

He belonged to the North Carolina Cavalry, and how long he served this affiant does not know precisely. He does not know who was Captain Connelly's Colonel; if he ever knew he has entirely forgotten. The impression of this affiant is that Captain Connelly's horse company consisted of one hundred men, but he does not pretend to certainty about this fact. And further this deponent saith not.

(Signed) Jonathan Pytts [Seal]

[Signed by mark]

Subscribed and sworn to before Stephen Hamilton, Justice of the Peace, Floyd County, Kentucky, August 24, 1833.

Commonwealth of Kentucky }
Floyd County, to-wit } ss

On this [10th] day of October, 1833, personally appeared before me, the undersigned, one of the Commonwealth's Justices of the Peace, Benedict Wadkins, aged seventy-four years, who being duly sworn on the holy Evangelists, [deposes and says] that he was a resident of the State of North Carolina, Rowan County, during the Revolution; that in the year 1777, and 1778, he knew there Captain Connelly, who then commanded as a Captain in the North Carolina Cavalry; and I saw him in Salisbury also in the summer of 1779. He was still commanding his horse company in the service of the United States as a Captain. Captain Connelly then, I think, lived in Guilford [County]. When the army was under General Greene I saw him with the army once at Hillsboro; and he was with the army in the retreat from Cornwallis. The last time I remember to have seen him was after the battle of Guilford—the next day. He was then a Captain as he was in 1777 and 1778 and 1779. I cannot state how long Captain Connelly served, but I know he was commissioned as a Captain of Cavalry and served in that capacity for several years. When I came to Sandy [the Big Sandy Val-

ley] many years since, I found Captain Connelly here. Since then I have known him well. I recollect to have heard it asserted that he was at the Cowpens when Tarleton got defeated, but as I was not there, cannot testify to that fact. The Tories were very bad in the western part of the State, and Captain Connelly was appointed to assist and keep them down. I distinctly remember that he commanded one hundred men and they were all chiefly Dutch soldiers. And further this deponent saith not.

(Signed) Benedict Wadkins [Seal]

[Signed by mark]

Subscribed and sworn to before Stephen Hamilton, Justice of the Peace, Floyd County, Kentucky, October 10, 1833.

[State of Kentucky }
Floyd County } ss

The deposition of William Haney, aged seventy-five years, that in 1781 he became acquainted with Captain Henry Connelly of the North Carolina Light Horse. He was then commanding as a Captain in the North Carolina troops. When General Greene's army retreated into Virginia I remember that he was with the army. He was in the battle of Guilford, I well remember. I have known him many years since the Revolution, and I know him well to be the same man.

Given under my hand this 9th day of October, 1833.

(Signed) William Haney

Sworn to before Shadrach Preston, Justice of the Peace, Floyd County, October 9th, 1833, and the Justice certifies that Haney was a credible witness, as had all justices with the other affiants.

Kentucky, to wit.

The statement of Mesias Hall, aged sixty-five years, who upon his oath, states that he is a native of the State of

North Carolina, Wilkes County. That he recollects many of the events at the close of the Revolution. That he lived and was raised a near neighbor to Captain Henry Connelly, Sr. That he always understood from all persons that he served in the North Carolina State troops in that capacity in which he has stated. That he never was doubted by any person. He thinks one of his brothers-in-law served under him in the Revolution, who is long since dead.

(Signed)

Mesias Hall

[Signed by mark]

Subscribed and sworn to before John Friend, Justice of the Peace, Floyd County, Kentucky, who certifies that Hall was a credible witness. No date.

The attorney who made out the papers of Captain Connelly was Henry C. Harris, of Prestonsburg. He was attorney for the family for a generation. In a letter, in the files relating to the pension of Captain Connelly there is a letter written by Mr. Harris, in which he says:

“The old man is a Dutchman, and when I made out his statement I could scarcely understand everything he said.”

His claim was allowed and he was placed on the Pension Roll of the Soldiers of the Revolution at one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, beginning 4th March, 1831.

After his death his widow, Temperance Connelly, was granted a pension, and in consideration of the inadequate allowance to Captain Connelly, she was paid six hundred dollars per annum. In making this allowance to the widow of Captain Connelly a copy of his declaration for pension was sent to the Comptroller's office of North Carolina for verification. Concerning his service, the Comptroller wrote the Commissioner of Pensions the following

LETTER

Raleigh, North Carolina.
Comptroller's Office
November 10th, 1851.

Sir:

I have attentively examined the records of this office for evidence respecting the Revolutionary services of Captain Henry Connelly, and I regret to say, unsuccessfully. A portion of the records are undoubtedly lost. The Capitol was burned about twenty years ago and many of the papers of this office destroyed.

In addition to this, I find a remark in the Journal of the Commissioners on behalf of this State to state the account of North Carolina against the United States, that Col. (afterwards General) W. R. Davie neglected to make a return of the Cavalry forces of this State under his command, and expressing strongly the difficulty which they experienced in making out the accounts of the dragoons.

The abstract of the Declaration which you sent to me contains the best history of the Revolutionary struggle from 1777 to 1781, in the Middle Counties of North Carolina which I have ever seen.

There are not five men in the State who could have written so concise and *correct* a history. I could not have done it, and I have studied the subject for ten years and with unusual opportunities for information. The names of officers, places and dates are all correct. Where did he get them from? For you must remember that the History of the Revolutionary War in North Carolina has not been written, (except Colonel Wheeler's history, now in press). Is not the presumption, then, powerfully strong that his statements relative to his services are also correct.

I hope at some future time to write a historical Memoir

of the period embraced in the Declaration, and will keep your letter to refer to.

Very Respectfully,
Your obedient Servant,
Wm. J. Clarke, Comptr.

The letter is now on file with the other papers, in the Bureau of Pensions, where I copied it.

Captain Henry Connelly moved to Rowan County, Kentucky, about 1835, but returned to Johnson County in a short time. He died May 7, 1840, and is buried in what is known as the William Rice Graveyard, on Little Paint Creek, not far from the old Litteral farm, Johnson County. The headstone at his grave is of sandstone, and it bears his name and date of birth; also date of his death.

Captain Henry Connelly was the founder of the Connelly family in Eastern Kentucky. No family ever had a more patriotic or honorable head. He was of strong mentality, as is shown by his remarkable pension Declaration, which he dictated at the age of eighty-one, and which is so highly praised by the high State official of North Carolina. It is said that he was a member of the Presbyterian Church, but that Church had no organization in Eastern Kentucky, and there he united with the Baptist Church. This was the Primitive Baptist Church, members of which were sometimes called the "Hardshell" Baptists. About the year 1834 there occurred a split in this Church in Eastern Kentucky, and at the Low Gap Church, in what is now Magoffin County, on the Licking River, three or four miles below Salyersville, Rev. Wallis Bailey led a secession which he named the United Baptists. Captain Connelly and his descendants followed Bailey, and most of them have been members of the United Baptist Church down to the present time.

The children of Thomas Connelly (and Susan Joynes Connelly) were:

Frances, born in North Carolina, probably Wilkes County, in 1800. She married Benjamin Salyer, who owned a large farm on Big Mudlick Creek, Johnson County, Kentucky, where the road leaves that stream to go to Flat Gap. There he and his wife died, and they are buried on the farm. He died of cancer on the lower lip. I have seen him often. His son, Hendrix, lived on the home farm; he married Margaret Williams. One of the daughters married Joseph Stapleton, and another married Edward Stapleton, brothers. A daughter, Christiana, married John Williams, Esq., and their son, Powell Williams, is a prominent citizen of Johnson County.

William, born in Wilkes County, North Carolina, in 1803. Died there.

Constantine, born in Wilkes County, North Carolina, in 1805. He married, in what is now Johnson County, Kentucky, Celia Fairchild, granddaughter of Abind Fairchild, the Revolutionary soldier later mentioned herein.

Celia, born in Wilkes County, North Carolina, in 1806. She married Dr. Isaac Rice, son of Samuel Rice, the first settler on Little Mudlick Creek, Johnson County. She left a large family of children. After her death Dr. Rice married Malinda, widow of Britton Blair, and daughter of James Spradlin, the pioneer who settled at the mouth of the Twin Branches, and who was mentioned hereinbefore.

John, born probably in Wilkes County, North Carolina, in 1808. He married Margaret, daughter of Noble Blair. He lived on the Lick Fork of Jennie's Creek. He had a large family, one of whom is James Hayden Conley, of Johnson County, a man of culture and ability.

Henry, born in the Indian Bottom, at the mouth of the Rockhouse Fork of the Kentucky River, in 1810. This point is now in Letcher County. He married, in what is now Johnson County, Rebecca, daughter of George Blair. He lived on a large farm on the Middle Fork of Jennie's Creek. He was my grandfather.

Thomas, born in what is now Johnson County, in 1812. He married a Miss Davis, sister to the first wife of Martin R. Rice, Esq., of Johnson County. He lived on Abbott's Creek, in Floyd County, where his descendants are yet to be found.

Nancy, born in what is now Johnson County, in 1813. She married Asa Fairchild, son of the Revolutionary soldier to be later mentioned. They lived and died on a branch of the Main Fork of Jennie's Creek, the first considerable branch from the west side to flow in above the mouth of the Twin Branches. They left a large family, some of whom moved to Lebanon, Ohio.

Susan, born in what is now Johnson County, in 1815. She married John, the son of Noble Blair. He was a millwright and was a fine workman. He built a mill in the Middle Fork of Jennie's Creek, on his farm, to which I have often gone. They left a large family.

THE FAIRCHILD FAMILY

The Fairchild Family, of Eastern Kentucky, was founded by Abind Fairchild, a Revolutionary soldier, born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, but from North Carolina to Kentucky. His service as a Revolutionary soldier was in North Carolina. In 1902 I made a copy of the papers in his pension case; these papers are on file in the Bureau of Pensions, and are as follows:

State of Kentucky }
 County of Floyd } ss

On this 18th day of February, 1834, personally appeared in open court before the Justices of the Floyd County Court now sitting, Abind Fairchild, a resident of Kentucky, in the county of Floyd, aged seventy-one years, who being first duly sworn according to law, doth on his oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the

benefit of the provision made by the act of Congress of the 7th of June, 1832.

That he entered the service of the United States under the following named officers and served as herein stated. He resided in Wilkes County, in the State of North Carolina, when he first entered the service as a drafted soldier on or about the 10th day of October, in the year 1778, in a company of North Carolina Militia of which John Robbins had been appointed Captain. He met his company at Wilkesborough, in Wilkes County, North Carolina, and Captain Robbins not joining us, William Gillery, the Lieutenant of the company, took the command and commanded the company throughout the whole tour. William Sutton, the Ensign, acted as Lieutenant, and the Sergeant, whose name, to the best of his recollection, was James Lewis, acted as Ensign.

From Wilkesborough we marched down to Salisbury, in Rowan County, North Carolina, where we lay three or four days, and then marched out to the town of Charlotte, in Mecklenberg County, where we did not halt, but marched directly on to Camden, in South Carolina, where we halted and staid about a week. From Camden we marched and crossed Santee River at Nelson's Ferry, at the mouth of Eutaw Spring Branch. At Nelson's Ferry, where we lay one night only, we took the right-hand road and marched on to Dorchester and came near to Perosburg, the headquarters of the North Carolina troops. The South Carolina troops were there when we arrived. We encamped about a half mile from the town where we remained about six weeks. Colonel John Brevard was the commanding Colonel of the regiment to which his company belonged. From the encampment near Perosburg, we marched up the Savannah River to the Three Sisters, where we staid but a short time, when Captain Gillery and his company left the other troops and we marched down the river about three miles to a place called the

White House, where we went as garrison to guard a ferry on the Savannah River. But a few days after, his company left the Three Sisters. General Lincoln having under his command about six thousand regulars (as he, this applicant, was informed) came on to the Three Sisters and remained there but a few days. During our stay at the White House, Colonel Syms having under his command about two hundred Light Horse troops, came there and encamped with us one night, and next morning left us. Every morning during our stay at the White House a Corporal and six men were sent to the ferry as sentinels where they remained until they were relieved by another Corporal and six men more. After remaining at the White House, to the best of his recollection, about six weeks, his company was marched around a swamp called the Black Swamp, lying near the river, to a place called the Turkey Hill, where the company was discharged, on the 10th of April, 1779. His discharge was signed by Captain or Lieutenant William Gillery.

From the 10th of April, 1779, to the 1st of June, 1780, he was out as a volunteer on short excursions, receiving orders from Colonel Benjamin Cleveland, in what direction to proceed in pursuit of the Tories, and if the Tories should be too strong, to return and give information to the Colonel, so that he could go or send a force sufficient to take them. In these he was accompanied, generally, by ten, fifteen, or twenty men detached from the men under command of Colonel Cleveland. In excursions of this kind and sometimes in service under Colonel Cleveland, with the other troops of the regiment, he was in service a few days over twelve months between the 10th of April, 1779, and the first of June, 1780, in the counties of Wilkes, Burke, and Rutherford, but mostly in Burke.

In the last of June or first of July, 1780, he went as a volunteer and joined Colonel Cleveland at Wilkesborough, in Wilkes County, North Carolina. He was placed in a

company by Colonel Cleveland, the names of none of the officers of which he can recollect. Colonel Cleveland had under his command about two hundred men. We marched on to Ramsour's about ten o'clock, A. M., the day of the month not recollected, but he thinks it was between the 5th and 10th of July, 1780. When we arrived the battle between the Mecklenberg troops and the Tories was over, and the Tories had been defeated. He then understood that in this battle about one hundred Tories were slain and two hundred taken prisoners. From Ramsour's he returned home to his residence, in Wilkes County, having been in service about two weeks.

He next went into the service as a volunteer in a company of which William Jackson was Captain. The names of the other company officers he does not now recollect. Colonel Benjamin Cleveland was his commanding Colonel. He joined his company at Wilkesborough, in Wilkes County, on or about the 1st day of September, 1780. From Wilkesborough we marched on to Krider's Fort, in Burke County, North Carolina, where we remained two or three weeks, and then marched up and crossed the Catawba River at Greenleaf Ford, near Morgantown. From there we marched to the head of Cane Creek, a branch of Little Broad River. Between Greenleaf Ford and the head of Cane Creek we fell in with the Virginia troops under command of Colonel Campbell. From here we marched to Colonel Walker's old place (then so called) on Little Broad River, and halted but a very short time, when Colonel Campbell, whose troops were all horsemen, and Colonel Cleveland, after raising all the horses he could, marched on with what mounted soldiers there were, and left the footmen, about one hundred in number, to follow on with all possible expedition. From Colonel Walker's old place, he, this applicant, marched on under command of Captain William Jackson, and crossed Broad River and went down by Buck Creek and passed a place called

the Cowpens. We then passed down Buck Creek some distance and left Buck Creek and crossed Broad River again at Cherokee Ford. We then marched on to King's Mountain—arrived the next day after the battle, a little after dark, at the encampment of the American forces, about two miles from the battle ground. Colonel Ferguson, the commander of the British troops at King's Mountain, was killed and the troops under his command defeated, and, to the best of his recollection, about—hundred of them taken prisoners. The battle was fought, to the best of his recollection, on the 4th or 5th of October, 1780.

From King's Mountain we marched back to Colonel Walker's old place and then turned back towards King's Mountain again, to Vickerstaff [see *King's Mountain and its Heroes*, by Draper, page 328—W. E. C.] where we remained about two days. Here ten of the Tory prisoners were sentenced to be hanged. Nine of them were accordingly executed, and the other escaped. From Vickerstaff we again marched to Colonel Walker's old place. Here this applicant and six or seven other soldiers were left with directions from Colonel Cleveland to bring on a wagon which he had taken at the battle of King's Mountain, and the other troops marched on and left us. We went on towards Wilkes County, and on Cane Creek we met four or five men sent back to assist us with the wagon. We then went on to Wilkes County with the wagon, and he received a discharge signed by Captain Jackson for a three months' tour. The time when he received this discharge he does not recollect, but he is able to state positively that he was in the service three months on this tour.

He next went out as a volunteer under John Cleveland, a young man, the son of Colonel Cleveland, who commanded as Captain. He met the company at Wilkesborough on or about the 3rd of March, 1781, and we then marched down (there being about forty of us under Captain Cleveland) to the old Trading Fort on the Yadkin River, in

Rowan, and returned from this expedition about the 25th of April, 1781, and received no written discharge, to the best of his recollection.

He has no documentary evidence, and he knows of no person whose testimony he can procure who can testify as to his services.

Sworn to and subscribed the day and year aforesaid.

(Signed)

Abind Fairchild.

The Court then propounded to the said Abind Fairchild the following interrogatories, to wit:

1. Where and in what year were you born?

Ans. I was born in the year 1762 in the County of Westmoreland and State of Virginia.

2. Have you any record of your age, and if so, where is it?

Ans. I have no record of my age. My father had a record of my age, but what has become of it since his death I do not know.

3. Where were you living when called into service, where have you lived since the Revolutionary War, and where do you now live?

Ans. I lived in Wilkes County, North Carolina, until about twenty-five years ago, when I removed to Floyd County, Kentucky, where I now reside.

4. How were you called into service; were you drafted, did you volunteer, or were you a substitute, and if a substitute, for whom?

Ans. In my first tour of service I went as a drafted soldier, and in all my subsequent service, as a volunteer. I never was a substitute.

5. State the names of some of the regular officers who were with the troops when you served such Continental and Militia regiments as you can recollect, and the general circumstances of your services.

Ans. These are as fully set forth in the body of the declaration as I am able to do from my recollection.

6. Did you ever receive a discharge from the service, and if so, by whom was it signed, and what has become of it?

Ans. I never received but two discharges that I recollect of. The first was given by Captain William Gillery, and the last by Captain William Jackson, both of which were lost many years ago, but in what manner they were lost I do not know or recollect.

7. State the names of persons to whom you are known in your present neighborhood, and who can testify as to your character for veracity and the belief of your services as a soldier of the Revolution.

Ans. I will name the Rev^d Ezekiel Stone and John Colvin.

The affidavits of Ezekiel Stone and John Colvin are attached to the declaration, and the Court certifies that they are credible witnesses. The Court also certifies that Abind Fairchild is a reputable citizen and that it is believed that he was in the Revolutionary War.

The claim for pension was allowed, and his name was inscribed on the Roll of Kentucky at the rate of \$40 per annum, to commence on the 4th day of March, 1831. Certificate was issued the 27th day of March, 1834, and sent to Hon. Richard M. Johnson.

Fairchild, the Revolutionary soldier, moved from Wilkes County, North Carolina, to what is now Johnson County, Kentucky, in the year of 1808, and settled on Big Paint Creek. His home was near the Fish Trap Meeting House, a famous Baptist Church building some six miles from the town of Paintsville. I have not a list of the names of his children, but I know that many of his descendants live in Johnson, Floyd, Magoffin, and other counties of Eastern Kentucky. One daughter married John Colvin, mentioned in the pension papers. Two sons of John Colvin were in the Fourteenth Kentucky Regiment, Infantry, in

the Civil War – Jehisa and Abind – in Company I. Abind was called “Bide” Colvin. I knew them and saw them while their company was stationed at Salyersville. The Colvin Family, in Eastern Kentucky was founded by John Colvin, and it numbers many families now – the McDowells and others. These are all descended from Abind Fairchild.

The eldest child of Abind Fairchild was Mary. She married George Blair, my great-grandfather, and they left a large family.

THE BLAIR FAMILY

There is no more honorable or distinguished family in America than the Blair Family. It was founded in America by two brothers, Rev. Samuel Blair and Rev. John Blair. They were eminent Presbyterian ministers, and the founders of the Fagg’s Manor school which was the beginning of Princeton University. Samuel was pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, for some years.

Some of the distinguished descendants of these pioneer brothers are mentioned here:

Montgomery Blair.

Francis Preston Blair, Junior, the first Attorney-General of New Mexico, Brigadier-General of Union troops in the Civil War, and United States Senator from Missouri; his statue stands in the Hall of Fame, Washington, beside that of Benton.

John I. Blair, the railroad builder and millionaire, of New Jersey.

Henry W. Blair, late United States Senator from New Hampshire. In discussing the family and its descendants with me in May, 1910, he told me that his sister had spent much time studying the early history and origin of the Blair family. She found that a colony went from an ancient town in France called Belaire and settled in Scot-

land. The colonists were known there by the name of the town from which they had migrated; they were absorbed by the Scotch and the name of their ancient habitat given them as a family name—*Belaire*—and finally *Blair*. There are other origins of the family and name given, but this has historic support and also probability, and it must be admitted as the most reasonable.

Descendants of these brothers settled in Southwestern Virginia, and from these descended James Blair, the first Attorney General of Kentucky, and whose son, Francis Preston Blair, Senior, was editor of the *Washington Globe* and political adviser of President Andrew Jackson. George Blair came of this family, and was born in Lee County, Virginia. He and his brother Noble moved to Kentucky when young men, settling in what is now Johnson County. They lived for some time near the mouth of Big Mudlick Creek. Later, George Blair bought an extensive tract of land across Big Paint Creek from where Paintsville was afterwards built. He erected a large hewn-log house on the bluff opposite where the water-mill was erected by John Stafford, at the mouth of the Blackberry Branch. This he sold to the Staffords, after which he and his brother Noble bought all of the Middle Fork of Jennie's Creek, George taking the upper portion of the creek. Near the head of this stream, about seven miles from Paintsville, he erected a large house of hewn logs, where he lived until too old to look after a home, when he went to live with his youngest child, Asa, in whose house he died, on the old John Rice farm, on the Main Branch of Jennie's Creek. I was present at his funeral. A year before his death I taught my first school in that district, and much of the time I boarded with my Uncle Asa, and talked much with Grandfather Blair. He was a strong character, rugged and independent. He was, in his young manhood, of immense strength, and he loved the rude sports of pioneer days and always participated in them.

His people had been Presbyterians, but no organization of that faith being found in Eastern Kentucky, he united with the Primitive Baptists, and he followed Rev. Wallis Bailey in the secession which resulted in the United Baptists of Eastern Kentucky. Though a strict member of the church and an honored one, he would sometimes drink enough whiskey to make him boastful and "funny," which he always repented in great humiliation after the castigation administered by his wife in the form of curtain lecture, and which, he has admitted to me, he dreaded more than any punishment that could have been inflicted on him. The children of George Blair and Mary Fairchild Blair were:

1. John. Called, by way of nickname "Goodwood." I do not now know whom he married. I have been at his house when he lived on the Louis Power Farm, at the ford of the Licking River, where he once rescued Mr. Power from a watery grave.

2. Levi. Married a Miss Cantrell, whose family lived on the headwaters of Big Paint Creek. He was a shoemaker, and lived all his later life at the head of a branch of Barnett's Creek. He had a large family. I have often seen him, having been at his house many times. He was a sharp trader in horses and cattle, very thrifty, and of keen wit. Of these traits in him I could repeat a number of stories. His wife was a hypochondriac.

3. Britton. Married Malinda, daughter of James Spradlin, the pioneer who settled at the mouth of the Twin Branches. He owned a large farm opposite the house of his father-in-law, where he died and is buried. After his death his widow married Dr. Isaac Rice. I have often been at their house. Aunt Malinda was a good motherly woman when I knew her, and still retained traces of the great beauty for which she was noted in her younger days. Uncle Isaac was cross and disagreeable at home, being particularly aggressive and sometimes offensive in argu-

ment on religion. Aunt Malinda often requested me to come and remain Sundays, so that Uncle Isaac would talk and argue with me rather than with her, upon which occasions I was furnished with a surfeit of cake, pie, and fried chicken as an inducement to come again.

4. Washington. Called always "Watt." He married a daughter of James Spradlin, the pioneer, and lived on the headwaters of the Upper Twin Branch. I was often at his house, having been always very fond of him. He was a genius, intellectually the equal of any man I ever knew, barring none. He was a sort of rustic Samuel Johnson, whom, indeed, he resembled in appearance as well as in mental traits. He always ate with his hat on his head, presiding at the meals of the family much as a sovereign wearing his crown. He was brusque and contentious, often abrupt and overbearing, imperious, but he had a kind heart, and he was very fond of children. He exacted implicit obedience of his children even after they were married and gone to themselves, saying that such was taught in the Bible. He was, indeed, a patriarch, surrounded by his large family of married children, all paying him a sort of homage. He was quaint and droll, and his conversation was eloquent and as pleasing as any I ever heard, or saw in literature. I have sat for hours wrapped in a sort of enchantment by his fine discourses delivered always at his own fireside, for he never talked much in public. His home was his castle.

5. James. I do not now recall whom he married. He moved to Minnesota when I was but a child, and from thence he went to Washington Territory.

6. Rebecca. Married Henry Connelly, my grandfather. She was a woman of fine mental endowment, very affectionate, thrifty, manufacturing in her home the finest cloth made in Eastern Kentucky; and in this art her daughters also excelled. I remember that she was greatly interested in the improvement of the breeds of cattle,

horses, hogs, and fowls. Of all these my grandfather had good specimens on his farm. She talked much, I recall, of orchards and the cultivation of crops, especially of cotton and flax. Her flock of sheep was her pride. I remember how white and clean they always seemed to me, and how she went among them and was followed by them seemingly in love and affection. No man ever had a better ancestor, and I remember her with reverence. She died of typhoid about the year 1861, and she is buried on the old homestead.

7. William. Also married a daughter of James Spradlin, the pioneer. Her name was Sarah. He was a very intelligent man and a Baptist minister. He built a mill in the Licking River, just above the present town of Salyersville, where he lived until the State bought it and removed it under the impression that the stream could be made navigable. Then he settled at the mouth of the Rockhouse, in Johnson County, where he died. He was rather impulsive, and I could relate some amusing incidents this quality developed during the Civil War. Aunt Sally, so we called her, was an excellent woman, but of an excitable temperament. After her death he married Edith Montgomery.

8. Noble. Married a Miss Stambaugh. Lived at the extreme head of the Middle Fork of Jennie's Creek. Left a large family.

9. Clarinda. Married John Stambaugh, supposed in Johnson County to have been the most polite and well-bred man in the whole world. His wife's society became irksome to him, and he lived for a time openly with another woman, whom he believed more compatible and more "polite." In his last sickness, however, her politeness did not prevent her forsaking him, when his wife sought him, took him home, and cared for him until his death. She never married again. They had one child, a son, Buchanan Stambaugh.

10. Mary. I can not now recall whom she married.
11. Asa. Married Mahala, daughter of Josiah Spradlin, and granddaughter of James Spradlin, the pioneer. Two children, Alamander and Ellen.

Henry Connelly and Rebecca Blair were married in 1830. They were given by her father a large farm on the head waters of the Middle Fork of Jennie's Creek. On this farm they lived until their deaths. They were members of the Baptist Church, United Baptists. Services were often held in their home, upon which occasions the whole countryside were invited to remain for dinner. I well remember these feasts, though I was often kept busy caring for the horses of the guests until I thought I should starve to death. My grandfather was a large man, but without any tendency to corpulency, and he was one of the strongest men in that country. I remember his feats of physical strength, performed in clearing lands, erecting houses, in conflict with the wild beasts of the forest. He was also of fine mind, though this was of a practical turn, and he never cared much for books. He was a fine hunter, and a collection of his adventures would make an interesting volume. When he was but six years old he went into the woods a few rods from the house. There he saw a large bear seize his pet pig. He ran to the house and got his father's rifle and hurried back, followed by his mother. But before she came up he had shot the bear through the head and saved his pet, which was dreadfully torn, but survived. On another occasion he went into the woods with his elder brother, Constantine, who, while busy about some matter, gave him the gun to hold. The elder brother was startled to hear the report of the gun, and called out roughly to know what he was doing. "I shot a wolf," said grandfather. And there was the wolf snarling and struggling in its death throes. He was but seven. It was necessary for the person who killed a wolf to appear

before the County Court to get the bounty paid for the scalp. This was the cause of his first visit to a town, he having to go with his father to Prestonsburg, where his appearance in Court caused so much wonder, when his business was known, that it was impressed vividly on his mind. On another occasion, when he was no more than seven, some young men were chasing a deer with hounds. He believed the deer would run through a field just below the house. He took his father's rifle and concealed himself in a hollow stump in the field. Soon the deer came by, as he had judged, and he shot it dead, though it was running at full speed. This was when his father lived at the mouth of Mill Creek. His good markmanship once caused him to receive a severe whipping from his mother. He made himself a pop-gun of the common elder. One of the family flock of sheep, which had been driven from North Carolina, was walking along one of the logs hauled in to be used in building the residence, eating the moss from its bark. He shot this sheep with his pop-gun. The "wad" struck the sheep just back of the "knuckle" of the front leg, where there is no wool. The sheep fell from the log as though dead, for the ball had struck just over the heart. But by the time he was soundly flogged, the sheep got to its feet and ran away.

Henry Connelly was a good citizen, esteemed by all who knew him. I could relate an incident in his life which showed his good judgment, his justice, his humanity. It saved a man from a life of crime and made him an honest citizen, but as his children are yet living I will not write it.

The children of Henry Connelly and his wife Rebecca Blair, were as follows:

1. Constantine. My father. Born December 5, 1831. Married Rebecca Jane McCarty. Lived on the Wolf Pen Branch of the Middle Fork of Jennie's Creek, where I was born. Moved to Salyersville, Kentucky.

2. Celia. Died unmarried.

3. Thomas. Married his cousin, ———— Connelly. Died at the beginning of the Civil War, leaving one son.

4. William. Born in 1835. Was in the Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry, and died at Lexington, Kentucky, of typhoid while in the service. I remember that Grandfather went there with a wagon drawn by oxen and brought the body home, stopping one night at our home in Salyersville, where the friends and companions of Uncle William gathered to mourn his death. He was unmarried, and his genial nature, cordial manner, bright conversation, love of manly athletics, made him a favorite over a wide range of country. In youth he met with an accident, cutting off the fingers of his left hand while making a wedge to split timber.

5. Mahala. Born in 1837. Married William, son of Josiah Spradlin, hereinbefore mentioned. They had two children, Clarinda and Mantford. After the death of her first husband she married Nathaniel Picklesimer. No children by second marriage.

6. Clarinda. Born in 1839. Married Jeremiah Hackworth, a soldier in the Fourteenth Kentucky Infantry. Lived on the headwaters of Middle Creek. Left a large family.

7. Mary. Born in 1841. Married Farmer May, but died shortly after marriage.

8. Lucina. Born in 1843. Married ———— May.

9. John. Born in 1845. Married Matilda, daughter of Morgan Long, of North Carolina, who lived a short time in Paintsville after the Civil War. He was the largest man in Johnson County, but not in the least corpulent. He was above six feet, probably six feet four, broad shoulders, and of fine form. He was a man of immense strength. Lives now in Paintsville.

10. Amanda. Born in 1849. Married ———— May.

11. Catherine. Born in 1851. Married Andrew J., son of Martin R. Rice.

12. Cynthia. Born in 1855. Married Lewis F. Caudill. He was a Baptist minister. Both still living. Have a large family.

THE BURKE FAMILY

The Burke Family is of Norman origin, and with the Butlers and Fitzgeralds, is ranked with the most distinguished of the Norman-Irish. The ancestor of the Irish Burkes was William Fitz-Adelm de Burgo, who accompanied King Henry the Second to Ireland as his steward, in 1171. The family was related by blood to that of William the Conqueror. Two of them, Robert de Burgo and William, his half-brother, were with him at the invasion of England, and the former was afterwards created Earl of Cornwall. In the reign of King John the Burkes obtained large possessions in Connaught through the rivalry and quarrels of the O'Connors. Becoming powerful, they subsequently renounced their allegiance to the kings of England, and adopted the Irish language, dress, and customs, and compelled all the other families of Norman origin in Connaught to do likewise.—*Genealogy of Irish Families*, by James Rooney, page 458.

William Burke was a private in the famous Cavalry command of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lee, of Virginia, in the Revolutionary War. This was the famous Light Horse Troop of "Light Horse Harry." In our family there are many traditions of his adventures, his prowess, his hair-breadth escapes. Once he was captured and condemned to death as a spy, but was saved by being allowed to escape in the night before he was to be executed by a brother Freemason, the acquaintance of whom he had in some way made, and who was his guard.

After the war he came to what is now Scott County, Virginia, where he died about the year 1795. Among his children was a son, John, who migrated to Kentucky with

a colony of Methodists led by Rev. Alexis Howes, founder of the Howes Family in Eastern Kentucky. John Burke had a daughter, Lydia, born in Scott County, Virginia. I have mislaid the date of her birth. John Burke settled on the Rockhouse Fork of Big Paint Creek, where he bought a large farm. He was a cedar-cooper, and famous for the fine wares he made—pails, churns, piggins, and other vessels. I have seen him, but he was very old, as was his wife. They lived in a log cabin in the yard of the residence of my Grandfather McCarty. They must have died in 1860.

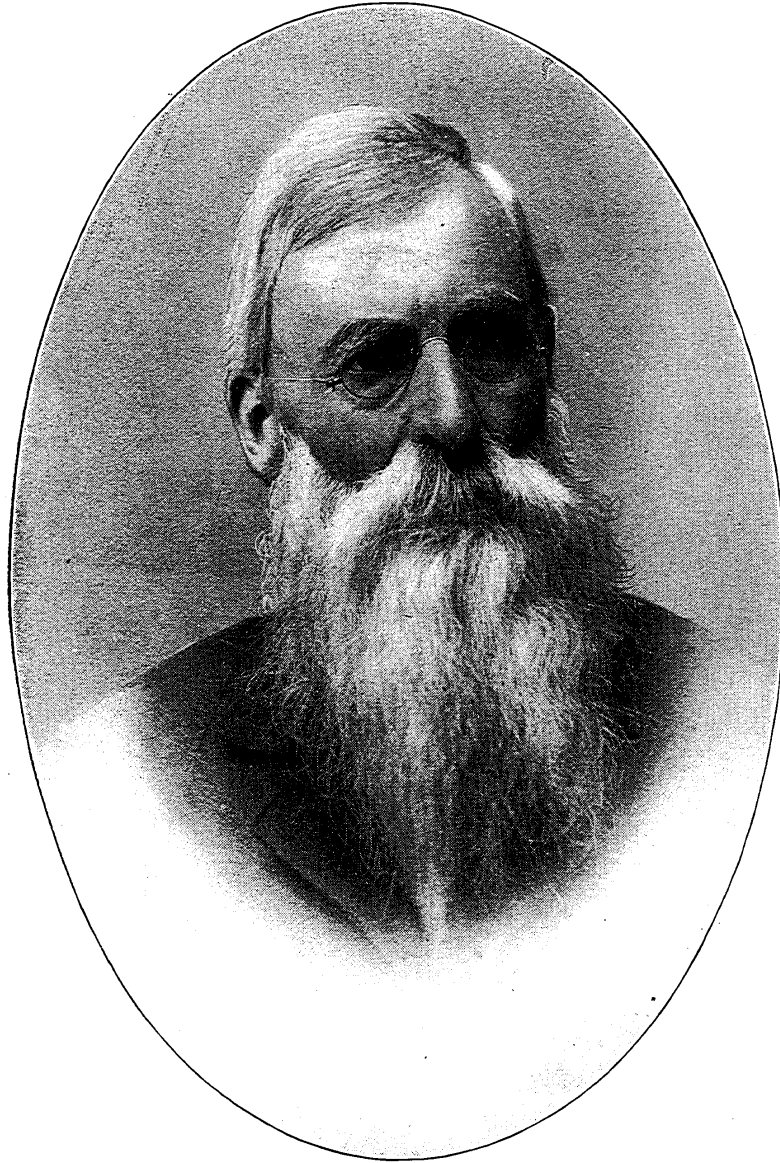
THE McCARTY FAMILY

The MacCarthy, McCarty, or Carty Family is descended from Milesius, King of Spain, through the line of his son Heber. The founder of the family was Cormac, King of Munster, A. D. 483. The ancient name was Carthann, which signifies "Kindness." The chief of the sept was McCarthy More, Prince of Muskerry, King and Prince of Desmond, King of Cashel and Munster. The possessions of the family were located in the present counties of Cork, Limerick, and Clare. The sept comprised the families of the McCarthy More, McCarthy Raigh, O'Donovan, O'Keefe, O'Mahony, McAuliffe, O'Cowley, O'Curry, O'Collins, O'Dunnady, McCartney, McCurtin, McCutcheon, McHugh, and O'Scanlon. The McCarthys took their name from Cartagh, King of Desmond, A. D. 1100. Under the Irish kings, and long after the advent of the Anglo-Norman invader, the McCarthy family maintained their princely prominence.—*Genealogy of Irish Families*, by John Rooney, page 74.

Richard McCarty was born in Culpeper County, Virginia. He was a soldier under Braddock, and was at Braddock's defeat. His company was raised by one Slaughter, of Culpeper, and was under command of Gen-

eral Washington on the Braddock expedition. In the War of the Revolution Richard McCarty was Captain of the company from 1778 to 1781, when it was in the Virginia Line. He died of disease about the close of the Revolution. (See *Heitman's Register*, Washington, 1893). His son Abner settled in Scott County, Virginia, and some of our family say Captain McCarty lived until about 1785, when he died in Scott County, but of this I have no proof. It is usually believed in the family that he died either in the war or soon after he returned to Culpeper County. Abner McCarty had a son Wiley, born in Scott County, whose son, John, came with a second colony of Methodists to what is now Johnson County, Kentucky. There he married Lydia, the daughter of John Burke, in 1836, and settled on a farm given him by his father-in-law, on the Rockhouse Fork. He lived there until his death, which was caused by inflammatory rheumatism about 1861. I remember his funeral. My mother had taken me with her in her visit to him in his last illness. He was a small man, inclined to corpulency, with the Irish fondness for amusement and merriment. He was noted for his sharp wit and fortunate speeches in repartee. He was a member of the Methodist Church founded by Rev. Alexis Howes, perhaps the first in Eastern Kentucky.

The temperament, spirit, genius, of the Irish people were strongly preserved in the family of my mother. The love and reverence for the ancient traditions, stories, fairy tales, and lore through which fancy and the supernatural were interwoven were a passion with my Grandfather McCarty, and all this, intensified and multiplied, was inherited by my mother. Grandfather sang innumerable songs of Old Ireland, and his stories of the McCarty banshee charmed me and so frightened me when a child that I was in terror when put to bed at night. My mother sang many of these old folk-songs to her children. She died so young that I did not have opportunity to preserve any of them,



CONSTANTINE CONLEY, JR.
Father of the Author
[*Photograph by Luther, Louisa, Ky.*]

but the spirit and rhythm of them so took hold of me that I hear always the music of them.

My Grandmother McCarty lived to a great age, dying a few years ago in Owsley County, Kentucky, but I have not the date of her birth or death. Children:

1. Rebecca Jane. Born January 14, 1837. My mother. Married my father, Constantine Conley, Junior, in 1854, in Johnson County.

2. Mary A. Married Rev. Samuel K. Ramey, long Presiding Elder of the Middlesboro District. No children.

3. Martha. Married Franklin Centers, of Clay County, Kentucky. They have a large family.

4. John. Married Sarah, daughter of ——— Burkett. Lives at Brazil, Indiana. Has two sons, Wiley and James.

5. Abner. Was made deaf and a mute by scarlet fever when an infant. Never married.

6. Wiley. Married Frances, daughter of Rev. Robert Calhoun, of the Methodist Church. Lives in Johnson County.

7. Amanda. Married James Estep, and removed to Booneville, Owsley County, Kentucky.

8. Angelina. Married Joseph Estep. They live in Booneville, also.

A sister of my grandmother married Rev. William Green, a devout and eloquent minister of the Methodist Church in Johnson County, and who was born in Scott County, Virginia. They left a large family, but I am not informed as to number and residence.

CONSTANTINE CONLEY, JUNIOR

Constantine Conley, Junior, son of Henry Connelly and Rebecca Blair, his wife, married, in Johnson County, Kentucky, Rebecca Jane McCarty, June 9, 1854. The

marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Alexis Howes, the venerable pioneer Methodist preacher of Eastern Kentucky. My father told me that when he offered to pay him a fee for performing the ceremony the old man said to him: "Young man, you could well afford to pay me a large sum, for I have united you in holy wedlock with one of the fairest daughters of the Church and one of the best girls that ever lived. I baptized her, an infant, and I have known her all her life. Her value is above that of rubies. I love her as my own daughter. Among the viands prepared by her own fair hands I will find a pie made for her wedding feast, and that is all the pay I desire or will have." This tribute I believe to have been deserved, and my father treasured it as long as he lived.

My father was the firstborn, and his mother had trained him to aid her about the house when he was a small boy. He was a fine cook. In those days the farmhouse was a manufactory where the shoes for the family were made. Those were days of homespun, pioneer days, the heroic days in the life of any land. In them was laid well the foundation of our government, and he that would have inspiration must study to understand them. My father was taught to make the shoes of the family, and these were made from leather tanned on the farm. This became his occupation in after life, and this trade he taught to me. His father gave him a farm on the Wolf Pen Branch, a prong of the Middle Fork of Jennie's Creek—a part of the old homestead. My mother was energetic and ambitious. When the County of Magoffin was formed and the county-seat fixed at Salyersville she desired to go there and see if opportunities could be found. They moved there about 1858, and built the first hotel there. For many years it was known as the Hager House; and it yet stands. Uncle William Blair sawed the lumber for it in his mill in the Licking River.

My father early enlisted in the Union army—in the Fourteenth Kentucky Regiment. But for some reason he was not mustered in that regiment. He enlisted in the Forty-fifth Regiment, Mounted Infantry, and served to the end of the war. My mother died in November, 1862. She is buried on the hill above where the mill of Uncle William Blair was, on a tract of land on which there was an old graveyard. My father married, for a second wife, Artemisia, eldest daughter of Caleb May, but she lived but a few months. He then married Charlotte Picklesimer, a niece of Louis Power, and a granddaughter of William Prater, one of the first settlers of that region. After the war he moved to Johnson County, where he lived until his death, in 1904. He died at East Point, and is buried there. Children:

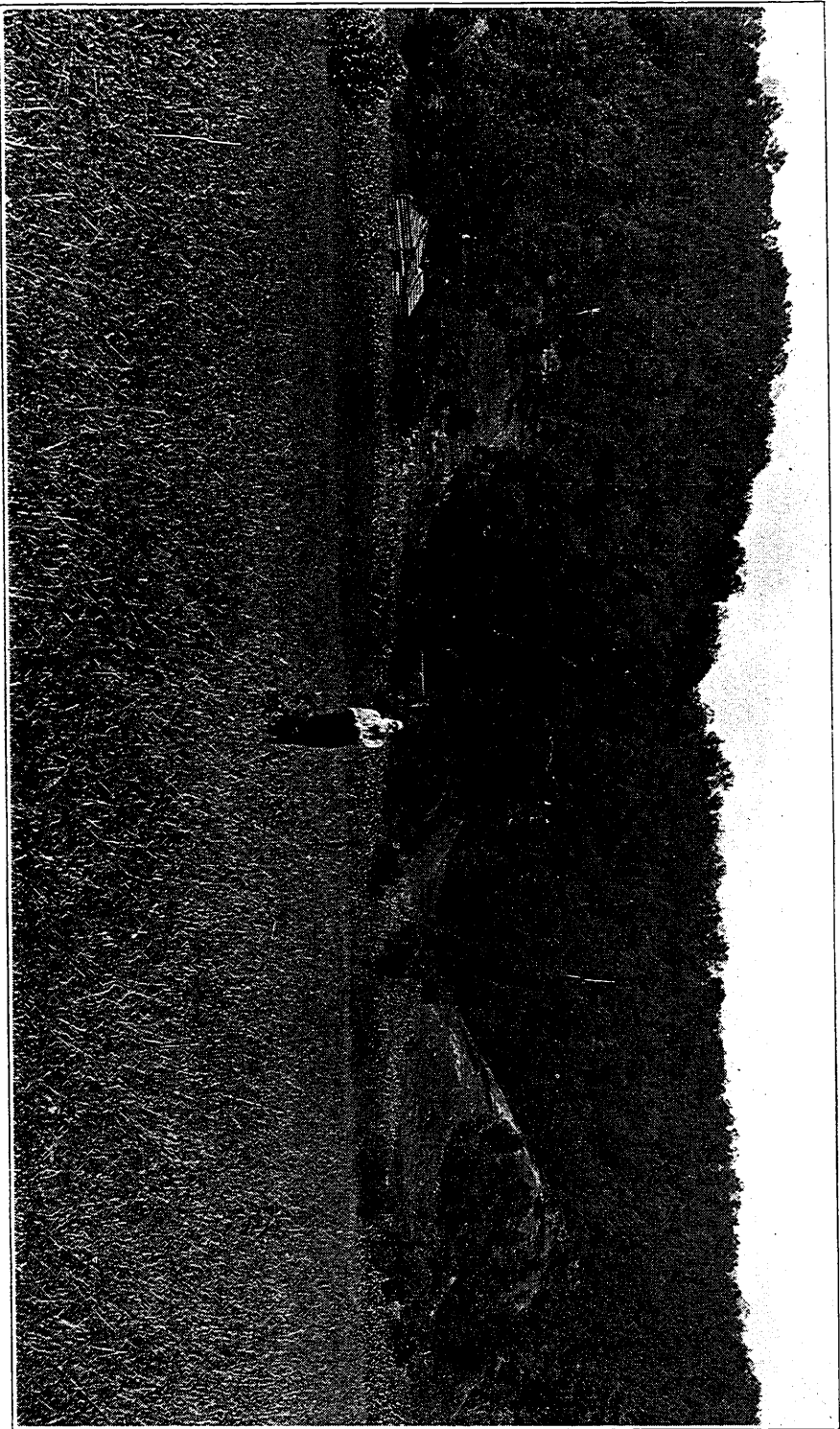
1. William Elsey. Born on the Wolf Pen Branch, Johnson County, Kentucky, March 15, 1855. The name "Elsey" was given me by my mother for an old Virginia family with whom her family was connected by blood, but in what degree I do not know. The Sweatnam and Litteral families of Eastern Kentucky are also connected with this old Virginia family. I remember many things which occurred at the home of my birth, one of which I will relate. There was some game then, and my father was an expert hunter. There was an immense turkey in the forest about our home that had often been shot at by the old hunters, but he was so wary that all the shots had to be from long distances, and he had always escaped. One evening, at dusk, my father came in from a hunt, and I heard him tell my mother that the big turkey had just flown into the top of a large poplar that stood at the back of our fields, there to roost for the night. He said he would go out there at daylight and try to get a shot at him. I immediately set up an outcry to be taken along, which was finally, at my mother's solicitation, agreed to. I remember that it was not light when we set out, but the distance

was not more than a quarter of a mile. I was left at the fence, beyond which there was a thicket in which the big poplar grew. I could see the turkey outlined against the sky, and he was stretching his neck downward as far as he could, apparently seeking a place to fly down to, for it was dark below. My father must have seen that the turkey was intent on flying down, for he shot, as he said, before it was light enough to get a good "bead" on him. But it was a lucky shot, though one that came near missing. The turkey's neck was shot in-two at the body. Here he came flopping down from the height of a hundred feet and fell in the thicket very near me. I remember with what pride my father carried him home and exhibited him to my mother. The parents of both my father and mother were invited to come to a dinner when he was roasted. I remember seeing my mother roasting the turkey in a large iron kettle used usually for laundry purposes. I am not sure I remember the weight of the turkey accurately, but thirty-nine pounds always seems to me to be the weight. While I have a perfect recollection of seeing the turkey cooked, I have none whatever of the dinner nor of either of my grandfathers or grandmothers, though I have been told all were present.

2. Henry Clay Harris. Born October 18, 1856.
3. Louisa Elizabeth. Born May 26, 1858.
4. Martha Ellen. Born July 19, 1860.
5. John Mason. Born May 5, 1862.

Children by Charlotte Picklesimer, the third wife:

1. James Mason Brown. Born November 20, 1865. This is the date I have, but I am certain that it should be 1866.
2. Joseph Milton. Born April 28, 1868.
3. Sarah. Born August 29, 1870.
4. Mary. Born June 5, 1873.
5. Susan. Born June 11, 1875.



Constantine Conley, Jr., standing on the exact site of the Blockhouse of Harman's Station
[*Photograph by Luther, Louisa, Ky.*]

Having traced the family from the beginning to a point where all descendants can easily discern their particular branches and continue them, I cease at this point. Our family, and all the families with which it has intermarried, are of the pioneer stock of America. They are neither better nor worse than the other pioneer American families. Pride of ancestry is an inspiration, and we of the South have it in large degree. But it should not degenerate into arrogance or intolerance.