

The Illustrated Life of the Flehartys.

George Fleharty

Pleasanton, NE
1920

This Volume is Dedicated to
My Mother
The Most Sacred Name

I AM indebted to my daughter, Mrs. R. E. Pierce, and my niece, Mrs. Martha James, for valuable information. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

Preface

In order that our descendants may be kept in remembrance of those of our sept who have preceded me, I have in this little volume recorded what is known of those who have left a record of their lives and doings so far as I am able to learn.

That we are of Irish descent goes without saying and in order to have a better understanding of our history, I deemed it necessary to give a little of Irish history which may prove interesting.

You will note we descended through a line of one hundred eighty-four Irish kings, commencing one thousand six-hundred ninety-nine years before the birth of Christ in one Milesius of Spain, a Phoenician, who is a descendent of Japhat, the eldest son of Noah.*

The line of Irish kings comes to a close in 1158 A. D., when the sovereignty passed to Henry the II, King of England. The Prefix letter O establishes our title as being lineal descendants of Milesius, but many have as in our case, discarded the prefix O'. One hundred and thirty-six of the Irish kings were Pagans; holding the faith, yet believing in a supreme being who lives in all ani-

mated nature and speaks to us through storm and sunshine.

When Christianity became established, all their schools were closed and their books and literature destroyed. The Cromlecks scattered over Ireland and England bearing silent testimony to the extent of their shrines.

The most of our Pagan ancestors were buried on the banks of the Boyne River.

Not alone are we of the line of Irish kings and queens but also of the Royal House of England through one hundred and thirty-eight kings and queens who were lineal descendants of Milesius through Irial Faidh a son of Milesius.

Irial Faidh was the tenth monarch of England; from him sprang the House of Hanover of the Stuart line.

Chrimthan-Nidh-Nor was on the throne of England when Christ was born. It was in the year 1699 B. C., that Irial Faidh became the ruler of England. George V belongs to our line, which embraces Queen Victoria; Queen Matilda, wife of Henry I; Lady Philapa; Mary, Queen of Scotland, Savughalach, who ruled both England and Ireland.

The chivalry days of kings and queens is fast passing away. No more feudal lords and grand castles, but a Democracy living in sod houses and dugouts like the cavemen of old; yet power must be concentrated somewhere; pure democracy can-

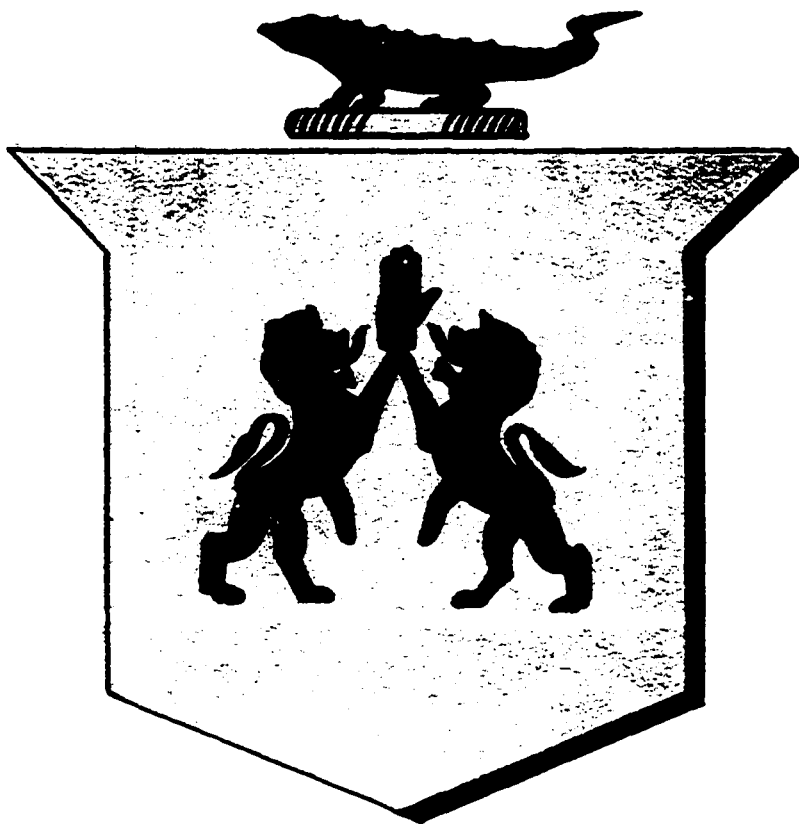
not exist, no league of nations will long hold. The day when the lion and lamb lie down together, the lamb will be dead.

I have been handicapped in writing this work by having but a few books of reference, namely, "O'Harts Irish Pedigrees;" "Mrs. Hall's Travels in Ireland;" and "Irish Literature," by Justin McCarthy, M. P. It has been written out on my knee at odd moments in this my eighty-second year on earth.

GEORGE FLEHARTY, Author.

*Noah was commanded by God to build an altar unto the Lord, as follows: If thou make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone for if thou lift up a tool upon it, thou hast spoiled it.

Published Jan 1920



THE FLEHARTY COAT OF ARMS.

The Illustrated Life of The Flehartys

CHAPTER I.

IRELAND

First Settlements 3500 B. C.



THE origin of the Irish race is traced back to Japheth, the eldest son of Noah; who after coming out of the ark gave Japheth his portion of the earth to inhabit, consisting of all of Europe, and a small portion of Asia to the Euphrates river and the Indian Ocean

Noah had a son named Bith by his second wife; Bith rejected the religion of his father and was refused a place in the ark. Bith with his daughter, Cesair, and two men, Finton and Ladra and two ladies, Barron and Balva with their handmaids, fifty in number appealed to an Idol who told them that it could not tell when the flood would come, but to build a ship. They built a ship and stored it with provisions. Finton married

Cesair and took seventeen handmaids; Ladra married Balva and took sixteen handmaids and entered the ship, and sailed forty days before the deluge came, and landed near Bantry, County of Cork, Ireland, close to the town now called Watterford.

Here they separated; Finton and Ladra with their families went to Ard—Ladra, now known as the Hill of Ardmore, County of Wexford, where Ladra died and is said to have been the first man to die in Ireland. His wife, Balva, and her numerous handmaids went to live with Finton and Cesair. Bith soon died at Sliabh Beatha. Finton then had the three families to care for and which proved too much for him. So he fled to Portumma, County of Galway, where he died. The place is named Feart Finton, i. e., Finton's grave.

Cesair soon died of a broken heart and was buried on the bank of the river Boyne near Laid Ceasra.

Partholon, a Scythian was the next one to plant a colony in Ireland. After a residence of thirty years, the whole colony perished by a plague; thousands of them were buried in a common grave near Dublin.

A colony of Nemedians came next. They also belonged to the Scythian race, known as the Phoenicians.*

*The Phoenicians, indeed, seem to have been the first navigators of the Great Sea, who pushed out boldly from the shore and made voyages out of sight of land. It is believed that they were the first to steer their ships at night by the Polar Star. Since that time, the Greeks called this the Phoenician Star.

Next came the Fomorians, another tribe of giants, great builders of stone. Then came the Firbolgs who were also of Scythian descent and they ruled over the province of Connaught to the third century, when King Cormac MacArt defeated the forces of Aodh who was the last king of the Connaught and the last king of the Firbolg race. This Cormac MacArt was a lineal descendant of Milesius of Spain and one of the ancestors of the Flehartys.

Another tribe of Phoenicians, the Tuatha-de-Damons, who came to Ireland thirty-six years after the settlement of the Firbolgs. They were skilled in the art of magic and at their death, are supposed to have turned into "Fairies." The Tuatha-de-Damons worshipped the Pagan God, Dan.

They were of a higher class, and a more intelligent race than the Firbolgs; they ruled over Ireland for one hundred and ninety-seven years and possessed the land under nine of their kings, who were then conquered by the Milesians in the year three thousand eight hundred and eighty-five.

MILESIA NS.

Invasion of Ireland.

Foeninsa Farsidh, king of Scythia and a lineal descendent of Japheth, was the inventor of letters

of the Phoenician alphabet which is the same as the Irish. And wherever the Phoenicians went, they carried this alphabet "as one of their exports." It was through them the Greeks received it; the Greeks passed it on to the Romans, and the Romans gave it to the Germans.

This Foeninsa Farsidh employed learned men to go among other nations to learn their several languages and when they returned, he opened a school in the Valley of Shinar, near the city of Eothena, with his youngest son Nial, and they taught there for twenty years. On account of Nial's great reputation for learning, Pharaoh invited him to Egypt and gave him land near the Red Sea to inhabit and also his daughter, Sctio in marriage. She was the foster mother of Moses.

Moses and Nial were such intimate friends, Moses invited Nial to board one of Pharaoh's ships and witness the great miracle the God of Isrealites was about to perform on the Red Sea, but being the son-in-law of Pharaoh, he declined with thanks. Farsidh died and left the kingdom to his eldest son, Neual, leaving nothing to his son, Nial. Nial continued teaching for some time. Goodhal, Nial's son, was stung on the neck by a venomous serpent and was taken to Moses who laid his rod upon the youth's neck and the wound was healed immediately and no venomous serpent was to live

where his posterity should live,—which is believed to have come true.

Farsidh's son, Asrnth, continued to live in Egypt and govern his colony during his life. His son, Struth, was not liked by the Egyptians, and was forced to leave the country after many reverses in which most of the colony lost their lives. He arrived at the island of Crete where he died. His son, Heber, and some of his people, after a short stay in Crete, left for Scythia, where his cousins lived,—the posterity of Neual, the oldest son of Farsidh, who refused them a place to live in his country. Heber, with some of the disaffected ones, overcome the king and settled his colony in that country. Heber was slain in battle by the former king's son. Tait was king for seven years—when he died. His son, Lambfiom, took command and then the Druid Priest, Cachear, told them that “after wandering around for three hundred years they would arrive at a western island now called Ireland which would be their future home.”

After wandering around they landed at Carthage where Lambfiom died. His son, Heber, and his posterity, ruled over that country for several hundred years, when remembering the “Druid's prediction, they departed for the coast of Spain where they settled. Briaghan was king of Galacia, Castile, and Portugal, all of which they conquered.

Bile became king of those countries, and after his death, his son Milesius was made king.

Milesius, in the life-time of his father, went to Scythia where, being well received by the king of that country, the king gave him his daughter in marriage and made him general of his army. The king soon became jealous of his growing popularity and resolved to put him out of the way. Milesius became aware of the king's intentions, slew the king and fled into Egypt with a fleet of sixty sails.

Pharaoh Nectonibus, king of Egypt, being told of his arrival and learning of his great valor, made him general of all his forces against Ethiopia. Here he was victorious and made the enemy sue for peace. This so pleased the king that he gave Milesius his daughter in marriage, his first wife having died. After remaining in Egypt eight years, he took leave of his father-in-law and sailed for Spain where he was welcomed by his people who were in great distress from the rebellion of the natives and the intrusion of foreign nations.

With all those forces, he met and in the fifty-four battles fought, he defeated them and banished them from the country.

During his reign, a famine prevailed in Spain for a period of twenty-six years. Milesius attributed the famine to their not seeking the land of their future habitation as predicted by Cachear,

the Druid Priest, as the time for its accomplishment had expired. Whereupon Milesius sent his uncle, Itha and his son, Lughaidh, and one hundred and fifty able men to search out that westerly land that was to be their future home. Arriving at the island now called Ireland, they left fifty men to guard the ship while the rest of the company explored the island. They found the island was ruled over by three kings, the sons of Clearmad; each one governing one year, Macbuil being the ruling monarch at that time. His wife's name was Erie for whom the island was named, i. e., Ireland. Upon being informed that the three brothers were at their palace at Aileach-Neid, Itha called on them. The Damon brothers gave him an honorable reception, and finding Itha to be a man of great wisdom and learning, referred all their disputes to him which proved entirely satisfactory to them. (It is well to note all the colonies planted in Ireland were Phoenicians and all spoke the Phoenician language.)

Itha gave them great praise for such a beautiful country as the island proved to be and left with his men for the ship. Then the three brothers began to reflect on what Itha had said in praise of the country, and suspecting further designs to bring over others and invade the country, they pursued him with a strong force and coming up with them, killed Itha and routed his men before

those on shipboard could come to their aid. Itha's son took the body back to Spain and when an account of the expedition had been given and the body of Itha exposed to view, Milesius made haste to invade Ireland and avenge his uncle's death.—this being in accordance with the Druid God. But before he could put his designs in operation, he died, leaving the expedition in charge of his eight sons by his two wives. Milesius had been a great fighter in his lifetime and had fought no less than one thousand battles. The eight sons of Milesius lost no time in equipping a fleet and setting sail from Cornna in Galacia, Spain, to the Coast of Ireland, where they met with many difficulties occasioned by the diabolical arts of the Tuatha-de-Damons; for by their magic arts they made the island to appear like a hog, and also raised such an awful storm that five of Milesius's sons were drowned. Heber, Heremon and Amergin saved their part of the fleet and made a landing; also Heber Don and his crew. This Heber Don, the son of Milesius's uncle, routed the three Tuatha-de-Damon kings and killed them and their wives.

The island was divided between the two brothers, Heber and Heremon. They reigned jointly and were the first of the one hundred and eighty-four kings that ruled over Ireland of the Milesian race, from whom through the line of Heremon, the Flehartys descended. Amergin was

their high priest, a Druid. The Milesian race ruled for two thousand eight hundred and eighty-five years. From the first of their reign, B. C. 3500, until they submitted to king Henry II of England, who also was of the Milesian race, a lineal descendant from Fergus-Mor-McEarca, the first king of Scotland and also a descendant of Heremon; the succession continued in the Milesian race from B. C. 1699, to A. D. 1186. The two brothers reigned jointly one year, when owing to trouble between their wives, they fought a battle and Heber was killed. Amergin then claimed a share in the government, when another battle was fought and he was slain. The Milesians took possession of Ireland, the year following the laying of the foundation of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem. Solomon was contemporary with Milesius and also a brother-in-law, and as Pharaoh gave Milesius his daughter in marriage, also gives another daughter in marriage to Solomon.

Out of the one hundred and eighty-three kings of Ireland, one hundred and thirty-six were Pagans. A. D. 426. Saint Patrick, the missionary began his labors in Ireland. He was so earnest and faithful that King Loogaire McNeil became a convert, and the whole nation followed the king's example. The good bishop spent the rest of his century or so of life in Ireland. It is said that he baptized more than twelve thousand persons.

One of these was a boy of royal blood, Fergus McEarca, son of McEarca (or Ferchard) king of Meath, the principal kingdom.

Patrick was attracted to the lad and gave him his patriarchal blessing, a circumstance of which the prince was not a little proud of and to which it is said he attributed much of his good fortune in after days.

Fergus raised an army of men to conquer himself a kingdom in the land of the Picts. The Irish king it seems helped him and glad to be rid of so ambitious a spirit so near his throne. It was A. D. 503 when the Irish army crossed the North Channel in their skin boats and landed in what is now Argleshire, Scotland. Fergus went forth prepared both to conquer and to colonize. According to most authorities, Fergus McEarca carried with him also a sacred stone from Tara. To the modern eye it is but a slab of dull red sandstone, twenty-six inches long, sixteen inches broad and ten inches thick. But this inanimate stone has played no small part in history. In later years, fabulous stories gathered about it. It was said to have been the stone upon which Jacob pillowed his head when he saw the vision of angels ascending and descending a ladder from Heaven. It was claimed the stone was carried from Palestine to Egypt by the prophet Jeremiah, who acted as a guardian of the princess Circa or Scola, who fled to that land

shortly after her father, King Zedekiah, was taken captive to Babylon, B. C., 588.

The story goes that the Princess Circa went from Egypt to Ireland, where refugees from the lost ten tribes had already established themselves. She took the precious stone with her because all her ancestors, the kings of Isreal, had been crowned upon it. She married a royal prince and from her time all the Irish kings were crowned upon it to the time of Fergus of McEarca, who carried it to Scotland.

Still another account of this "Holy Pillar of Jacob" is that Heber, the Phoenician, came from Palestine and Egypt to Spain, bringing the relic.

From there he came with Milesius and helped to conquer Ireland which is sometimes called Niberia in his name. The Scotch kings were all crowned on it. In 1296, Edward, King of England, captured the stone from its shrine at Scone and carried it to England where he had a magnificent coronation chair built to receive it. Every English monarch since then has been crowned at Westminster Cathedral, sitting upon the sacred stone that Fergus McEarca brought across the Channel over fourteen hundred years ago.

Second Invasion of Ireland

CHAPTER II.

Firbolgs.—Tuath-de-DunansBuilders in Stone
The Ancient Irish in General.....Great Monarchs
Ollamh Fodhla—Comac McArt.....Brian Born
and the Battle of Clontarf.



IT is certain the Firbolgs were Celts. They had laws and social institutions and established a monarchy on “Tara Hill;” but they were not a cultivated people,—they were rather shepherds and agriculturists. They were a small, straight-haired, swarthy race, dark or black hair, blue-gray eyes and dark eye lashes, and very talkative. Another ancient race, the Tuath-de-Dunans, brought the art of building from Iran, the high table land south-east of the Black Sea, and the cradle of the human race. They were a tall, warlike race, energetic and progressive; of fair complexion and skilled in medicine, poetry, mechanics, astronomy, agriculture, and architecture; they were famous builders in stone and possessed a knowledge of religion as it was handed down from Noah to his

posterity. They are supposed to be the people who built most of the round towers and nearly all the large Duns in which heavy stone is used.

The Ancient Irish in all their fierce feuds among themselves and conflicts of centuries with foreign foes, were still a religious race and imbued with a great love of literature. Their kings, princes, and chiefs founded and amply endowed a vast number of colleges and great schools. Of these famous seats of piety and learning among the ancient Irish, many venerable ruins still remain; but of many more even their very ruins have disappeared, destroyed by the hand of time or the still more destructive violence of fanaticism and war.

One of the greatest monarchs who ruled over Ireland was Ollamh Fodhla, a Milesian; he had a peaceful reign for forty years and died a natural death one thousand three hundred and seventy-seven years before Christ. At this time the Hebrews were in servitude in Eglon, when Ehud delivered them. At this period even God's chosen people were only just emerging from the wild life of wandering Arabs. Ireland was then a settled kingdom, holding a definite place in the world of letters and far advanced in the arts of civilized life. Rome was not known. Where was Greece? It was six hundred and twenty-seven years later that Romulus collected his horde together and built

a number of mud huts on the Tiber. Coming down seven hundred and eighty-three years after the death of Ollamh Fodhla, we find the Grecian Legislator, Solon. And when fourteen centuries had elapsed, we find Julius Caesar, the semi-barbarous Roman invading Britain. Ollamh Fodhla instituted a senatorial assembly, resembling modern parliaments. It was in Pagan times composed of Druids, Brehons, Bards, Provincial Kings, Chiefs, Princes, and Peoples; and later, after the introduction of Christianity, the Bishops, Abbots, and the higher clergy had a seat in the assembly. This Parliament was vested with both legislative and judicial functions on all of the affairs relating to the general interests of the state. Many excellent laws were passed by it during the reign of this monarch. Among the rest was one making violation female chastity punishable by death without power of reprieve or pardon, proving the honorable feeling of delicacy and gallantry which even then existed in Ireland. The militia of the kingdom was placed under the control of parliament and thus the nation was secured from the dangerous power of an ambitious or despotic ruler.

He devoted himself to the moral and intellectual improvements of his people and founded many great seminaries where not only Irishmen, but foreigners, received gratuitous instruction in all the arts, sciences and accomplishments then known to

Europe. These institutions were sustained by the state.

It was Ollamh Fodhla, who by armorial bearings, originated the plan of distinguishing the different families of nobility and chief officers of state and established it in Ireland, though it was never generally adopted throughout Europe until the time of the Crusades when it is erroneously supposed by modern historians, the custom commenced.

It is said he received the idea from the device of the dead serpent and the rod of Moses, which the standard of his own family bore from the period of their sojourn in Egypt and which always stimulated their followers to deeds of heroism. He believed that an honorable spirit of emulation would be created by these badges of distinction and such was naturally the result.

It is strange how people are misled by names of authority; for instance the ancient law-givers of Greece have been extolled for centuries as the greatest sages of the world. Those who are best acquainted with them contend that the Irish annals are far more perfect and trustworthy than those of the Greeks and yet they are utterly unheeded.

In the third century we find another great sage monarch of Ireland, Cornac Mac Art, a lineal descendant of Heremon, the Milesian, and ancestor of the O'Flahertys. He had a large palace at Tara,

called the "House of Banquet" or the "House of Conventions." It was here where all conventions were held, and in its halls the monarchs gave their great banquets and entertainments for their provincial kings, princes and chiefs. This great palace was three hundred feet long, about eighty feet wide, and nearly fifty feet high. It contained numerous apartments besides the royal bed-chamber. Among all the exquisite furnishings at these banquets of royalty were one hundred and fifty massive goblets of pure gold. This Cornac was one of the most celebrated of Irish kings for munificence, learning, wisdom, and valor, and the glories of his palace at Tara were, for many ages, the theme of the Irish Bards. He, like Fodhla, kept a correct record of the kingdom with the strictest accuracy, nothing but the truth allowed to be recorded. These records are embodied in one M. S. called the Psalter of Tara.

In music the ancient Irish were highly celebrated. Giraldus Cambrensis, secretary of King John says that in his time they excelled in music and minstrelsy all the other European nations.

In the tenth century, Limerick, Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford were in possession of the Danes. The ports were to them a ready refuge if driven by native valour to embark in their fleets, and also convenient headquarters for marauding expeditions to England and Scotland. But Ire-

land's greatest enemy was domestic dissensions. Two of the principal Clans were divided, one of the North and one in the South. Brian Born's brother had been assassinated by one of the parties and Brian became the undisputed king of Munster. Brian was the eldest son of Eochy Moyvane, the 124th monarch of Ireland, and was the first king of his sept in Connaught and the ancestor of the Flahertys of West Galway.)

Malachy was then monarch of Ireland. But Brian married Lady Gormley, a divorced wife of Malachy and then he proceeded to depose Malachy, A. D., 1002. Malachy surrendered all hostage to Brian and became monarch of a small principality. Brian Born's wife, Lady Gormley, had a brother, king of Leinster, also a relative of the Danish king. This lady was remarkable for her beauty, but her temper was proud and vindictive. This is probably why she was repudiated by both Malachy and Brian Born, and in return she was grim against them. On one occasion, her brother, Maelmordha, king of Leinster, wearing a tunic of silk which Brian had given him, with a border of gold around it and silver buttons, arrived on some business of state at Kincora and asked his sister, the Lady Gormley, to replace one of the silver buttons which had come off; but she flung the garment into the fire and then bitterly reproached Maelmordha for having accepted this token of vassalege. This ex-

cited his temper. An opportunity soon offered for a quarrel. Brian's eldest son, Murrough, was playing a game of chess with his cousin. Maelmordha was looking on and suggested a move by which Murrough lost the game. The young prince exclaimed, "That was like the advice you gave the Danes, which lost them Glen Mama." Maelmordha, King of Leinster, "I will give them advice now and they shall not be defeated," and to which Murrough answered, "You better remind them to prepare a yew tree for your reception." This was the ostensible *casus belli*. Maelmordha proceeded to organize a revolt against Brian and succeeded as several of the Irish chiefs flocked to his standard. An encounter soon took place in Meath where they slew Malachy's grandson, Donal. Malachy went to his rescue and defeated the assailants with great slaughter, A. D., 1013. Fierce reprisals took place on each side. Malachy called on Brian to help him. Brian at once complied. After ravaging Ossory, he marched to Dublin where he was joined by his son, Murrough, who had laid waste everything in his path. They now blockaded Dublin from the 9th of September until Christmas Day, when Brian, for want of provisions, was obliged to raise the siege and return home. Most active preparations on both sides were being made for a mighty and decisive conflict. The Danes had already taken possession of England,—a country which had al-



BRIAN BORN.

ways been united in its resistance against their power. The Lady Gormley, Brian's wife, was their prime mover. She sent her son, Sitric, the Danish king of Dublin in all directions for reinforcements for the Danes. The "Annals of Inisfallen" states that Danish forces came from all parts of the world—"Foreigners" of eastern Europe came against Brian and Malachy.

A powerful fleet with these combined forces of foreigners arrived in Dublin Bay on Palm Sunday, the 18th day of April, A. D., 1014, under command of Brodar, the Danish Admiral. The entire combined forces of Danes and foreigners amounted to twelve thousand men and their Irish allies under Maelmordha numbered nine thousand. When Maelmordha found all his foreign allies assembled, he sent a herald to Brian Born, challenging him to a battle on the plains of Clontarf. This custom prevailed among the ancient Irish of selecting a time and a place, according to mutual consent to decide their contests in a pitched battle.

Brian, with twenty thousand men, met the Danes at Clontarf near the mouth of the River Tolka, where the bridge of Ballybough now stands. It was a conflict of heroes—a hand to hand fight. On either side, bravery was not wanting, and for a time the result seemed doubtful. Brian retired to the rear and told his attendant, "Watch thou the battle and combats, whilst I say the psalms." When

Malachy returned to Meach he described the battle as follows: "We were separated from the combatants as spectators, at no greater distance than the breadth of a ditch and a fallow field; the high wind of the Spring was blowing towards where we stood. Not longer than half an hour after they began the conflict, could the combatants be distinguished from each other; not even Father or Brother could recognize each other except by their voices, so closely were they mingled together. When the warriors engaged and grappled in close combat, it was dreadful to behold how their weapons glittered over their heads in the sun, giving them the appearance of a numerous flock of white sea-gulls flying in the air.

Our bodies and clothes were all covered over as it were with red rain of blood, borne from the battlefield on the wings of the wind. The swords, spears, and battle axes of the combatants were so cemented and entangled with clots of blood and locks of hair that they could but use them with difficulty, and it was a long time before they recovered their former brightness.

To those who beheld the slaughter, the sight was more terrific than to those engaged in the battle which continued from sunrise until the shades of evening, when the full tide carried the ships away."

At one time the Irish were getting the best of

the Northmen and their allies and they began running towards their ships and Dublin, but as they fled towards the River Tolka, they forgot it was swollen by the incoming tide and thousands perished by water who had escaped the sword. In the meantime Brodar, seeing Brian's soldiers in pursuit of the flying Danes and none left to guard the royal tent, rushed forward with some of his followers from their hiding in the woods, and attacking the king, cut off his head, together with the hand of the page who tried to save the king, and then cried out, "Let it be proclaimed from man to man that Brian has fallen by the hand of Brodar."

The soldiers who were in pursuit of the Danes, and hearing of Brian's death, returned and took Brodar, hanged him to a tree and tore out his entrails.

Although Danish supremacy in Ireland received a death-blow by the victory of Clontarf, yet the Danes continued to live in Dublin and Waterford and held considerable power for more than a century,—up to the Anglo-Norman invasion.

Maelmordha, the king of Leinster, and many of his chiefs were slain in the battle by Malachy II, who, towards the end of the battle, joined Brian's forces. Brian was in the eighty-eighth year of his age when he fell, and he has always been justly celebrated as one of the greatest Irish kings,—eminent for his valor, wisdom, ability, patriotism, piety,

munificence, and patronage of learning and the arts. From the eminence of his character as a patriot, a hero, and a legislator, he has been called the "Irish Alfred" or "The Augustus of Western Europe."

His residency was at the palace of Kincora on the banks of the River Shannon near Killaloe, in the County Clare. He was a man of majestic stature, and highly distinguished. The place where he fell is now called Conquer Hill, near the village of Clontarf. His harp is still preserved in the Museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

Remember the glories of Brian, the brave,
Though the days of the the hero are o'er;

For lost to Momonia, and cold in his grave,
He returns to Kincora no more.

That star of the field which so often poured
Its beam on the battle is set.

But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet."

MOORE—"Irish Melodies."

Note—Brian Born was buried standing upright with his face to the east.

The Flehartys in the Second Century

CHAPTER III.



'Flaithbhearthaigh'' anglicized "O'Flaherty," "O'Flehartie," "Fleharty," was the son of Duach Teangumh, whose ancestry reaches back to Japheth, eldest son of Noah. Through Duach Teangumh, the present Fleharty descended.

The Flehartys became very prominent in the third century of our era as hereditary lords and monarchs of Ireland, and continued to hold these high places during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries.

They owned many castles as all monarchs do, their principal ones were in Galway and Roscomon Counties in the province of Connaught.

In the thirteenth century, they were forced by the English to give up some of this territory, so they settled on the other side of Lake Lough Corrib where they got extensive possessions in the Barony of Moycullen and were styled lords of Iar Conacht or West Connaught.

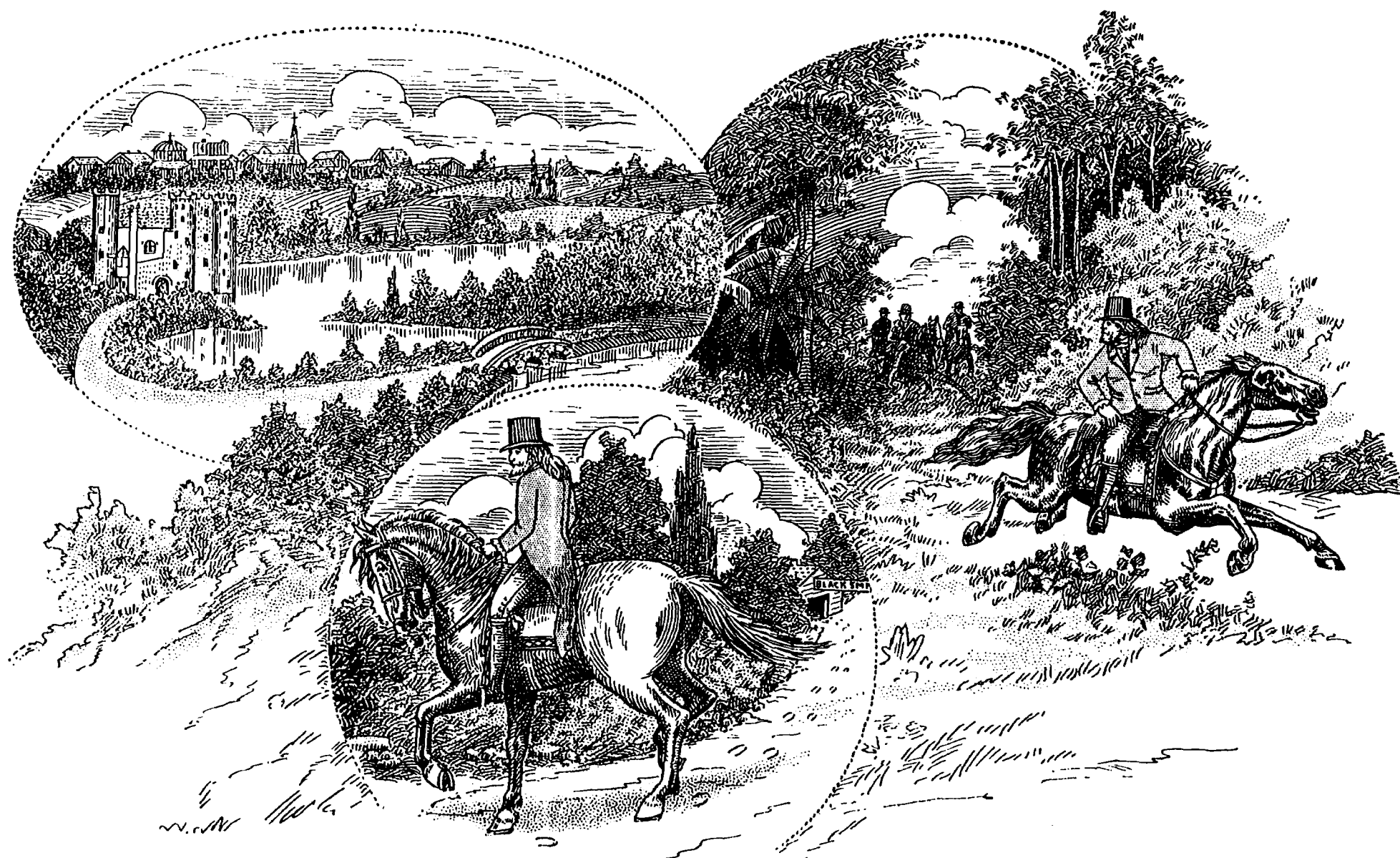
They also had chief naval command about Lough Corrib Lake and built great castles on the islands where they lived part of the time.

Roderick O'Flaherty was born at Moycullen Castle, Galway County, in 1629. His father, Hugh, was the last chief of the race.

Roderick O'Flaherty's castle and chief residence was not far from the town of Galway, between that and Outerard. He had the grandest castle of any in Ireland and its remains can be seen to this day. It was a strong, lofty building on a slight eminence, surrounded by a stone wall and a moat, a gate with strong columns on each side, and a drawbridge over the water. An inner stone wall surrounded the castle; this was perforated with loopholes to see if any enemy were approaching as they had to always be on guard.

The river which conveys his boats to the lake, washes the inner wall of the castle. This lake supplied his table with the most luxurious trout and salmon. Adjacent to the castle were stables for his horses, a bakery and cold storage houses, dog kennels, hen houses, and an apiary for his bees, also a large banqueting hall for dancing and parties and all kinds of entertainments.

This O'Flaherty married Grace O'Malley, daughter of the Chief O'Malley. She was a woman of extraordinary beauty and intelligence and reigned with queenly dignity over his household.



**RODERICK O'FLAHERTY PURSUED BY BANIE, THE CELEBRATED ROBBER.
AND THE CITY OF OUTERARD IN THE DISTANCE.**

SEE HIS CASTLE

Like all monarchs he had many attendants who also acted as body guard. There was O'Conovan, his physician; McGillegannon, chief of the horse; O'Colgan, his standard bearer; McKinnon and O'Mullavill, his brehons or judges; O'Duvans, his attendant on ordinary visitings; McGille Kelly, his geneologist and poet; McBealain was the keeper of the black bell of St. Patrick; O'Connell, master of revels; O'Kicherain and O'Contachtna, keepers of his bees; O'Murgaille, his chief steward or collector of his revenues.

Roderick O'Flaherty was a man of large stature and magnetic personality. His estate embraced thousands of acres of tillable land and game reserves in Galway County. The City of Galway was a fortified town in the fifteenth century, and over the gate of the main entrance to the city was this inscription: "From the ferocious O'Flahartys, Good Lord Deliver us."

All over Ireland there existed a prejudice against the people of Connaught and especially those of Galway on account of their superior intelligence, and for the fact the people, and especially the merchants of Galway, were largely Spanish, who brought with them Spanish customs of the cities of Cadiz, Seville, and Granada with their sculptured gateways and sliding wickets in the door for observation. The dark hair and eyebrows of the ladies with the amorous, southern softness of

complexion was enough to make the gods jealous.

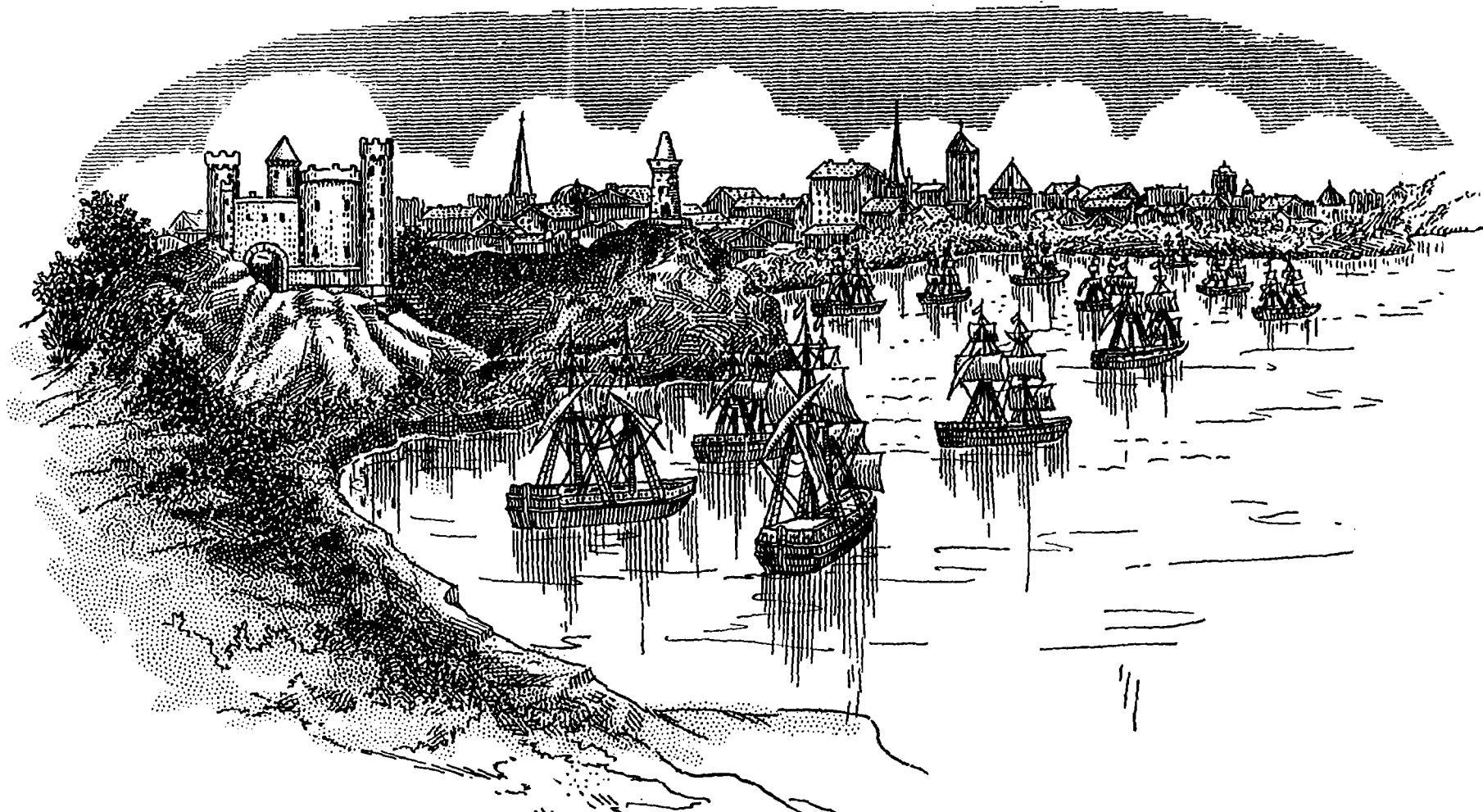
In Connaught, since the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland, the prefix O' has been omitted by most of the natives of that province.

The Milesian gentry there, however, still use that prefix as a mark of distinction between themselves and their co-relatives, the peasantry of the same race.

A vast number of manuscripts were destroyed during the wars in Ireland by Queen Elizabeth and Cromwell.

Webb, in his analysis of the Antiquities of Ireland, says: "It was 'til the time of King James Ist, the object of the government to discover and destroy all remains of Irish literature in order to eradicate from their minds every trace of ancient independence."

This no doubt is why we cannot find any more account of the Fleharty line until the early settling of America, when one, John Fleharty came to America in the year 1702, from Galway County, Province of Connaught, Ireland.



CITY OF GALWAY, AND GRACE FLEHARTY'S CASTLE.

Grace O'Malley, Wife of O'Flaherty

CHAPTER IV.



RACE O'Malley, which has been corrupted into (Grana Wale,) was the daughter of Breanham Crone O'Malley, tanist or chieftain of that district of Mayo surrounding Clew Bay and comprising its multitude of isles. This district is still called, by the old people Uuels of O'Mealey, and its lord,—owning as he did, a great extent of coast and governing an adventurous sea-faring people, had good claim to this motto, “Terra Marque Potens.”

Breanham Crone O'Malley, who passed away quite early in life, left a son and daughter, the son being just a little child. The daughter, just ripening into womanhood, seemed to have a character suited to serve the reins of government and rule over this rude and brave people. Setting aside at once the laws of tanistry that confined the rule to the nearest male of the family, she took upon herself not only the government, but the generalship of her sept and far exceeded all her family in ex-

plaits as a sea-rover. From her success, whether as smuggler or pirate, as the case may be, she won the name of "Grace of the Herves." Acting in this wild and able way, she soon gathered around her all the outlaws and adventurers that abounded in the islands, and from the daring strokes of policy she made and from the way in which she bent to her purpose the conflicting interest of the English government and the Irish races, she was called the "gambler."

As a matter of policy, she took for her first husband, O'Flaherty, Prince of Connaught and there is reason to suppose that the castle of Lough Corrib was lost to the Joyces by her marrying O'Flaherty, but was saved and kept by Grana. Be this as it may, Grana's husband passed away, and she was free to make another connection, and in this also she seemed to have consulted more her politics than her affections and became the wife of Sir Richard Bourk, the McWilliam fighter.

Tradition hands down a singular stem of the marriage contract. The marriage was to last, for certain, but one year and at the end of that period, if either said to the other, "I dismissith you," the union was dissolved. It said that during the year, Grana took good care to put her own creatures into garrisons in McWilliam's eastward castles that were valuable to her. Then on one fine day, when the Lord of Mayo was coming up to the castle of



GRACE FLEHARTY, WIFE OF RODERICK FLEHARTY, AND
COMMANDER OF THE IRISH NAVAL FLEET.

Carrig-a-Howley near Newport, Grana spied him and cried out the dissolving words, "I dismissith you." We are not told how McWilliam took the snapping of the matrimonial chain, but it is likely he was not sorry to have safe riddance of such a virago. We soon find Grana siding with Sir Richard Bingham against the Bourks, and doing battle with the English. The O'Malleys on this occasion turned the fortunes of the day in favor of the Prince of Connaught, and most of the McWilliam leaders were taken prisoners; six of them were hanged the next day at Cloghan Lucas "in order to strengthen the English Interest." It was probable that in gratitude of the signal aid afforded to her lieutenant, that Queen Elizabeth invited Grana over to her English Court, and it certainly confirms the Irish woman's character for decision and firmness that she accepted the invitation of the Saxon of whose faithfulness the Irish nation had but a low opinion.

Accordingly, Grana sailed from Clare Island, and before she arrived at the port of Chester, was delivered of a son, the issue of the marriage with McWilliam Fighter. He, having been born on ship-board, was named Tohaduah-na-Ling or Toby of the Ship, and from whom sprang the viscounts of Mayo.

It must have been a curious scene, the interview at Hampton Court, between the wild woman

of the West and the awe-commanding, lion-hearted Elizabeth. Grana, in her loose attire—consisting of a chemise containing thirty yards of yellow linen wound around her body, and a mantle of frieze colored maderia-red flung over her shoulders and fastened with a golden brooch; her hair gathered to the crown and fastened with a silver bodkin,—standing, with her red legs without stockings, and her big feet without shoes, before the stiff stays and stomacher and farthingale, cased like an impregnable armadillo. What a “tableau vivant” this must have been. Grana, having made a bow and held out her bony hand—homely as it was, (with many an oar she had handled, and many a helm she had held) to Sister Elizabeth—as she called her—and she sat with as much complacency and self respect as an American Indian Chief would before the President of the United States. Elizabeth observed Grana’s fondness for snuff, which was a practice newly introduced. She had picked it up in her smuggling raids, and perceiving her inconvenience, (as snuffers are usually without a ’kerchief) Queen Elizabeth presented her with one richly embroidered which Grana took indifferently, used it loudly and cast it off. When asked by Sir Walter Raleigh why she treated the gift of the Majesty in such a manner, the answer of this Irish girl was of that coarseness that ought not to be read by polite people. It seems that Elizabeth

was not gratified in the presents she offered to the virago. She ordered a lapdog, led by a silken band to be given her. "What's this for," asked Grana. "Oh, it's a sagacious, playful, little creature—it will lie in your lap." "My lap," says Grana, "its little the likes of me would be doing with such a thing. Keep it yourself, Queen of the English, its only fit for idlers like you; you may, if you like, fool away your time with such vermin." "Oh, Grana," says Elizabeth; "you are mistaken; I am not idle. I have a great nation to look after." "May be so," says Grana. "But so far as I can see your ways, there is many a person who has more care about them than you have." Elizabeth soon dismissed her, and offered to make her a countess, but the proud woman refused to accept it, but said, "You can do what you like by my son, but I will not accept a Saxon title." But she accepted the title of "Earl" for her infant son.

Upon the death of O'Flaherty, she took command of the naval fleet and made many daring exploits against the enemy that dared to invade her country and territory. In one of her grand castles on the Island of Achill, about fourteen miles from the coast, is the Castle Carig-a-Hoolly. In her day it was said to be one of the grandest castles in Ireland. Nothing now remains but relics of its former splendor.

In every nook and corner of this immense fort-

ress were found the bones and skulls of thousands of people who had been the victims of this piratical sea queen or naval pirate. It appears she fell victim and paid the penalty of her crimes, for her skull was found among the rest. It is also reported her bones, with the rest, were taken to Scotland to be ground up for fertilizer. But it is believed her remains were returned to one of her many great castles situated on the Isle of Clare, where it lies today. "Clare Island" and "Achill Island" are off the western coast of the County Mayo. Clare Island is still in possession of Sir Samuel O'Malley, who claims to be the lineal descendant of the O'Malley family. At Carig-a-Hoolly (the castle in the nook or secret place), the tourist is shown an aperture made in the seawall of the chamber of Grace O'Malley, through which a cable was passed, fastening her galley at one end and coiled around her bedpost at the other. By this means, our illustrious heroine, who was sometimes called the "Dark Lady of Doona," was always ready for any alarm.

Grace O'Malley (Grana Wale) was loved by her people, for she was very free-hearted and always kept her dining room door open and plenty to eat for everyone of her household and also the wayfarer. She was called the "Queen of the Isles," and Boadicia was Queen of the Isenia, a Celtic tribe in England. She was stripped, mamed and

exposed before the Roman Army, and her daughters were insulted. This angered her so that she made a fiery speech to her people who fought the Romans, leaving 80,000 Romans dead on the battlefield.

THE MEETING OF GRACE O'MALLEY AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The meeting of Grace O'Malley (Grana Wale) and Queen Elizabeth is a circumstance as singular as it is well authenticated. Dressed in the simple costume of her country, the Irish chieftainess approached the stately Tudor, seated at her throne and surrounded by her glittering court, and undazzled by the splendor of the scene, addressed the Queen of England less as a mistress than as a Sister Sovereign.

(From the Irish)

“There stands a tower by the Atlantic side,
A gray old tower by storm and sea-waves beat;
Perched on a cliff beneath it, yawneth wide
A lofty cavern, of yore a fit retreat
For pirates' galleys; although now you'll meet
Naught but the seal and wild gull, from that cave
A hundred steps do upward lead your feet
Unto a lonely chamber.—Bold and brave
Is he who climbs that stair, all slippery from that
cave.

I sat there on an evening, and in the west,
Amid the waters, sank the setting sun,
While clouds, like parting friends, about him prest.
Clad in their fleecy garbs of gold and dun,
And silence was around me, save the hum
Of the lone, wild bee or the curlew's cry,
And lo! upon me did a vision come,
Of her who built that tower in days gone by,
And in that dream, behold! I saw a building high.

A stately hall—lofty and carved the roof;
Was decked with silken banners fair to see.
The hangings, velvet, from Genoa's woof,
And wrought with Tudor roses curiously,
At its far end did stand a canopy,
Shading a chair of state on which was seen
A lady fair, whose look of majesty
Amid a throng, clad in costly sheen.
Nobles and gallant knights proclaim her
England's Queen.

The sage Elizabeth, and by her side,
Were grouped her counsellors with calm, grave air.
Burleigh and Walsingham with others, tried
In wisdom and in war and sparkling there,
Like summer butterflies, were damsels fair.
Beautiful and young, behind a trusty band
Of stalwart yeomanry with watchful care,
The portal guard,—while higher to it stands
Usher and page, ready to ape with willing hand.

A Tucket sounds, and Lo! There enters now
A stranger group in saffron tunics drest.
A female at their head, whose step and brow
Herald her rank and calm and self-possessed,
Onward she came, alone, through England's best.
With careless look and bearing free, yet high,
Tho' gentle dames their titterings scarce repress,
Noting her garments as she passed them by,
None laughed again who met that stern and flash-
ing eye.

Restless and dark, its sharp and rapid look
Showed a fierce spirit, prone a wrong to feel,
And quicker to avenge it. At a look,
That sun-burnt brow did fearless thoughts reveal,
And in her girdle was a skein of steel;
Her crimson mantle, a gold brooch did bind,
Her flowing garments reached unto her heel.
Her hair—part fell in tresses unconfined,
And part, a silver bodkin did fasten up behind.

'Twas not her garb that caught the gazer's eye,
Tho' strange, 'twas rich and after its fashion good;
But the wild grandeur of her mien—erect and high.
Before the English Queen she dauntless stood,
And none her bearing there could scorn as rude;
She seemed as one well used to power—one that
Hath dominion over man of savage mood,
And dared the tempest in its midnight wrath,
And thro' opposing billows cleft her fearless path.

And courteous greeting Elizabeth then pays,
And bids her welcome to her English land and
humble hall.

Each looked with curious gaze, and felt they stood
Before a spirit like their own.

Her hand the stranger raised, and, pointing where
All pale thro' the high casement came to sunlight
bland,

Gliding the scent and group with rich avail,
Thus to the English Sovereign, spoke proud "Grana
Wale."

"Queen of the Saxons! From the distant west
I come; from Achill steep and Island Clare,
Where the wild eagle builds 'mid clouds his nest.
And ocean flings its billows in the air.
I come to greet you in your dwelling fair;
Led by your fame—lone sitting in my cave
In sea-boat Doons,—it has reached me there.
Theme of the minstrel's song and then I gave
My galley to the wind, and crossed the dark, green
wave.

"Health to thee, ladye.—Let your answer be
Health to our Irish land for evil men
Do vex her sorely and have bucklaid thee
Abettor of their deed,—lying train
That cheat their mistress for the love of gain.
And wrong their trust, aught else I little reck,
Alike to me, the mountain and the glen,
The castle's rampart or the galley deck;

But thou my country spare—your foot is on her neck.”

Thus brief and bold, outspoke that ladye stern,
And all stood silent thro’ that crowded hall,
While proudly glared each proud and manly kern
Attendant on their mistress,—and courtly,
Elizabeth replies, and soothing fall
Her words, and pleasing to the Irish ear —
Fair promises that she would soon recall
Her evil servants.
Were these words sincere? That promise kept?
Let Erin answer with a tear.”

The Flehartys Arrive in America, 1702

CHAPTER V.



JOHN Fleharty came to America in the year 1702, from Galway, Province of Connaught, Ireland. This John had a son named Stephen, who had a son named John; and his son, (Stephen), enlisted in the Revolutionary War. The Flehartys landed at Baltimore, and later settled in Dorchester County, Maryland. A nephew, Micheal, came with John Fleharty, and a brother, Andrew, came later—about 1732. It is reported that John and his nephew were so elated at sight of land, they took a bottle of whisky and jumped overboard, swam two miles to shore, and landed before the vessel cast anchor.

The early records of land transfer in the county of Dorchester, were destroyed by fire and we are at a loss therefore, to give a more detailed account of any earlier transactions than when we come to a later period. The records show that John Fleharty, the father of Stephen, was killed in a school house fight in 1764, by one Banning. John's wife's



THE RETREAT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, FROM LONG ISLAND

name was Julia Cullen. Stephen was born on October 28, 1743, and married Sarah Jane Morgan, April 4, 1764. To this union were born two boys and two girls. Their names were John, born March 24, 1768; William, born December 4, 1771; Ann, May 15, 1773; Mardilla, September 5, 1775.

Stephen enlisted in the beginning of the Revolutionary War in the First Maryland Regiment under Colonel Smallwood, in the ninth company under Captain George Striker. He enlisted December 10, 1775, and served three years as corporal of his company and was honorably discharged December 27, 1779.

He again enlisted December 27, 1779, in the seventh Maryland Cavalry, commanded by Colonel John Stone. He served in this regiment as sergeant until the close of the war, 1783. He was engaged in the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Guilford, Eutaw Springs, Cowpens, and the Siege of Ninety-Six.

The Declaration of Independence had given fresh spirits and vigor to the army but they were not in a condition to meet the large and well-disciplined forces of Great Britain. On the 8th day of August, 1776, the number was less than eighteen thousand, and of these, three thousand were sick. It was soon after brought up to twenty thousand effective men.

These were very widely scattered and in some

instances, separated by navigable waters. The enemy numbered twenty-four thousand of the best troops Europe could afford,—well supplied with ammunition and military stores, and backed by a powerful fleet.

The British commander now resolved to dislodge the Americans from Long Island, preparatory to his operations against New York.

Howe crossed to Long Island and marched his army in three divisions to the attack. His troops were greatly superior in numbers to the Americans and were better armed and trained. Two of the divisions attacked the Americans in front, while the third, under Clinton, marched around and fell on their rear. The Americans fought bravely, but without avail. Some cut their way through the ranks of the enemy surrounding them, but many were killed or taken prisoners. Colonel Smallwood's Maryland Regiment was almost cut to pieces. The next morning, Washington and General-Miffin agreed upon the necessity of a retreat, and on the night of the 29th of August, it was effected in a most perfect manner. In the evening a disadvantageous wind and rain prevented the troops from embarking and it was feared that they could not retreat that night. But about eleven o'clock a favorable breeze sprung up and a thick fog arose about two o'clock in the morning, which hung over Long Island, while on the New York

side it was clear. During the night the whole American army, nine thousand in number, with all the field artillery, ammunition, provisions, cattle, horses, carts, and everything of importance, passed safely over. All this happened, and the enemy was so near they could be heard at work with their pickaxes and shovels.

Never did any people show a more patriotic spirit than that displayed by the Americans during their long struggle for independence. The women at home and the men in the camp were alike devoted to the cause of freedom. While the men fought, the women worked to support their families and to provide the needed articles of clothing for the soldiers.

In a letter Washington addressed to the President of Congress on the 23rd day of December, 1777, he says, "We have no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty because they are barefoot and otherwise naked."

We have no idea of the hardships he had to endure those seven long years; and American Independence, for which so much blood had been shed, so many sacrifices made, and so many campaigns, was as remote as ever in the beginning of the year 1781.

The prospect of success was indeed far from being encouraging. In the south the whole army,

under Green, amounted to only two thousand three hundred men, of whom twelve hundred were militia and these were nearly naked, destitute of magazines and dependent upon daily collections of food for their subsistence. The region about Charlotte had been made nearly desolate and the nature of the country filled with swamps and woods, and infested with Tories, rendered it extremely difficult for the American General to bring provisions from any distance. Not very far from here was the battle of Cowpens fought, three miles from the boundary line of North and South Carolina. The battle of Eutaw Springs was the last important act of the revolution in South Carolina.

Stephen fought for liberty and that we might have a voice in making laws by which we are to be governed. Yet we find him the owner of many slaves—such is human nature. It was thought no sin in those days to hold men as slaves. The auctioning off of slaves was as common to them as stock sales are today. Negro mothers saw their children put up on the block and sold to the highest bidder,—likewise husbands, wives, or sweethearts were carried off to other plantations, perhaps in different states. Such conditions made the slave owners very autocratic, over-bearing, as we found them at the beginning of our own Civil war in 1860. Stephen Fleharty's residence was in Caroline County, Maryland, and after the war was over,



ESTHER HOPKINS.

he moved to Winchester County Virginia. Stephen's wife died January 7, 1796, at the age of sixty years. He lived alone for a number of years and died in 1822, aged seventy-nine years. The following is a copy of the first census taken in Maryland in 1790:

Name of head of families	Free white males of 16 yrs. and under including heads of families.	Free white males under 16 yrs.	Free white females including the heads of families.
Caroline Co.			
Stephen Fleharty	3	2	4
James Fleharty	1	1	5
Kent Co.			
Michael Fleharty	1	2	2

John Fleharty, son of Stephen, was born March 24, 1768 and married Esther Hopkins in 1790. She was called the most beautiful woman in America; she only lived three short years after the marriage, and died April 2, 1793.

William, the second son of Stephen, was born December 4, 1771, and married Margaret Withgot, December 24, 1795. Seven children were born to them. Heneretta, born November 6, 1797—died March 3, 1822, age twenty-four years.

Stephen, born March 3, 1799.

Wm. L., born March 3, 1802.

Govert, born February 23, 1805.

Denwood, born February 20, 1808.

Bennett, born April 27, 1809.

Ann, born February 11, 1812.

William Fleharty, son of Stephen and Sarah, died December 18, 1842, age seventy-one years. His wife died April 17, 1851, age seventy-six years.

Stephen, William L., Govert and Bennett were born in Maryland. Denwood died in infancy.

Mrs. Fleharty, at the birth of Govert, was in such poor health that she was unable to nurse him, so he was nursed by a negro mammy.

Ann Fleharty, daughter of William Fleharty, married Curtis Jones. They had one daughter, and we have no further record of her.

William Fleharty left Maryland about the year 1811, and moved overland in wagons, going west into Ohio, where they settled in a place near Chillicothe, called Dry Run, in Scioto County. Here they lived, trying to develop this new country, where no one but Indians and trappers had lived, and it would be months before they would get a letter from their old home. But they seemed happy and contented to raise their flax and wool, spin and weave their own cloth, and tan the hides for leather, and the shoemaker would come around every so often and make shoes for the whole family. I don't think he knew how to put the French heel on them, either. Here in this vicinity where they

lived was a family with several children, who lived principally on a specific clay of an oily nature.

William Fleharty's wife had inherited a number of slaves while living in Maryland, and as she was a good Christian, she would not sell them, but preferred to free them. As she could not do this in Maryland, she was forced to take them to Ohio where she freed them. William Fleharty sold his slaves before he left Maryland—one of them was a fine, intelligent boy belonging to his housemaid. She was heartbroken, and so angry that she called upon God to punish her master "by depriving him of all his property and that he might fill a drunkard's grave." The curse came true as he lost all and died from the effects of the free use of intoxicants.

In the year 1824 they moved from Ohio to Sangamon County, Illinois, where William L. Fleharty taught several terms of school. After living here two years, they moved to Henry County, where they bought land in 1826. William L., however, went on to Gallena, Jo Daviess County, and from there to Shellsburgh, Lafayette County, Wisconsin, and here he met and became acquainted with a Mrs. Earl, a widow, and who lived at a place called Gratiots Grove, near where is now the village of Apple River. He and Mrs. Earl were married in 1828 and moved to Dodge County near Mineral Point, where he engaged in mining lead ore. The

Black Hawk War broke out in 1832 and he enlisted, as the records of the Bureau of Pensions at Washington, D. C., show that William L. Fleharty served in the Black Hawk War under Captain John B. Terry, in a regiment of Iowa militia commanded by Colonel Henry Dodge. He served from May 18th to August 20, 1832, when he was honorably discharged, and given a land warrant for 160 acres of land. Mrs. Fleharty and the women of that part of the Country were placed in a Fort near Mineral Point where Mrs. Fleharty busied herself making bullets for the old flintlock guns they used. After peace was again restored, they moved to an adjoining County called Grant. Here he built a saw mill. Running short of funds, he used some money belonging to the church of which he was treasurer. There soon came a day when the church needed the money at once, and not knowing just what to do, he thought the good Lord would surely find some way for him to meet the payment, so he resorted to prayer and wrestled with the Lord until he felt his prayer would be answered. He was mentally told to go to a certain neighbor and see if he could loan him the money. On the way over he saw the neighbor coming to meet him. Before he could explain to the man his errand, the neighbor excused himself by saying that something impressed his mind that Mr. Fleharty was in need of something and he thought he would come over and see. So



SELLING OF THE NEGRO BOY.

the money was lent him and his prayer answered.

They lived in what was called Snake Hollow. The place was so named on account of the number of snakes that infested the valley, and was near the village of Platville. Four children were born to William L. Fleharty and wife. Eveline M. was the first white child born in Grant County. The others were, William Henry, Margaret Ann, and George L.

In 1841 or 1842 they moved to Lafayette County where Mr. Fleharty engaged in farming and the grocery business. His first purchase consisted of fifty cents worth of sugar, twenty-five cents worth of tobacco, and two pairs of boots. The next day came a man and bought the entire lot. He had to go twenty-five miles to buy a fresh supply. Their nearest grain market was Chicago, one hundred and fifty miles away.

While he was engaged in farming, he was elected school superintendent and also Justice of the Peace. And in the absence of the regular circuit rider, as the preachers were called then, he filled the pulpit. He was a Methodist, and Mrs. Fleharty was a Presbyterian. The country here was wild, neighbors few and far apart. Once he was returning from a distance at night, from where he had been on business. He suddenly saw two lights ahead, one larger than the other. He first thought it was Indians fishing at a certain stream that he

had to pass. But as he neared the water the lights kept moving on until they entered the house. He asked, "if anyone had come in," and they said, "no one had been there." Well, soon after, he and his son, George, were taken sick and were sick a long time. William L. Fleharty was a very pious man. He would not shave on Sunday or receive any money that might be owed him. Once a man owing him a sum of money and knowing his religious principles, came and offered him the money,—but he refused it and consequently lost out on that deal. He soon learned that advantage would be taken of him in that way, so in a short time he would shave or take money on Sunday.

William L. Fleharty died at his home near Apple River, Illinois, September 16, 1873, age seventy-one years. Mr. Fleharty was a man of large frame, weighing 190 pounds. One day, on a wager, he bet he could lift a body of lead ore that weighed 1000 pounds. Just with his hands alone, he won the bet, but he tore his diaphragm and was never well after that.

It is to be noted here that Mrs. Wm. L. Fleharty, by simply concentrating her mind on her husband when he was away on business, could tell to a certainty whether he had been successful or not,—and what he was thinking of doing next,—or when he would return. She had wonderful clairvoyant powers.

Marriage of Martha Toogood 1816, A. D.

CHAPTER VI.



MARTHA Toogood, daughter of Charles Toogood, was born April 19, 1798. Her parents lived on a farm near Troy, N. Y. In 1816 she married Wilber Earl. At his death in 1826, she married William L. Fleharty. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Toogood, who were among the early settlers in Rensselaer County, N. Y. Soon after their marriage, they sought a home in Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna River, near Wilkes-Barre, and where Mr. Earl established a home. No doubt they enjoyed their honeymoon trip—the outfit consisting of a team and wagon loaded with household goods, a few chickens, or farming tools, etc. The trip was uneventful, but hazardous, as bears, wolves, and snakes roamed over the mountainous country. At night they took turns watching. A fire had to be kept burning else a wolf or a bear might get their horses or cow. Mrs. Earl was dressed in homespun; she took her wheel along to spin the flax and wool. She had been provided with a feather

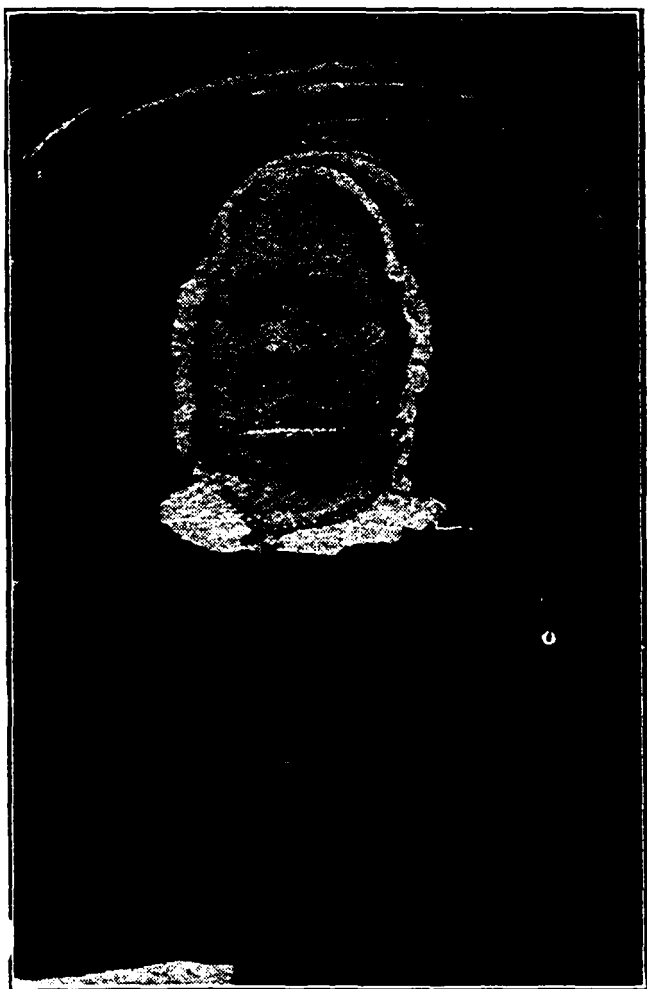
bed, the gift of her mother. It must have been a sad parting from father and mother for she never saw either of them alive again.

On their honeymoon trip, they would camp at night by some stream where they built fire and cooked something to eat; there was not much sleep to be had as one watched while the other slept.

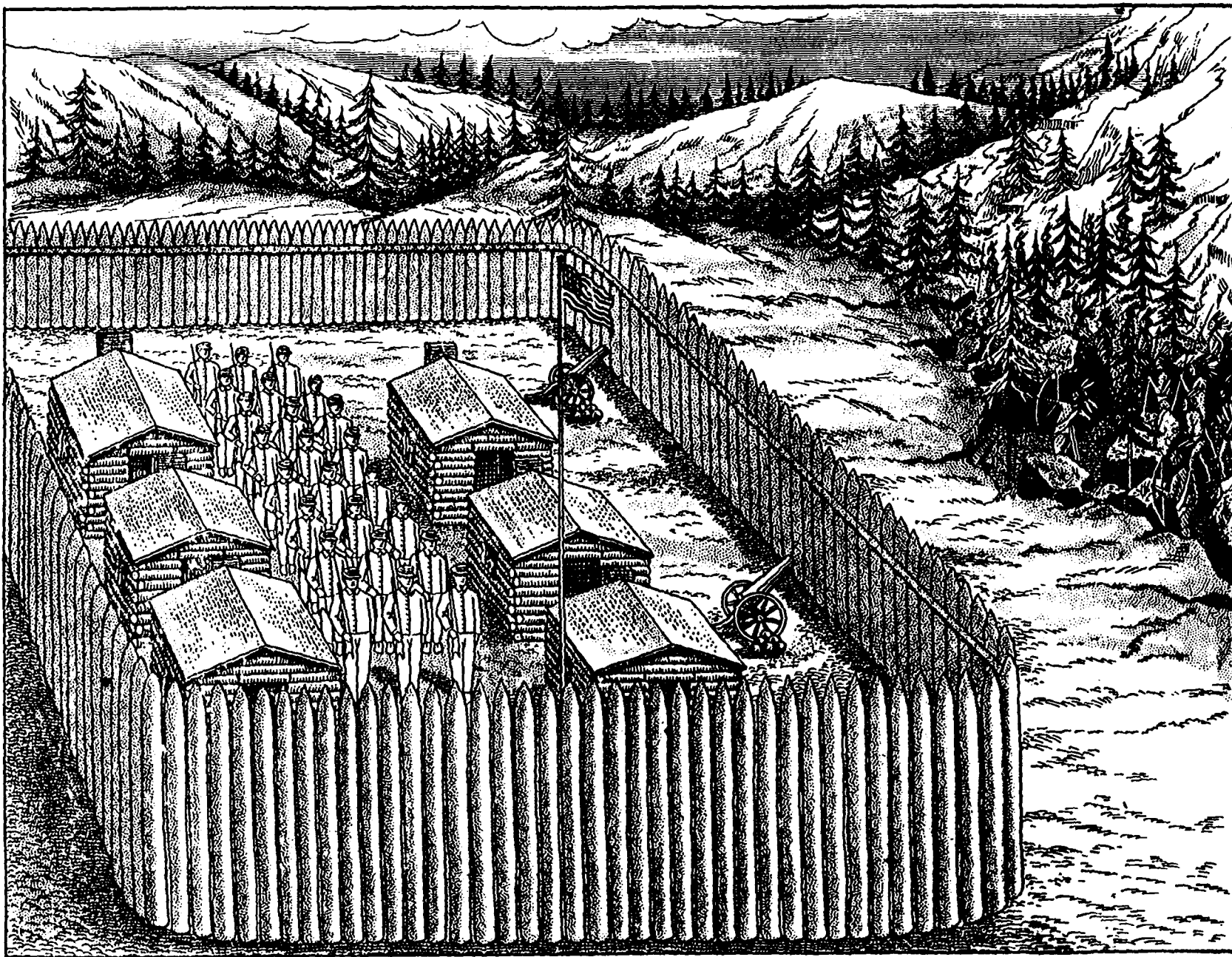
On reaching the Susquehanna River, near Wilkes-Barre, Pa., they decided to locate there. A rude log-house was hastily built in the deep woods. They were not particular about the architecture—any kind of a shack would do just so it sheltered them. The true pioneer was as happy in these quarters as her favorite daughters in their sixteen-room mansions. She, like all other girls of that day, prided herself on having a feather bed and pillows, some blankets and quilts of her own spinning and weaving. Of course she took the spinning wheel with her to her new home for she made all their cloth for clothes, and in many ways this girlish wife helped her husband to make a home.

He cleared some land to farm and raised garden truck and hauled it to market in Wilkes-Barre. One morning she went out a little early to milk the cow, and much to her surprise, it happened to be a large bear.

A year after their coming to Wilkes-Barre, their first child, Eliza, was born in 1817, and in



MARTHA L. FLEHARTY.



FORT DODGE IN 1832.



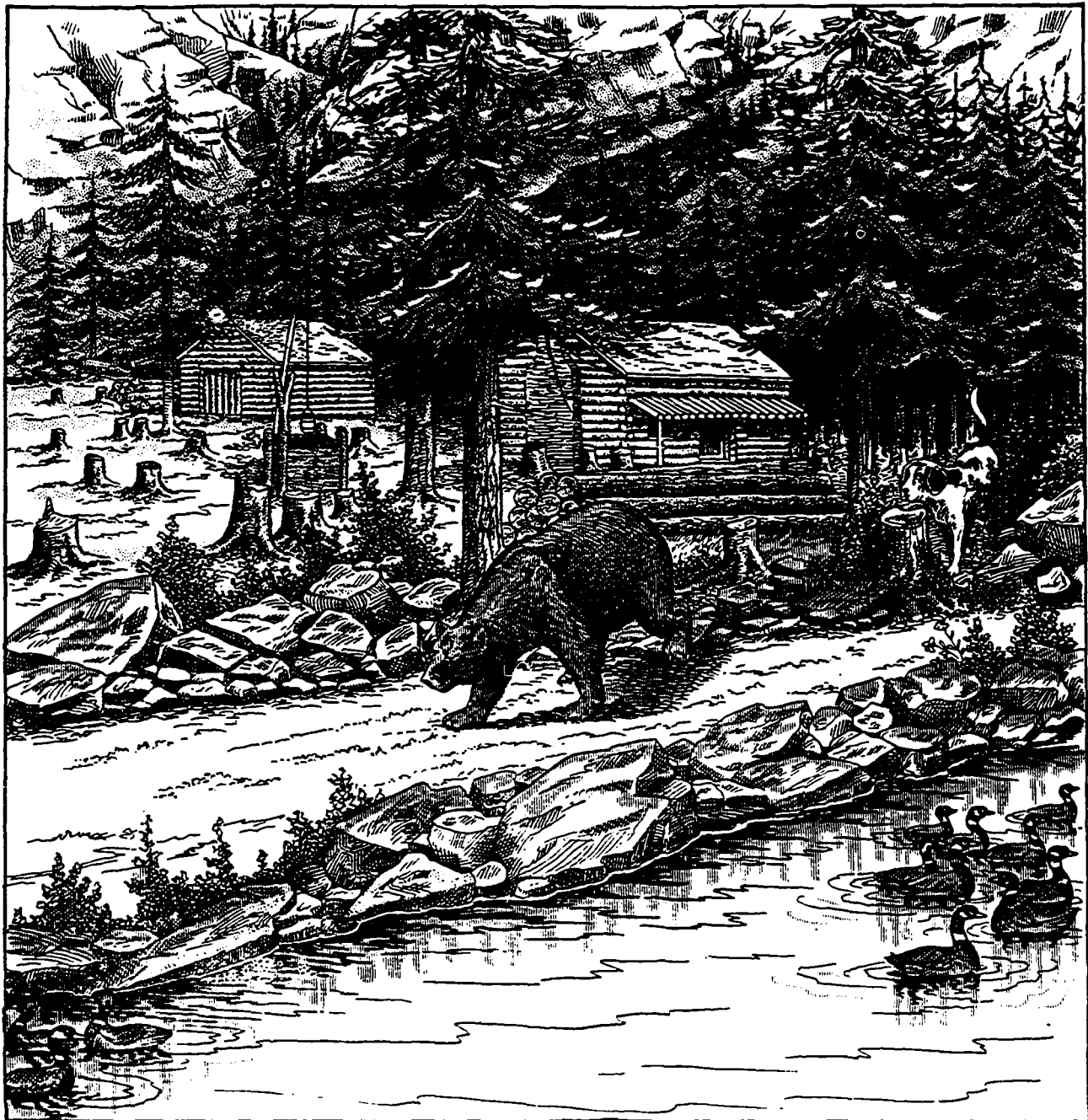
WILLIAM L. FLEHARTY

two years more, in 1819, another daughter, Mary and a son, Wilber, in 1821.

Thinking they could better themselves farther west, they packed up their belongings and loaded up the old wagon and started for St. Louis. It was a big journey, but they enjoyed the new scenery each day, and after reaching St. Louis, Mr. Earl's health began to fail. So they decided the climate did not agree with him and they went to Wisconsin, which was a long, slow, dismal trip up the Mississippi in a flat boat. The men would take a turn at the poles and push it along while the women knitted and minded the children to keep them from falling overboard. They fished as they sailed along and caught many fine buffalo fish—more than they could eat. When they camped at night near some village or farm house, they traded fish for milk and butter, or vegetables. Each night they tied up the boat and built camp fires, as there was plenty of wood. While the women cooked supper and enough for their dinner next day, the men cleaned the fish and hunted wild game which was plentiful and the larder was always full.

Mrs. Earl's oldest child, Eliza, was taken sick on the boat, so they left her with a family in Iowa, by the name of Hopkins, where she continued to make her home.

After many days travel, they landed at Galena, Illinois; but they finally settled at Gratiots Grove,

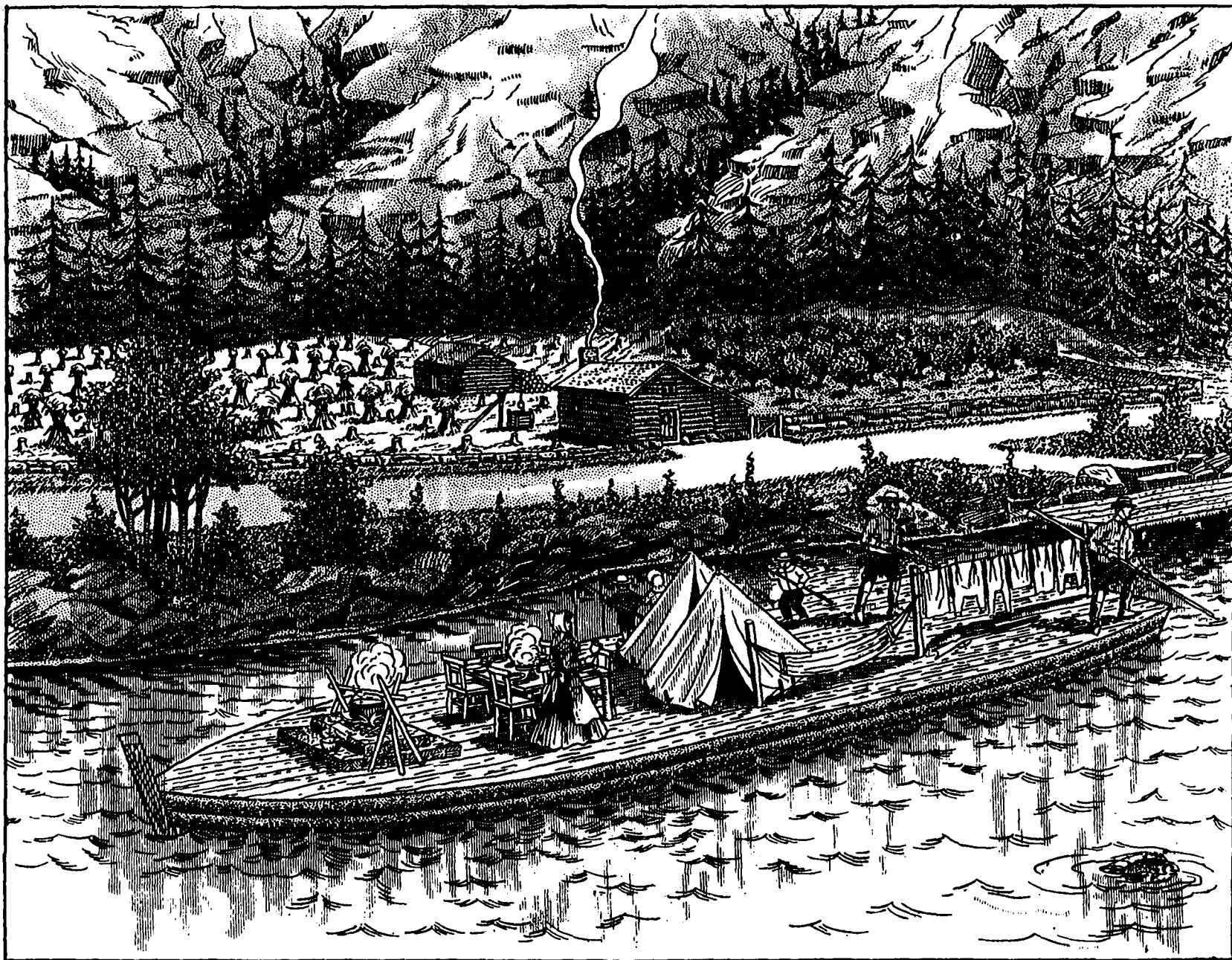


HOME OF MY MOTHER IN 1816.

Wisconsin, in Lafayette County, where a few settlers had congregated as a protection against Indians. Mr. Earl died here in the course of a year. Mrs. Earl had many a lonely and trying day here among the Indians. William L. Fleharty came into her neighborhood as a school teacher, and in the course of time, they were married in the year 1828.

One incident is told that happened about the time the Black Hawk War broke out. There was an old Indian that used to come to her house often, and she was always good and kind to him. One day he came and seemed sad, but would not say much. At last he told her the Indians had planned to kill the white folks that night, and for them to go away, but not to tell who told them. They all got in a boat as darkness came on and were quietly paddling down the river when they were overtaken by Indians in another boat and made to land. There they made them all kneel down and threatened to kill them if they would not tell who told them to leave. This old Indian was in the crowd and he looked on in silence, but none would tell on him when the tomahawk was raised to begin the slaughter. The old Indian stepped out and said, "Kill me, for I told them." So they did and let the white folks go back home, but the women were placed in the Fort until peace had been made with the Indians.

Mrs. Earl's parents were of Dutch descent.



POLEING UP THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN 1823.

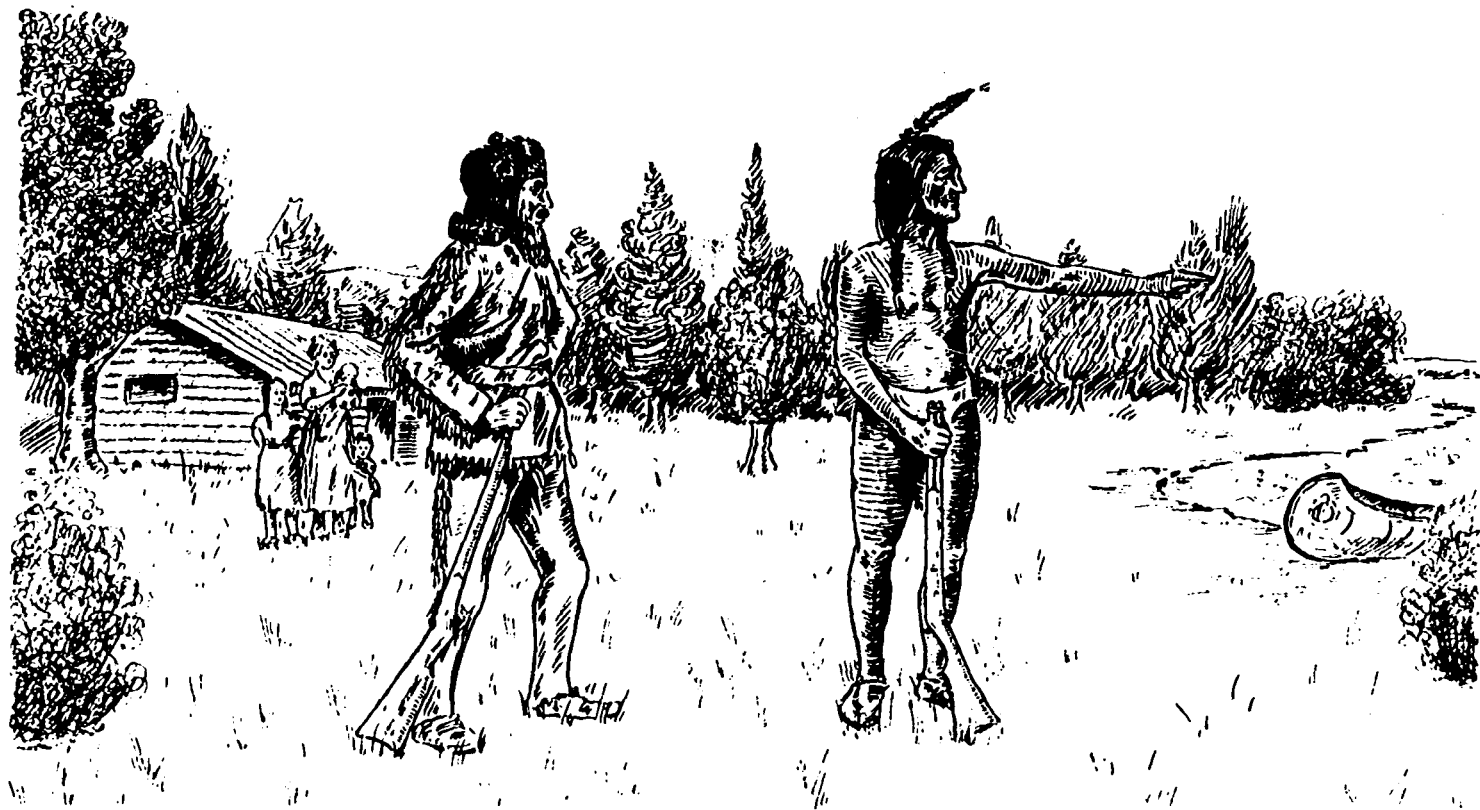
They came from New Jersey, as did her grandparents. They came to Rensselaer County, New York, and settled close to the city of Troy. When they left New Jersey, they left behind an old lady in poor health who was not able to travel. Not long after, a neighbor found her dead. It seems she died in very destitute circumstances.

Although their name was Toogood, it appears that they were not so good as they might have been.

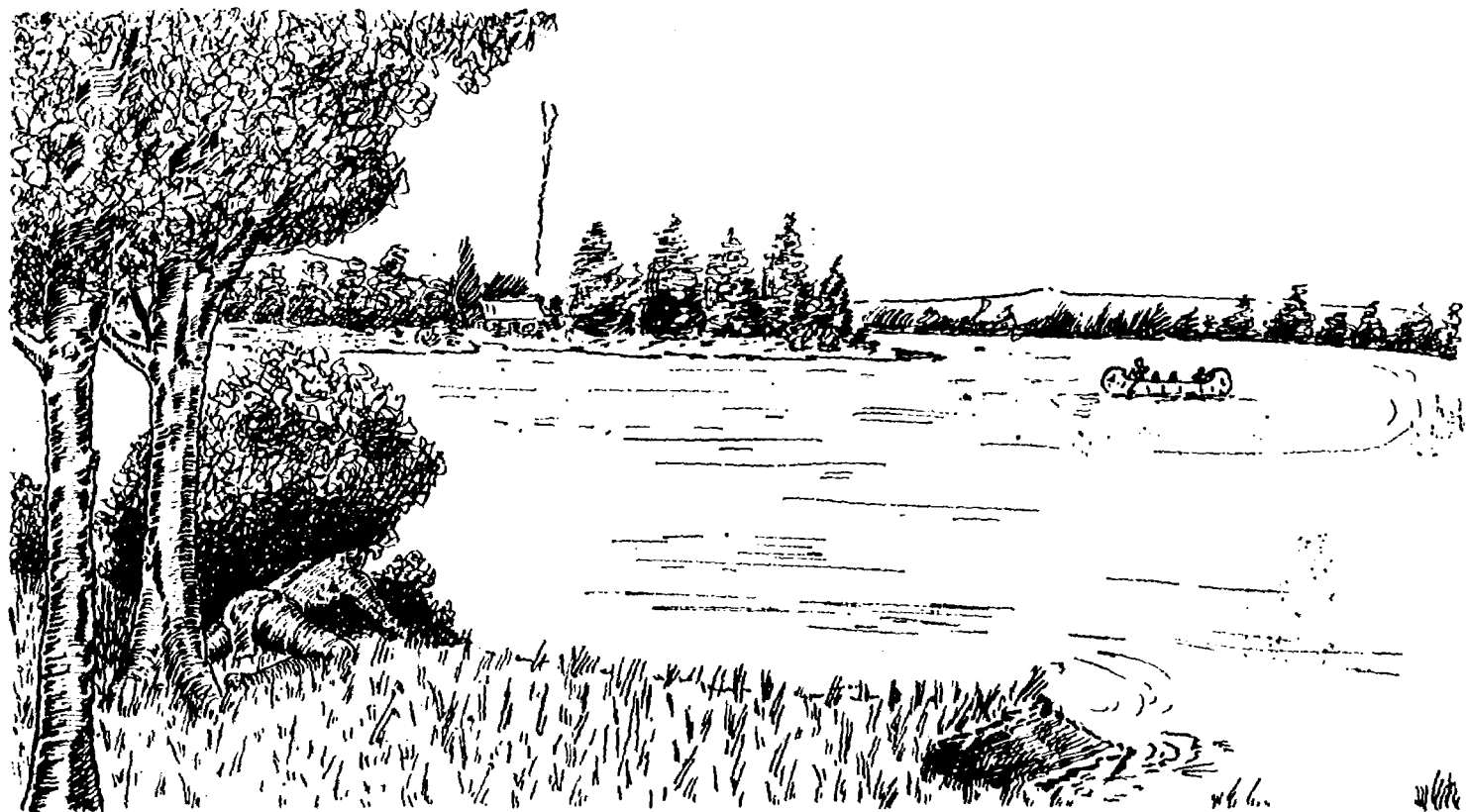
Many strange things happened in their new home in New York. One day the grandmother was spinning some wool in an upper room, and all of her rools of wool left the spinning wheel. She searched but could not find them; and calling her daughter, asked her if she had taken them. The daughter, after searching everywhere, discovered them on her mother's back. How they got there was a mystery and it occurred several times.

In this room was a fire place and a bed, and whenever they kept a fire there, some unseen force would take a live coal and put it under the bed on the floor, and after burning the floor a little it would go out.

In order to try and find out by what means this coal of fire got under the bed, they took all the coals out of the fire place but one live coal. Then they watched under the door to see if there was anything visible to take that coal of fire. Nothing could be seen, but on looking under the bed,



A FRIENDLY INDIAN WARNING THE FLEHARTYS.



THEY ARE DISCOVERED, THE THREATENED MASSACRE

there was the coal of fire. This all happened before Spiritualism was known in this country. Our finite minds are not capable of solving the Divine greatness that is reflected in all things either spiritual or material.

It was a common custom if they had a great distance to walk to church, to carry their shoes and stockings and put them on just before they got there. This would tend to make them wear longer, and only happened in warm weather. And it was not uncommon for the preacher to blow out the candle when he began to pray.—He had a bottle of whisky in his pocket and would take a little sup occasionally while preaching.

Economy was one of their cardinal virtues and this was the reason for blowing out the candle.

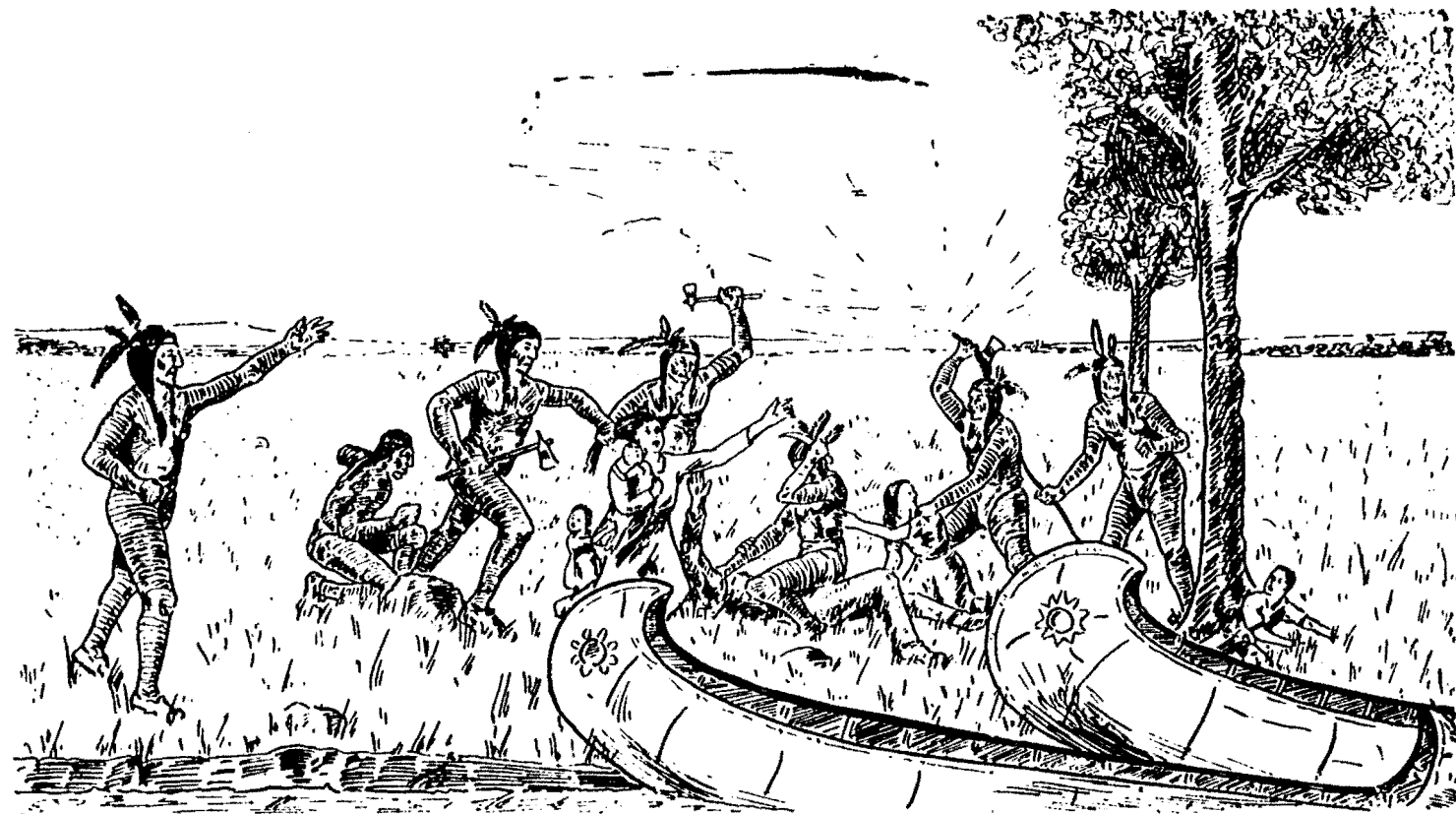
Mrs. Fleharty's father, Mr. Toogood, seemed to have the power to banish all insects from his farm by going diagonally across from one corner to the opposite and using some obscure words. One day as he was returning home, three drops of blood fell on the back of his hand. He said that it was a sign that he would die in three days. He died at the end of three days.

Mrs. Wm. L. Fleharty's children by her first husband,—Eliza married Curtis Rice; she died in 1861; Mary married Fuller Farnham, she died in 1852; and the son, Wilber, died in his eighteenth year.

The children by her second husband were Eveline M., born in 1829, and married to Erastus Farnham in 1848. William Henry born in 1832; married Johanna Kelley. Margaret Ann, born in 1835; married Philander King in 1853. She died in Bellingham, Washington, April 10, 1900; Evelyn M. died in Hampton, Iowa, May 15, 1907.

George Fleharty was born August 27, 1837. Mrs. William L. Fleharty passed away in 1888, age ninety years. After the death of her husband, she had made her home with her daughter, Evelyn M. Farnham, who lived near the village of Apple River, Illinois.

“Her ninety years of life
Were spent in doing good;
By deeds she proved her faith ,
In human brotherhood.
Death came and breathed his icy chill
Just where our Mother’s footsteps trod;
Her throbbing heart grew cold and still,—
Her work is done—she rests with God.”



THE ATTACK.

George Fleharty's Early Life

CHAPTER VII.



GEORGE Fleharty was born in Grand Co., Wisconsin, August 27, 1837. At the age of four years, George's father moved to Lafayette County, Wisconsin. There were no schools where he lived for a number of years, so his sister, Eveline, taught a few pupils in their home for a term or two. Later as settlers came, school districts were organized and a man teacher employed at twenty dollars per month and he boarded around with the parents of his pupils. After finishing a common school course, George went to an academy where he studied all the higher branches, mathematics, chemistry, natural philosophy, surveying, and navigation, and after completing these studies, he took a business course at "Bryant and Stratton College," in Chicago in 1858.

Too much study had weakened his constitution, and he had to seek some outdoor work for a while. So his father rented him the old farm for two years; he farmed and regained his health. Then he

married Annie Kelley, daughter of Martin and Kate (Catherine) Kelley. She was born near the city of Athlone, Roscomon County, Ireland, and came to America in 1845, at the age of seven years. They were married on the 25th of December, 1860, in the village of Shelsburgh, Wisconsin.

He bought a forty-acre farm and that looked too small, so he bought a one hundred and sixty acre prairie farm, and hired eighty acres broke up and the next year seeded it to wheat. The chinch bugs were bad that year and destroyed nearly all the crop. He had bought everything on time, and in the fall of 1862, he was bankrupt, and their first child, Julia Josephine, nine months old, died in September of that year.

He then moved to Warren, Illinois, and tried to find work and found but little, so he enlisted in the war at thirteen dollars per month. He enlisted in Company G, 34th Wisconsin Infantry, and went to Madison, Wisconsin, to be examined. From there he was sent to Milwaukee, Camp Washburn, where he trained for several weeks. Then at 9:00 P. M., one night, the entire regiment boarded a train for Chicago, arriving there at midnight. This was in January and the thermometer registered thirty-six degrees below zero. As they marched down the streets of Chicago, it sounded like an avalanche coming, the air being so still. After an hour or so, they were loaded into empty box cars



GEORGE FLEHARTY, IN HIS 82nd YEAR.

at the freight depot of the Illinois Central Railroad, and away for the South, arriving at Cairo, Illinois in the morning of the third day at sun rise. He says: "We were not allowed to break ranks so the boys had to attend to toilet duty right there on the wharf in full view of the stores along the business streets of Cairo. At ten o'clock the same morning, we boarded a vessel for Fort Halleck, Kentucky, getting there at eight o'clock that night, and stood in line two hours waiting for our tents. This was to be our headquarters; from here companies were detailed to various points on guard duty, Fort Donaldson and Vicksburg. We lost one man at Vicksburg, a sharpshooter got him as he ventured to look over the breastworks. We suffered from severe cold on our trip from Chicago as we had no stoves in the cars."

At Columbus, Kentucky, there had been a chain a mile long stretched across the Mississippi River to prevent boats going farther down the river. About all they had to do was guard duty at various places. George often guarded smallpox camps.

Most of the company were foreigners, Irish and Swedes, and some few French. The captain was a German, the Colonel, a Prussian; he had a price on his head and had to flee from the country of Germany. The major was from Holland. The colonel was under arrest most of the time. Several young

men of this company died of homesickness. Corporal Rhodes got so melancholy he decided to drown himself. He went down to the river one night while they were at Columbus, Ky., but a large dog would not let him get to the water; he would threaten to bite him, keeping constantly in front of him, as if to say, "I know what you are up to;" there was nothing along the water for the dog to guard, so his life was spared by a friendly dog.

They never received a paper from home, and very few letters. No place like a Y. M. C. A., to get reading matter or be entertained. At the close of the war, he was honorably discharged and glad to return home. The leading merchant in his home town offered him a job clerking at thirteen dollars per month and he was to board himself and wife. He was very liberal, don't you think? Well, all that class of people have long since gone to their reward.

His wife, Annie, lived in a rented house in Warren, Illinois. She gave birth to a daughter in February, a month or so after he enlisted. The child was born dead, and Mrs. Fleharty barely lived for a while. She had the rent to pay, and everything to buy. As soon as she was able, she did washing and ironing, and even cut her own wood. Sugar and all groceries were high; common domestic forty-five cents a yard. After George



ANNIE FLEHARTY, WIFE OF GEORGE FLEHARTY.

came home, he began to work in a sash and door factory as a machinist and worked at that for about seven years. His health began to fail so he decided he had better seek a home in the west. Reading in a Cincinnati paper about such a fine healthy country in Hall County, Nebraska, he decided to go and see for himself.

In the Fall of 1871, he went to Kearney (now Buda), Nebraska, and looked the country over, and finally filed on a claim in Buffalo County, near Buda Station. After hunting a while, he returned to Illinois, and waited until Spring, when he returned and built a house on the claim, 12x16. The family came on as soon as he had it built. He bought a yoke of old steers and broke a few acres of land, and raised only a few vegetables that summer.

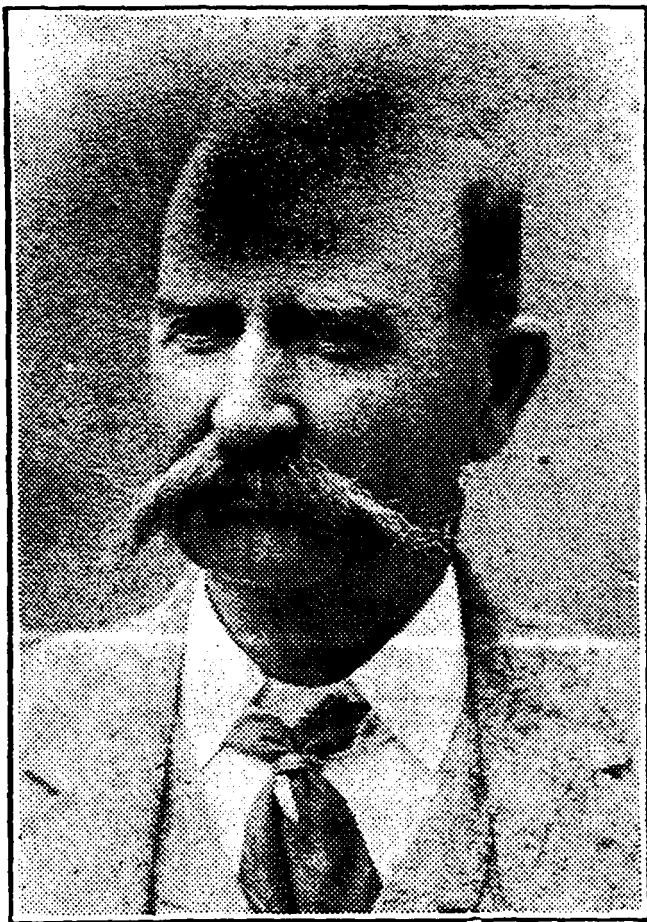
In the Fall of 1872, he was elected County Surveyor for a term of two years. The land commissioner of the Union Pacific Railroad told him the land west of Kearney was no good for farming purposes. He certainly did not know, for some of the best farms are found there now.

His ox team died that winter, and he bought a younger pair of steers that were good trotters, could keep up with any horse team. "We all enjoyed life even riding behind an ox team, and would often go thirteen miles to visit friends and back home for the night.

In the following Spring, he broke up a few more acres and sowed what he had plowed the year before to wheat, and he threshed it with a flail. No grist mills were near, so he says, "We ground our wheat in the little coffee mill to make flour for bread. It was good, too, the whole wheat flour. Coffee was one dollar a pound. We parched barley and ground it for a substitute, and a very good drink it made."

"We had planted a little corn that Spring and it looked very promising until about the first of June, when the hot winds came and destroyed the entire crop."

The Spring of 1873 began with a terrible April 13th blizzard; for three days and nights, the wind blew hard and the air was full of snow, and at times you could not see a rod in front of you. Houses were unroofed and every crack and crevice was filled with snow. Hundreds of cattle perished. Many people who were away from home, tried to return but were lost and frozen to death. Some families took their only cow into the house to save her. We dug our chickens out of the snow in the hen house and carried them to the cellar under the house, and where we also stayed at night for fear the house would be blown away. Our only hog had a litter of pigs. Only one was left and my wife raised that one on a bottle. That Spring I rented some land from a neighbor and planted it to corn,



**WILLIAM H. FLEHARTY. BROTHER
OF GEORGE H. FLEHARTY.**

but after it was up about three feet high, the grasshoppers came so thick they would sometimes darken the sun, and corn and gardens were entirely cleaned up.

In the Fall of 1874, Mr. Fleharty was elected County Commissioner for a term of three years. His money was all gone. He needed money to buy a corn plow for Spring work, and was offered one for seven dollars but could not buy it. That Spring he sold his ox team and bought a team of mares. With them and an old wagon he did a little surveying. One of these mares was bad on kicking and would get straddle of the tongue and then kick for all she was worth. He had a 2x6 bolted to the tongue to keep her from riding it most of the time. This whole outfit would not compare with a "Tin Henry" of today on a surveying trip.

There were only a few settlers in the county and they were mostly along Wood River. Buda was our nearest railroad station. It boasted of a saloon, hotel, and a general store. The section house was well stocked with guns and ammunition, but we never had occasion to use them. Here was the principal voting place. In organizing the county, the returns had to be sent from here to Fort Kearney on the military reservation which embraces ten square miles, to be certified by the post sergeant.

Gibbon was the first county seat, but as Kear-

ney Junction began to grow, and was thirteen miles west of Gibbon, they demanded the county seat be moved to Kearney. An election was held for that purpose and carried. The next night after the election was held, I saw the records brought safely to Kearney and stored in a vacant room in the Perkins and Harford Addition.

All these years we were troubled with the Pawnee Indians. They would come from this reservation near Central City, going west on a hunt and would beg all the way through and the same coming back. They sometimes met the Sioux tribe and would battle as they were always enemies. It was a common sight to see a lot of Indians in empty freight cars or on top of the cars going west or back to their reservation.

Gibbon was our postoffice, seven miles away, and Mr. Fleharty would walk down on Sundays to get the mail as he was too busy all through the week. His wife kept a close lookout for Indians and if she saw any coming, would lock the door and hide for they never gave any warning, but opened the door and walked in side-wise so as to see that no one was behind.

When going to a neighbor about harvest time, the wife and children went also. When they would return home, a line of Indians would follow close behind. They would crowd close behind. They would crowd into the house until we scarcely had

any room, and whatever we were cooking, they did not understand; if we tried it with a fork, they immediately picked up the fork and smelled it, and not being satisfied, would look into the kettle.

They were afraid of sick people. So many times when they came we would tell them, "sick squaw," puck-a-gee," meaning there was a sick woman, go away. And many times they left grinning, half doubting our word.

At this time the Texas cattle men had free range of this country and many of the cowboys were Mexicans or half-breeds. They committed many outrages on the settlers and would ride through the streets of Kearney and shoot up the town. People hid everywhere they could, but finally shot at them killing one. It was sure enough "Wild West." We wrote home to our folks in the east that it was so healthy out here we had to kill a man to start a cemetery." As I believe this cowboy was the first one buried in the Kearney cemetery.

Mitchell and Ketchum were living on a homestead northwest of Kearney, and they asked the Olive cowboys to keep their cattle away from destroying their feed near the house. It so insulted them that they overtook Mitchell and Ketchum, when they were going with their families to a friend's for a holiday dinner, and made them get out and sent the families on. They took Mitchell

and Ketchum to a lonely place, tied them to trees and literally roasted them alive. The bodies were found and brought to Kearney. Their murderers were tried, but never justly punished. Money gave them their liberty. But finally the whole Olive gang died in their boots.

About this time there was a great rush for the gold mines in the Black Hills, so a stage line was started from Kearney carrying passengers and mail and was often held up and robbed.

The country was fast settling up and taking on more civilized ways, crops were getting better all the time.

To George and Annie Fleharty were born eleven children: Lidey, Frank, and Maggie died in infancy; Julia Josephine, born December 3, 1861, died when nine months old; Rose E., born November 11, 1864; George F., born July 27, 1807; Jennie, born August 15, 1870; Joseph H., born December 12, 1873; Nellie, born March 21, 1876; Charles, born May 1, 1878; and Walter B., born December 28, 1880.

Annie Fleharty was a hardworking woman, a good housekeeper, and an excellent cook. No one ever left her table hungry. She, too, helped to bear the hardships of pioneer life by doing sewing for whoever she could, through the grasshopper and drouth seasons and thereby bringing a few dollars in to help provide. When they were just

comfortably fixed, her health began to fail and she never had good health again. All the children had married and gone from home, so in 1904, they sold the old homestead where they had lived for over thirty-two years and brought it up to a high state of cultivation and moved to Seattle, Washington. But her health did not get any better and she died June 21, 1910, age seventy-two years.

“Thus somewhat of a Seer
Must the sturdy pioneer,
See the future like a dream;
Of waving fields of golden grain,
Of cities great and pastures green,
To brave the hardships he has seen.”

The Coming of the Kelley Family to America

CHAPTER VIII.



THE Kelleys were descendants of the Milesians who came from Spain, 1600 years B. C. They were a Celtic people, as they could, with some difficulty, converse with Picts and North Britains. The City of Tara was their capital and at Tara's court were gathered an imposing number of bards, sages, sooth-sayers, and lawmakers. Although they were heathens, their civilization was of a high type for those days.

Macfirbis, who died in 1400 A. D., quotes one of the old Irish bards as saying of this ruling class: "Everyone who is white of skin, brown of hair, bold, honorable, daring, prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of prosperity, wealth and rings, and who is not afraid of battle or combat, is the descendant of Milesius in Erin." This is flattering, but graphic.

Ionchadh was the father of O'Cleallaigh, who was the ancestor of the Kelley sept or tribe. Every

man had but one name in those days, and Teige, son of Morock, was the first of this family to assume a surname.

Teige, as king of My-Maine, was slain at the battle of Clontarf, A. D., 1014, fighting on the side of the Irish Monarch, Brian Born, and is called Teige-Catha-Brian-Teige O'Kelley. Brian Born and his son, Morock, were all slain at the battle of Clontarf.

Brian, the first king of Connaught, was the eldest of five sons of Eochaidh Muighme-Adhoin, Monarch of Ireland, who had twenty-four sons and twenty-four daughters.

Tadhy or Teige O'Kelley was one of the commanders of the Connaught Contingent of Brian Born's army at the Battle of Clontarf. They were known as clans, septs, or tribes, and Teige O'Kelley was the father of the Kelley tribe and all of the Kelleys have descended from him.

The chiefs of the O'Kelleys were inaugurated at Clonturket about five miles from Eyercourt in the County of Galway and they held the rank as princes of Hy-Maine to the reign of Queen Elizabeth of England, and also the office of high treasurer of Connaught.

The O'Connells and the McEagans were marshals of the O'Kelley forces, princes of the Hy-Maine, and of the same descent as the O'Kelleys, namely of the Clan Colla.

O'Cleallaigh (Irish for Kelley). They were called O'Kelley for some time, but are known now as just plain Kelley.

The Kelleys had numerous castles in Ireland at Aughrim in the County of Galway and at Athlone, Garboely, Gallagher, Mourvea, Mullaghmore, Aghrane, Morlough. At Athleagne, Corbeg, Galy, and Shrine in the County of Roseomon.

In the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland in the years of 1642 to 1654, forty thousand Irish soldiers left Ireland for service in France, Spain, Austria, and in the low countries, Holland. They left behind, their wives and daughters. Their property was confiscated and no means of support left for them.

The English merchants who had large plantations in the West Indies made a treaty with the English government for women, girls, and boys to work their plantations. The merchants were given power to take all women not too old to work or breed and all girls of marriageable age, not passed breeding, all boys and all the convicts in jails and workhouses.

Ireland was laid waste. Scenes enacted there were many times worse than the slave hunts in Africa. Thousands of Irish girls were taken to the dens of the West India plantations,—not as wives, but slaves and for immoral purposes.

The cities were fortresses for their own de-

fense; highwaymen and marauders openly plied their occupations of rapine and robbery and boldly encamped on the roads. The husbandman was a slave without possessions of his own, and subject to the whims of ignorant and cruel masters. Human life was little regarded. The rulers did not concern themselves about their subjects, and they were considered as chattels or slaves. Daniel Conery, a well-to-do gentleman, was in 1657, banished for harboring a priest. He had a wife and twelve children. His wife sickened and died in poverty. His girls were sent to the West Indies as slaves and something worse.

Old men, old women, and little children were left without any support. Five-sixths of them died of starvation. Thousands of women and children were found dead in ditches and by the roadside. Many children were eaten alive by wolves and other wild beasts. In 1652 and 1653, a great plague swept over Ireland and the continent. What few were left after the famine died of the plague. You might travel many miles and not see a living thing, man, beast, or bird—all had perished.

“A remnant is always left—so with Ireland—of “Fairy Stories” and wonderous “wishing wells,” beautiful lakes and shamrock covered hills and dells. She rose like one from the dead.”

In 1845 there was another famine or crop failure and Martin Kelley and his wife Catherine

(Kate) who were then living in Roscomon County near the noted city of Athlone, sold their belongings and booked a passage for the United States in an old wooden sailing vessel. They were seven weeks making the voyage. Nine days they were surrounded by icebergs, not knowing but at any moment they might be crushed to death. All on board prayed continually, and on the morning of the 10th day, the sun arose in all the beauty and grandeur of an ocean sun rise and seemed to melt a path, for the ice parted and they sailed out thanking the good Lord for their deliverance.

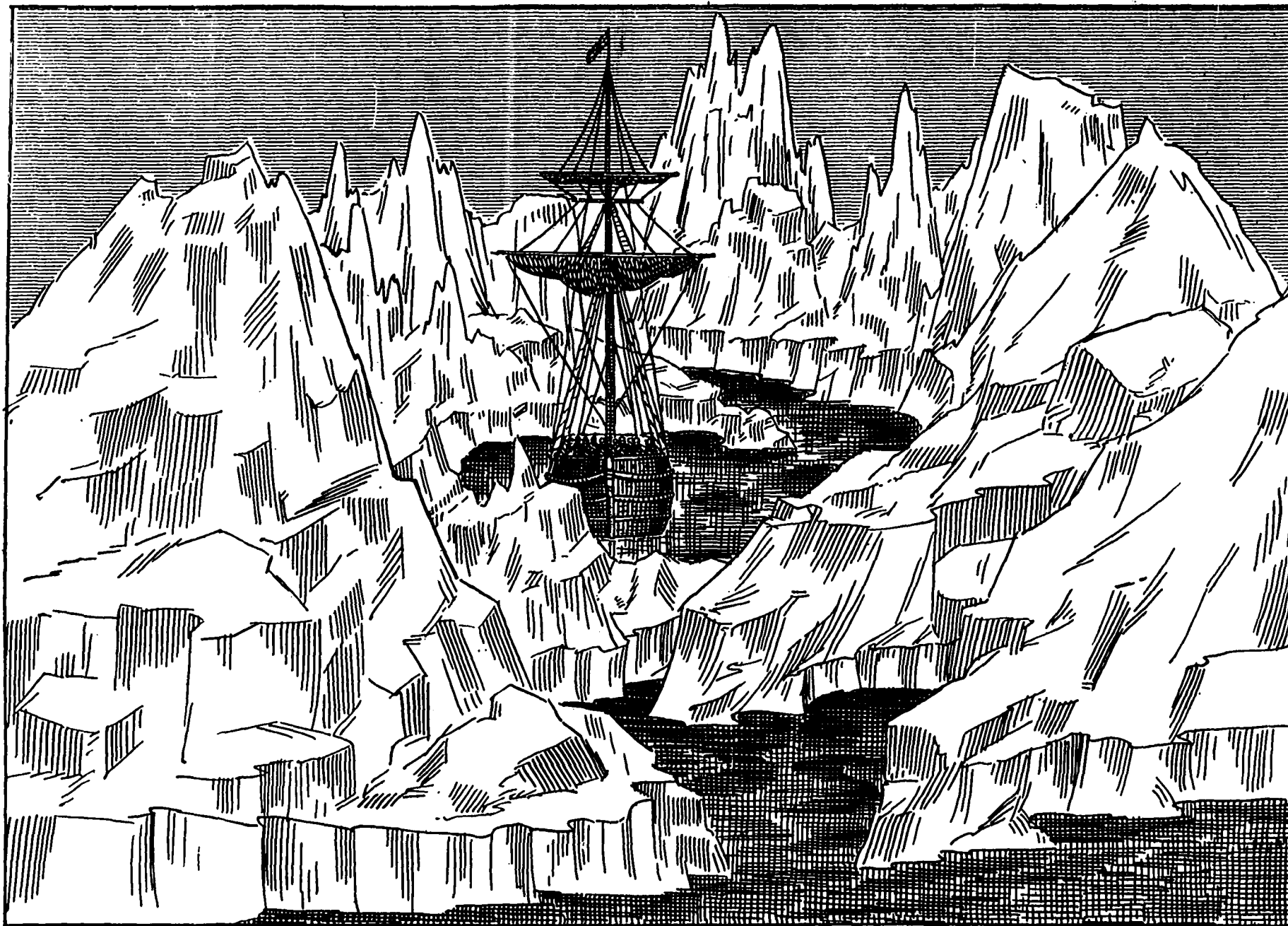
Their first landing was Quebec, Canada. And soon after they came down the St. Lawrence River to Buffalo and thence to Utica, N. Y.

After a short residence there, they moved to Chicago, then to Rockford, Illinois, and finally settled in Warren, Illinois, where Mr. Kelley died in 1863.

They had three boys and four girls,—Martin, John, Richard, Johanna, Annie, Maggie and Mary. Johanna married William H. Fleharty, and Annie married George Fleharty. The Fleharty history is given in previous chapters.

Note.—No one in Ireland could hold land unless he could prove his ancestry.

William H. Fleharty died July 1, 1919.



THE KELLEY FAMILY IN MID-ATLANTIC OCEAN, SURROUNDED BY ICEBERGS.

Fairy Stories

CHAPTER IX.



ALL races are fond of telling stories, things that are supposed to have taken place or happened in times past, and we know how they are usually tempered with the imagination of the one telling it to suit the times. Such stories are called "Folk Lore" and we find that such stories exercised a great influence on the life and thoughts of the ancient Irish.

Hospitality is as natural for the Irish as story-telling. As Owen Fleharty was returning home from a visit to West Connaught, he stopped at a farm house to warm himself, and the old man told him not to be alarmed if he saw anything strange. He said, "That is my father sitting there warming himself; he has been dead these twenty years and on cold nights he comes in and sits by the fire. My mother sits under the hawthorne bush outside. She is not allowed to come in because she was unkind to the poor,—refusing them food or shelter while she was living. Father was always kind and good, and each is receiving reward."

The man also told him of a very pious lady he knew who said her prayers regularly and prided herself on her piety. One evening there came a woman, who, having made a false step, was condemned and shunned by everyone. She asked the pious lady if she could stop with her that night as she was sick, and the pious lady told her she could stay but she, herself, would not sleep in the house with such a wicked woman, so she retired to an outhouse for the night. During the night she awakened, and looking at the window of the sick woman's, she saw a light and presently there were two lights,—the two lights arose and sailed Heavenward. The angel of the Lord has come to take her home. forgiven, and sins washed away. How will it be with the pious lady in the last day?"

"One day a man came to a tailor and wanted to get a coat made for his father. "All right, bring your father here so I can get his measure and save wasting cloth." "But my father is dead and I cannot bring him." "Oh, I did not know dead people needed any clothes." "Well, you see his clothes were very bad when he died, and by placing the coat on the grave he will be nicely dressed in the other world."

"There was a Fleharty who made his living by gathering clams and sea shells along the coast of Galway Bay and selling them to the people of Galway and neighboring towns. He was too lazy to

work. His horse forged off of the farmer's crop. One day as he lay on a ledge of rocks overlooking the bay and close to the ocean, he heard a great commotion in the water, and on looking over the ledge of rocks he saw a great pile of skins and one very nice one. He began to think how much he could get for it if he should take and sell it. So reaching down, he takes the nice skin. Not long after there came a mournful cry of one in distress, and again looking over the ledge he saw one of the most beautiful ladies that ever lived. 'Some one has taken my skin,' she said. Her mournful cry made him feel sorry for what he had done. He says, 'you have your skin on.' But she still cried, saying, 'I cannot go back to my people, what shall I do?' He urged her to come with him, saying he would give her a nice home. She finally consented as it seems to be the only thing she could do. So they were married by the Druid Priest and they made their home in a cave close to the ocean. From there she could see her people if they ever came on shore. They lived happily together with their two children for a number of years, when one day he was called away promising to be back in two days. But he did not return as he agreed, and his wife, on searching in their garret, found her skin and putting it on, she bade her two children good-bye and went back to her own people in the ocean. On his return, the children told him

how their mother had found her skin and had gone back to the ocean. It so troubled him to lose his wife that he resolved to become a Christian from that day on.

The seals are the spirits of those people whom God drown in Noah's flood. They are permitted to come ashore and enjoy life for a little while in the form of human beings, the same as they were before the flood. At the last day when the world will be burned up, they will all come forth as human beings, their sins all washed away."

"In Folk Lore."

Misspelt

Correct

Born

Born.

Barrie

Frankie

Fighter

Eighter.