little horse her father bought her to ride on. It is at "Chiplee" they seem to live and enjoy life, Reuben and Mary are the most loving and accommodating couple, their whole study seems to be to make their friends happy and comfortable without any vulgar fuss, but all in ease, elegance and regularity. It is astounding to think what a round of company they keep and with so large a family of their own and yet the house is like wax work for neatness. To be sure they have six women servants, besides a coachman, butler, gardener and as many more living in the lodges and outhouses. It is quite common here for every gentleman to have a clan of the lower orders attached to them and their particular families, so that every man of property is like a little king!

DUBLIN

From "Chiplee" we went to Dublin to see my Edward's relations on his mother's side. It is a very grand old elegant city far surpassing Cork. The buildings are regular and magnificent, far beyond anything of the kind I ever saw. Philadelphia is quite a country town in comparison (but I do not tell any one here so).

We travelled in the mail, and although it goes very rapidly we were two nights on the road. After taking breakfast at an elegant hotel here we hired a coach and

drove to Edward's uncle Stephens's, a place called "Willington," about four miles from Dublin, where we were received with open arms by the old folks. The girls were from home. The place is a late purchase and wants improvement. The house is quite too small for the girls' notion. Their former house at Elmville was very large and lofty and they cannot confine their ideas to a small one in consequence. Uncle planted and built on a handsome garden (by building I mean the wall) and got stone brought to build a large house. It is not yet begun. He has such a hankering after America, he therefore intends letting all his places and houses. He has built a village himself and finds it a hard matter to dispose of all his property and get his family to think of America as he does. His eldest son, Edward, is now in New York, he writes often and says he likes America very much. The girls are pretty and very gay, Polly¹² is the handsomest and my favorite, they are exceedingly kind and attentive. They seem to have as much affection for my Edward as if he were their own brother.

We spent two weeks at Thomas Pim's in Dublin who married Mary Harvey, a cousin of my Edward's, William Harvey's daughter, of Youghal. They live in great style, he being a great merchant. How different the merchants live here to those in Philadelphia! Their house is in William Street. It is very handsome, the hall paved with black and white marble, in which is an elegant stairs of Portland stone with iron bannisters painted green. The house is four stories high but the stone stairs only extend three. There are three large lobbys, at the top of each are large glass lamps besides a superb one in the hall. Beautiful mahogany surbase against the wall to match the bannister. The dining parlor hung with crimson, every article of furniture of mahogany. In the recesses from the ceiling to the surbase are mahogany cases with glass doors lined with green silk, in one they keep books, in another the china they use every day, a very good contrivance and gives withal a grand and elegant appearance. The drawing room¹³ is monstrous large, two sofas, twenty chairs—

¹² Printed Journal: Patty

¹³ Printed Journal: dining room

mahogany and cane are the fashion here—two pier tables and one other, and still looks empty. A Turkey carpet covered all over with green baize, rich chintz curtains. Mary's bed room is quite as grand. Monstrous mahogany bedstead, wardrobes and everything in the greatest profusion. I find it will not answer for me to be so minute, for if I undertake to describe the style my E's relations live in and the grandeur of the furniture I could fill volumes.

We were also at John and William Todhunter's, Englishmen and brothers, who married two first cousins. John married Susanna, daughter of Thomas Harvey, of Youghal, and William, Eliza, daughter of old Reuben Harvey, of Cork, youngest sister of the present Reuben. Mary Pim's father, William Harvey, was brother of Thomas, both of Youghal and both deceased, so all three cousins are settled in Dublin, and I cannot tell thee which lives in the greatest style. They were exceedingly kind and attentive.

Thomas and Mary Pim came out to Uncle Stephens's place—"Willington"—on purpose to see us, invited us to their house and would take no denial. We accordingly went and lodged there, but dined out almost every day which was very annoying to me as I was in delicate health. One constant round of excitement, going to dinner parties, visiting and receiving visitors and riding out nearly every day. Notes of invitation were as disagreeable to me as a doctor's prescription. I was so fatigued with dressing, for persons here are much more particular about dress than with us. If any one told me before leaving America that I should go to Ireland and have nothing to do but go to great dinner parties, I should have thought it delightful. I dare say my dear sister thinks I have had a fine time and so I have, if going to great houses and sitting down to grand entertainments and being with elegant and accomplished persons can afford any satisfaction, but after all 'tis to mind we look for real solid satisfaction. How much better has a little snug dinner at Merion relished with me than the many sumptuous ones I have been at since I came to these parts! My stomach being in a very irritable state was the cause in some measure, which I think was rather fortunate for perhaps if I had been in my full health and spirits I should have forgotten myself and been carried away with vanity, but the sea storm was a great prevention

for it would come across my mind among the greatest companies and served as a damper to my greatest pleasure, having it before my eyes for a length of time.

The Stephens, my Edward's cousins on his mother's side, are very rich dashing fellows, one of them a complete coffee house lounge and quite the thing, his name is William. Edward, the next, married to a gay but very clever girl. The next, Thomas, has gone into the army. John, the youngest, is in Thomas Pim's counting house, a fine youth, bids fair to be the "flower of the flock." The sister is married to a dashing lawyer, so they have all left Friends but John. The fault is with the father who was a high, proud man and would meddle with politics, had many city honors conferred on him contrary to Friends' principles. His wife was also a very high dame and of course the being great in the eyes of the world was not unpleasant to her; however they are both gone and left their children a great property among them. It would be quite tiresome to give a minute description of them or their houses, their taste is more gaudy in their furniture and hangings except Tom Harvey's. Edward Stephens' drawing room is really elegant and monstrous large. The house was one of his father's buildings as he was alderman and gave great feasts requiring large rooms to entertain those lovers of turtle—his brethren.

We dined at Edward Allen's, a great linen merchant and an old friend of my Edward's. He and his wife are very hospitable, agreeable persons. We also dined with many other of his acquaintances who were not relations. They appeared greatly rejoiced to see him, I could scarcely have believed he was so beloved had I not been witness to it.

CLONMEL

After spending three weeks in Dublin we set off for Clonmel in one of the canal boats. It is a very pleasant, easy way of traveling. They cook on board, the dinner and accommodation equal to a hotel. We traveled that way to Athy and posted from there to Clonmel. We passed through many pretty towns, but the handsomest is Kilkenny in which there is an elegant castle belonging to the Earl of Ormond. Night overtook us before we reached Clonmel which terrified me greatly for we were obliged to pass by a

chain of mountains which are infested with robbers. I wished sincerely for firearms, and resolved we should never travel again without them, but we escaped and got to Clonmel about 10 o'clock. Put up at an elegant hotel, remaining two days and two nights there.

The persons we took the house from had not moved out, meanwhile we bought furniture, Persons cannot make a little furniture answer here as in America, for if there is not some degree of gentility kept up the common order will think nothing of you. I thought to make my carpets myself but there was such a hue and cry about it that I had to get an upholstress who made also my curtains and sofa cover. The house is very large, parlor, hall, kitchen and two pantries below stairs. Above, drawing room and six chambers with large winding staircase. We pay eighty guineas a year. A large garden, workshop, stable and other out-houses in good repair, I never was fixed so comfortable before, having a good woman servant and a half grown lad. My dear Mary, Reuben Harvey's wife, is my constant correspondent, she is like a mother to me. I have her advice on every occasion.

The first child of Edward and Margaret B. Harvey was born at Clonmel in June, 1810. He died when a few days old and was buried in the Friends' Burial Ground there. Fragments of a further Journal which disappeared state that E. and M. Harvey settled into lodgings at 50, Aungier Street, Dublin, in May, 1811. In July was born the second son, Richard Jones Harvey.

The return to America began in January, 1812; the settlement was at "Lilac Grove," in Lower Merion, part of the year and the remainder in Philadelphia, in both of which locations other children were born. Margaret Harvey died in 1832 and her husband in 1858. The only descendants sprang from James Boyle, fourth son, (1816-1893), of whom and others of the family there are sketches at the close of the printed Journal.

Strange Companions

John Morton, of Philadelphia (d. 1828), was president of the Bank of North America. He had for pets three hens and a rooster, of which he was very fond. He took care of them himself and they returned his affection, knew his place of business and his hours, and when the time came for him to return home, they would march to meet him. It was a common sight in the neighborhood to see the old gentleman, in his Quaker costume of the day, followed by his four pets, one by one solemnly walking along from the Bank to his home on Front Street.

Quaker Biographies, second series. Philadelphia, 1926, vol. i, p. 40 n.