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**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 Grand-daughter**

**DORA HARVEY DEVELIN**



**WEST PARK PUBLISHING CO.  
1759 N. LINDENWOOD STREET  
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1915**

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TO THE MEMORY OF  
MY SISTER

MARGARET B. HARVEY, A. M.

whose life was an inspiration toward the higher  
and better things, and to whose suggestion  
the publication of these records is due



1219943



MARGARET BOYLE HARVEY

(1786—1832)

From a miniature painted on ivory, now in  
the possession of her grand-daughter,  
Mrs. Beulah Harvey Whilldin,  
of West Philadelphia



## FOREWORD

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This JOURNAL was written by my Grandmother, Margaret B. Harvey, expressly for her sister Martha. ("Patty.") She never expected anyone but her own relatives and close friends to read it. But now, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, it becomes historical. It is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it describes the customs of a Century ago, and mentions many prominent people both in America and in Ireland.

My Grandfather, Edward Harvey, Esq., did not intend to make America his permanent home. He came here to introduce to the members of the Society of Friends, the grey beaver hats worn by the Quakers in Ireland and England. These hats were manufactured by his maternal uncles (Stephens) in Dublin, Ireland. His father, Captain William Harvey of the British navy, was lost at sea, so Edward accepted an offer from his uncles to represent their business in America. He came to Philadelphia in 1804. Here he met my Grandmother and fell in love with her "at first sight."

In the Spring following their marriage (at Lower Merion Friends' Meeting-House, 6th mo., 16th, 1808) he took her back to Ireland with him intending to remain there. This JOURNAL was written during that voyage and while sojourning in Ireland.

To the JOURNAL, I have added a supplement, giving a brief history of my Grandmother's family; also, such other data as I believe will interest the

reader, bringing the story, as it were, down to the present day.

Some of the letters of George Washington to Reuben Harvey, mentioned in the JOURNAL, are also given in the Supplement. These letters have never, so far as I know, been published in America, although they appeared in the JOURNAL OF THE CORK HISTORICAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY, 2nd Series, Vol. II, No. 14, February, 1896, pages 89-90.

In 1905 I visited the Grandchildren of Mr. Thomas Harvey (the "Tom" of the JOURNAL) and great-grandchildren of Mr. Reuben Harvey, at Waterford, Ireland. The first thing I saw upon entering the Hall was a life-size portrait of General George Washington.

To Miss Hannah L. Harvey, and her brother Edmund, of Waterford, I am indebted for the obituaries of the Harvey families of Ireland. The Table and Lineage of my Grandfather's family are from the "HISTORY OF THE HARVEY FAMILY," by my sister, Margaret B. Harvey, A. M., (who died October 4, 1912.)

DORA HARVEY DEVELIN,

~~5250 Parkside Avenue, West Park,~~

Philadelphia, Pa.

*1736 plant Terrace.  
Bala. Pa.*

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"Ye first Herveys came into England with William ye Conqueror. Harvey d'Yon or de Montmars married to ye Daughter of William Girth of Normandie, temp Henry II, had for his arms one single trefoil in a field argent. And that afterwards John Hervey married Dionysia, daughter of Jeffrey le Grey of Bedfordshire had 3 trefoils in a field Argent. John Harvey of Thirley married Joan, daughter of John Hammond of Thirley, put ye 3 trefoils into his grandmother Mary Folliotts Bend argent in a field Gules."—See "VISITATION OF BEDFORDSHIRE," p. 183.

Harvey de Yon, having married the daughter of one William Goieth (who died in his journie to the holie land), delivered certain castels into the hands of King Henrie, because he was in despaire to keepe them against Theobald, erle of Chartres, whereupon war was renewed between the King of England and the erle of Chartres. Henrie made little accompt of this war.

HOLLINSHED.





# HARVEY

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William the Conqueror invaded England 1066. With him went the flower of Norman Chivalry. One of the best accounts we have of this great event is found in the Bayeux Tapestry, the work of Queen Matilda, wife of William.

Hervey de Bourges, (*Herveus bituricensis*). He was the direct ancestor of the main stock of the Harvey families in England. He accompanied William the Conqueror into England in 1066. He held a great Barony in Suffolk, in 1086, which passed from the family in the time of King Stephen (1135-1154). His name appears in the "Doomsday" or "Domesday Book."

Nicholas Harvey (b. 1515—d. 1586) of the Manor of Brockley, who married Joan, daughter of Richard Guy (Ivy), had two sons, Henry and Humphrey; and five daughters, Bryget, Mary, Anne, Aielce, and Cicely.

Burke is authority for the statement that during the period of Civil Wars in Ireland from the time of Queen Elizabeth down, many younger sons of leading Somersetshire families went to Ireland in the hope of advancing their fortunes.

Henry Harvey of Brockley (d. 1616) was one of these. He was the ancestor of the Harvey families of County Carlow, Cork, Limerick, and Waterford, Ireland, with branches in New York, Philadelphia, and Lower Merion, Pennsylvania.

Henry Harvey, of Rathsillah, County Kildare, married Maudlin ———. Both died in 1683, and their estate was administered by their son, Henry Harvey.

Henry Harvey, son of Henry Harvey, married Anne Duckett, daughter of Thomas and Anne Duckett, of Duckett's Grove, County Carlow, 1681. This marriage is recorded at Friends' Meeting House, Dublin, Ireland.

Henry Harvey, son of Henry Harvey, was of Ballinacasane, Ballinacusan, Ballintrecasan, County Kildare.

Henry Harvey and Anne Duckett, his wife (married 1681) had a number of children, all born at Ballinacusan. They were Thomas (b. 1682); Henry (b. 1686); Joseph (b. 1689); Anne

(b. 1691); John (b. 1694;); *William* (b. 1695); Francis (b. 1698). (From Records at Friends' Meeting House, Dublin, Ireland.)

*William* Harvey, married Sarah ———. After the death of William she married for her second husband, John Brewster, of Tullow, County Carlow (1751). (From Records at Friends' Meeting House, Dublin, Ireland.)

*William* Harvey (b. 1726), son of William and Sarah Harvey, married Margaret Stephens (1775), daughter of Edward Stephens. They had four children—William, *Edward*, Thomas, and Mary Anne. (Records at the Carlow Monthly Meeting.)

*Edward* Harvey, son of William and Margaret Stephens Harvey, was born in County Carlow, Ireland, 1783. Educated at Friends' School, Clonmel, and Trinity College, Dublin. (Died in Lower Merion, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, 1858.) Married Margaret Boyle, daughter of Captain James Boyle, of Chester County, Pa., and Martha Williams, his wife. They were married at Merion Meeting, Pa., 6 mo., 16, 1808.

*James* Boyle Harvey, son of Edward and Margaret Boyle Harvey (born at Lower Merion, Pa., September 21, 1816, died in Philadelphia, January 15, 1893), married M. Julia Payne (born September 1837), daughter of Charles M. Payne, of Roxborough, Philadelphia.

James Boyle Harvey and M. Julia Payne, his wife, had eleven children—Margaret Boyle Harvey (d. 1912); Edward Church Harvey (d. 1912); Dorothy (or Dora); Gertrude L. and Beulah S. (twins); Julia P.; James B., Jr.; Dr. Charles H.; Walter P.; Richard Jones; and William (died at birth).

**Gules on a bend argent, three trefoils slipped vert.**

**Crest—A leopard holding in dexter paw a trefoil slipped vert.**

**Motto—Je n'oublierai jamais.**

# A Journal of A Voyage From Philadelphia to Cork, in the Year of Our Lord, 1809

BY

MARGARET B. HARVEY



FIFTH Mo., 9th.—After parting with our friends in Pine Street we went on board the Perri-Auger,\* at the Hay Scales Wharf, accompanied by several friends, who took their leave of us, after seeing us safe aboard. The tide being favourable we proceeded down the river, and lay at anchor a few miles below Marcus Hook, exactly opposite a farm house which looked so inviting that Edward, Captain Hand, the Captain of the Perri-Auger, and myself, went ashore. We were very kindly treated by the Mistress of the Mansion, with milk; but she took good care to charge four cents per quart, after taking the cream off. She gave me a little print of butter for myself only, so I thought it a great favour, considering she sends her butter to market, and gets half a crown per pound—according to her own account!

There was also a very pleasant, and I think uncommonly handsome, girl, niece of the old Lady, who sat spinning. She blushed like the dawning of morn when Edward spoke to her and asked her if she would go with him to Ireland? She said yes, if she were in my place. So thee sees others would have gone with him, in case I had refused.

After spending two hours there we returned to the Perri-Auger, where tea was waiting for us. The cook had the table set and the tea boiling in a coffee pot by the fire, and all things in order. I could do no other than put my little print of butter on the table, and although there was scarcely any of it eaten, for

---

\* A narrow ferryboat, carrying two masts and a leeboard.

every one seemed afraid to touch the precious morsel, I saw no more of it. Edward and Captain Hand were talking politics, and as they were both on the same side of the question, they agreed very well. I left them to discuss the point as they liked and crept quietly into the best-looking berth, and soon dropped into a very uneasy doze, from which I awoke quite wild, and could not be reconciled to the place nor to anything I saw. Edward did everything he could to pacify me, but all to no purpose. I really thought I should go crazy! The cook, thinking I was cold, made a monstrous fire which nearly suffocated me. However, to my great relief I heard Captain Hand hail his ship which lay between Marcus Hook and Wilmington and after paying the Captain of the Perri-Auger two dollars, we got safe aboard the ship about twelve o'clock (P. M.) and to my surprise found P. Sutter, Chief Mate on board, which was very pleasing to us, he being an old neighbour of ours. And he also seemed pleased with the addition of Edward and myself. On going below we found the Cabin and both state rooms, quite full, but we made out to sleep in the Captain's room for the remainder of the night. (I preferred it far above the Perri-Auger's berths!)

FIFTH Mo., 10th.—This morning they were very busy cleaning the Ship. Had one of the State rooms cleaned for us, which we found pretty comfortable, only the berths too small. Captain says it shall be enlarged to-morrow.

FIFTH Mo., 11th.—Our berth was enlarged according to promise, and made very commodious. Our State room is nearly as large as the little room at home. Sat on deck all this morning and hemmed a bandanna handkerchief, and felt quite contented. I expect to sew a great deal.

FIFTH Mo., 12th.—Off Bombay Hook—rainy disagreeable weather. Feel very sea sick and miserable—it is a very wretched sensation—I often thought of home, while sick, but must bear it patiently, and be glad 'tis no worse. Edward keeps well, which is quite providential, for I do not know what would become of me, were it not for his kind attentions. Thee may depend upon it I regretted the loss of the good things of Philadelphia, as much as the Children of Israel did the onions and garlic of Egypt, but I could be tolerably comfortable, was it not for this sickness, which I hope will not last long. However, come what may, I



"LILAC GROVE"

The Harvey Homestead, Merion, Pa. Built 1700



will have to bear it. I have heard of some being sick all the passage, and a most dreadful time they must have had.

FIFTH MO., 13th.—Passed this day I scarcely know how. Very sick at times. Cannot sew any at present. Do not expect I shall at all if I continue sick as I am now. I can just crawl about and that's all!

FIFTH MO., 14th.—(First Day.) Expect to see the Capes in a few hours. 9 o'clock, Capes in sight. A very handsome prospect presents itself to view—the sun shines in full splendour on Cape Henlopen, while Cape May appears quite dark on the larboard side. 10 o'clock—the Pilot just left us—he has gone in such a small boat that I wonder he was not afraid of getting drowned; but these Pilots are as rough as the elements in which they live. The water here is of a greenish colour. We shall soon lose sight of land, and then have nothing to comfort ourselves with but Hope. Twelve o'clock—we have bid adieu to the land of America, perhaps forever, though Hope whispers in mine ear that I shall live to see it again. I felt a little sorrowful at first, as it began to disappear, but I cannot say I felt one single pang when it disappeared entirely. This afternoon a Pilot came on board with some fresh fish, which he wished to exchange for pork and beef. The Captain gave him beef, pork, bread, and candles, and also a drink of gin. After drinking our health, and wishing us a pleasant passage, he departed in peace: but he was scarcely out of sight before another made his appearance, with like merchandise, and wished to exchange it in the same manner, which was accordingly done. He drank a similar health and made his exit very quietly. We had tea on deck for the first time; we had the booby hatch for a table. We had some of the fish fried for tea: they were black fish and sea bass, and very good. I was not sick to-day and eat so much that I shall not want any more of the fishy kind in a hurry. This evening we sat on deck to watch the going down of the sun; it was the first time I ever enjoyed this truly grand and beautiful sight. I looked at it until I felt quite pensive, and as it lowered into the horizon my spirits sank with it, but when it was quite gone I experienced a greater degree of calmness of mind, than I had felt for a long time before. The sea was almost smooth, and of a darker green than it was at the Capes. And when the sun was going down the surface of the water appeared of a bright purple colour, tinged with yellow. It

was really a magnificent sight. I could not but mentally exclaim "How great the works of Nature, but how much greater Nature's God!" Kept my station on deck until dark, and then went down and soon after retired to rest.

FIFTH Mo., 15th.—This day I was sometimes on deck, and sometimes below. Indeed I scarcely know where I am! But I know very well how I feel, and that's bad enough. If I continue as sick as I am now, I do not know what will be the consequence. But I hope I shall be better to-morrow. Adieu.

FIFTH Mo., 16th.—Have been pretty well to-day. Sat reading on the Hen Coop all the morning. In the afternoon the cook made short-cakes for tea, and they were very good considering all things; only in baking they got smoked a little, but people at sea must not mind a little dirt, or smoke, either; particularly as every one is to eat a peck of dirt in the course of their lives. I think I stand a great chance of finishing *my* peck before our passage is out, and if we live to get ashore I hope I shall see no more of it. But there is a great deal in bringing one's mind to things we cannot possibly help; at least I find it so with respect to the cooking here. And yet our old cook is a very good natured old creature, and will do anything we ask him. Oh! thee would have laughed had thee been here the other day—the tea was in the pot, and water poured on it, but it happened that the water did not boil, so the Captain called the cook out of his Castle—otherwise Caboose—and told him he must drink all that was made, which was a large pot-full. He looked at the Captain awhile and said "Oh! no, massa," but the Captain insisted on his drinking it at once, which he did; and then he chewed the leaves afterwards, to the great diversion of all.

FIFTH Mo., 21st.—(First Day.) I am just recruiting after a long siege of four days' constant sickness, which reduced me very much. Burns says that a twelve months' toothache was sufficient punishment for the worst of enemies. I used to think so, too, but I am divided in my opinion which is the worst. The toothache is very bad, but then it makes one quite lively; whereas seasickness is accompanied with such languor and stupefying sensations that I just knew I existed and that was all; but I am now better and hope I shall soon be well. Edward thinks I'll be more healthy than I've been hitherto. Got up early (for me) and went on deck. Eat some breakfast which, happily, sat on



my stomach. Read until dinner was served up. It consisted of a nice baked pig, and it was very good I do assure thee. Saw several schools of Porpoises, but they were at too great a distance to describe them minutely—only if thee can picture to thyself a herd of hogs jumping head over heels in the Delaware, then thee can form an idea how porpoises swim, for I think it answers the above description as near as anything I can think of. Four o'clock. The wind blows strong—the vessel leans very much—I, at first, was afraid she would capsize, for the water on the larboard was even with the gunwale; meanwhile to windward the water dashed over the quarterboards, and ran quite across the deck. Sat on deck until 12 o'clock looking at the moon: 'twas cloudy; the moon seemed to keep time with us and ride through the clouds as fast as we sailed through the water. I expect to have a grand sight when it is full. Edward says it appears much handsomer then. Saw a large ship astern of us this morning. At 12 o'clock A. M. she was about two miles to windward of us. I have been looking at her through a glass this evening, and she appears as if she was dancing on the waves. The moon shone brightly at intervals, and the reflection on the water made the vessel look as if it was on fire; the light sparkled all around her most beautifully. She seemed as if endeavoring to pass us, but I hope she will not, for the sight of a ship when one is at sea is truly very pleasing, but if she overtakes us she will, of course, soon pass us—then we shall be left alone again. It is the first vessel we have seen of any kind for a week past. It is now time to withdraw for the night.

FIFTH MO., 22nd.—This has been a very fine day. Was on deck the greater part of it. The ship passed us last night between one and two o'clock and is a considerable distance ahead of us under full sail. She looked as if she intended to bid defiance to wind and weather. She would not have outsailed us could we have carried as much sail as she, but that we dare not, as our vessel is not deep enough to admit of it.

FIFTH MO., 23rd.—The weather very disagreeable, like for rain. It is quite cold here. I do not like it at all. The Captain says the farther we go the colder it will be, so I expect we shall have a young winter before we arrive at Cork—in case we ever do arrive,—it will not be soon!

FIFTH MO., 24th.—Feel very weary and sore this morning.

The sea was exceedingly rough during the night, and still continues so. The ship rolled so much in the night that one of my arms, from the shoulder down, feels as if it was bruised very much, but the seasickness has subsided.

FIFTH MO., 25th.—To-day Neptune paid us a visit! I heard the sailors talking of this august personage before I saw him. And as we were just on the banks of Newfoundland, and which they call the "halfway house," he made his *entré* in great style. One of the smartest and most mischievous among the sailors was chosen to represent the god of the waves. And I think he was quite in character: he was rather under size, square-built, and rocks about very much when he walks—not a very pleasing countenance—large grey eyes—and no teeth before. So much for his person. Now for his dress. It consisted of a red flannel shirt, blue trousers rolled up over his knees, an old piece of canvas, painted red, made into a kind of cap on his head, with a piece of rope all around it by way of ornament. His face and lips painted black—his shirt thrown open at the collar, and neck painted brown striped with red. Around his waist tied a large swab—that is a sort of broom made of ropes, untwisted at the ends, so it looks very much like hair. It is used to clean up the decks with. This was to resemble a tail. His legs were painted black, and feet red—his sleeves rolled up—arms and hands painted in like manner. And to crown all, the Captain's dirk hung at his side. There were three on board beside myself who had never crossed the sea (two sailors and a cabin boy.) One of them was sick so there were but two to undergo the treatment of Neptune, which I assure thee is not very much relished by his victims. One of them is a currier, but did not stay his time out, he was "so anxious to go to sea." Just before Neptune was rigged up the Captain sent the currier and cabin boy below, under pretense of doing something, and shut the companion down on them. The other sailor was so sick he escaped for this time, but he was to get his share coming back. All things being in order I saw the above-described walking down the bowsprit, and from there he asked the Captain if he had a trough, or an old oil tub? Then if he had any persons belonging to him? The Captain answered that he believed he had. Neptune then proceeded to the quarter deck where he first paid his compliments to the Captain—and then to me, saying he hoped the lady would not forget old Nep-

tune and give him "a treat." I promised I would, and that cleared me. He then bellowed through his trumpet to let him see those who belonged to him. They blindfolded the poor currier and brought him on deck. His lordship began to catechise him—whether he would eat brown bread when he could get white? and a number of other questions, and to all he answered "No"—except one—whether he ever stole anything. He said he once stole a horse which caused a great deal of laughter. But they dragged the poor fellow to the fore-castle, and made him sit on the anchor, and while Neptune asked questions the carpenter daubed his face with a composition of Tar-oil and Lamp-black. They insisted on being answered everything they asked, and when he attempted to speak they dipped a large paint brush into the above-mentioned composition and thrust it in his mouth several times. The carpenter began shaving him with a piece of old iron, with notches on it, and after scraping and scratching until the blood was ready to come, they then began ducking him, and threw half a dozen buckets of water over him—he was then allowed to go shake himself. The cabin boy received like usage, only his arm was put down the pump, and wedged in until it hurt him very much; he was then obliged to kiss a book, and declare he had never stolen anything. He is but fifteen years of age and when they were ducking him he began to cry—poor fellow! I pitied him. I thought it was very probable he was then thinking of his mother, with whom, I understand, he was a great pet. I forgot to tell thee that they both had to drink of the same stuff their faces were daubed with. This farce reminded me of the Knighting of Don Quixote—they at least deserved this title, for the ruefulness of their looks. I should not have written so circumstantially of this foolish custom, were it not that I find the ideas we had, when together, were erroneous—for they never attempt anything of the kind to the female sex. This was a fine day. We had hot cakes with our tea.

FIFTH Mo., 26th.—Very dull weather. Stayed below all day. Very dismal. Nothing happened worth relating to-day. Only wish we had some fresh meat. We have fowls and pigs, but am tired of them. I even think I could eat some mutton.

FIFTH Mo., 27th.—A very fine morning. This evening cold and windy, but drank tea on deck. Had nice hot cakes and pickled oysters. We have very good porter, cider, wine, and

brandy, bitters, and spirits, for those who like them, so you see we are well off in the drinking line—if we could only have as great variety in eatables we should do very well.

FIFTH Mo., 28th.—(First Day.) Was obliged to stay below on account of the weather. Had pot-pie for dinner. Rained all day and was so foggy that we could not see the length of a square before us, but between nine and ten it cleared off and the moon shone beautifully. I went on deck and took a look at it, and then retired to rest, but was disturbed, about 12 o'clock, with a great noise above. Had not time to make any conjecture respecting it before P. Sutter came down and said there was an "Island of Ice" in sight. On hearing this we all mustered on deck. They were putting the ship about immediately, for she was going in a direct course to one of the islands, and had not the weather cleared when it did, she would inevitably have struck, and in all likelihood we should have perished. For my part, as I had never seen danger in so grand a form, it affected me very much—particularly when I thought of the miraculous escape we had had. Even the sailors could not but acknowledge that the changing of the weather seemed providential in our favour. The island that was nearest to us was supposed to be two or three hundred feet high, and about three miles in circumference: the other was at too great a distance to judge of the size by moonlight—only it took up a great space in the water. It being near one o'clock I thought I would go down and try and get some sleep. Edward preferred staying on deck, expecting to see more ice before morning. I had just fallen into a doze from which I was awakened by the cry of "A sail." I threw on my clothes and ran up—saw a brig ahead of us. She came along side and we spoke her. She was the *Argos* of Dublin, Captain Brown—bound to New Brunswick—thirty days out. Had not heard at Dublin of the Embargo being raised when he left there. Cautioned him respecting the ice, and then parted. Went down and had a good nap—and so ended the adventures of the day.

FIFTH Mo., 29th.—Got up earlier than usual to see another island of ice. It was quite near, but not so large as those we saw last night. Saw eight islands in the course of day and night, but some of them at a great distance. They are very grand and terrific objects at sea—the transparent whiteness of the ice and the dark azure of the waves, dancing mountains high over them,

produces a very pleasing effect. The wind blew very hard this morning, and it rained this afternoon. Stayed below most all day.

FIFTH Mo., 30th.—Very foggy, rainy, disagreeable weather. I wish sincerely we were off the Banks. Time hangs heavy; cannot read, and scarcely make out to write; and do not pretend to sew—darkness both above and below. We are now off the Banks—to our great satisfaction the weather is clear, but very cold. I often think what a luxury it is to be sitting by a good fire, in a comfortable room on shore. Our fowls are all gone, and our hams reduced to one—and the butter nearly demolished, so we shall have no more stews or pot-pie, but we shall have plenty of “lobscouse”—which is a mixture of beef, biscuit, onions, and potatoes, boiled up together, and when done to be eaten like soup. Thee may well think it is not a very enviable dish. We have pancakes sometimes, but when our eggs are all gone I do not know what we shall do!

FIFTH Mo., 31st.—The weather fine and pleasant. Sitting on deck. I am disappointed in not seeing the moon, when full, it being cloudy weather. Some whales passed us the other evening—there was quite a fleet of them. They came on the surface of the water and threw it up to a great height, and then blew, making at the same time a noise like distant thunder. They swim near the top of the water, which causes it to look as smooth as glass around them—and by that means we could judge their size. These were larger than those that we passed before. We generally meet with more wonders at night than we do in the day time.

SIXTH Mo., 1st.—The weather clear and pleasant. Was on deck nearly all day—sewing at times, but find it impossible to sew much, the wind blows and knots the thread, and confuses my work. I shall not attempt making my dresses until I get on shore. I wish they had been made before I left home. People on shore think those on the sea can do a great deal of work, as they neither visit, nor receive visitors, and have not anything of consequence to attend to. But they are much mistaken, for there are so many changes in the weather, which causes changes in the water—and then my time is taken up looking at it. A British Convoy passed us to-night. It was cloudy or we should have had a very handsome sight; the Commodore’s Ship carried a light.

SIXTH Mo., 7th.—I wrote the above last Seventh day evening. I was generally a day or two behind with my Journal. My dear friends I wish it was possible for me to give thee an idea of what we have suffered since this day week. I was writing the above last Seventh day evening, for my Journal was behind-hand two days, and got as far as the Commodore's light, but could not write another word, which I attributed to lowness of spirits, and the rolling of the ship—but in fact, I believe it was owing to the first-mentioned. I felt such a degree of listlessness and vacancy of thought that I could not talk, much less write, which is very unusual with me, that I could not account for it. The weather appeared very unfavorable in the afternoon. The Captain ordered the top gallant yards to be taken down, saying he expected some squalls from the east, and had the ship put under easy sail. But it did not alarm me in the least for we had had so much squally weather that I had grown familiar with it. We got everything in order on deck before night—it was very squally all the evening—had more wind than rain—went to bed but did not get much rest, owing to the uneasiness of the vessel. In the morning the sea ran monstrously high—it appeared like mountains on every side. The weather was clear but very cold; was obliged to sit to windward on the deck, for the ship leaned so—it was most as steep as the roof of a house. Edward and I sat looking at the great variety of forms in the water, and reading the Bible at intervals; we read a good deal in it, but more particularly on First days. Kept my humble seat until the sea became so rough that the waves dashed against the side of the vessel, and then broke over it. I was wet several times and thought it was best to go down and try to get some sleep—but found it impossible. Remained in bed until near sunset, and then went on deck, and saw, to my sorrow, that the sea was considerably higher than I ever saw it. I really felt alarmed, but upon the Captain and Edward telling me there was no danger I appeared to be quite at ease, but did not feel so, for I could not shake off the gloom that had accompanied me from the evening before. I looked at the man at the Helm and thought I saw terror depicted in his countenance, but did not mention it to anyone. (Neither was anyone acquainted with my feelings.) I went down to tea as usual, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I could drink any, for the cups rolled



about when full, so that we were in danger of being scalded. Edward, the Captain and Chief Mate were on deck. The Second Mate had just finished his tea, and was getting ready to go to bed, telling me he hoped to have a good nap if nothing happened. He was scarcely done speaking before the vessel gave such a tremendous roll that the cabin bell began to ring. Everything movable was in motion, and such was the noise above that for a minute I was almost stunned. The Mate ran up the ladder and I after him. Had just gotten half way up when I heard the cry of "Man overboard!" Thee may judge my sensations, knowing Edward had gone up before! I stopped, dreading to advance another step—and afraid to ask who it was, lest my fears would be realized respecting Edward. I stood motionless—the image of despair. I was high enough to see the men's feet as they passed across the deck, and to my relief I distinguished my Edward's boots, as he passed by the hatchway—for he was the only one who wore them on board. I then sprung on deck and found the men throwing boards, spars, and one of the Hen Coops over, with a view of assisting the man; but every endeavor answered no purpose—we could not possibly save him. The sea threw the vessel on her beam ends, and washed him overboard as he was coming aft. 'Twas the poor old man who was at the helm in the afternoon—the man I thought looked so dismal. He had dreamed two nights preceding that he was overboard. He related his dream to one of his messmates, and said he thought he was not long for this world, and his spirits seemed very much depressed before the storm.

The idea of leaving him behind was very dreadful, but what could we do! We could not lay the ship to, but at the risk of our lives. His falling overboard cast a general consternation over the crew. The Captain then gave orders for the staves to be thrown over from the main deck—in number, seven thousand. All hands set to work and I would have helped willingly—and did attempt it. They sent me down, but I could not stay an instant, so took my old station on the ladder, where I could see all that was going forward. They had the deck cleared in a few minutes. Edward worked very hard, and when he was done he came and stood by me, holding on the companion, while I was swinging on a rope that was by the ladder, and it kept me from falling down the hatchway. There was not a loud word to be heard;

they had all ceased swearing, and in each countenance was solemn sadness visible—pride and distinction were then forgotten—and all the arbitrary spirit of the Captain was swallowed up in the finer feelings of simple man. We were standing as before described for several hours, and finding myself weak and faint attempted to sit down, but Edward would not permit me; he insisted on my standing as near to himself as possible; he assigned no reason then for doing so, but a thought struck me that he expected we should be upset and wished me to be ready at a moment's warning, so he could tie me to the rigging! That's what he had meditated previous to the storm, imagining the vessel could not sink, owing to the cargo. (And the fact was he was thinking of it at that moment.) But the idea did not terrify me, and when I found Edward's spirits lowering, mine seemed to be better.

I dreamed the night before that there was a great deal of noise and confusion aboard, and the sailors running to and fro, and the cause was a sudden storm which I thought terrified me very much, but in the midst of my fright, when I felt quite bewildered I thought I was directed by the voice of an invisible being to go to the hatchway and look directly over the bowsprit, and if I saw a star hanging over it, then I was to take courage and comfort, for 'twas a sign that we should be saved—and to look at it steadily. I related this dream to Edward in the morning, but he knowing I dreamed a deal, did not mind, and I forgot it before night. But amid the storm I was surprised at seeing a star that appeared over the bowsprit, in every way resembling the one I had dreamed of—and from that instant my mind was more at ease. I looked at it until the wind began to subside, which was about twelve o'clock. It really seemed to me to answer in some measure the purpose that Moses's brazen serpent did to the Children of Israel, for when I looked at it my mind seemed healed, and my strength renewed.

At one o'clock there was drink given to the sailors; they looked very weak and mild, thinking, perhaps, that it would be the last drink they would ever take. Edward mixed some gin and water for himself and me, which recruited us very much, for we had been from seven o'clock in the evening until twelve at night—Edward on deck and I standing stationary on the ladder until the Captain said we were not in as much danger



as we had been, and that the squalls were less frequent; I could not think of going down. And when we finally did I felt so chastened that I was several times near fainting. We sat on a chest keeping each other from falling as well as we could. The ship was rolling from side to side as fast as possible, without foundering. 'Twas that night that we saw the works of the Almighty, and witnessed His great and marvellous wonders in the deep, when wave arose on wave, and was ready to overwhelm us, had not His rebuking arm been stretched over us in mercy—"So far shalt thou go but no farther." It was a profitable time to us; we were brought down to see and own our nothingness! What was all the world to us standing as it were on the brink of eternity!

We remained on the chest all night, in a state of the greatest uncertainty. About one o'clock we went to bed, but got no sleep all day. The Bible was a source of great comfort to us in our tried state. Got very little sleep, only slight dozes, owing to the great motion of the vessel, and agitated state of mind. Ate our victuals standing up, out of our hands. Did not take off our clothes from the Seventh day evening before the storm, until Sixth day night following, and in the course of that time I did not get, put it all together, more than six hours sleep. The sea was tremendously high all the week.

SIXTH MO., 8th.—Saw a gannet, a kind of sea bird, to the great joy of the crew, for they seldom fly "off soundings." The Captain calculated we were only a few hundred miles from land, and expected making it the next morning, but did not until the next morning after, which was First Day, the ELEVENTH OF JUNE.

The first appearance of land is a sensation truly delightful; better felt than described. The coast of Ireland is very high, and has a very grand and powerful look on approaching it. The extreme of Cork Harbour is about a half a mile wide, and on both sides are amazing high hills, on which there are Forts, which make a formidable appearance. There are very few trees, but the hills, or rather, young mountains, are all cultivated. It was really an exquisite sight, when a few miles from the shore, seeing those high hills in the highest state of verdure—gardens and potato fields interspersed with cabins—and roads above roads, around them. Ah! How I wish Ann Warder to behold this sight! Americans in general despise Ireland and its inhabitants

—and I did myself once—but it was for want of knowing better—for if they were all to see as much of it as I have seen (and I have seen very little as yet) they would be ready to say it was the garden of the world.

We proceeded up this delightful Harbour about three miles from the sea. We then cast anchor opposite a town called Cove.\* The Harbour was full of ships of War, and Merchantmen, which rendered the prospect very gay. The Custom House officers came on board immediately. They were genteel in their dress and address; they behaved particularly handsome to me. There is a new custom established among them since the dispute with America respecting the natives. When they arrive at this port they are obliged to write a minute description of themselves—viz—their age, size, complexion, and the city or country they were born in—and their names annexed there unto. The head officer wrote a description of my person according to his own fancy—and he very politely wrote “fair” instead of swarthy complexion. I then signed my name and there the matter was concluded.

The behaviour of the officers seemed to raise my drooping spirits, and give me a favourable opinion of the inhabitants before I went ashore, which we did very soon after they left us.

We took our leave of P. Sutter who was very kind and attentive to us during the voyage, nor did we forget the remainder of the crew. They all seemed sorry and serious at parting, particularly the old cook and the cabin boy. Between them they made me a delightful bowl of chocolate, which I took by way of a stimulus against the brogue, and the wild appearance of the Irish, as I expected to be very much disgusted with both. We lay about the length of a square from shore, and in a part that commanded a full view of the town, which is built very near the water, with a hill at the back of it, that appeared of a great height (to me not accustomed to such.) Some of the houses are high and regular; there is a new Market-house, and as I saw people going to and from it, I concluded there were eatables in the land of St. Patrick—and when the boat was hauled along side, I was the first who got in—not but what I felt attached

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\* The name Cove was changed to Queenstown after the visit of Queen Victoria, in 1849.

to the old ship for bringing us safe to Port. The Captain on getting into the boat was astonished at the height she was out of the water, saying it was a miraculous circumstance that we ever made land. We then pulled off and in a few minutes got safe ashore. The Captain conducted us to an acquaintance of his, whose house is only a hundred yards from the water, but trifling as the walk was it fatigued me very much, my limbs being cramped owing to my limited walk on the quarter deck.

The front of the house was occupied with a shop. I could not help admiring the neatness of it. We were then introduced to the mistress of the house. She took us through a large hall and ushered us into a very handsome parlor, furnished in great taste. On the chimney piece there was a basket of fruit carved in the centre of a piece of marble—mahogany chairs and tables of the newest fashion, but what surprised me most was the contents of a closet, through the doors of which I saw a deal of plate and china. She brought us a loaf of baker's bread, some of the best butter I think I ever tasted, and Madeira wine, and insisted upon our partaking of it which we did, very heartily. Edward seemed highly diverted at the astonishment I betrayed, and asked, when we were alone, whether, from the small specimen I had of Ireland, I should starve—or only have potatoes and herring to eat!

We made but a short stay at Cove, for we were anxious to reach Cork before night. Edward and the Captain hired a boat to take us to Passage, about five miles farther up the river. We had four stout fellows rowing and one sail up, so of course we went very rapidly, and the beauty of the surrounding country added to the pleasure. On one side of the river arose Gentlemen's Seats, with houses built, and grounds laid out, in the greatest taste and elegance. I was also much gratified at the sight of a large old Castle in the highest state of ruin, which increased the grandeur of the scene, while the cabins and potato fields on the opposite side completed it.

At two o'clock we arrived at Passage, a busy town with some very handsome houses in it, only they are weather slated which has a gloomy appearance to a stranger. Saw a number of genteel persons passing along the street (for there is but one.) In the summer it is very gay, owing to the ladies who go there from Cork, for the benefit of the bathing, as the water is quite

salt. There is a new and commodious bathing house erected there. In it are Assembly-rooms, in which they have Balls and Assemblies throughout the season. We stopped at a Road Tavern to get some refreshment. We got some of the best porter I ever tasted. Cork is noted for its good porter. The Captain went off to hire a post-chaise to carry us to Cork.

Edward was smoking a cigar and talking to the landlord; meanwhile the landlady invited me upstairs, and was very obliging, and also very inquisitive about America—the lower class of people here think its a wonderful, fine place, and my answers respecting it did not contradict that idea. She then asked who our relations were and where we intended going? I did not choose to answer particularly. I merely mentioned we were going to a Mr. Church's in Cork. She gave a scream and said "Oh! now, and it is them ye are going to—and are ye any kin to them?" I told her we were. "Ah! now—well they are very fine people, and very rich. Their country place is just out of Passage. Oh! how glad they will be to see ye."

I then expressed a wish to know if the chaise was ready, and that put a stop to her harangue. The motion of the carriage felt as strange to me as if I had not been in one for years, so I do not wonder sailors are awkward when riding in inland conveyances. The chaises have one large seat in them, and three can sit conveniently on it. They are exactly like Sarah Wister's carriage. The horses looked rather thin, from the continual driving they get. The Captain would bawl to the lad that drove—"heave ahead! beat that fellow at the larboard, and cut up him at the starboard-side"—but he did not mind, for the horses just jogged along, which gave me an opportunity of observing the country, which is so beautiful that I cannot possibly describe it—for there is a continuation of Seats from Passage to Cork, which is five miles. The road is on the bank of the river\* almost all the way. We arrived in Cork about five o'clock in the afternoon. It is not an elegant city, but a very populous one. The streets are much narrower than ours, excepting a few of the principal ones. We stopped at a large Hotel, situated in a very noisy and crowded street called Georges Street. We were conducted to a handsome drawing room, up one pair of stairs, next

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\* Lee.

the street. From the window I had a full view of all that passed, and was diverted at seeing a great number of fashionables—and an old woman with different colored clothes, pushing along among the best of them, crying “cakes and muffins” in the din. But the quality generally ride. There is a fine Theatre in the city, and as it happened to be play-night, I had an opportunity of seeing a great many carriages, in which were fine-looking women dressed with great taste and elegance. But the style and state in which persons of distinction ride in here was quite novel to me. Coaches with four and six horses emblazoned with Coats-of-Arms, and richly ornamented, having a Coachman, Postillion, and two Footmen on horseback, dressed in livery, are very common.

Edward and the Captain, after bespeaking tea, went out to look about the town, and I was left to my own reflections, which were a great many thee may judge. I really do not know what my thoughts were—I had such a variety, but thee were foremost of them, that I know. I seemed to be in a kind of vacant state of mind, having gone through so much at sea—and my nerves and mind so weakened (and all that excitement of feeling entirely gone) that I believe I could have borne almost anything without shedding a tear. I did not think it were possible for any one to arrive at such a state, particularly one naturally irritable.

When Edward and the Captain came in we sat down to a nice cup of tea, excellent beefsteak, delightful butter and bread. It was a delicious repast to us thee may think. Cork is famous for good butter. I heard of its being so frequently. But prejudice would not let me believe the report, but I found it remarkably good on trial. After tea my E. H. went to look for his brother Church's house, and met a relative whose name is Doyle, who is in the Harvey's Counting House, and of course could tell him where all his relations lived. He accosted Edward and asked him if he was not a Harvey—it struck him that Edward was, from the great likeness he bore to the family, and to his sister Anne, with whom he was well acquainted. He made it his business to go immediately and inform her of our arrival, and prepare her to see him. Edward wished to go at once, but Mr. Doyle would not let him; he said he did not know what the consequence would be, as Anne was very delicate and nervous, and had been fretting about him for a long time. Mr. Doyle accordingly went, and my E. H. came back to me—but he was very uneasy; seemed

to think every moment an hour, until he should see 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. He stayed a considerable time and I intended to give him a good lecture, but when he returned I saw he had been greatly affected, but at the same time full of glee—which I thought it a pity to spoil.

Edward told me he found his sister very poorly and so altered and thin that he should not have known her. Although she had been prepared by her cousin Doyle to see him, yet when he went she was lying on a sofa, very much overcome. Thomas Harvey's wife was with her, and stayed during the interview fearing (as she since told me) that they would both go into fainting fits—Edward being almost as bad as she. It was very affecting, to be sure, as they had not seen each other since the death of their beloved brother William.\* Indeed they both have too much sensibility for their own good. She sent me a message saying 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. She seemed as if she could not bear Edward out of her sight.

When he came back he expected I would go immediately—saying he would not ask me only Anne was really so ill that she was not able to stir. I told him I was very comfortable where I was, and unless she was dying, I would not go to her house, until I had seen her, so he was obliged to stay at the Hotel that night. Besides, I wished to look over my clothes and have a little time to breathe before I saw anyone belonging to him—particularly Anne, whom I understand was always fond of style and dress. So before I went to bed I endeavored to get some of the sea tan off by washing with a good lather. The bathing refreshed me greatly, and next morning I felt like another creature.

My E. H. went directly after breakfast to his sister's, who was still poorly, as she had not slept any all night from the agitation of her feelings. He came soon back, and told me she intended coming to see me in the course of an hour. I began about dressing, but thee knows I am never long at that. I then sat down

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\* William was coming to America with Edward, but was drowned as they were about to embark.



to write, but had not written far before I heard someone on the stairs—and the next moment Edward ushered in his sister, who entered the room and bade me welcome with the greatest ease and dignity, that I was quite astonished at her appearance altogether.

I expected to see a handsome woman, but did not expect to see beauty of face, elegance of form, and dignity of manner all combined, as they are in her. I had nearly lost my presence of mind—but checked myself and put on as consequential a look as it were possible for my little brow of wisdom to put on! I know if my dear Patty is reading this she is itching to have a description of her person—so thou shalt have it. In the first place she is about two inches taller than I am, but slighter made; neck rather long—and very narrow across the shoulders, and low. Had a commanding air when walking, which proceeds, I suppose, from her learning to dance. Her hair, a bright brown, (it is not red enough to be a perfect auburn); it is very glossy and long; she wears it in a net, of the same color. But her complexion exceeds any I ever saw, I think, for transparency and whiteness, with a faint blush in her cheeks. Her mouth remarkably pretty when she smiles, with a set of teeth as white as ivory, and as even as a die—without a speck. Her eyes are blue. Her nose and face rather long. In short, take her altogether she is the most elegant woman I ever saw. Do not think I “romance” for I was never out of conceit with myself before. She is very much like Robert Hare’s (the attorney’s) wife was before she was married.

She insisted on my going with her home then, as she did not choose to go without me. I put on my straw bonnet, and tried to look as smart as possible, and off we went. Her house is about the distance of two squares from the Hotel; it is a large old-fashioned building with a flight of steps to it. When we stopped before it I saw long chintz curtains, and green silk blinds—five large windows front above with inside shutters shut to. We entered the hall which is large with wide stairs it in—the first lobby fronts the hall door—and has a very large window in it, as large and the shape of a church window, which makes the hall exceedingly light. About the middle of the hall is an Arch made of wood, from which is suspended a handsome lamp; beyond that stands a clock, and a large dining table that’s only used

when they have great companies. Figured cloth on the floor; and beautiful stair carpeting with brass rods. Well, so much for the Hall. Now for the Parlours. There are four doors in the Hall, it being a double house—two belong to the parlours, and the other two open into the offices.

In the front parlour there is a sofa, eleven Mahogany chairs, and two window seats large enough for three. Two tables, one Satin wood, cost five guineas alone! it stands under a large pier table-glass that is six feet by three. The wall, light paper. Black marble chimney-piece, with mantel ornaments and cut-glass candlesticks. A picture over it. A handsome fender. On the floor a mat like the one Sarah Aston has in her best parlour. The Glass is very handsome; it has an entirely plain frame, only gilt. The dining parlour has in it about a dozen mahogany chairs, a handsome carpet and side-board; mantel ornaments; two side tables; and a breakfast one. Inside the dining parlour is a little room where they keep all their plate and china—which they have an abundance of. The best tea-set is elegant French china containing a hundred and eight pieces which cost fourteen guineas; also a complete service of blue and white china which would accommodate fifty persons, with glass in proportion. 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 Pot.
- 1 Cream do
- 1 Sugar do
- 1 Tongs.
- 2 Waiters.
- 2 Tureens.
- 2 Tea Urns.
- 1 Soup Ladle.
- 1 Fish Spoon.
- 2 pairs Candle Sticks.
- 3 pairs Salt Cellers.
- 3 Porter Cans.
- 2 pairs Snuffers and trays.
- 2 Butter Knives.
- 6 Egg Cups.
- 1 Castor with eight bottles.



A quantity of table, tea, dessert, and salt spoons, that I never counted.

I should not write so minutely to anyone else, but I know thou art so fond of particulars, and I am determined to indulge thee.

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 for Anne. Next a Cook who superintends the kitchen; and three men servants—one to drive Anne; one to clean boots and shoes; another to run messages for the office and the parlours.

After we had dined and sat drinking wine for a length of time—which annoyed me greatly; a custom all genteel persons do here—Anne took me upstairs. From the first lobby we went into a large Drawing-room, which has been converted into a chamber for Anne on account of her ill health—concluding she would have more air in it—and a spacious room it is, although there is in it a large mahogany bed-stead, with rich chintz curtains; a bureau; two toilets; easy chair; and a number of mahogany and cane ones.

The next room was allotted to us. The walls are of a beautiful sky blue; yellow chintz curtains; toilet; mahogany chairs; and a closet adjoining to dress and undress in—a wash stand; and on the dressing table a Goblet of water and glass, which I think a pretty custom.

Next morning the Mantuamaker 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, L. Fennell, who married William Lecky. Our coming prevented their going. 'Twas to take place on the Fifth day following—and Anne was resolved she would pay a bride's visit the next evening, and by that time get me fixt to go with her. Our clothes were all at Cove, in the ship, excepting a few changes in a small trunk that 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 Mantuamaker and she made it up very handsomely for the occasion. The next things to be had were flesh coloured silk stockings; new kid shoes; gause for neckerchief; white silk cord around my waist, and my hair dressed.

Anne would not let me wear a cap, but got me an elegant white Gypsy hat—cost a guinea and a half; picnet sleeves and white gloves. So much for myself.

Now I suppose thee would like to know how Anne was dressed. First her hair, which wants little dressing, as it curls naturally at the ends. That was fixed up in a net. Her gown was of pearl coloured and blue Sarsanet; white silk cord about the waist; flesh-coloured stockings and white kid shoes; handkerchief with lace frill to it; a kind of lace shade thrown loosely over her shoulders, and hung down on one side. When she was dressed I thought I never saw such elegant simplicity and ease displayed before. The truth is, I felt and looked so badly by the side of her that I did not want to go. But she told me there was to be a great number there, and almost all our relations, and I had better be introduced to a roomful at once, as it would save me the trouble of being introduced separately—as they would be calling for that purpose, if I did not go. So I took courage and we went off in great style, leaving James and Edward over the wine (for they never dine until four.) 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 parlour where we took off our things. The bridegroom and some of the bridesmaids came down to meet us. We then were ushered up, and from the lobby I saw that 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 were possible for me to assume—So much, that I believe it would puzzle any to know whether I was embarrassed or not.

We were handed to the Bride, who was seated on a large sofa, and I, being a stranger, was put next to her. (Don't talk of the Irish, for they exceed the Americans for ease of manners, 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 address was so like one, as well as his dress,—he has such 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, and asked me about the voyage. When I told him what a tempestuous time we 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 awhile he advanced toward me; with that, the other left me. He said he had been waiting for a long time for his brother to move that he might take the opportunity of speaking to me. "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."

I found them both very agreeable men. When I had an opportunity I asked a lady who they were. She said 'twas Reuben Harvey and his brother Tom. The same I heard Jerry Warder talk of that had been paying such attention to me. I was shortly after introduced by Reuben to his wife, who is not very handsome, being rather a low figure, but has a fine complexion, and is the picture of good nature. Tom's wife was not there. The company was nearly made up of Harveys, Fennells, and Leckys. I believe there was between forty and fifty in the room, and everyone related more or less—and married and inter-married. I was tired of being introduced to the name of Harvey—for the wedding brought them from Yonghal 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 and butter, and poundcake, and a variety of other cakes, which were handed about, which were excellent—but I was too much taken with looking, and thinking, and fearing I should betray astonishment, to eat much. (But I ventured to take off my white gloves, lest I should soil them; which I saw nobody else do—but I was determined to be at ease, and 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.)

What a pity Edward is in trade; he is the only one of his family who is, but that is owing to his Father dying when he was so young! We returned home in good time as we were alone—found James and Edward just come from walking. James took Edward to look at the Mardyke, a delightful walk just out of Town, and a place of fashionable resort.

Next day saw a good deal of the Town, but would soon get lost if alone, the streets are so crooked, except some of the principal ones. Went out riding with Anne almost every day. Sarah Harvey, Tom's wife, came very soon and drank tea with us—as did several others in the course of the week. She is quite celebrated for her beauty and gaiety; has a number of gallants who 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 fond pair. They have six beautiful children; the oldest just turned of eight. Four of them go to dancing school, small as they are. The mother looks younger than I do. When she was married she was only turned of sixteen. She has blue eyes, auburn hair, and is about the size of M. Voorhees, only rounder made. She is very pretty, only not so elegant a figure as Anne Church.

Friends celebrate weddings much longer here than with us. Tom Harvey gave a dinner in compliment to W. Lecky and his bride, and of course James and Anne, and my E. H. and I were invited. We went, accordingly, and found a great number of people collected, nearly all of the Harveys, Fennells, Leckys—the longest tailed families I ever knew—there seems to be no end to them—particularly the Harveys—there are a great many tribes and generations of them.

James Abell a worthy and valuable Friend was there; one of the family also, and several gay\* persons. We dined up in the Dining Hall. There was one large table in the middle, and two side tables laid. The furniture in the room, and the superb manner the tables were decorated exceeds 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 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 of the room to the other, and of course, over the pier. It is a most fanciful way of putting up curtains. I never saw any put up so handsome with us. The floor is cove red all over with a rich Turkey carpet; mahogany chairs. The room, elegant light papered. Over the chimney a portrait of the eldest boy, as large as life, playing at Shuttlecock. Under the table

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\* The term "gay" meant not Friends, or Quakers.

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was a green cloth spread, fine enough for coats. But how shall I give thee an idea of the grandeur of the tables?—I do not know! We sat down at five o'clock. At the head sat Tom, after seating the Bride and me next to her, on the right side. Next him on the left Sarah was seated. M. Harvey, Reuben's wife, next below me, then Anne Church, and so on, according to their age and consequence, all handed by the gentlemen—an etiquette rarely attended to in America. On the other side of us was a long string of the Fennels, all Mary Harvey's relations. At the lower end were the young girls and beaux. And at the side tables, Reuben Harvey, James Church, and Edward among them, enjoying themselves greatly.

But the worst of all is how I shall convey unto 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 being at one. I will give the description in brief as much as I can, for it would be an endless task to give a full description. All the service was of blue Nankin china, cut glass, and plate—the knives and forks with white ivory handles, with the Harvey Crest cut on them, Leopard and Shamrock; and on the back of the spoons, and all the smaller articles of plate, with the Crest alone, but on the larger ones the complete Coat-of-Arms, with three Leopards and Crest.

With respect to the eating part I cannot undertake to tell thee—only there were about eight courses. The first, Green Turtle, 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 eat stoutly of Roast Duck and green peas. They have a way of cooking potatoes which makes them delightful—that is, the potatoes are boiled, then mashed up with butter and cream, and made into little round loaves, and browned—they look like our rusks when done. There seemed to be everything that money could purchase, and the season afford, that taste and good cooking contrive. But the dessert was beautiful beyond description. Before the first cloth was taken up, after the meats were removed, there were elegant cut glass bowls, filled with water, placed before everyone, with a damask napkin.

But I forgot to tell thee they have a custom here of what they call "Hob Nobbing"—that is, the gentlemen and ladies drink

to each other. I saw a great many decanters of wine of different kinds on the table, but concluded they would not drink 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 it was, very soon after. However, I made out pretty well, excepting I almost finished my glass—but I soon found that would never do, for the Bride and I were called on to drink, from all the gentlemen at table. The other ladies were not quite so much as we—she being a bride and I a stranger—and if we had drank a glass with every one we would have been in a bad way, but it is necessary to sip some, as the person thee drinks with expects thee to fill up the glass 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.) After they had done, the upper cloth was taken off. I found there had been two put on at once to save trouble. Then came pies, tarts, puddings, puffs, and everything in the pastry line, not forgetting bread, butter, and English cheese,—but that was directly after the meats. Then after the pastry was finished, came fruits and sweetmeats. In the middle of the Table was an Epergne (I do not know whether I spell it right or not, but that is what it is called.) It is of silver with a kind of pillar in the middle, a glass bowl in the top, and from the sides were eight branches. At the ends of each were elegant cut glass cups, containing sweetmeats of every description, both foreign and home-made. Over the middle and the branches were wreaths of flowers—hung carelessly over. 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—in short, as I told thee before, there seemed to be every thing money could procure to gratify the palate, and the eye.

After staying a considerable while with the gentlemen at wine, the ladies withdrew to a handsome parlour below, furnished richly. A sofa covered with black Morocco, Mahogany chairs;



chintz curtains; turkey carpet; two glass lustres-pictures; Washington's portrait, and so on. The gentlemen stayed at the wine till late, James Abell with them a good while. Then after giving them a caution not to drink too much, he came to us. After he left them toasts were proposed, and when it came to my Edward's turn they insisted he should toast some American fair one—and who dost thee think he toasted as being the handsomest girl, but Lydia Ponltney—so thee may tell her she has been toasted by a large party of gentlemen in Ireland.

About nine o'clock the gentlemen came down and tea and coffee were handed around and an abundance of pound cake. On the table stood two large silver urns, but the china exceeded any I ever saw, for the beauty of the pattern. 'Twas landscape done in colours like pictures, on white ground, with a deep gold border.

At eleven we sat down to a sumptuous supper—the table brilliantly lighted up. We had hot lobster brought up, which Tom dressed and seasoned over a chaffing 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. For my part my head and eyes began to ache with seeing, hearing, feasting!

We got home about twelve, which was thought very early. I was exceedingly wearied and worn out, as much as if I had been at work all day. I must alter my plan and not be so minute.

The First Day following went to meeting and was introduced standing up fronting the gallery by Hannah Gough, who is related to Edward, and all the Harvey families—which I did not know a word of until I came to Ireland. I little thought when reading the "History of the people called Quakers" by John Gough that I should be in any way connected to the author's family. He has left two daughters and one son. The girls reside in Cork, and the brother is a printer in Dublin. I like them very much; their chief foible is family pride, their Father being so generally known and caressed. He did not die very rich, but still they rate themselves first chop. The Meeting-house is about as large as the Pine Street one; there is a mahogany railing to the gallery, and very nice, with mats in the aisles. I was introduced to a number after Meeting; was afraid of being spoiled.

I was called on by Mary Ann Church, James's cousin, a fine blooming girl. I do not wonder that Anne wished Edward and Mary Ann to make a match; it would have been better for him

every way, I believe, particularly in the money line. She is a most agreeable creature, but is very sentimental, and would marry for love, and love alone—providing the object pleased her. I fancy she thinks Edward very clever notwithstanding his plain manner. I have often thought it was almost a pity that I was the only obstacle between them, for whatever Anne says is law with her, such is her excessive fondness for Anne. Indeed the romantic attachment that exists between them was talked of before Anne was married, and it is not the least abated since. I have often joked her about Edward and said I expected Anne was disappointed at their not coming together. I found the subject was not new to her, and that she and Anne had often been contemplating his picture, which he sent her, which is no comparison to the one I have. She said she would have known him anywhere, and I believe she fully expected he would return single. “Perhaps he would never have had me.” This she would say quite mournfully, for I was soon her confidential and bosom friend, romantic-like. She is the most artless, unreserved, 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 no one else seems to make any impression on him. 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 with him, but they both 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 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 gentlemen’s Seats near “Tivolee.” Mary Ann is well acquainted with the families and took me to see several, among the rest to a gentleman’s, whose name is Coupper Penrose, who has an elegant picture gallery. I have often read of them, but never saw one until now. It is a very large one with a vast number of paintings. He has also a gallery with niches in the wall for Statuary. He got most of his paintings and statuary from Italy—the pictures represented both ancient and modern. Venus; Cleopatra with Asps; Jupiter and Juno; Maid of Orleans; Prince of Wales, with many others as large as life. C. Penrose and his family all as large as life. The place





EDWARD HARVEY, Esq.

(1783—1858)

This is the miniature mentioned in the "Journal."

Now in the possession of his grand-son,

Dr. Charles Henry Harvey,  
of West Philadelphia



is called "Woodhill." It stands on one. Commands a beautiful view of Cork and the river Lee, and the Seats on the other side of the river, among which is Reuben Harvey's—'tis thought to be the handsomest on that side, by far. It is quite a Paradise—the name is "Chiplee"—'tis a mile and a quarter from Cork; was there very often. They have the sweetest flock of children—the oldest about eighteen; brought up with great order—they never get whipped nor scolded, and yet they are the best behaved children I ever knew. (There are eight.) 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.

Then there are a great many of the Deaves family connected with the Harveys and the 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 there ever was a truly sincere good woman, she is one—although her husband left her worth thirty thousand pounds, clear, exclusive of his stock in trade (so that the Firm is as it was before his death.)

I intended to have kept a regular Journal, or Diary, after I came to Cork, but found I could not with ease. In the morning I was generally riding with Anne; did not get up until nine o'clock; went to breakfast between nine and ten, then set off to ride about twelve. Called at different places, and returned at half past three; then dressed for dinner, sat down at four o'clock, and not rise until six—then either walking or receiving company the remainder of the evening. This kind of life was rather tiresome at first, but I soon got used to it.

I did attempt to keep my room in order myself, but I 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 count my clothes for the washerwoman. All genteel families put out their washing here, and have their clothes mangled, instead of ironed, so that the washerwoman brings them home in nice order, just ready to put in the drawer. Anne puts out all their washing and keeps a Seamstress, so that she has nothing to do, but fancy work (and she has great taste for that)—visit, and receive visitors.

Soon after my arrival I sent for a kind of powder to put on my face, neck, and arms, and had Anne's waiting-woman to cleanse my hair with it, and she kept me sitting, whilst she gave me a good cleansing 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 neighbours 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 there I was again astonished to see such style, such order, and elegance in one family. We sat down with a large company (Richard Baker among us,) to a sumptuous dinner, conducted with great regularity; the servants moving like clock work. The house is situated on a beautiful hill, on the River Lee. The lawn is very handsome with a bathing house at the bottom of it—for the water is quite salt. They have 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 floor. A large lobby, large enough for a room, on the second floor, from which opens five chambers. But they found the house too small for their family, and the continual round of company they kept. (And it is an asylum for every decent stranger who comes to these parts.) So this Spring they have enlarged the house, and intend having it as large again.

We were also at old Reuben Harvey's Seat; it has been sold since his death; it is a very beautiful place called "Pleasant



REUBEN HARVEY, Esq.

(1734—1808)

From a miniature in the possession of  
his family, of Waterford, Ireland



Field"\*—but his children were all settled before his death (except two who are single and did not choose to keep the House alone.) He left his five daughters two thousand pounds apiece (cash) and his five sons it is supposed a great deal more. The house is a monstrous large old-fashioned building, with two flights of steps from the Hall door—one to the right and one 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 front; it is thought that a Coach and four might turn with ease in the Hall; it is the largest I ever saw, or ever expect to see. The parlours are large in proportion. The doors, windows, and sashes, wainscoting, all of thick mahogany. One of the chimney-pieces is thought to be superior to any of its kind—it is of different coloured marble, inlaid in such a manner, that it is impossible to distinguish it from a solid piece. It was Ann Harvey, old Reuben's daughter, who accompanied us hither. She is single, and about twenty-nine; she is a most amiable character.

It was a great trial to her feelings to go to "Pleasant Field" not having been 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 he was a great Politician, and a man of uncommon abilities; 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, insomuch 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 them. It was the wonder of many where and how he got all the news first. (Not knowing that he corresponded with General Washington, and so he got it from headquarters.)

Sailors, and persons of every description, who bore the name of Americans, went to him, when in these parts, and never were

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\* "Pleasant-Field" is now the Ursulina Convent, Black Rock, Cork. It was built in 1771.

sent away empty. He wrote abundance, in favour of the Americans, under a fictitious name. I have never seen any of his pieces, but have heard of them. It was old Reuben Harvey of whom Jerry Warder put so long an account in the Philadelphia Newspaper. Don't you remember how much my Edward 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 who took Anne Church, after her father's death, and brought her up, 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! And you know Edward's chief foible is backwardness—through that she knew nothing of his affairs, and Anne was too proud to tell her, which vexed me greatly, for if he had been more communicative, he might have some of what others are enjoying, others that had so much before that they know not what to do with it. Indeed he gets many a rub from Reuben Harvey about his backwardness, which I am always glad to hear, and join in most cordially.

We were at Susanna Mee's late residence—"Temple-Ville," a beautiful place near Reuben Harvey's. "Horsehead," James Church's father's place is also very handsome; it is built in the Cottage Style. It is six miles from Cork, and as the Inn-keeper's wife said, just out of Passage. The old folks soon came to see us and invited us to "Horsehead," and fixt a day when we go thence.

They kept us a week. It is a complete cottage; thatched roof, and but one story high above the ground. A large old-fashioned portico—beyond that a wide Hall, with winding stairs in it; a parlour to the right and left—one very large. At the side of the House is the Servant's 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; an abundance of fruit, from which Anne is well supplied. I think I never knew anyone settled in greater ease and plenty.

At her marriage the old gentleman chose that James should settle two-thousand pounds on Anne, which was accordingly done,



in case of failure, which is not very likely. However, the old gentleman said he wished to have her secure, as she had been brought up delicately, and was too delicate a creature to bear hardships, 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 were very much pleased with the connection, and James's maiden Sister thought him courting—if going after her and paying a deal of attention can be called courting. I have understood that the old folks said that she being a Harvey was quite sufficient for them to wish the connection to take place.

The day of the marriage after meeting Mary Ann Church told me, that 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 Churches are very rich, but not thought as high blooded as the Harveys.

Anne buried her sweet little, sweet little boy, John Edward, a few months before we arrived. I have been told he was Edward in miniature; had blue eyes and flaxen hair. My Edward was a good deal disappointed, for he anticipated a deal of pleasure with him. His mother never mentioned his name to either of us—nor does anyone ever attempt to speak of him before her—such is the peculiarity of her disposition. Mary Harvey says she expected Anne would lose her senses when the child died—as she did when she heard of the death of her brother William. And Susannah Mee had a trying time with her not knowing how to break the matter to her—and when she did so, finally, Anne and Eliza Todhunter (alias Harvey—then old Reuben Harvey's youngest daughter) both fell into fainting fits. And Anne did not recover her senses perfectly for some time, and when she did she would never mention his name, nor allow anyone to converse to her on the subject. Her nearest and dearest friends were afraid to venture to console her—or say one word about him—such is the refined sensibility of her feelings, and her friends have indulged her in it. The servants and everyone was cautioned about the matter. Her nerves have become so weakened that she can scarce bear the common incidents of life with any degree of composure.

But great susceptibility of feeling belongs to the Harvey

family, and they bear and participate with each other more than any family I ever knew. Indeed they are remarkable for the extreme affection that subsists throughout all the branches.

We spent one month at "Chiplee"—Reuben Harvey's place—and 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—'tis but a mile and a quarter to Town. Sometimes the carriage and the Gig would be full, she then would go on her Pony, a beautiful little horse her Father bought just for her to ride on. I rode it several times, and could almost wish I had a Pony too.

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 astonishing to think what a round of company they keep—and have so large a family of their own—and yet the house is like waxwork for neatness—but then, to be sure, they have a great number of servants. When we were there they had six women servants, besides the coachman, butler, gardener, and as many more living in the Lodges, and out-houses. It is quite common here for every gentleman to have a Clan of the lower order attached to them and their particular families—so that every man of property is like a little king!

From "Chiplee" we went to Dublin to see my E. H.'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 I ever saw of the kind. Philadelphia is quite a country town in comparison (*but I do not tell anyone here so!*) I shall not undertake to describe Dublin, but will leave that for a better scribe. Only it is allowed by Travellers to be the handsomest City in Europe.

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, we hired a Coach and drove to Edward's Uncle's place, called "Willington," about four miles from Dublin. 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' notions; 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 a new and handsome garden—by building, I mean the wall—and had stone brought to build a larger house, but 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 he 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. Patty is the handsomest, and my favorite. They are all exceedingly kind and attentive. They seem to have as much affection for my E. H. as if he was their own brother.

We spent two weeks at Thomas Pim's, in Dublin. He married a cousin of my Edward's. (William Harvey's daughter, of Yougall); they live in great style, he being a great merchant. How different the merchants live here from those in Philadelphia! Their house is in William Street—is very handsome. The Hall is paved with white and black marble, in which is an elegant stairway of white 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 bannisters—the dining parlour hung with crimson—and every article of furniture mahogany. In the recesses are mahogany cases, from the ceiling to the surbase, with glass doors lined with green silk; in one they keep books; in the other the China they use every day—a very good contrivance, and gives the room, instead, a grand and elegant appearance. The dining-room is monstrous large—two sofas, twenty chairs—mahogany and cane, mixed, are the fashion here. Two pier tables, and one other, and still looks empty. A Turkey carpet covered over with green baize; rich chintz curtains.

Mary's bed-room is quite as grand—monstrous mahogany bedstead, wardrobes, and closets, from the ground up, 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 Edward's relations live in, and the grandeur of their furniture, I could fill volumes.

We were also at John and William Todhunter's. English-

men, and brothers, who married two first Cousins. John married Susannah, the daughter of Thomas Harvey, of Youghall. And William married Eliza, the daughter of old Reuben Harvey, of Cork, and youngest sister to the present Reuben. Mary Pim's father, William Harvey, was brother of Thomas, both of Youghall—and both deceased—so all three cousins are settled in Dublin, and I can't tell thee which of them lives in the greatest style. They were all exceedingly kind and attentive. Thomas and Mary Pim came out to Uncle Stephen's place, "Willington," four miles from Dublin, on purpose to see us, and 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, and notes of invitation were as disagreeable as a doctor's prescription—and then I was so fatigued with dressing, for people here are much more particular about dress than with us. (And thee knows I never was fond of the job!) If anyone had told me sometime before that I should go to Dublin, and have nothing to do but dress and go to great dinners and parties, I should have thought it delightful—and 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 people, can afford any satisfaction. But after all, it is in the mind we must look for real, solid, satisfaction. How much better has a little snug dinner at Merion been relished with me, than the many sumptuous ones I have been to since I came to these parts.

But my stomach being in a very irritable state, was the cause in some measure—which I think rather fortunate, for perhaps, if I had been in full health and spirits I should have forgotten myself, and been carried away with vanity. But the sea-storm was a great preventative, for it would come across my mind amidst the gayest companies, and served as a damper to my greatest pleasure—having it before my eyes for a length of time.

The Stephens boys—my Edward's cousins on his mother's side, are very rich dashing fellows; one of them is a complete Coffee House lounge, and quite the thing; his name is William. Edward, the next eldest, married to a gay, but very clever girl; the next, Thomas, has gone to the Army; and John, the youngest,

is in T. Pim's Counting House—a very fine youth; bids fair to be the “flower of the flock.” The sister, married to a dashing lawyer, so that they have all left Friends (except John.) The fault lies on the father, who, I understand, was a high proud man, and would meddle in Politics, and had many city honors conferred on him—contrary to Friend's principles. His wife was also a very high Dame, and of course he 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—only their taste is more gaudy, in their furniture and hangings (excepting Tom Harvey's.) Edward Stephen's drawing-room is really elegant, and monstrous large—the house is one of the Father's building, and as he was one of the Aldermen, and gave great feasts, he required large rooms to entertain those lovers of Turtle, his brethren, in.

We dined at Edward Allen's, a great linen merchant—an old friend of Edward's. He and his wife are both very hospitable, and agreeable persons. We also dined with several others, Edward's old acquaintances, not relatives. They seemed greatly rejoiced to see him. I should scarcely have believed that he was so beloved, had I not been eye-witness of it.

After spending three weeks in Dublin, we set off for Clonmel, in one of the boats on the canal. It is a very pleasant easy way of travelling. They cook on board, and the dinner and accommodations equal to a Hotel. We travelled that way to Athy, which is the distance of thirty miles to Dublin, and posted from there to Clonmel. We passed through many pretty Towns, but the handsomest was Kilkenny, in which there is a very fine Castle belonging to the Earl of Ormonde. The country from Dublin to Clonmel is very beautiful. Night overtook us before we reached Clonmel, which terrified me greatly, for we were obliged to pass by a chain of mountains that 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 ten o'clock, and put up at an elegant Hotel, and remained there two days and nights.

The people we took the house from were not moved out; meanwhile we bought furniture, not forgetting a Sofa, an article thee all know I am fond of. But persons cannot make as little

furniture answer here as in America, for if there is not some degree of gentility kept up, the common orders will think nothing of us. I thought to make my carpets myself, but there was such a hue and cry about it, that I was obliged to get an upholstress to make my curtains, Sofa cover, and carpets. The house is a very large double one, consisting of Parlour, Hall, Kitchen, and two pantries below stairs. Above, a Drawing-room, and six Chambers, with a large winding stair case. We pay eighty guineas per annum. There is a large garden belonging to it, with workshop, stable, and other outhouses 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; and I have her advice on every occasion.

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In the family Bible, in Edward Harvey's handwriting appears the following:—

William Harvey (Still-born) 6th Mo., 1810. Interred in Friends' Burying Ground, Clonmel, Ireland. Son of Edward and Margaret B. Harvey.

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CLONMEL, 8th Mo. 1810.—Oh! that I could express the goodness of thee, Lord, or in some way convey an idea of his mercy to me, a poor finite creature. I called upon Him and He listened to my prayer, neither turned a deaf ear to my entreaties. I will give thanks unto thee, Oh! Lord, for thou helped me when there was none to help, but thee. I will praise thee for thou alone art worthy, and unto thee belongs glory, honour, and renown.

CLONMEL, IRELAND, 13th of 9th Mo., 1810.

MY DEAR ONES,

Since I wrote the foregoing sheets I have suffered beyond measure. My feelings will scarce let me write about it to thee. But I was afraid thee would take it unkind of me if I let this packet go without saying one word. I expect thee will think I neglected thee, but when thee sees how much I have been writing all winter I think thee will excuse me. I have indeed been very ill, but am now finally recovered—it was looked on as a miracle. I don't know how to give thee an idea of the critical state I was in; nor the wonderful manner in which I was supported throughout the whole.

My mind was in such a perfect calm that the world and all in it seemed but as dross



I often thought of Job Scott, while ill, saying he believed that "Nature suffered more than nature could bear." I could also adopt his language and say "Quietness like a canopy covered my mind."

Thus I lay for three weeks, and was not able to put my hand to my head, or turn myself in bed. I had two nurses (who were good); two doctors, and the professional woman, who was with me at first, all attending me. At the end of three weeks I was able to sit in an easy chair, but unfortunately got cold, which threw me into a fever. That nearly cut the slender thread of remaining life. But "He that was with me in six troubles did not forsake me in the seventh."

I thought of thee, my dear Aunt, in the midst of every trial, and thy good instruction and advice was very consolatory to my mind. When I am equal to the task I intend writing to thee, *and thee only*, all the particulars.

Friends were very kind, remarkably so. And I had everything that money could purchase. But I had what was better—I had the presence of HIM that was more to me than gold, or anything earthly.

I have but an hour to finish before the post goes from this to Cork, by which I mean to send this packet to Reuben Harvey to forward to America. My dear Patty's letter was very acceptable, but very short. Do mind everything that thy more-than mother bids thee, and do not be self-willed. Many times have I repented contradicting her. I am rejoiced that my Uncle Jones is so much better. I intended writing to him, but have not time. He is to read all I have written. Oh! how I long to see him, and all of thee. I hope I shall one day return to be a comfort to him, and dear Aunt Aggy. I hope Jimsey is well; give my love to him, and tell him to write to us. Give my best love to all enquiring friends, particularly S. Aston, Hetty E. Jones, and M. Voorhees—would write them if I had time now—but I intend writing shortly—tell them to write to me. And tell Hetty Madeira that I was indeed disappointed respecting my Edward's connections, for I had not the least idea that they were in such very high life, as I found them in. (Although she was apprehensive I thought them too grand, before I left America.) My dear love to Peggy Deaves.

I send a few little boxes that were presents to me; they are made of rushes; and the paper ones are some of Mary Anne Church's work. Give a paper one to Ann Warder. I wish thou was in Ireland with me. I am so much indulged, and kept so like a Lady, I am afraid I shall be quite spoiled. I like Ireland and the people so much, that I do not want to leave it. Send particular word to our Father and sisters; give my dear love to them; and write how they are and what doing. I wish thou, or Mary, was with me. I have now our Cousin Margaret Stephens with me this some time. She came in consequence of my illness, and will stay, I expect, all winter; she is a fine girl. I suppose thee has seen her brother ere this—he set sail for America before we went to Dublin, so that I never saw him.

I must quit for I could write a volume, if I wrote all I want to say. So with dear love, my beloved sister, I am truly thine

M. B. HARVEY.

My best love to everyone that thinks it worth while asking for me.

(An unfinished letter, probably written to Thomas Harvey's wife, was found in the Journal.)

DEAR SARAH,

Receive the enclosed trifle, as a small token of my regard. I made it while in Dublin, where they are quite fashionable—but not any of this shape. I was the third person who got this pattern from the Lady who invented it, previous to going to the City of Washington, with her husband who is the United States Attorney—so were obliged to go there on the meeting of Congress. I have traced the pedigree of this reticule to the third generation, and its of no mean extraction I assure thee! (I hope thee got the cap, which I gave in charge of Bess Cotter, for thee, the night I left for Cork.)

We spent several weeks in Dublin; were the greatest part of the time at T. Pim's where we received great kindness—and also the same from I. and W. Todhunter and their wives.

NOTE.—This JOURNAL was written in two parts. The second book which had been loaned to Ann Warder, mentioned repeatedly by Mrs. Harvey, was lost—but the following portion of it was afterwards found at Jeremiah Warder's country place, "Woodside." The Warder place is still called "Woodside" for it is now the popular amusement park of that name on the outskirts of West Fairmount Park, beyond George's Hill.

KILKENNEY, 3RD OF 1ST MONTH, 1811.—This is the fifth day of our being in Kilkenny. It is a beautiful place. The castle of the Earl of Ormonde is very magnificent; it is noted for its picture gallery.

DUBLIN 22ND OF 5TH MONTH, 1811.,—Came to 50 Aunger Street, to-day.

SIXTH MONTH, 7TH, 1811.—Bed and bedding came from Cork to-day.

SIXTH MONTH, 11TH, 1811.—Am not feeling well to-day—but I have trust in Him who will soothe all who trust in Him.

SIXTH MONTH, 24TH, 1811.—Born at No. 50 Aunger Street, Dublin, Ireland, Richard Jones Harvey—son of Edward and Margaret B. Harvey.

NINTH MONTH, 23RD, 1811.—I feel greatly depressed. Was looking at a comet which caused some serious reflections on the great power and goodness of the Creator of such grand and awful works, that He should condescend to be mindful of such an insignificant being as man.



To-morrow my darling Richard will be three months old. He is now sleeping in my lap, very composed and quiet, and the prayer of my heart is, if it pleases Providence to spare him to me, that I may be enabled to direct his tender mind aright.

TWELFTH MONTH, 25TH, 1811.—This is my darling's first Christmas. We are going home to our loved ones. I love Ireland but I believe I am homesick, I feel so depressed most of the time.

FIRST MONTH, NINTH, 1812.—We have been now at sea since the 4th of this month—had some very rough weather. I have been sick almost ever since. Am now quite so.

SECOND MONTH, 22ND, 1812.—Have been most miraculously preserved from being lost in the great deep. Oh! my soul how canst thou be thankful enough, or in what words express the gracious goodness, the loving kindness, the condescension of the Almighty. (Read 18th Chapter Psalms) I can not write much!

SECOND MONTH, 25TH, 1812.—The ship lying to again—the weather very squally, and no prospect of any better. Have now been out twenty days—drifted back towards Cork about two hundred miles, according to calculations. I cannot describe my feelings when I look at the rueful sorrowful countenance of my dear Edward, and the innocent smiling one of my darling Richard. Oh! what a variety of sensations it causes within me! I cannot write, my boy awakens.

THIRD MONTH, 24TH, 1812.—This day my dear little Richard is nine months old, and we have been at sea seven weeks. We are all well thanks to the great mercy of the Almighty, who has hitherto preserved us, as in the hollow of his hand—and oh! may he still continue to keep us from danger—nor let the horrors of darkness and death prevail against us, so that I may be restored to my dear Uncle and Aunt, with my little Boy!

(THIS ENDS THE JOURNAL.)



FROM THE

# Journal of the Cork Historical and Archaeological Society

(Published at Cork, Ireland, by Guy & Co., Ltd.)

Second Series, Vol. II, No. 14, February, 1896. Pages 89-90

LETTERS FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON, TO REUBEN HARVEY, ESQ., CORK, conveying the thanks of the Congress of the United States of America, in 1783, etc.

*Head Quarters, Newburgh,  
23rd June, 1783.*

SIR,—I was yesterday favoured with your letter of the 12th February, and this day I transmitted the papers which accompanied it to the President of Congress, with a letter of which the enclosed is copy.

Your early attachment to the cause of this country, and your exertions in relieving the distresses of such of our fellow-citizens as were so unfortunate as to be prisoners in Ireland, claim the regard of every American, and will always entitle you to my particular esteem.

I shall always be happy in rendering you every service in my power.

Being with great truth, sir,

Your very obedient servant,

Mr. Reuben Harvey.

G. WASHINGTON.

*Head Quarters, Newburgh,  
23rd June, 1783.*

SIR,—I do myself the honour to transmit your Excellency copy of a letter I have received from Mr. REUBEN HARVEY, of Cork, in Ireland, and sundry papers which accompanied it. The early part this gentleman appears to have taken in the cause of this country, and his exertions in relieving the distresses of such of our fellow-citizens whom the chance of war threw into the hands of the enemy, entitle him to the esteem of every American, and will, doubtless, have due weight in recommending him to the notice of Congress.

I have the honour to be,

Etc., etc., etc.,

His Excellency the President of Congress.

G. WASHINGTON.

BY THE UNITED STATES IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

*July 18, 1783.*

On the report of a Committee, to whom was referred a letter of the 23rd June, from the Commander-in-Chief, enclosing the copy of a letter from

Mr. REUBEN HARVEY, merchant in Cork, in the kingdom of Ireland, and other papers.

RESOLVED—"That his Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, be requested to transmit the thanks of Congress to Mr. REUBEN HARVEY, merchant in Cork, in the kingdom of Ireland, and express the just sense Congress entertain of the services he has rendered during the late war to American prisoners."

CHA. THOMSON, Secretary.

*Head Quarters, State of New York,  
August 10th, 1783.*

SIR,—I am honoured with the care of transmitting to you the enclosed resolution of Congress, expressing the sense which that august body entertain of your goodness to the American prisoners.

Impressed as I am with sentiments of gratitude to you for this expression of your benevolence, I feel a very particular gratification in conveying to you the thanks of the Sovereign Power of the United States of America, on an occasion, which, while it does honour to humanity, stamps a mark of particular distinction on you.

Wishing you the enjoyment of health, with every attendant blessing, I beg you to be persuaded that

I am, with very particular respect and regard, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Mr. Reuben Harvey.

G. WASHINGTON.

*Mount Vernon,  
August 30th, 1784.*

SIR,—Captain Stickney has presented me with your favour of the 25th May, together with the mess beef and ox tongue, for which you will please to accept my best thanks.

I do not grow tobacco on my estate, nor am I possessed of a pound at this time, otherwise I would with pleasure consign a few hhds. to your address, under full persuasion that no person would do me greater justice in the sale of them. Wheat and flour of the last year's produce is either exported or consumed—that of the present year is not yet got to market; what prices they will bear is not for me to say. But tho' I do not move in the mercantile line, except in wheat (which I manufacture into flour), I should, nevertheless, thank you for any information respecting the prices of these articles.

With very great esteem and regard, I am Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Reuben Harvey, Esq.

G. WASHINGTON.

General Washington subsequently presented Reuben Harvey with a gold ring in which was set a miniature portrait of himself.



Margaret Boyle & Edward  
Harvey's respects to Phoebe  
Loyes, requesting the favor  
of her Company to dine at  
Richard & Son's Merion  
on 3<sup>rd</sup> day the 16<sup>th</sup> Inst.  
6<sup>th</sup> mo: 9<sup>th</sup> 1803

COPY OF INVITATION TO THE WEDDING DINNER

# Marriage of Edward Harvey and Margaret Boyle

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The marriage of Edward Harvey (Son of Capt. William Harvey and Margaret Stephens, his wife, and Grandson of Edward Stephens and Margaret Wright, his wife, and Great Grandson of William and Dorcas Stephens) and Margaret Boyle (daughter of Captain James Boyle and Martha Williams, his wife) is recorded in Vol. 3, page 81, for the Records of Radnor, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. (John George, Rec'd.)

The marriage was solemnized at Merion Meeting House, Montgomery County, Pa., on June 16, 1808.

The following signed the Certificate (which is upon Parchment)\* as witnesses:—

JOSEPH GEORGE  
AMOS GEORGE  
WILLIAM E. GEORGE  
ALICE GEORGE  
LYDIA ROBERTS  
ANNE SUPPLEE  
AMOS ENNIS  
ELIZABETH MALIN  
GAINOR ROBERTS  
ELIZABETH SUPPLEE  
SARAH GEORGE  
REBECCA GEORGE  
JANE WALTER  
MARY LUDWIC  
SARAH GEORGE  
MARY HOWELL  
THOMAS WALPOLE  
NATHAN EVANS  
REBECCA GEORGE  
SARAH ASTON  
ELIZABETH ROWLAND

HETTY MADEIRA  
THOMAS J. MATTHEWS  
GEORGE MORRISON  
ARTHUR HOWELL  
GEORGE ASTON  
EDWARD GEORGE  
JOHN WRIGHT  
ABIGAIL WRIGHT  
MARTHA BOYLE  
AGNES DEAVES  
RICHARD JONES  
ELIZABETH W. JONES  
JERH. WARDER, JR.  
A. A. WORDER  
GAINOR JONES  
JAMES JONES  
SAM. JONES  
JANUS JONES  
MARTHA JONES  
CATHERINE JONES

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\* Certificate now in the possession of their grand-daughter, Mrs. Gertrude Harvey Hughes, of West Philadelphia.





# Sketch of Margaret Boyle's Family

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Margaret Boyle who married Edward Harvey and who wrote the foregoing JOURNAL, was the daughter of Captain James Boyle and Martha Williams, his wife. James Boyle (1753-1824) was a Lieutenant, later a Captain, in the Chester County Militia and fought in the Revolution. (See Penn Archives 2nd Series, Vol. XIV p. 90—Also edition of 1890, p. 93.)

He was a native of Ireland, a descendant of Richard, Great Earl of Cork, a nephew of Sir Robert Boyle, Earl of Orrey. He came to America when quite young—his parents having died when he was a child.

Martha Williams, wife of Captain James Boyle, was a heroine of the Revolution. She lived at Charleston, Chester County, Pa. Her father, David Williams; Grandfather, John Williams; and her brothers, Mordecai, James, and Daniel Williams, all served with the Pennsylvania Militia. (Their names can be found in the Charlestown Muster Rolls—Penn Archives.) While the Army was encamped at Valley Forge, within sight of her home, Martha Williams joined the other women and girls of the neighborhood in carrying to the patriot soldiers, supplies of food and clothing.

Martha Williams was among the devoted young women of Chester County who put in the crops while the men of the family were away fighting their country's battles.

Proof of the patriotic service of the young women of Chester County, Pa., may be found in the following extract from the *New England Courant*, published by James Franklin, a brother of Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

From the *New England Courant*, Sept. 5th, 1776.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27th, 1776.

## THE WOMEN OF CHESTER COUNTY, PENNA.

Since the departure of the able-bodied men from the forks of Brandywine, in Chester County, on the service of their country, the patriotic young women to prevent the evil that would follow the neglect of putting in the

fall crop in season, have joined the ploughs and are preparing the fallows for the seed, and should their fathers, brothers, and lovers be detained abroad in defense of the liberties of these States, they are determined to put in the crops themselves—a very laudable example and highly worthy of imitation.

This extract is quoted in Futhey and Cope's "History of Chester County" to show the patriotism of Chester County women. Also in Montgomery's "History of Delaware County." Delaware County was not cut off from Chester County until 1785.

The children of James Boyle and Martha Williams were,

- (1) MARGARET—born in Philadelphia, January 1, 1786; married at Merion Friends' Meeting, 1808, to Edward Harvey.
- (2) MARTHA—born in Philadelphia, 1790; married Edward Lynch, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
- (3) MARY—married John Purdon, author of "Purdon's Digest."
- (4) ESTHER—married Jacob Buckwalter, of Phoenixville, Pa.
- (5) ANNE—died young.
- (6) JAMES—died young.
- (7) JOHN—married Miss Ruth, of Chester Valley (Tredyffrin).

Martha Williams (wife of James Boyle, and mother of Margaret Boyle Harvey) was born the 14th day of August, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, in the year of our Lord 1756. (Old Family Bible.)

Died about 1805. Buried in the Williams Family Burying Ground, Charlestown, Chester County, Pa.

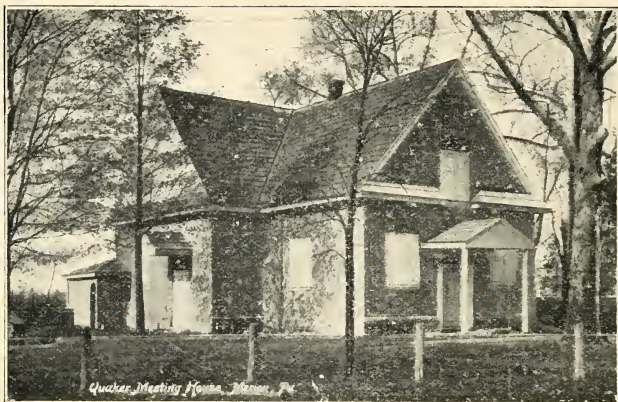
James Boyle taught school in Charlestown before the Revolution. He was known as "Schoolmaster Boyle." He taught at the Old Eagle School, Tredyffrin Township, 1812-14. He also taught at Glassley, near where the Devon Inn now stands.

On page 40, in the "History of the Old Eagle School, Tredyffrin Township, Chester County, Pa.," published by the Trustees of that property, we read under the list of "Masters" (as they were originally called) the following:—

"James Boyle, an Irishman of famed learning, known as 'Schoolmaster Ehrens.'"

On page 9 of a booklet gotten out by the Board of Trustees, of the Old Eagle School appointed by the Court of Common Pleas, Chester County, Penna., May 6, 1895, we read "James Boyle, nick-named 'Schoolmaster Ehrens.' (An Irishman, whose learning, according to tradition was profound.)"





LOWER MERION FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE

(Built 1695—Oldest church edifice in Penna.)

Where Edward Harvey and Margaret Boyle were married,  
and where both are buried

The first Society of the Children of the American Revolution organized in Philadelphia (February, 1898) was called "The Martha Williams Society," for Margaret Boyle Harvey's mother.

Martha Williams's ancestors came over in the ship *Lyon*, which landed at Pencoyd, on the Schuylkill, August 14, 1682, two months before William Penn landed. She was descended from the families of Rees, Williams, Parry, Evans, Jones, and Cadwallader, all of whom were among the "Cambrian Sires" who came from Wales and settled Pennsylvania's famous "Welsh Tract."

The name Merion, given to the township by the early Welsh colonists, is derived from that of Merionethshire, Wales. (Merionethshire is said to be named after the ancient Welsh hero, Merion, sometimes spelled Meriawn, who lived early in the Christian era.)

Merion Meeting House, where Edward Harvey and Margaret Boyle were married (and where they are both buried) is the oldest church edifice in the State. This meeting-house was built in 1695, on the site of a still older log meeting-house built 1683, shortly after the Welsh colonists landed.

Richard Jones Harvey, son of Edward and Margaret Boyle Harvey, (whose birth is noted in the foregoing JOURNAL kept by his mother) graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania, in 1833.

He took a course in the Philadelphia Therapeutic Institute and received a Diploma dated March 1st, 1833, signed by William T. C. Bartram.

He married Margaret Thomas, of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, about 1835. No children.

**The following from the Harvey Family Bible:—**

#### BIRTHS.

EDWARD HARVEY—4 mo., 10th, 1783. At Paulville, Co. Carlow, Ireland.

MARGARET BOLYE (now Harvey)—1 mo., 2nd, 1786. At 9 A. M., Philadelphia.

WM. HARVEY (Still-born)—6 mo., 1810. Interred in Friends' Burying Ground, Clonmel, Ireland.

RICHARD JONES HARVEY—6th mo., 24th, 1811. At No. 50 Aungier Street, Dublin, Ireland.

WILLIAM HARVEY—8th mo., 5th, 1814. At Lower Merion, Montgomery County, Pa.

JAMES BOYLE HARVEY—9th mo., 21st, 1816. At Lower Merion, Montgomery Co., at 8 P. M.

MARGARET ANNE HARVEY—2nd mo., 25th, 1819. At 7 A. M., Philadelphia.

EDWARD CHURCH HARVEY—10th mo., 3rd, 1821, Philadelphia.

CAROLINE DEAVES HARVEY—5th mo., 25th, 1824, Philadelphia.

MARY DUDLEY HARVEY—10th mo., 7th, 1827. At 4 P. M., Philadelphia.

BEULAH SANSOM HARVEY—3rd mo., 27th, 1830, Philadelphia.

(AGNESS DEAVES—born 1745.)

(Part of the year was spent in Merion and the other part at their town house on 11th Street between Market and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.)

### DEATHS.

WILLIAM HARVEY—10th mo., 25th, 1815.

AGNESS DEAVES ("Aunt Aggy")—1st mo., 25th, 1824.

MARGARET, wife of Edward Harvey—2nd mo., 5th, 1832. At Lower Merion.

RICHARD JONES HARVEY—10th mo., 24th, 1849. At Lawson's Ranch, California.

EDWARD HARVEY—11th mo., 7th, 1858. At 20 min. past 10 o'clock, First Day Evening, at Lower Merion, Montgomery Co., Pa.

ANNE CHURCH—8th mo., 3rd, 1854. At Lower Merion, Pa. Born in Cork, Ireland, Daughter of James and Anne Harvey Church.

MARY DUDLEY HARVEY—7th mo., 17th, 1876.

CAROLINE DEAVES HARVEY—2nd mo., 28th, 1877.

MARGARET ANNE HARVEY—10th mo., 23rd, 1880.

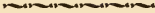
JAMES BOYLE HARVEY—1st mo., 15th, 1893.

EDWARD CHURCH HARVEY—3rd mo., 21st, 1893.

BEULAH SANSOM HARVEY, wife of William T. Niemann—5th mo., 11th, 1904.  
Also the same day, about a half hour previous, William T. Niemann, husband of Beulah Sansom Harvey.

All the above are buried at Lower Merion Friends' Meeting House graveyard—except Richard who died in California—and James B., Edward C., and Beulah S. (with husband)—who are interred at West Laurel Hill Cemetery. Thomas Lynch, son of Edward and Martha Lynch (of Wilkes-Barre, and cousin to the Harveys) is also buried at Merion. (Martha Lynch was the "Patty" to whom the JOURNAL was written.)

# Obituary Notices



From the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* and *Daily Transcript*.

Thursday, November 11, 1858.

## OBITUARY.

At twenty minutes past ten o'clock, on Sabbath evening, the 7th\* instant, Edward Harvey, Esq., of Lower Merion, departed this life, aged seventy-five years and seven months, all but three days.

Mr. Harvey was born in the town of Pawlville, County of Carlow, Ireland. His parents were Captain William Harvey, and Mrs. Margaret Harvey (alias Stephens) of the city of Cork.

He came to this country in 1804. On June 16th, 1808, he united in marriage with Miss Margaret Boyle, daughter of James Boyle, Esq., and Martha, his wife, of Chester County, Pa. Several aged persons now living, have said the young couple were the handsomest pair ever seen united in marriage in Lower Merion. Mrs. Harvey died several years ago. Mr. Harvey never married again.

In personal appearance, Mr. Harvey was one of the finest models of humanity. His face was of Grecian mould. He was tall, well proportioned, commanding in appearance, easy of access, open, affable; and every way, his personal deportment and manners bore evidence, to the intelligent visitant, that he was a descendant of no common family. A very intelligent statesman of this country, some years since, remarked to the writer of this article "When some of the descendants of the higher families of Old Erin arrive on our shores, they carry the proof in their person and manners, of the existence yet of that noble stock, the old aristocracy of Ireland."

Mr. Harvey's personal appearance and mien answered exactly to the principal parts of this description. His religious connection was with that well respected and well known people, the Society of Friends. When that people became "two bands" Mr. Harvey kept in sentiment with what is called "orthodox side." In mental and moral qualities, few could be found his

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\* November 7th, 1858.

superior. His mind was highly cultivated, and his kind attention to, and constant waiting upon the neighbouring sick, together with his extensive charity, benevolence, readiness to do good, and urbanity of manners, rendered him very much beloved.

His disorders were complicated, they were very painful, and of long continuance, so that at last, his athletic and iron constitution sank under the ceaseless and undermining assault of the insidious enemy. In July last, under a violent attack, he was thought to be just dying, but to the surprise of his physician, and all present, his elastic frame rallied, and the lamp of life continued to burn until last Sabbath evening, 7th inst. On reviving from that attack, he afterwards remarked, with peculiar sweetness, to the writer and others, "I felt so tranquil and happy when I thought I was dying, and such delightful visions opened before me, for I thought I saw our beloved and blessed Saviour, and great crowds of happy-looking people around Him, that I really felt considerable regret on finding myself still continued in this world." He repeatedly expressed his firm confidence in Christ alone for salvation, and in none other; and in this confidence he bid his final farewell to all the scenes of earth, accompanied with a joyful desire to die, and to be forever with the Lord.

His funeral was attended on last Thursday by a vast assemblage of the very elite of the whole neighborhood, with many from the city proper, and from a distance. He left two sons and four daughters to mourn their loss. The loss of their father, their affectionate father, their highly respected father, they do mourn, and who can help but sympathize with them? Still they should rejoice, both he and they are released. The devotion and vigilant attention of his daughters to their father, during his long illness, at all times and hours, whether by night or by day, leaves around the characters of these interesting young ladies an illuminated illustration of pure virtue, which can never be extinguished. May his noble-looking sons, and lovely-looking daughters pursue the path of life until the whole family shall meet in Heaven.—N. W.

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NOTE.—This obituary was written by Rev. Nathaniel West, D. D., a Presbyterian clergyman of note—Author of *The Complete Analysis of the Holy Bible, or How to Comprehend Holy Writ, from Its Own Interpretation*, etc.—published in 1869. Dr. West and Mr. Harvey were warm friends for many years.





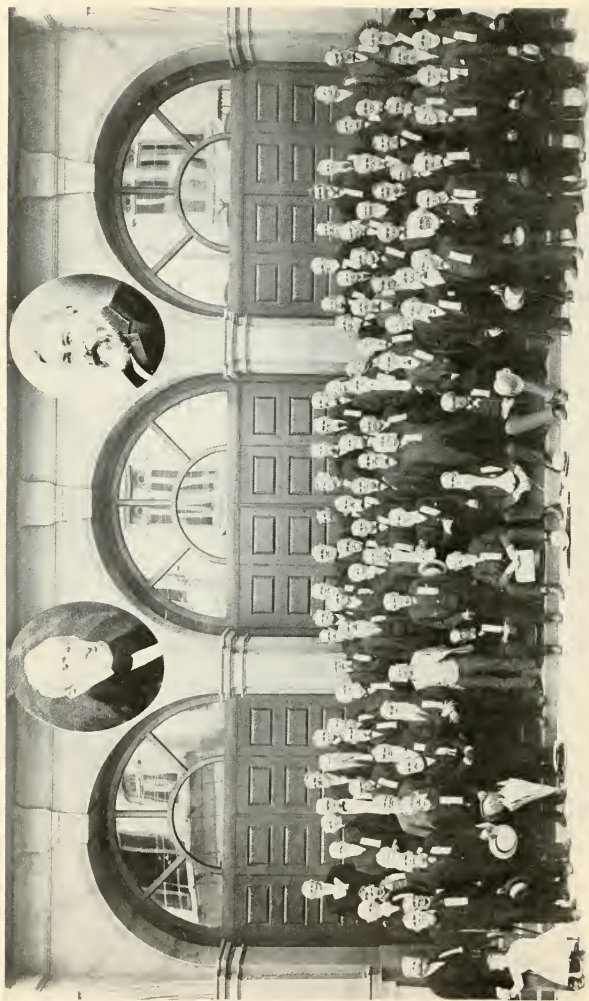


JAMES B. HARVEY, Sr.

(1816—1893)

Son of Edward and Margaret B. Harvey





TIPPECANOE (VETERANS') CLUB OF 1840

## OBITUARY.

JAMES B. HARVEY, SR.

James B. Harvey, Sr., who died suddenly on January 15th, 1893, of heart failure, was born in Lower Merion, Montgomery County, Pa., on September 21st, 1816. He was the second son of the late Edward Harvey, for many years Squire of Lower Merion, and a nephew of John Purden, author of "Purdon's Digest." He was educated at the Friends' School, Westtown, Pa.

Mr. Harvey was a member of the Lower Merion Township Whig Delegation in 1840, and attended the Inauguration of President William Henry Harrison. He was an original Harrison and Tyler man, and cast his first vote for the grandfather of the present occupant of the White House. He had in his possession for fifty-two years, that is, up to the time of his death, the badge worn by him on that memorable occasion.

At the inauguration of Harrison and Morton in 1888, he was present, accompanying the Tippecanoe Veteran Club, composed of veterans of the famous hard cider campaign. The late E. C. Knight was president of the club, but Mr. Harvey was the only member who wore the original Harrison and Tyler badge. After the inaugural ceremonies, Mr. Harvey was presented to the President, and the latter, looking at the pictured face of his illustrious grandfather said, "That is a very good likeness—It looks very much like the old gentleman."

When the Montgomery County Centennial Association held its anniversary at Norristown, in September, 1884, Mr. Harvey was a member of the Executive Committee—the late Governor Hartranft being Chairman; Joseph Torrance, President, and F. G. Hobson, Secretary.

Mr. Harvey was sent from the Tippecanoe Club as a delegate to the Fourth Annual Convention of Republican State Leagues, which met at Scranton in September of 1891, and to the Fifth Annual Convention at Williamsport, in September, 1892.

He had a very feasible plan for supplying pure water to the City of Philadelphia, and his many friends and admirers hope some day to see it put into operation.

Mr. Harvey was a member of the Montgomery County Historical Society.

He leaves a widow and ten children, two of his daughters

(Margaret B. and Dora) are well-known in literary circles.—  
From the *Philadelphia Times*, January, 1893.

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## OBITUARY.

JAMES B. HARVEY, SR.

James B. Harvey, Sr., a son of the late Edward Harvey, of Merion, died on Sunday, of paralysis of the heart, at the age of 76 years. Mr. Harvey was a member of the Tippecanoe Veteran Club, having cast his first vote for William Henry Harrison for President. He leaves a wife and ten children. Two of his daughters, Margaret B. and Dora, are well known in literary circles.—*Public Ledger*, January 17, 1893.

HARVEY.—Suddenly, on the First month, 15th, 1893, JAMES B. HARVEY, Sr., late of Lower Merion, Pa., aged 76 years and 4 months.

Relatives and friends, also Tippecanoe Veteran Club, are invited to attend the funeral services, at his late residence, Lancaster avenue, West Philadelphia, this Thursday, January 19, at 1 o'clock. Interment at West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

From the Philadelphia papers.

HARVEY.—On January 10th, 1912, EDWARD CHURCH, eldest son of Julia P. and the late James B. Harvey, formerly of Lower Merion, Montgomery County, Pa. Relatives and friends are invited to attend funeral services on Monday, at 2 P. M., at the residence of his mother, 5258 Parkside avenue, West Park, Philadelphia. Interment private at West Laurel Hill Cemetery.

HARVEY.—On October 4th, 1912, MARGARET B., daughter of Julia P. and the late James B. Harvey, formerly of Lower Merion, Montgomery County, Pa. Funeral services to which the relatives and friends are invited, will be held at her late residence, 5236 Parkside avenue, on Monday, at 2.30. Interment at West Laurel Hill Cemetery.



EDWARD CHURCH HARVEY, 2d  
(Died January 10, 1912)  
Son of James B. and Julia P. Harvey



MARGARET B. HARVEY, A. M.

(Died October 4, 1912)

Organizer and Historian of Merion Chapter, D. A. R.  
Daughter of James B. and Julia P. Harvey



## In Memoriam

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MISS MARGARET BOYLE HARVEY, Charter member and Historian of Merion Chapter, died on Friday evening, October 4, 1912. Miss Harvey was an artist, author, poet and linguist of ability, she being mistress of five different languages. She was educated at the Girls' Normal School and the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, and the University of California. She received the degree of A. M. from Dickinson College, June, 1900.

Miss Harvey was a botanist of wide reputation, having written the "Flora of Lower Merion" and "The Botany of the Eastern States." She was the author of "Valley Forge Arbutus," the original national flower poem that has been quoted far and near in every State in the Union. Her last work was "THE HISTORY OF THE 'REAL DAUGHTERS' OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," which appeared in the spring. This book includes every "Real Daughter" admitted to the National Society up to June, 1911. An historical and biographical sketch is given of each, together with the names and services of their ancestors, thus making this work of great value, not only to the Daughters of the American Revolution of to-day but to the coming generations.

In 1903 Miss Harvey organized the Alaska Chapter, at Sitka. She found that there were women living in the far West who were descended from Revolutionary sires, but who, being so far away from libraries and the archives of the Eastern States, were unable to secure their records. With loyal devotion and love for the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution she undertook to verify the records of women whose names were given her by Mrs. Joseph H. Pendleton, whose husband was in command of the Marine Barracks at Sitka. Miss Harvey procured and verified the records of thirteen "Daughters" and the Chapter at Sitka was formed. (These "Daughters" sent to Miss Harvey, as a token of their love and appreciation, a beautiful Russian cross, which was among her most prized possessions.)

On June 19, 1903, the 125th anniversary of Washington's evacuation of Valley Forge was celebrated there and Miss Harvey wrote a poem which was read at the ceremonies. A copy of this poem was placed in the cornerstone of the Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge, which was dedicated at that time.

Miss Harvey has not only done much work in rescuing old records and writing the histories of old buildings at home, but has aided other States in like work. In the Third Smithsonian Report of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, page 235, appears the following: "Miss Margaret B. Harvey, historian of Merion Chapter, copied an orderly book and several letters, the work of Revolutionary soldiers, and sent them to the State Librarian, at Harrisburg, Pa., to be embodied in the Pennsylvania archives. While working on these archives she found that a battalion of Georgia Continentals, under Col. John White, were encamped near Bala, in August, 1777. Step by step she has followed those ragged, foot-sore men through musty manuscripts and the pages of history wherever she could find a trace of them, picking up a name here and there, until she has gathered 2,609 names. Her work in connection with the list of Georgia's Revolutionary soldiers is mentioned in the report of Georgia (and her list of names compiled from sources outside the State archives forms Appendix F.) Such indefatigable work undertaken for the glory of another State is rare."

But Miss Harvey did not begin the Archives for the State of Georgia only, she did a similar work for Delaware.

In the FOURTH Smithsonian Institute Report, of the National Society, D. A. R. (October 11, 1900, to October 11, 1901) page 310, appears the following: "Miss Margaret B. Harvey has prepared a series of historic papers which have been received by the public with much interest. (For the List of Historic Spots in Blockley, Pa., etc., see Appendix F of this Volume.) She has also commenced the compilation of a series of *Continental Archives*, or papers, relating to the Colonial or Revolutionary history of States not generally regarded as part of the original thirteen."

Miss Harvey was a member of the National Committee on "Real Daughters," appointed by the President General, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott.

Miss Harvey was also a member of the Valley Forge Centennial and Memorial Association; of the Montgomery County Historical Society, and of the Pocahontas Memorial Association.—From *The American Monthly Magazine*, December, 1912. The official organ of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution.

# OBITUARY NOTICES

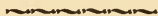
OF SOME

## Members of the Harvey Family

As they Appeared in the Local Newspapers of the Day



COLLECTED AND PRINTED FOR  
PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY



BY

GEORGE NEWENHAM HARVEY

Merchant, &c., Cork



CORK, IRELAND

PURCELL & CO., PRINTERS, PATRICK STREET

1863



# Obituary Notices

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## DEATH OF REUBEN HARVEY, ESQ.

(FROM THE "CORK MERCANTILE CHRONICLE," OF 3RD  
FEBRUARY, 1808.)

Died on Saturday last, at an advance period of life, and after an illness of considerable duration, REUBEN HARVEY, Esq., of the Society of Friends.

The record of this gentleman's character in the minuteness which it merits, we must leave to other hands; it would far exceed the limits which a newspaper could assign to it.

We shall endeavour to sketch it briefly, but we fear imperfectly; we mean to do it justly.

Mr. HARVEY, to the usual acquirements of a gentleman, united a vigour and strength of mind, a conception from which nothing could escape, a memory tenacious of whatever had been impressed upon it, and a power of reasoning and prejudging from circumstances, which in their combination formed him a man of the first order of abilities, scarcely ever excelled, and equalled by few.

Those talents warmly cherished civil liberty, and for many years were exerted in its maintenance, against every effort at its depression.

When the madness and imbecility of an English ministry were forcing America from her connexion with the mother country, and compelling her to assert her independence, he strenuously and steadfastly rebuked the folly and vice of the measures which were pressing her to it, and ardently and zealously advocated her cause, in conjunction with the best and ablest men of the time.

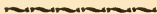
By his intercourse with America, he supplied them with information to defend her; and through him were first communicated in the British Parliament, the most important occurrences of the war in America.

The value of his talents was fully appreciated by some of the ablest statesmen\* who have ever been in the English administration; and a reliance upon his ability, his truth, and his honor, gained him their confidence and their friendship.

His love of freedom, and his attachment to America, only ended with his life.†

In the pursuits to which Mr. HARVEY had attached himself, his ability was never doubted, his integrity never questioned. As a commercial man or as a politician, his mind was equally just and comprehensive,—it was competent to all situations, to almost all subjects.

In the softer relations of life, Mr. HARVEY was equally distinguished; he was a good and an affectionate father, a generous and a sincere friend. Few have lived with more respect and credit; few have died more regretted. The tribute of our own regard for him while alive was mixed with the public estimation of him, and our concern is not less sincerely added to the public feeling on his death.



### DEATH OF JOSEPH MASSEY HARVEY, ESQ.

With unfeigned sorrow we have to record the death of our venerable and most respected fellow-citizen, JOSEPH MASSEY HARVEY, Esq. This melancholy event took place suddenly, on

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\* This refers especially to the elder PITT, the great EARL OF CHATHAM, who alludes occasionally in his speeches on American affairs at this period, to the authenticity of his information, which was derived from Mr. HARVEY, whose name was necessarily suppressed, as in the frenzied feelings which agitated the Minister of the day towards America, the intimate connection and continuous communication kept up with the Colonies by Mr. HARVEY, would have subjected him to a charge of High Treason, and there would have been little scruple in carrying the penalty into effect. Even the intercourse with LORD CHATHAM was kept up through a mutual friend, COLONEL BARRE.

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† In the year 1783, Mr. HARVEY received the thanks of the Congress of the United States, for services rendered, and his kindness to American prisoners during the war, conveyed in letters from General Washington to him, of the most gratifying and friendly character, and who subsequently presented him with a Gold Ring, in which was set a Miniature Portrait of himself.

Saturday last, (18th October, 1834) at the house of his relative, JOHN TODHUNTER, Esq., Dublin, where he had been on a visit for some weeks. The many virtues which adorned his career, during a life of 70 years, are too familiar to the public of Limerick to require a lengthened obituary, at a moment when those who are best acquainted with his extensive benevolence, and incessant exertions in the welfare and advancement of our city, are too deeply participating in his loss. We shall only say, that as long as the highest moral integrity and Christian philanthropy are deemed the best attributes of our nature, his memory will be revered by all who have had the happiness of knowing him. His remains are expected to arrive in this city on to-morrow morning, for interment.—*Limerick Star*, Monday, October 20, 1834.

#### FUNERAL OF JOSEPH MASSEY HARVEY, ESQ.

A deep gloom has pervaded all circles in this city, since the announcement of the death of Mr. HARVEY, communicated in our paper of Monday, for a chasm in society has been occasioned by it, that cannot be easily filled up. The remains of the deceased passed through town yesterday, at about eleven o'clock, from Plassy, where they had arrived the night previously from Dublin. We must defer to the feelings and wishes of Mr. HARVEY's relatives, by confining our notice of the funeral to a simple narration, so as to accord with the modest manner in which the obsequies of deceased persons are performed by the Society of Friends; but we may be permitted, notwithstanding, to express, (and we shall do it in a single sentence,) how great was the esteem for Mr. HARVEY in his two-fold station of a MERCHANT and GENTLEMAN. We shall say then, that in his commercial character, and in his intercourse with refined society—in his uprightness—in the unostentatious evenness of his conduct, and the urbanity of his manners, which could not leave the affections disengaged—in the liberality of his tastes, principles, and habits of life—the benevolence of his heart, and the warmth of his parental and social feelings, he so endeared himself to his fellow-citizens, his family, and friends, that his loss is universally deplored.

The funeral was attended by a vast portion of the rank and commercial wealth of the city. The coffin, which was of plain oak, was preceded by a large concourse of tradesmen and others,

who had been engaged in Mr. HARVEY's employment or that of his sons, and a large body of the tenantry of the Marquis of LANSDOWNE. Then came the bier on which the BODY was borne, and immediately after followed Messrs. REUBEN, JOSEPH, JAMES, and WILLIAM H. HARVEY, sons of the deceased, two and two, and numerous gentlemen in the same order, principally *on foot*—the way in which the highest degree of interest can be given to this most solemn of all ceremonies.

The procession passed on to Ballinacurra, about a mile without the town, where a number of ladies, chiefly of the Society of Friends, had seats round the grave. Among these were Mrs. MAHONY, Mrs. UNTHANK, Mrs. MORRIS, &c. The grave-yard was the gift of Mr. HARVEY himself to the Quakers, purchased by him at an expense of some hundreds of pounds—his own lady being the first for whom it was made a place of mortal rest. Here were his remains now interred, amid the decorous, silent, and heartfelt sorrow of all present.

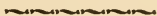
The extent of the procession, we have already said, was very great, although the notices of the time and place of burial were limited to the immediate connexions of the family, and although there were no communications made with those at a distance to attend. The members of the Society who paid this last tribute of respect to the deceased, were, of course, very numerous, all being present, save those who are now absent from home, holding the usual quarterly meeting at Waterford. In the subjoined list we do not pretend to name more than a small number indeed of the many hundreds of our fellow-citizens who formed the procession.

In the extensive train of carriages we noticed, as the funeral passed our office, those of the Hon. George E. Massy; the Right Rev. Edmund Knox, Lord Bishop of Limerick; the Hon. John Massy; Sir Joseph Barrington; Mr. Thomas Devitt; Capt. Fitzgerald; Mr. D. F. G. Mahony; Dr. Carroll; Mr. John Mark; Mr. Fisher, and several others. The following gentlemen appeared in the procession, on foot or in carriages:—The Right Worshipful John T. Piercy, Mayor of Limerick, attended by the Sergeants-at-Mace in state uniforms; William Roche, Esq., M. P.; the Hon. John Massy; Mr. Robert Potter; Mr. Cornelius O'Brien; Mr. Alderman Smith; Mr. John Hogan; Mr. J. Smith; Mr. William Ryan; Mr. James Barry; Messrs. J. and P. MacDonnell;



Mr. P. Corbett; Mr. John Ryan; Messrs. Mullock; Mr. John Fogarty; Mr. Woods; Mr. W. H. Hall; Mr. Hill; Mr. P. O'Callaghan; Mr. Francis John O'Neill; Mr. Molony; Very Rev. Archdeacon Maunsell; Rev. Henry Gubbins; Rev. Mr. O'Grady; Rev. Mr. Downes; Rev. Mr. Maunsell; Rev. Mr. Enraght; Rev. Michael Keating; Mr. Alderman Watson; Hon. J. P. Vereker; Mr. Alderman Crips; Mr. Alderman Vereker, jun., Ex-Mayor; Mr. Thomas Roche; Mr. Wm. Piercy; Mr. John Kelly; Mr. Michael Gavin; Mr. John Norris Russell; Mr. James O'Neill; Mr. John Boyse, sen.; Mr. David Fitzgerald; Mr. Francis Spaight; Mr. Wm. Russell; Mr. Richard Russell; Mr. P. M'Namara; Mr. John Russell; Mr. James Morgan; Mr. John Rochford; Mr. David Banatyne; Mr. T. MacAuley; Mr. J. Robinson; Mr. David Carroll; Mr. J. F. Matterson; Mr. William Randall; Dr. Griffin; Messrs. Morris; Mr. John Vereker, sen.; Doctor John Unthank; Mr. B. C. Fisher; Surgeon Franklin; Mr. Matthew Fitt; Mr. Edward Bernard; Mr. William Smith, Sub-Sheriff; Messrs. Alexander; Mr. William Hill; Mr. Thomas Worrall; Mr. Isaac William Unthank; Mr. J. Abraham; Mr. Todhunter, from Portumna; Mr. Edward Homan; Messrs. George and Thomas Grubb; Mr. Matthew Kenny; Mr. Abbott; Mr. Robinson; Mr. Samuel Evans; Doctor Griffin; Mr. Matterson; Mr. John Russell; Messrs. Mark; Mr. Francis O'Shaughnessy; Mr. James G. Russell; Mr. John Lynch; Mr. Charles Mac Mahon; Mr. William Ryan; Mr. John Unthank; Mr. Henry Mahon; Mr. Fennell, of Ballybrado; Messrs. Clements; Mr. F. Sykes; Mr. P. Shannon; Mr. Michael Quin; Messrs. Griffin; Mr. Owens; Mr. Bowles; Messrs. Gabbett; Mr. Barrington; Messrs. Mahony, sons of the Alderman; Mr. Maunsell, of Milford; Mr. Erson; Mr. Thomas Tracy, &c., &c.

The list might be lengthened to a great extent; but it is enough to say, that almost every respectable citizen of Limerick followed the bier of this honored gentleman to the grave.—*Limerick Star*.



### DEATH OF JOSEPH HARVEY, ESQ.

Died on the 26th ult., (April, 1836) at sea, on his return from the Cape of Good Hope, JOSEPH HARVEY, Esq., late a

partner in the house of Messrs. HARVEY BROTHERS in our city. It is about a year since we had to announce the departure of the lamented gentleman for the colony above named, where he had been appointed by government to a high official situation. Ill health, augmented by the nature of the climate, obliged him to relinquish the appointment, and he embarked with his family on board the "Triumph." bound for London, when, after three weeks' sailing, just as the vessel was crossing the Line, a severe attack of inflammation deprived his mourning friends of a beloved protector and relative, and his native city of one of the most active and esteemed amongst its inhabitants. It is with no ordinary feeling of regret we announce to our readers this melancholy event. Active, liberal, and patriotic in public life, few have better merited the tribute of sorrow from their fellow-citizens, and to few, we believe, has it ever been so universally afforded. Mr. HARVEY was one of the most zealous and spirited amongst those to whose efforts Limerick is indebted for the successful assertion of her civil independence; and his Catholic fellow-citizens especially will remember with gratitude that he was one of the first amongst those separated from them in religious belief, who drew up a petition to Parliament in favor of claims so long withheld. In private life few were more deservedly or more generally beloved and esteemed than the deceased, or more eminently gifted with every social and cheerful quality that could endear the friend and companion. Thus, in the prime of life, has this lamented gentleman left his sorrowing lady and a youthful family to deplore his loss. Such is the all-wise and all-inscrutable order of that awful Providence, into whose decrees man must not search, but humbly and silently adore. It is not always on the ripe in years—on those who have not yet reached or who have long outlived the season of practical utility in their generation—that the all-seeing Ruler permits the stroke of death to fall. Sometimes, as on the present sad occasion, as if to mock at the narrow calculations of our petty human reason, we behold the most useful, the most beloved, those whose days seemed most replete with benefit to others, struck suddenly down beside us, bequeathing, as a parting legacy to their survivors, the remembrance of the awful truth announced from the Deity himself, that "there is but one thing necessary." But enough—the hearts to whom such events in themselves cannot teach wisdom, could

scarcely be reached by the comment of the obituarist. Mr. HARVEY, we understand, is succeeded by his younger brother, WILLIAM H. HARVEY, Esq., in the official situation which he held at the Cape.—*Limerick Star*.

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### DEATH OF THOMAS HARVEY, ESQ.

We sincerely regret to announce the sudden death of this good man and valuable citizen. Mr. HARVEY sat down to dinner on Saturday last, (4th July, 1846) surrounded by his large family, and in the enjoyment of apparently perfect health; but the cloth had scarcely been removed when he was attacked by apoplexy, and, though medical assistance was immediately had, in a short time he was a corpse. No language can describe the horror and consternation of his bereaved family, at a catastrophe so awful and unexpected. Mr. HARVEY was a merchant of great respectability, and a man generally beloved for his unostentatious benevolence. For several years he acted as Secretary to the Fever Hospital Committee, to which office, it is almost needless to say, he devoted his valuable service *gratuitously*, and with great benefit to that important charity. We sincerely sympathise with his afflicted family and friends.—*Cork Examiner*, July 6, 1846.

#### MEETING OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE CORK FEVER HOSPITAL.

At a numerously attended meeting of the Committee of the Cork Fever Hospital, held at the Cork Institution, the DEAN OF CORK in the Chair, the following Resolution, proposed by the Rev. Mr. ENGLAND, P. P., Passage, and seconded by DAN. MURPHY, Esq., was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved,—That we, the members of the Committee of the Cork Fever Hospital, having heard of the death of THOMAS HARVEY, Esq., since our last meeting, feel that we cannot part this day without leaving on our books a testimony of our respect for his memory. We can testify that we have witnessed his benevolent zeal and unceasing anxiety at all times to promote the interests of this institution, and that he devoted his time and influence to support its cause. When we remember his kindness upon all occasions in attending our Committee, and

what important services he rendered to the poor of the city of Cork, we wish to give this testimony to his benevolence as a man, his amiable manners as a friend, and his truly estimable conduct in every department of life which came under our notice. —*Cork Constitution*, July 14, 1846.



### DEATH OF JACOB HARVEY, ESQ.

When a man like JACOB HARVEY is taken from us, the event should not be passed by uncommemorated and almost unnoticed amid the theory of trifling incidents which make up the sum of most men's lives. It falls to the lot of few to endear themselves to large numbers of their fellows, but lives in general run in too narrow an orbit, our interests are too few, the objects of our care too limited, to enable any man to make many warm friends. But such was not the case with Mr. HARVEY. Without great fortune, he contrived to attach more persons to him than many who control millions. Without station or power, he managed to do more good than those who have countless offices at command. His generous, warm, and active sympathies were to him more than fortune, or station, or power. They supported him in heavy private misfortune; they even upheld his feeble frame against the inroads of the disease which finally destroyed him; they made him widely known, and loved wherever he was known.

Socially, Mr. HARVEY will never be forgotten by those who enjoyed his society. To the warm and affectionate temperament and joyous humor of his native island, he added a strong native good sense, which again was closely allied with one of the sweetest tempers that ever lighted up a domestic circle. He was for years the centre of a very large number of delighted friends, who rejoiced in the permission to gather around that fireside, where hospitality and refinement sat ever hand in hand.

Such was he in his home; but there was a much wider sphere in which his influence was gratefully felt. With the impulsive temperament of his people was united a sincere desire to do good and to confer happiness on others, such as is very rarely met with; this was associated with an indefatigable industry, which made him ever able to listen to the claims of those who

needed a friend. No record of his innumerable acts of personal kindness can now be made, but many are the eyes that will be dimmed by the news, that JACOB HARVEY is now no more.

Nor did his benevolent temper confine itself to private cases only. He took an active and intelligent interest in public affairs, and especially in the international questions that have so long agitated this country and England. His great and constant desire was to prevent collision between the two countries. His friends knew how strenuously he exerted himself to this end, at the time of the M'Leod difficulty, the Boundary and Oregon questions; and it is not too much to say, that his active and humane temper, his persevering efforts to inspire on both sides, in influential quarters, a forbearing and peaceful spirit, contributed in no trifling degree to the result.

If to be humane, to be generous, to be constantly active for others, to be faithful, honorable, industrious, patient, and self-denying, is to be good, few better men have lived than JACOB HARVEY.—*New York Paper*, May 10, 1848.

#### FUNERAL OF JACOB HARVEY, ESQ.

Yesterday, notwithstanding the violence of the storm, a very large number (yet a very small portion) of the friends of the late JACOB HARVEY, assembled at St. John's Church, to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of that kind-hearted man, who died on the 10th inst., (May, 1848) after a protracted illness. His very valuable life had been prolonged far beyond the period which the symptoms of that fatal disease that had marked him for its victim allowed his anxious friends to hope; and it would almost appear it was providentially prolonged, as he was enabled to employ his influence in relieving and procuring relief for his countrymen, the suffering Irish, in whose behalf, as well as in that of any other distressed applicant, he was never weary in giving his most cheerful services.

We are willing to believe that we do not assert too much in saying, and we do not mean disparagingly so, that the grave has just now been closed over the remains of one who, with his limited means of doing good, has sent more distressed hearts home rejoicing than any other man that can be named; and we cannot but regret the means of extending his charitable feelings had not been more commensurate with his wishes to do good. We can

anticipate the grief which the death of JACOB HARVEY, when known in Ireland, will cause to his countrymen.

To those interested in our lamented friend, it will be gratifying to learn, that the close of his blameless life was as happy as a firm reliance in the merits of his Redeemer could render it. He looked upon his prolonged illness as time kindly given to him to commune with himself, and render him more fit to appear before his Maker; which time those most deeply interested in his welfare are happy in the belief he improved to the utmost. To such a warm hearted man as JACOB HARVEY, it must be supposed the separation from his dear family was his most painful trial. To them we can only offer our heartfelt sympathy for the great loss they have, not alone, sustained.—*New York Paper*, May, 1848.





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Jo  
b.  
m.

II  
und

anah  
(2)  
Mr.

Harvey Dudley Harvey  
b. 1827. d. 1876  
unm.

Beulah Sansom Harvey  
b. 1830. d. 1904  
m. Wm. T. Niemann

No Issue

ekries  
y arvey

Walter P.  
Harvey

Richard Jones  
Harvey

William Harvey  
(died at birth)



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## TABLE

Henry Harvey, of Rathfah, Co Kildare, Ireland  
(Son of Henry Harvey)  
m Maudlin ———. Both died 1683

Henry Harvey, of Ballincruscan, d. 1717  
m. (1681) Anne, dau. of Thomas Duckett, d. 1741

