



Ár nDúthcas

ISSUE #47

"For Our Inheritance"

MARCH 2007

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COMING IN MAY

Kathi's Genealogy Tips

**Continuation of the
Cahir O'Dogherty Series**

**Kentucky Family Group
#529**

More Stories & Articles

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR TO MEMBERS & FRIENDS

As many of you already are aware, with the new year came a new *Ár nDúthcas* team. Before introductions are made, I want to take a moment to thank Cameron for his hard work and dedication, not only to the newsletter, but, to the Association as a whole. He has left big shoes for the team to fill! However, he remains an important part of the new team, both as a contributor and as a mentor. Thanks, Cameron!

Bill Daughtrey (Georgia) and Kathi Gannon (Virginia) have agreed to undertake regular contributions. Bill's column will be devoted to readings associated with the O'Dochartaigh Clann family histories and general Irish research. Coming in our next issue, Kathi begins her column of genealogy and research tips and, will make an effort to answer your questions, helping to break through those brickwalls.

Additionally, we welcome the return of an "old" favorite as Denis Matthews (Australia) continues his musings.

Original artwork is contributed by Mrs. Anne Daugherty (Kentucky). Anne's watercolors can be viewed here and on pages 3, 6, and 18. Look for something special from her in each issue.

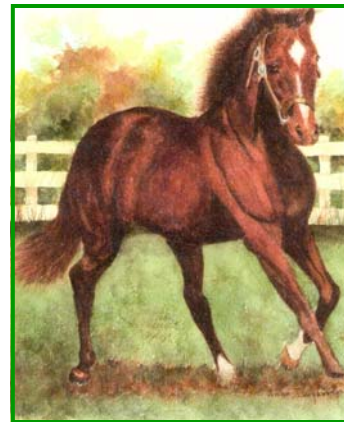
Robert H. Dougherty (California) is our "idea" man. His suggestions are proving to be invaluable.

I am honored to assume the role of a contributor-editor. As my darlin' Granny used to say: "Fools

names and their faces are *often* seen in public places." Following her advice, with "often" being the operative word, unless otherwise noted, I am the writer of an article and responsible for its content.

Last, but most certainly not least, our readers are an integral part of the team. Your contributions are most welcome and necessary. One of the team's goals is to publish a newsletter with "something for everyone." Please do not hesitate to contact us! (See page 11 for contact information.) On behalf of the team, I also ask your support and patience as the newsletter continues to grow and develop.

Sherida Dougherty



In honor of the beginning of a series of articles regarding Dohertys in Kentucky, Anne Daugherty presents the "Kentucky Thoroughbred." Nothing symbolizes the Bluegrass State more than the horse; a common love shared with our Irish ancestors and cousins.



St. Patrick's Day Tales from the Lazy Bench

(The following were found at History.com. They are presented here as written and not offered as the absolute truth.)



The Shamrock

In fact, the first written mention of this story [the shamrock] did not appear until nearly 1,000 years after Patrick's death.

The shamrock, which was also called "seamroy" by the Celts, was a sacred plant in ancient Ireland because it symbolized the rebirth of spring. By the 17th century, the shamrock had become a symbol of emerging Irish nationalism. As the English began to seize Irish land and make laws against the use of the Irish language and the practice of Catholicism, many Irish began to wear the shamrock as a symbol of their pride in their heritage and their displeasure with English rule.



The Leprechaun

The original Irish name for these figures of folklore is "lobaircin," meaning "small-bodied fellow."

Belief in leprechauns probably stems from Celtic beliefs in fairies, tiny men and women who could use their magical powers to serve good or evil. In Celtic folklore, leprechauns were cranky souls, responsible for mending the shoes of the other fairies. Though only minor figures in Celtic folklore, leprechauns were known for their trickery, which they

often used to protect their much-fabled treasure.

Leprechauns had nothing to do with St. Patrick or the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, a Catholic holy day. In 1959, Walt Disney released a film called *Darby O'Gill & the Little People*, which introduced America to a very different sort of leprechaun than the cantankerous little man of Irish folklore. This cheerful, friendly leprechaun is a purely American invention, but has quickly evolved into an easily recognizable symbol of both St. Patrick's Day and Ireland in general.



The Snake

It has long been recounted that, during his mission in Ireland, St. Patrick once stood on a hilltop (which is now called Croagh Patrick), and with only a wooden staff by his side, banished all the snakes from Ireland.

In fact, the island nation was never home to any snakes. The "banishing of the snakes" was really a metaphor for the eradication of pagan ideology from Ireland and the triumph of Christianity. Within two hundred years of Patrick's arrival, Ireland was completely Christianized.



Corned Beef & Cabbage

Each year, thousands of Irish Americans gather with their loved ones on St. Patrick's Day to share a "traditional" meal of corned beef and cabbage.

Though cabbage has long been an Irish food, corned beef only became associated with St. Patrick's Day at the turn of the century.

Irish immigrants living on New York City's Lower East Side substituted corned beef for their traditional Irish bacon to save money. They learned about the cheaper alternative from their Jewish neighbors.



The New York City Parade

In 1848, several New York Irish aid societies decided to unite their parades to form one New York City St. Patrick's Day Parade. Today, that parade is the world's oldest civilian parade and the largest in the United States, with over 150,000 participants.

Each year nearly three million people line the one-and-a-half mile parade route to watch the procession, which takes more than five hours.



Wearing of the Green Goes Global

Today, St. Patrick's Day is celebrated by people of all backgrounds in the United States, Canada, and Australia. Although North America is home to the largest productions, St. Patrick's Day has been celebrated in other locations far from Ireland, including Japan, Singapore, and Russia.

Legends of the Claddagh

Spy a shamrock and visions of Ireland come into the mind's eye, but see a Claddagh and echoes of the hearts and souls of the Irish come to the ears. With its simple components of two hands, one heart, and one crown, the Claddagh carries a history of love, friendship, loyalty, and often, heartbreak, which has been passed down through the generations for more than 300 years. With the exception of the cross, crucifix, or Star of David, no single piece of jewelry stirs more emotion in a single group of people than the Claddagh.

We are told the design originated in County Galway during the 17th century. That appears to be the sole fact consistent in each telling of the legend of the Claddagh. There remains almost as many versions of the origin of the symbol as there are storytellers. Here are but two that have traveled through the years.

Margaret of the Bridges

It was a lovely day late in the 16th century when a young woman, Margaret Joyce, waded ankle-deep into a stream off the River Corrib near the home of her father, John, and began washing the clothes of the family. Passing by the same stream, came Don Domingo de Rona, an affluent wine merchant from Spain who often traded throughout Ireland. Catching a glimpse of the young lass at work, the much older Don de Rona fell in love at first sight and it appears to have been the same for Margaret as the couple soon married and set sail for de Rona's home in Spain. Sadly, their union was to be short-lived. Domingo died shortly after they arrived, and Margaret was left a young, albeit wealthy, widow. Without her husband, Spain held little interest for Margaret and she longed to return to her Ireland. Quickly putting her affairs in order, she traveled home, brokenhearted, to her beloved Galway.

In time, she remarried. Oliver O'G'french, who would become mayor of Galway in 1596, set his eyes upon Margaret, determined to make her his wife. Their courtship lasted far

longer than that of Domingo's, but eventually Margaret agreed to marriage. Like Don de Rona, O'G'french, too, was a traveler and Margaret often was left home alone for long periods of time. To keep herself occupied, she decided, for some unknown reason, to build bridges, funded entirely by her own monies, throughout the Province of Connaught in the Region of Connemara. Numerous stone bridges were erected in rapid succession with Margaret traveling from site to site personally supervising much of the work. Throughout the region, she soon became known as Margaret na Drehide, Margaret of the Bridges.

One day, while supervising the work of her masons, Margaret, sitting near the construction site, was visited by an eagle. The bird swooped low and gently dropped an exquisite, gold Claddagh ring into her lap. Legend tells us this was a gift from God; His reward for Margaret's charity and good works. The design of the heaven-sent Claddagh was preserved by the Joyce family, and, eventually, similar rings were produced for the masses by some of Ireland's finest goldsmiths.



Richard Joyce

Richard Joyce (sometimes written as Joyes) was a young man in 1675 when he set sail on a merchant vessel from Galway bound for the West Indies. At that time, pirate ships, Corsairs, were hazardous throughout the Mediterranean seas and into the Atlantic Ocean. With an overpowering attack, one such Corsair overtook the ship carrying Joyce and, with an unusual turn of events, the brigands not only took their plunder but the passengers of the vessel as well. Kidnapped and delivered to Algiers, Richard Joyce found himself a slave; purchased by a

wealthy Turkish goldsmith. The Moor soon recognized Joyce to be well-mannered, clever, and creative and began to teach his trade to Joyce, who rapidly mastered the necessary skills and began to fashion designs rivaling those of his master. Soon, the gold working of Joyce became renowned throughout the area; gaining him great personal wealth while elevating the status of his Turkish master and instructor.

Fourteen years into Joyce's captivity, back in the British Isles, William of Orange, through a convoluted series of twists, turns, and manipulations, became King William III of England. One of his first royal tasks was to secure the release of all British subjects, yes, even the Irish, held in slavery. When the Moor learned of Richard's impending freedom, he became distraught at the thought of losing such a talent and source of great personal income. Hoping to entice the young man to stay in Algiers, the Turk offered the hand of his only daughter in marriage to Joyce. However, the lure of Ireland was too strong and Richard set sail for home as quickly as possible; just as Margaret had done almost 100 years earlier.

Some say there was a young colleen who had won Richard's heart and he was determined to return to her with the hope that she had remained faithful to him and not taken another in marriage. Finding that to be so, Richard presented her with his first Claddagh ring; giving her at the same time his love, friendship, and loyalty. They married and he became one of Ireland's most successful goldsmiths. While his silver chalices and other artifacts of Moorish influence were in demand and brought him great fame, it was his Claddagh rings, some of which still exist today, that captured the hearts of his countrymen.

The Legends Continue

While "let love and friendship reign" is the universally accepted meaning of the Claddagh, it seems its history
(Continued on page 4)

also carries a touch of heartbreak and sadness. In many ways, the Claddagh well symbolizes life and the triumph of the human spirit.

Whether one believes the original design of the Claddagh came as a gift from God to Margaret of the Bridges or was conceived by Richard Joyce, the overriding theme of both tales is love; God's love for Margaret; Richard and Margaret's love for Ireland; and Richard's love for the girl who waited and prayed for his return. The legends may even intertwine. Perhaps Richard glimpsed the Claddagh of Margaret held in reverence by the Joyce family after Margaret's death. Who are we to say?

Perhaps only the fairies and the wee people know the true story.



Lá Fhéile Pádraig Sona Daoibh
(*La ale-lah pwad-rig son-ah jeev*)

Happy St. Patrick's Day to All!

From the Breastplate of Saint Patrick

May you be blessed with the
strength of heaven -
the light of the sun and the radiance
of the moon
the splendor of fire -
the speed of lightning -
the swiftness of wind -
the depth of the sea -
the stability of earth and the firm-
ness of rock.

Saint Patrick Irish Blessings

May Saint Patrick guard you
wherever you go and guide you in
whatever you do—and may his
loving protection be a blessing to
you always.

May our blessed good Saint Patrick
Whom we all so dearly love
Intercede and bring you
Many blessings from above.

Recipes for Saint Patrick's Day

Irish Soda Bread

Ingredients: 4 cups (16 oz) of all purpose flour.
1 Teaspoon baking soda
1 Teaspoon salt
16 oz of buttermilk
Butter for greasing pot

Method:

1. Preheat the oven to 425 F. degrees. Lightly butter a bastible pot (cast iron pot with lid).*
2. In a large bowl, combine and sieve all ingredients. Sifting twice will yield a less dense, lighter bread.
3. Add buttermilk to form a sticky dough. (Additional buttermilk may be needed; add a bit at a time.)
4. Place on floured surface and knead lightly.
5. Shape into a round, flat loaf in bastible pot.
6. Cut a cross in the top of the dough. A cross must be cut to let the fairies out!
7. Cover with lid and bake for 30 minutes.
8. Remove lid and bake an additional 15 minutes.
9. Tapping the bread will result in a hollow sound when done.

*You may use 2 round cake pans to simulate a bastible pot. Grease one pan, add dough, invert second pan and use as a lid.

COLCANNON

Ingredients: 4 lbs. large red potatoes (about 9) peeled and quartered
12 T butter
½ small head of cabbage, cored and thickly sliced
2 lightly packed cups chopped greens (any combination of spinach, parsley, kale or broccoli or cauliflower leaves) (optional)
1 1/3 cups milk
4 scallions, green part only, chopped
salt and pepper

Method:

1. Boil over medium heat until tender; about 45 minutes.
2. Meanwhile, bring ½ cup water and 2 T of the butter to a boil in a small pot over medium-high heat. Add cabbage, reduce heat to medium-low, and cook until just tender, about 15 minutes. Drain well, discarding liquid, and set aside.
3. Melt 2 T of the butter in a large skillet over medium-high heat. Add chopped greens and sauté until just wilted, about 2 minutes. Add cabbage and cook until heated through, 1-2 minutes, then transfer to a large mixing bowl.
4. Put milk, scallions, and remaining butter into a small pot and bring to a simmer over medium heat. Simmer until scallions are softened, 1-2 minutes, then add to cabbage mixture and cover to keep warm.
5. When potatoes are done, add to cabbage mixture and mash with a potato masher until fluffy and smooth with some chunks. Season to taste. Serve hot.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO DR. LEILA DENMARK!

The year was 1898. William McKinley was the 25th President of the U.S., America entered a war with Spain, and Mme. Curie isolated radium. In the U.S., an issue of *The New York Times* cost 1¢; steak 10¢/lb; Campbell's Soup 10¢/can and vegetable was the newest type; Pepsi-Cola was introduced in New Bern, North Carolina; and Dr. Leila Daughtry Denmark was born in Bulloch County, Georgia.

On February 1, 1898, Elerbee and Alice Hendricks Daughtry welcomed their third (of 12 children), Leila Alice, into the world. Her life would become far less typical of girls born at the turn of the 20th century. She was graduated from Bessie Tift College in 1922 and entered the teaching profession, one of very few careers available to women at that time; however, teaching was not what she really wanted to do. That same year, Miss Daughtry became engaged to John Eustace Denmark, a neighbor and former schoolmate. In 1924, he accepted a Foreign Service appointment to Java, and Miss Daughtry embarked on a new adventure at home. She sought and, finally received, admission, "on probation," to the Medical College of Georgia (MCG); where, in 1928, received her M.D. degree, becoming only the third woman to graduate from MCG.

Leila Daughtry and Eustace Denmark were married in June 1928, three days after the new doctor completed her state board exams, and the couple moved to Atlanta. She entered the intern program at Grady Hospital and, later, Henrietta Eggleston Hospital for Children, which had just opened and where she was the first intern and admitted the first patient. At this time, she also began her volunteer work at Central Presbyterian Baby Clinic, something she continued doing for well over 50 years. Dr. Denmark continued her training in pediatrics at Children's Hospital in Philadelphia,

returning to Atlanta in the fall of 1930, shortly before the birth of her daughter, Mary. Soon after, she opened her office in the breakfast room of the Denmarks' home.



Dr. Leila Daughtry Denmark pictured above in 2006 and circa 1920.

Prior to and during the 1930s, pertussis (whooping cough) was taking a deadly toll among infants and children. Realizing the need for a preventive treatment, Dr. Denmark entered into the area of medical research. By the mid-1930s, working with Eli Lilly Company, she developed a vaccine against the disease; later combining it with immunization against diphtheria and tetanus, the DPT vaccine so familiar to parents today.

In 1949, the Denmark family moved to Sandy Springs, and Dr. Denmark continued her practice there, as before, in an office at her home. She published her book, *Every Child Should Have a Chance*, in 1971. Privately printed, it has sold thousands of copies.

The Denmarks relocated to Forsyth County, Georgia in 1985. Dr. Denmark was 87 years old but had no intention of retiring. She convinced her grandson to clean

and repair the 125 year-old farmhouse located on the Denmark property where she continued to see patients. A visit to Dr. Denmark's office has been likened to a Norman Rockwell print. There was neither a receptionist nor a nurse. Mr. Denmark, and later Mary, helped with the business aspects of the practice, and Dr. Denmark answered the telephone and called patients herself. The office's medical equipment was simple: scales, exam table (in use for more than 50 years), and microscope. None of Dr. Denmark's numerous awards were on display; rather, there were drawings done by patients, samplers made by parents, and innumerable photographs. She never required appointments or dealt with insurance, and only charged \$10 for office visits. She took all the time she needed to diagnose and treat each child.

Mr. Denmark died in 1990, at the age of 91. In 2001, Dr. Denmark, citing failing eyesight, retired. She currently lives with her daughter, Mary, in Athens, Georgia.

The year is 2007. George W. Bush is the 43rd President of the U.S., America is embroiled in a war on terror, and X-rays are considered commonplace diagnostic tools. In the U.S., an issue of *The New York Times* costs 60¢ at the newsstand; better cuts of steak average more than \$8/lb; Campbell's soups often sell for over \$2.00 per can and there are approximately 60 different choices offered in the condensed product alone; Pepsi offers seven different flavors; and Dr. Leila Daughtry Denmark recently celebrated her 109th birthday.

The O'Dochartaigh Clann Association offers its gratitude for a life well-lived and wishes her the happiest of birthdays!

(Written in collaboration with Mrs. Mary Denmark Hutcherson)

NEWS & COMMENTS FROM THE O'DOCHARTAIGH FAMILY RESEARCH CENTER IN IRELAND

Flash headlines from the Research Center - The O'Doherty Keep is being purchased by a local Irishman who would like to see it better preserved and improved. He is asking Patrick for such ideas and may be willing to turn it over to the Research Center for proper care. Negotiations between current owner and new buyer are now under way.

Come for a visit and stay for an education - The Research Center is now prepared to house clan members wishing to travel to Ireland for an extended stay. The Center has three unused bedrooms, food provisions, and Ireland at its doorstep available to those of you visiting Ireland and who would like to assist with family research. The Center is located in Buncrana Ireland, on a beautiful peninsula in County Donegal called Inishowen. The cost to you is the time you assist with the Center's operations, whether it be organizing, cataloging, genealogy data research and input, computer services, arranging local functions, helping with member communications and such things. Be aware that whether you help with the daily operations or begin a large project for the Center, you will still have plenty of time for traveling Ireland, Scotland, Wales or England, and all the work will be exciting and involve meeting and communicating with the Irish and O'Dochartaighs all over the world. The longer you work, the longer you stay, for free! Now, who has a better offer than that for you?

A reminder to our members - The Research Center is not funded by your dues. While it is our hope the Association will grow enough to support the Center, we are unable to do it at this time. The Center is 30% supported by revenues from customers purchasing genealogy information; the remaining 70% from Patrick Dougherty's personal contributions. Please understand, this is why the Center needs to charge for its services and why it is under staffed and slow to complete research. Patrick works for free, but Seoirse O'Dochartaigh is on salary, as he should be. We all know how blessed we are to have these two fine gentlemen daily increasing the knowledge of O'Dochartaigh history and genealogy (as seen in the article on the O'Doherty castle, following page). They are very experienced and dedicated hard workers who try to complete each request as fast as possible. It would be an excellent use of our (O'Dochartaigh Clann Association's) money to provide the Center with an office assistant and quickly begin to subsidize Seoirse's salary.

Communicating with the Research Center - Please remember, the Center communicates with people of similar names. This often leads to confusion and causes a delay in response. Whenever contacting the Center, please provide either your assigned "Family Group Number" or a list, if available, of your ancestors (several generations back). Especially helpful is the name of your fore-father and/or fore-mother who left Ireland and in which townland, city or county they lived.

For further information contact Patrick (phoning from the USA 011-353-7493-63998) or Cameron (email odochartaigh@comcast.net or phone (616) 647-8888).

*The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for
praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.*



*No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells:
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.*

Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

Ancient O'Doherty Fort Located at Dunwiley

It's time to strut our stuff and take pride in our Clan. One of our very own, Seoirse O'Dochartaigh of the O'Dochartaigh Family Research Center in Buncrana Ireland, has made an important discovery. Through the compilation of our research and Seoirse's familiarity with Irish places and history (and his hard work), he has located an old castle of the early O'Dochartaighs, where we became a major sept of Cenel Conaill and provided our family-clans a powerful protection from hostile clans from the south and east.

The following is condensed from an article in the Finn Valley Voice, October 4, 2006; submitted by Robert Dougherty. The complete article can be downloaded from [www. odochartaighclann.org](http://www.odochartaighclann.org).

Exciting news for lovers of Donegal genealogy and history. The most ancient seat of the O'Dohertys – “Dún Mhaonghaile” (Dunwiley) – has at last been identified as an O'Doherty fort after many years of wide speculation.

Historians always knew that before the clan got a foothold in Inishowen in the 14th century they resided somewhere along the River Finn at a place called Ard Miodhair but never knew its exact location. The more modern parish of Kiltteevogue was often sited as a possibility since the River Finn flows right through there. But a more logical site has been chosen by Ó Dochartaigh Clan genealogist, Seoirse Ó Dochartaigh. In support of his theory, right there on the slopes of Dunwiley, is the townland of Admiran, which must surely be Ard Miodhair.

(See maps on the following page.)

“This is at a more easterly point than Kiltteevogue,” says Seoirse. “Dunwiley is right in the centre of this ancient O' Doherty region but the fort sits at its most southerly boundary with the ancient Tyrone territory which lay just across the River Finn.”

Clann Fíamhain – the name the O' Dohertys used before surnames were introduced into Ireland in the 10th century – was

associated with this region for centuries. It is a fair bit south west of Inishowen and was known in those days as Tír Éanna. Éanna was a brother of Connall and Eoghan. It took in the fertile lands around Raphoe in the east and stretched westwards along the Finn River Valley as far as Lough Finn. To the south of the region was the border with old Tyrone – the territory of the O' Neills. (At times) The O' Neills were the arch enemies then of the O' Donnells and the O' Dohertys.

At a strategic point directly above the principal ford over the broad River Finn, and at a spot high enough to watch out for on-coming enemies, Clann Fíamhain built a massive fortress: “Dún Mhaonghaile” [The Fort of Maonghal]. Maonghal, son of Fíamhan, was obliged to act as protector of his overlords – the O' Donnells – defending the territory at a point that, in those days, was the only connecting link between the north and south of Co. Donegal.

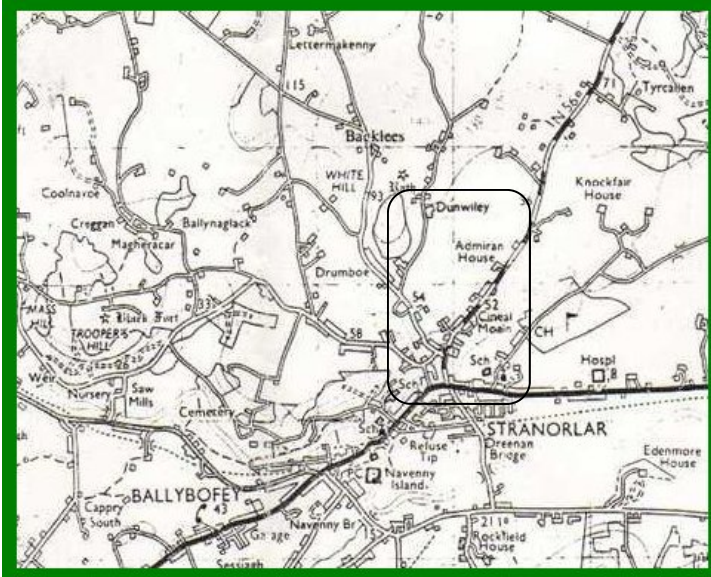
“Another factor that persuaded me to consider Dunwiley – apart from the fact that it is the biggest ring fort in the whole region – was that the Annals of the Four Masters had been continually linking the O' Dohertys with the Finn River Valley, and the Lagan, from 700 AD to 1300 AD. There had to be forts somewhere. In one instance,

they write that a Domhnall Ó Dochartaigh, Lord of Ard Miodhair, died at his resident at Droim Fornachta insan Lagan... The Lagan is just across from Dunwiley, but while we don't know precisely where Droim Fornachta [The Treeless Ridge] is yet, a fair guess would be some hilltop not too far away. A likely one in this case would be Mullaghagarry.”

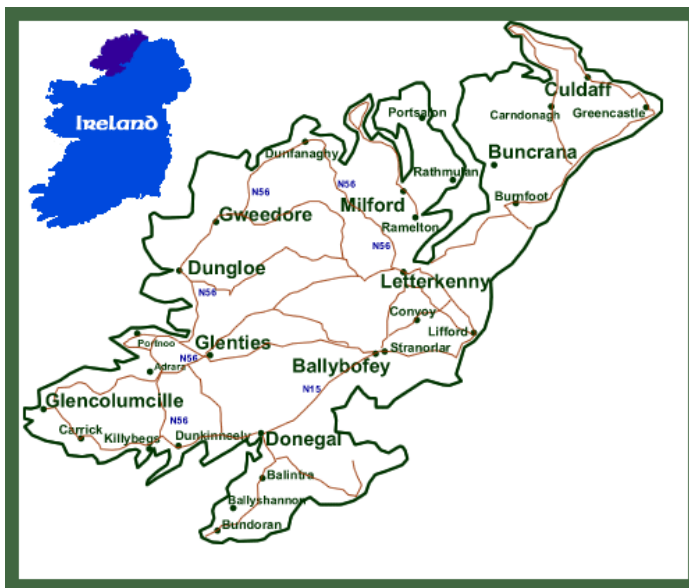
Seoirse reminded us that the O' Dohertys were sometimes known as The People of the Oak Houses. “The Woods of Drumboe” he says, “flank Dunwiley on all sides. This today is only a remnant of the extensive oak forests that once covered Ireland centuries ago. It's feasible that these people built wooden structures of oak all over the region – hence the name.”

Admiran is probably derived from “Ard Miodhair na nÁthanna” [Ard Miodhair of the Fords]. “Ard” means a high place and Miodhar is probably the name of a chieftain who lived in the region before the O' Dohertys reigned. Miodhar is not a name found in any of the O' Doherty genealogies.





Finn Valley Map (left, cropped from [http:// npollock.id.au/history/finn_valley_map.html](http://npollock.id.au/history/finn_valley_map.html)) shows the general area described in the preceding article.



Map of County Donegal (from <http://www.donegaldirect.ie/DDonegal>)

NOTICE TO ALL O'DOCHARTAIGH CLANN MEMBERS:

The association wishes to make contact with all awardees of the "O'Dochartaigh Duais (2000AD) Awards." These awards were given to those who invested an enormous amount of time, energy, and personal funds in the O'Dochartaigh Clann Association and our family research; essentially, our version of a "Hall of Fame." It is critical that we update our information to maintain contact with the awardees (or close relative). Robert H. Dougherty (Hidden Meadows, CA) is compiling the data for future issues of our newsletters, website posting, and/or a future publication. If you are a recipient, or close relative, please contact Mr. Robert H. Dougherty at 28410 Sandhurst Way, Hidden Meadows, California, 92026 or robertdougherty@hotmail.com. Thank you.

Cahir O'Dogherty: Rebel, Freedom-Fighter or Patriotic Hero?

The following is the second in a series of articles written by Cameron Dougherty regarding the life and times of Cahir O'Dogherty. The first article, "Before Cahir O'Dogherty," appeared in Newsletter #46, published in September, 2006.

The Coming of the English

First, we need to be sure of one thing, did the English invade Ireland to possess it or cultivate it? Was it an invasion at all, or a migration? I know the answers are obvious to many of you, but they need to be presented and evaluated to settle all arguments.

Unfortunately for many people then, the only voices they heard coming out of Ireland were from the English invaders. They did not paint a very flattering picture of the Irish. The Irish were said to be backwards, rebellious, incorrigible, obstinate and barbaric. All the while, the English portrayed their own invasion of Ireland as a struggle of light against darkness, a struggle of the Protestant English nation against the reprobate Catholic Irish. The English envisioned themselves as an elect nation providentially empowered by God. Their rationale was that their influence upon the Irish would make Ireland and the Irish people a better nation and a religiously correct nation.

"The Irish are a barbarous race. They have a primitive lifestyle. Although the island they inhabit is rich in pastures, good fishing and hunting, enjoying an excellent climate free of disease and infestation, the inhabitants are too lazy to exploit its potential. They have no interest in commerce, they have no interest in building towns, they have no interest in the hard work involved in arable farming." (The Norman Conquest of Ireland (12th Century) by Gerald of Wales)

Was this true or was this just English propaganda? It would be easy to believe that Ireland, being an island on the edge of the

known world, would be wild, uncivilized and out of reach of the Gospel.

History records otherwise. In fact, it was the Irish teachers, writers, clerics, historians and administrators who brought light to Europe while it was sliding further and further into the Dark Ages. Ireland was known as "the land of saints and scholars." The Irishman Johannes Scotus Eriugena was the greatest scholar of ninth-century Europe. Did England come with teachers or with soldiers? The weapons and strategies that the Irish used to save Europe were monastic settlements of safety and aid, schools, banking, business leadership and political reasoning. The weapons and strategy the English came with were scorched-earth tactics, mass slaughter, kidnapping and evictions.

The truth is Ireland was very rich due to its Christian values, its law-abiding, healthy and enterprising people, monastic schools and its cultured society. Ruled by the Brehon law, which is considered by many the most remarkable set of laws ever developed by a pre-modern people, Ireland grew untouched by the calamities of Europe, such as the fall of Rome and the Dark Ages. It was Ireland's wealth that made it a target to so many invaders. The Vikings, Norsemen, Scots, Normans and English did not come for the beauty of Ireland. The English raided wealthy Ireland often and took hundreds of cattle, sheep and pigs. Ireland was then comprised of many dairy farms which produced many good food products, but recent archaeological finds and surviving written sources prove the existence of extensive crop-cultivation

farms that go back before Medieval times. Writings and artifactual evidence point to the existence of a considerable amount of disposable wealth in early Christian Ireland.

Ireland also is known to have been on the leading edge of European mainstream ideas, developments, techniques and scholarship. It produced a substantial corpus of Latin literature and has left us with the most extensive and wide-ranging body of vernacular literature in early medieval Europe. Further, we can get a very clear picture of earlier Ireland, especially the seventh and eighth centuries, for Ireland has more surviving documents than any other European country.

For 600 years, Ireland, England and all of Europe reaped the benefits of the church-run schools of Ireland which became great learning centers and, in time, made a significant contribution to both church and society. It was common for the leading families of Europe to send their children to Irish schools. A caste of scholars, who were lawyers, canonists, historians, poets and grammarians, emerged. They wrote Latin and Irish, were very often churchmen and functioned in a society that was predominantly ecclesiastical.

The Fight for Ireland

Certainly, it is common knowledge the Irish have been fighting the English for a long time to regain their freedom, after fighting so valiantly to preserve it. Since this is the case, the English invasion and domination was not for the good of the Irish. Did the English ever have the best hopes of the Irish in mind? Were the wars the

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fault of the unruly Irish? Who was right and who was wrong? Can the historical accounts that remain from those days be trusted to give us an accurate picture of the time? And the million-dollar question, "Was our seventeenth-century chieftain **Cahir O'Dogherty** a murderous rebel, a freedom-fighter or patriot-defender?"

From this report written in 1612 AD, the Irish were purposely never given a chance:

"This then I note as a great defect in the Civill policy of this kingdom, in that for the space of 350 years at least after the Conquest first attempted, the English lawes were not communicated to the Irish, nor the benefit and protection thereof allowed unto them, though they earnestly desired and sought the same. For, as long as they were out of protection of the Lawe, so as every English-man might oppresse, spoyle, and kill them without controulment, howe was it possible they shoulde bee other then Out-lawes & Enemies to the Crown of England? If the King woulde not admit them to the condition of Subjects, how could they learn to acknowledge and obey him as their Sovereigne? When they might not converse or Commerce with any Civill men, nor enter into any Towne or Citty without perrill of their Lives; wither should they flye but into the Woods and Mountaines, and there live in a wilde and barbarous maner? ...In a word, if the English woulde neither in peace Governe them by Law, nor could in War root them out by the sword; must they not needes be prickes in their eyes, and thornes in their sides, till the world's end? And so the Conquest never bee brought to perfection." (Words of Sire John Davies, attorney-general for Ireland to James I, in his book published in 1612.)

By the sixteenth-century the people of Inishowen had been the innocent victims of many raids over many centuries. They were

raided often by the Danes, Norsemen, Normans, Scots, English and neighboring Irish clans. Unfortunately, Inishowen was easy and quick prey by sea. There have been discovered on the shores of Inishowen 27 different castles built to protect it from sea raids. But, some raids came by land and it would prove impossible to prevent all sea incursions since some contained over 20 ships (upwards of 32) at a time. The raiders came in large parties, always to pillage, murder and burn and always to leave. The O'Dochartaighs of Inishowen had grown accustomed to this. They were either in the midst of a raid, cleaning up from a raid or preparing defenses for the next raid.

Years before the English came, many parts of Ireland were possessed by the Vikings, Danes and Normans. The Irish lived in an uneasy and often hard-fought peace with these foreigners. The on-again-off-again wars with the English in the 1200's to 1500's appeared to them to be no different than the many stories passed down from ancient days. That is until the English began to populate the areas under their control with English and Scot settlers. That event is now known as the single most important development in Irish secular affairs during the Middle Ages.

Other changes were soon made by the conquering English. It was forbidden for the Irish to practice their religion, to be elected to office or be protected under their own courts or the English courts. The English had come as any other aggressive neighbor and you can see the Irish handling it much like earlier aggressors, defending what lands they could and biding their time until such time as the English left or could be militarily "pushed" out of Ireland, but that did not happen.

By the time the English began to establish forts in Ireland's north, the Irish already knew the English for whom they really were: invaders and potential conquerors.

The clans in the north, including the O'Dochartaigh clan, formed an alliance with each other in order to combine forces to prevent any further English encroachment in their homeland. But, by that time, the English were expert assassins, negotiators, treaty-breakers and raiders. On one side, there were the Irish fighting for their homeland and, on the other side, the English using every villainous means possible to dispossess the "barbaric" Irish.

Many times during the northern clans' fourteen-year war (1593-1607) the English proposed peace, only to break it and begin the fighting again. Each time the Irish lost a little more. Slowly the English gained the upper-hand. It was a recurring English theme used in other European conflicts. Hugh O'Neill wrote to King Philip III, "The English themselves, using the name of peace as a deception, teach us this manner of feigned friendship and of destruction by peace."

The clans of the north, led by Hugh O'Neill (Earl of Tyrone) and Red Hugh O'Donnell (Earl of Tyrconnell), became the last defenders of Ireland. These northern clans held off the English until all men, munitions and supplies were exhausted, at which time they had to do treaty with King James I. Shortly after, O'Neill was summoned to King James. English, Irish and Spanish friends in London warned that it was a trap and men were lying-in-wait to kill him or imprison him as soon as O'Neill came to London. There were already many suspicious poisonings, even to Hugh O'Donnell who had gone to Europe earlier and died suddenly on his way to see King Philip III of Spain. O'Neill, himself, had been poisoned earlier, but recovered after a long illness.

With Irish affairs in such a state, King Philip III, in the early stages of a very delicate peace with England (which he needed in order to maintain his control of the Neth-

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erlands), sent a ship to rescue O'Neill and Ruairi O'Donnell (new Earl of Tyrconnell), their friends and family members. The ship left Lough Swilly at midday on Friday 14th of September 1607. It has been referred to as the "Flight of the Earls", but rather should be considered a bold and successful rescue of the Earls. For O'Neill continued to work hard, developing many detailed plans while in Rome, to return to Ireland with an army and materials to mount a war to free Ireland. The English, too, worked hard, but their plan was to kill all of the people who escaped that day from Ireland and to prevent Spain from helping the O'Donnells and O'Neills in Rome. The rescue of the Earls kept the Irish hopes alive and kept every Englishman in Ireland in constant fear.

There was one O'Dochartaigh on that ship. Cahir's sister Rois O'Dogherty married to Cathbharr O'Donnell, younger brother to the Chieftain, Ruiri O'Donnell. Within the year, Cathbharr, Ruiri and others will have died suddenly after a two-day excursion to the cooler coast line of Italy.

After the Earls left Ireland, their land was confiscated by the King of England and began to be populated by English and Scots settlers. Inishowen was the last remnant of Gaelic rule in all of Ireland. The English made their plans to get it as well which would define Cahir O'Dogherty's war as a defense of Inishowen and, make him a patriotic defender of Gaelic Ireland, as much as the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell were during his youth.



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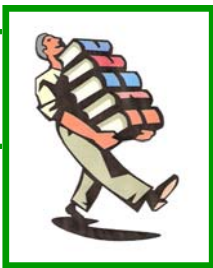
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**If contacting by email, please put "Newsletter" in the
subject line to ensure your message receives prompt
attention.**

Be sure to visit both of the Clann websites

**www. odochartaigh.org
www. odochartaighclann.org**



BILL'S READINGS & RESOURCES

This is the first in a series of selections we hope will benefit our Association members in their search for information about the O'Dochartaigh Clann, Irish history and culture, and individual family genealogy/history. This installment is devoted to family history books which contain one or more O'Dochartaigh (variant spellings) Family Group genealogies.

We welcome comments regarding the books listed below, and would like to hear about other published family history books for listing in future issues. Also, we are in the process of developing our Clann Association Library. If you have books of interest which you would like to donate or are aware of relevant books that we could purchase, please let us know.

Daughtrey, William E. *Daughtry And Some Connected Families Of The South*. W. H. Wolfe Associates, Roswell, Georgia, 1983: This book focuses on several lines of Daughtry (variant spellings) Colonial families in Southeast Georgia, whose descendants migrated to Florida, Alabama, Texas, and other areas during the 1800's. There are many descriptions of connected families, and the book includes numerous genealogies, family stories, photographs, copies of old documents and maps. (Available in a number of libraries; may be purchased directly from Bill Daughtrey at wdaugh2@msn.com, \$25.00 plus \$5.00 shipping).

Daughtry, Hu. *Confederate Tales Of Candler And Connected Counties*. Southern Lion Books, Madison, Georgia, 2006: In this historical collection of stories, the author tells "how it actually was" to live in South/Central Georgia during the Civil

War. Includes stories of Daughtry FG 1100 soldiers and their families, with graphic descriptions depicting "real people", some of noble character and others with "murder in their heart." (May be purchased from the author at sidada11@yahoo.com, \$33.00 includes shipping).

Dozier, Rebecca L. *Twelve Northampton County, North Carolina Families (1650-1850)*. Gateway Press, Inc., Baltimore, Maryland, 2004: Ms. Dozier's compilation of early families, including Daughtrys, who lived on or near the Northampton and Hertford County line during the mid-1700's to the early 1800's, features members of the James Daughtry, Sr. family group out of Nansemond and Isle-of-Wight Counties in Virginia. (May be purchased from the author at rldozier@aol.com, \$45.00 includes shipping).

Mathews, Anthony. *Origin Of The O'Dohertys*. Published by the Author, Colpe, Drogheda, Ireland, 1978: As indicated by the word "origin" in the title, this book begins with the O'Dochartaigh descendancy from Conall Gulban, then takes the reader through the historical evolution of the Clann, to the 1608 death of Sir Cahir O'Doherty. Mathews describes other notable O'Dohertys and significant Irish events. The book contains many pages of parish records, hearth money rolls, and ship passenger lists of emigrants. (May be obtained from Ontario Genealogical Society, Elgin Co. Branch, St. Thomas, Ontario for \$12.00 plus \$1.80 shipping; or see website at www.elginogs.ca, click on "Discovering Your Roots in Elgin", then on "Family Histories".)

O'Dochartaigh, Fionnbarra. *O'Doherty People And Places*. Ballinakella Press, Whitegate, Co. Clare, Ireland, 1998: Writ-

ten by the acclaimed Civil Rights activist and former Editor of the Clann Newsletter, *O'Doherty People and Places* is a small encyclopedia of O'Dochartaigh Clann history, significant events and places, with many family genealogies and stories. It includes descriptions of O'Doherty coat-of-arms, castles and chieftains, along with miscellaneous O'Doherty statistics and facts. (May be found through various online U.S. and Irish booksellers of rare and out-of-print volumes.)

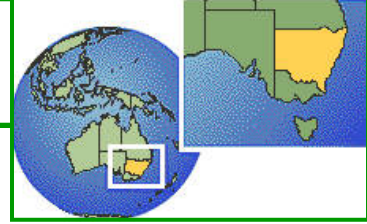
Shaffer, Harvey E. *The Shaver/Shaffer And Dougherty/Daugherty Families*. Gateway Press, Inc., Baltimore, Maryland, 1997: Mr. Shaffer describes life in rural Roane County, West Virginia during the Great Depression, and includes information on Dougherty/Daugherty ancestors. (Purchase from the author at hes2@psu.edu, \$25.00 includes shipping).

Please let the Editor know if you feel this column is beneficial to you, the reader. If you have information about other Doherty (all variant spellings) family history books that we may list, please send it to the Editor or to Bill Daughtrey at wdaugh2@msn.com.

Next month's installment will include some family history websites with genealogies.



THE MUSINGS OF DENIS FROM DOWN UNDER



When asked to comment on the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Australia, I thought, at first, that I might be well qualified. But, having grown up in a Catholic parish and having a father born in Ireland, I now find that I belong to a minority that is constantly diminishing, especially with waves of immigration since WWII. I believe my grandmother spoke Gaelic but I never heard her utter a single word in her native language. My grandfather had lived in the Laggan and, as far as I know, grew up speaking English. My father arrived in Australia as an infant and he grew up as a Dinkum [genuine] Aussie. For me, 17 March still is a very special day; but for many other Australians, St. Andrew's Day [November 30th] and St. David's Day [March 3rd] are more important. Our national broadcaster, the ABC, plays Scots or Welsh music on those days just as it plays Irish music on 17 March. I do not remember St. George's Day [April 23rd] being marked that way. In any case, I suspect that there may be a majority of Australians now whose ancestors did not come from the British Isles at all.

But, I have to confess that we Australians are not a very demonstrative mob. Street parades do occur, especially on Anzac Day*, 25 April; but the parade that seems to attract most interest from the media is the Gay and Lesbian Mardi Gras in Sydney.

In our town of Lismore (which was NOT named after Lismore, Ireland, but, rather after Lismore Isle, off the west coast of Scotland), there is a school of Irish Dance and this has been known to produce splendid concerts on St. Patrick's Day. However, our school year coincides with the calendar year and their best performances tend to be at the end of the year. But, it will be all

dance. One never hears an Irish Tenor. When I was a boy, they seemed to come out of the woodwork on 17 March.

Of course, the breweries make an effort for St. Paddy's Day. You can get green beer from that day until the special kegs run dry. Many pubs get in Guinness for the special day. Some even stock it regularly. But, many an "Irish Pub" in this country is a phoney gimmick. When "Mary Gilhoolley's" opened its doors in Lismore a few years ago, some local musicians approached the new publican and enquired about his provisions for St. Paddy's Day; the manager looked blank. He simply did not understand the connection. Still, we do have some genuine Irish Pubs. There is one in Fortitude Valley in Brisbane tucked away in the shadow of China Town. The local streets have their names displayed in Gaelic and that is the centre of the street parade in Brisbane on or near 17 March.

There was a time when most of the Catholic clergy in Australia were Irish born. We even had one diocese whose bishop would not accept a candidate for the priesthood unless he was Irish born. Those days are long past. In many Australian cities there is a Catholic Cathedral and an Anglican one. The first Catholic bishop here (Doyle) was appointed to Grafton but he had his see relocated to Lismore so these two north coast cities have just one cathedral each. Much better than having two buildings across the street as in Armidale. Incidentally, the bells in the Lismore Cathedral are not owned by the diocese exclusively but, also by the city because the population generally contributed to their acquisition by Bishop Doyle.

As a kid growing up in a Catholic Parish, 17 March was always a big

deal with concerts and parades. Now, everyone knows St. Paddy's Day, though many here have no Irish connections. We certainly do not have the big deal parades they have in New York, yet the day is important to many, even the non Irish. But, St. Paddy's Day has dwindled.

**ANZAC Day marks the anniversary of the first action by the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. On April 25, 1915, ANZAC forces landed at Gallipoli; the campaign lasted for eight months during which time ANZAC troops left a powerful legacy in military history.*



*Whenever I dream, it seems I dream
Of Erin's rolling hills -
Of all its lovely, shimmery lakes
And babbling rills -
I hear a colleen's lilting laugh
Across a meadow fair
And in my dreams it almost seems
To me that I am there -
O, Ireland! O, Ireland!
We're never far apart
For you and all your beauty
Fill my mind and touch my heart.*

E. Gary Brooks



MEAN SQUIRREL ATTACKS PENNSYLVANIA LETTER CARRIER

OIL CITY, Pa. - Letter carriers occasionally have to deal with angry dogs or maybe even a spider's nest in a mailbox, but a mean squirrel? Barb Dougherty, a 30-year Postal Service employee, said she was attacked and bitten Monday by a squirrel while delivering mail in Oil City, about 75 miles north of Pittsburgh.

"It was a freak thing. It was traumatic," Dougherty told The Derrick in Oil City. "I saw it there on the porch, put the mail in the box and turned to walk away and it jumped on me."

The animal ran up her leg and onto her back, she said.

"I eventually got a hold of the tail and pulled it off me," Dougherty said. "No one was home at the house where I was delivering the mail, but the neighbor lady heard me screaming and came over."

An ambulance took Dougherty to the hospital, where she was treated for cuts and scratches. The squirrel was killed with a BB gun and sent to a lab to be tested for rabies. Dougherty was given the first series of rabies shots as a precaution.

Postal officials said the attack is extraordinary.

"In about 230 years of postal history, I bet it is not the first, but I've personally never heard of another squirrel biting," said Steve Kochersperger, spokesman for the Erie district.

Squirrels do not frequently bite people, said Regis Senko, who works for the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

Steve Jolley, a Postal Service manager in Oil City, said, "We are not issuing a squirrel alert, but everyone is aware of the incident."



(From the Associated Press; [http:// www.thederrick.com](http://www.thederrick.com))

THE FAIRIES

[William Allingham (1824-1889), Ballyshannon, County Donegal]

*Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And a white owl's feather!*

*Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.*

*High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.*

*With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.*

*They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast
asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.*

*By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.*

*Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And a white owl's feather!*



EMERALDS IN THE BLUEGRASS

The panorama yielded a vista of rolling hills, lush with the shades of green found only on God's own palette. Crystal clear rivers and streams offered a variety and abundance for the hungry. Trees reached for the sky as the tall grass, some of it almost blue, gently swayed in the breezes. The lack of man-made dwellings signaled a land full of riches and open to growth for those not of faint heart and willing to toil from sun to sun. While the landscape may have stirred memories of Ireland, this was the American West of the late 17th and early 18th centuries. This was Ken-tah-ten, the land of tomorrow, the dark and bloody ground. This was Kentucky.

The Cherokee, Shawnee, and Chickasaw were the first visitors to Kentucky; visitors because none established permanent villages. Ken-tah-ten was their hunting ground and game, from buffalo to bear, from deer to wild turkeys, was plentiful. It was also where they came to gather their precious salt, necessary for tanning hides and preserving meat. Without salt, the long winter would be exceptionally cold and hungry. The land belonged to no one but, bore witness to fierce battles among the tribes as they fought to maintain their claims for the basic sustenance of life. It was in those days that it first became the "dark and bloody ground." Engrossed in their own struggles for survival, none of the tribes were aware of the encroaching change that would overtake the land and forever alter their ways of life.

The white traders, many of them Irish, came first in search of adventure and fortune. They soon discovered the wealth of animal hides, then in high demand and fetching exorbitant prices in Europe, just "waiting for the taking" deep in the bluegrass. The traders need only bring a few trinkets into an Indian camp to secure a fortune. One of the first traders mentioned in the history of Kentucky was a man by the name of Doherty (Dougherty). By 1690, Doherty had crossed the mountains between Virginia and

Kentucky and was living among the Cherokees, later traveling with them into Georgia and remaining a member of their tribe. Traders often married and lived among their Indian in-laws. They removed themselves from the concerns of the Colonies and, even if they had wanted, became too "coarse" to re-enter "civilized" society. However, word would spread of the bounties of the wilderness and the fertile lands. Surveyors would follow and, finally, the settlers. The land would become darker and bloodier.

Following the rivers and paths of the traders, the explorers/surveyors literally risked life and limb to map the land west of the Allegheny Mountains for the governments of North Carolina and Virginia, locked in a struggle to lay claim to the west. While Daniel Boone may have been a big man "with an eye like an eagle and as tall as a mountain," he may not have been the first white man to share knowledge of Kentucky, contrary to popular legend. That honor may go instead to the Irish pioneer, James McBride. According to the famous Kentucky historian, John Filson, in his book, *The Discovery, Settlement, and Present History of Kentucke, [sic]*, published in 1784:

...It is believed that James McBride is the first white man who had any knowledge of Kentucky. In 1754, accompanied by some friends, he descended the Ohio in canoes, landed at the mouth of the Kentucky River, and there marked on three trees, the first letters of his name, with the date and the year, these inscriptions being still visible. Our travelers explored the country and returned to their homes with the agreeable news of discovery of one of the most beautiful countries in North America, and perhaps of the entire world...

Thirteen years later, John Finley (born 1706 in Ireland) made his first foray into the wilderness of Kentucky. He returned to the Yadkin Valley District of North Carolina where he shared his experience with friend and neighbor, Daniel Boone.

On May 1, 1769, Boone and Finley, along with John Stewart, John Holden, James Mooney, and William Cool, left the peace and safety of their homes and journeyed into the wilds of Kentucky for a long hunt. Seven months later, Boone was captured by the Shawnee and did not see his family again until 1771. Undaunted and overwhelmed by the open spaces of the wilderness, he led a second expedition of men, including James Mooney, Joseph Holden, John Kennedy, and William Boland, back into Shawnee territory.

As North Carolina and Virginia continued their battle of words over ownership of the expanding west, each sent river pilots and surveyors into the wilds of Kentucky. Among them were the Irish names of: Lucas Sullivan, John O'Bannon, James Flinn, Francis Dunlevy, John Reilly, Barney Curran, John Fitzpatrick, John Doran, Hugh Shannon, and William Casey. Perhaps most famous in Kentucky history were the McAfee brothers who joined the surveying party of Captain Thomas Bullitt in 1773. The brothers, James, George, and Robert, sons of James McAfee of Botetourt County, Virginia, later left the party at the point of James McBride's disembarkation 19 years before, and were the first to survey the area that ultimately became the capitol city of Frankfort. Starving and under constant attack from the Indians, the brothers eventually made their way back to the safety of their Virginia home. However, the allure of Kentucky had its hold on them; they would return in short time.

Simon Kenton, son of Irishman, Mark Kenton, Sr., reportedly an immigrant from County Down, entered the frontier of Kentucky on a less than illustrious note. In Prince William County, Virginia, Simon had fallen in love with Ellen Cummins and was determined to marry her. It must have come as quite a shock when Simon learned of the upcoming nuptials between his beloved Ellen and William Leachman. On the day of the wedding, Simon confronted the groom shortly before

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the ceremony. Leachman, as well as several of his friends, were willing to oblige the hot-headed Kenton and the latter was left lying nearly senseless in the dirt. One year later, Simon Kenton came upon Leachman working alone in the woods. Seeing a chance to exact his revenge, Kenton unmercifully pummeled his romantic rival into a state of unconsciousness. As his frenzy and ire came under control, Simon erroneously believed the man was dead. To avoid legal prosecution, not to mention his inevitable death by hanging, Simon headed into the west, to the land his uncle had described with glowing terms, that distant land of Kentucky. The year was 1771 and Kenton, then only 16 years old, soon would become an associate of Daniel Boone and was immortalized in Kentucky history as one of the great Indian fighters, scouts, and explorers.

On the heels of the explorers, pilots, and surveyors, came the settlers. Again, the Irish and their descendants were numerous.

In 1774, James Harrod established the first permanent settlement west of the Allegheny Mountains. Located in what would become central Kentucky, Harrodsburg was comprised of 54 families; of which 25 bore Irish surnames. Robert and George McAfee, then joined by their brothers Samuel and William, were there, as was one John Dougherty. One year later, Daniel Boone, who had been briefly educated by an Irish schoolmaster and married Rebecca "Becky" Bryan, a descendant of the County Clare Bryans, established Boonesborough. Again, a look at the names of the settlers gives evidence of the Irish and their descendants; including, yet again, the McAfee brothers Robert, George, and William.

Many of the early settlements were formed by groups of families, who traveled without government authority or aid, simply seeking a better way of life. They would find a desirable location, and build their cabins in an arrangement that offered fort-like protection against attacking Indians. These small settlements, called "stations," were usually given the name of the leader of the group. One need only read

the names of the stations to understand the prevalence of the Irish in the early settling of Kentucky. They included, among others: Kenny's, McCormack's, Kennedy's, Mullins', Collins', McFadden's, Feagan's, Sullivan's, Casey's, Kelly's, Finn's, Bryan's, Cassidy's, and Dougherty's Stations.

Cassidy's Station was established by Michael Cassidy, a native of Ireland who, as a young lad, immigrated to America. He served valiantly during the Revolutionary War and entered Kentucky after mustering out of the army. Supposedly, Michael was unusually small in stature and the Indians often viewed him as merely a boy, a fact he used to his advantage in his many confrontations.

On one camping trip into the woods with two companions, the group was set upon by three Indians, with only Michael Cassidy left alive. Having saved the "boy" for entertainment, the smallest of the Indians was presented with a large knife and given the honor of carving up Cassidy as the others watched. It was not long before Cassidy had the better of his opponent, who, not only was suffering from the humiliation of not being up to the challenge of whipping a "boy", but was quickly becoming the laughing stock of his own comrades. As the matter grew more serious, the two Indians tried to rescue their companion and soundly beat Cassidy with their war clubs. As he fell to the ground, Michael's hand came to rest upon the knife and he rose brandishing it wildly from one side to the other. The Indians fell back and Cassidy made his escape into the woods, spending the remainder of the night, neck deep, in a pool of water.

Not all of the Irish who entered Kentucky left heroic tales and a positive impression on the settlers and in the annals of the Commonwealth. Perhaps the worst of these was the infamous Simon Girty. Born in Pennsylvania in 1741, Girty was the son of an Irish immigrant who worked as a packhorse driver in the fur trade. Simon's youth was brutal. He was nine years old when he witnessed the murder of his father during a land dispute with the Indians. Six years later, his entire family, including his step-father, John

Turner, was kidnapped and taken to a Delaware (Indian) village where Turner was tortured and burned at the stake as young Simon was forced to watch.

Eventually, Simon was adopted into the Seneca tribe and taken to Ohio where he mastered the Shawnee language. During Lord Dunmore's War, Girty served as a scout and interpreter; and he developed a close and enduring friendship with Simon Kenton. Both the British and Americans vied for Girty's assistance during the Revolutionary War. Girty first sided with the Americans but, finding military life disagreeable, he was discharged in 1777 for poor behavior. Switching his alliance, Girty served the remainder of the war as an interpreter for the British. It was during those years that his notoriety grew; he became vilified as evil and demonic. Tales were told of his horrendous brutality and torture; and mothers warned naughty children to behave lest, "Simon Girty will get you!" It was also during those years that Girty led Indian raids into Kentucky, terrorizing the settlers. However, it must be noted that one great act of friendship and kindness trickled through the horror. Simon Kenton, taken prisoner by the Indians in 1778, had been moved from village to village, tortured, and forced to run numerous gauntlets. His death was imminent when Girty arrived in the Shawnee village of Wapatomica. Girty's argument was successful and Kenton's life was spared, making possible his eventual escape.

Kentucky had been neither darker nor bloodier than it was during years of the Revolutionary War; yet the majority of settlers remained and the influx of Irish immigrants and/or their descendants continued. The sons of Erin left their marks and, often their names, on nearly every county of the Commonwealth.

Yes, the sons of Erin left quite an impressive history in Kentucky. However, they did not come into the wilderness unaccompanied; in many instances, daughters of Erin traveled with them. Left alone to their own devices while their men were hunting and fighting, frequently for long periods of time, it was the

(Continued on page 17)

women of Kentucky who actually built a civilized society in the wilds. Unfortunately, very little has been recorded about the women who raised the children, tended the crops, spun the cloth and sewed the clothes, cooked and cleaned, taught the young to read and write, served as doctors, and, often defended their homes and children with an unparalleled fierceness.

Mention has been made of Mmes. McGarry, Denton, and Hogan in the Harrodsburg settlement. These may have been the first white women to have lived in Kentucky. If not them, then, certainly Rebecca Bryan Boone holds that honor. Becky Boone was known to be a fine linen maker, leather tanner, weaver, and an exceptionally good shot. She endured years of hardship and worry as Daniel explored his beloved Kentucky; and she mourned the loss of several children at the hands of the Indians.

Counted among the first women of Franklin County was Ann McGinty, wife of James. Her spinning wheel was allegedly the first in Kentucky. Michael I. O'Brien, in his *Irish Pioneers in Kentucky* (page 41), presents a brief description of Ann and an interesting argument for her nationality:

Among the women of Franklin County mentioned by Collins was Ann McGinty who is referred to as 'a woman of great energy and self-reliance, who brought the first spinning wheel to Kentucky and made the first linen in that section of the country from lint of nettles and buffalo wool.' She is mentioned by Collins as 'very ingenious.' ...Her nationality is not given, but that she may have been an Irishwoman may be judged from her knowledge of the primitive operation of fabricating such simple materials as nettles and the wool of buffalo into linen suitable for ordinary use."

Richard Steele (mentioned above) obviously married wisely. During an Indian attack at Floyd's Station, near the Steele settlement, Richard was shot near the heart. When his wife, a native of Ireland, learned of his condition, she was adamant in rushing to his side. Ignoring the concerns of her neighbors, Mrs.

Steele rode out in the night, purportedly with a nursing baby in her arms. She found and rescued her husband; returning him to the safety of the stockade where she nursed him back to health.

Elizabeth Conway Dougherty, daughter of John Conway of County Tyrone, and wife of John Dougherty, was at Ruddle's Station in 1780 when a combined force of General Bird's British troops and Simon Girty's Indians attacked. She witnessed the slaughter of several of her neighbors as well as the scalping of her own brother. Elizabeth endured a forced march to Detroit, and gave birth during captivity; yet, following their release, she and her family returned to Kentucky and were among the first settlers of Pendleton County.

Historians have agreed the Battle of Blue Licks (in present Robertson County) on August 19, 1782, ten months after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, was the final confrontation of the Revolutionary War. Although the Kentuckians were soundly defeated, it signaled the end of the bloody wars that had tormented the settlers; and on June 1, 1792, the Commonwealth of Kentucky was admitted to the Union as the 15th state.

More than 300 years have passed since the Irish first came to Kentah-ten. The panorama has changed and the land is no longer dark and bloody. The small stations have been replaced by ever-growing cities and war cries are heard only at University of Kentucky basketball games. Hunters and fishermen still take to the woods but the game is not as varied and plentiful; the rivers are not as clear. Still, the hillsides remain lush with heavenly greens and the bluegrass still sways in the breezes. Kentuckians owe much to those early pioneers from the Emerald Isle and their descendants. Depending upon their own wit and determination, they forged a life in the wilderness and left a legacy of strength and fortitude. In closing, the words of Theodore O'Hara in his poem, *The Old Pioneer*, seem particularly



fitting. The first and sixth stanzas are as follows:

*A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Knight-errant of the wood!
Calmly beneath the green sod here
He rests from field and flood
The war-whoop and the panther's
screams
No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
Beside his good old spouse.*

*A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
A dirge for his old spouse!
For her who blest his forest cheer,
And kept his birchen house,
Now soundly by her chieftain may
The brave old dame sleep on,
The red man's step is far away,
The wolf's dread howl is gone.*

[The primary source for this article was *Irish Pioneers in Kentucky*, written by Michael I. O'Brien, published in 1916. It is a compilation of his articles written for *The Gaelic American*, a weekly periodical published in New York from 1903-1951.]

KENTUCKY FACTS

Joined the Union: June 1, 1792
Kentucky is one of four Commonwealths within the United States.

Motto: United we stand, divided we fall.

State Tree: Tulip Poplar
State Flower: Goldenrod

State Bird: Cardinal
State Song: My Old Kentucky Home (written in 1853 by Stephen Collins Foster)

Nickname: The Bluegrass State
Official Bluegrass Song: Blue Moon of Kentucky (by Bill Monroe)

Famous Kentuckians: Abraham Lincoln (16th President of the U.S.), Jefferson Davis (President of the Confederacy), Kit Carson (trapper, scout, soldier), Muhammad Ali, George Clooney, Rosemary Clooney, The Judds (Naomi, Wynonna, and Ashley), Loretta Lynn, Carry A. Nation (temperance advocate), Phil Simms (football player), Adlai Stevenson (politician), Diane Sawyer.

A CLANN VISIT TO KENTUCKY

In October of 2006, descendants of John and Elizabeth Conway Dougherty (Family Group #506; the same Elizabeth Dougherty mentioned previously on page 14) welcomed "cousins" from the Clann O'Dochartaigh to Kentucky. The weekend began with a tour of Pendleton County including the old Dougherty homestead land, the Smith and Dougherty/Oldham Cemeteries, and a meeting of the Pendleton County Genealogical and Historical Society. The President of the Society, Eric Nagle, graciously provided time for Cameron Dougherty to introduce the Society members to the O'Dochartaigh Clann Association and, Kathi Gannon to share information regarding the Clann's Y-DNA project.

The following day, the group met at the home of John and Anne Daugherty for a lovely brunch, good conversation and, entertainment provided by Daniel and Emily Dougherty. Laughter filled the home as there were no strangers.

Representing the Clann were: Cameron and Joyce Dougherty and their children, Daniel and Emily (Michigan), Bill and Wanda Daughtrey (Georgia), and Kathi Gannon (Virginia). Family Group #506 included: Millie Belew, Betty Schlueter, Josephine Daugherty, John and Anne Daugherty, Marie Morrison, Pat Pate, Joe and Sherida Dougherty (all of Kentucky) and Dorothy Williams (North Carolina).



O'Dochartaighs All!

(Left to right) Bill Daughtrey, Joe Dougherty, Josephine Daugherty, Cameron Dougherty, Kathi Gannon, Marie Morrison, Dorothy Williams, Pat Pate, and John Daugherty



Daniel and Emily Dougherty entertain the group at the home of John and Anne Daugherty.



The Tricolor flag of Ireland was first unfurled for the public on March 7, 1848, by Thomas Francis Meagher, Irish revolutionary, former prisoner of a Tasmanian penal colony, New York City lawyer, and Union general during the American Civil War. (It was adopted as the national flag of Ireland on December 6, 1921.) Meagher expressed hopes for his Ireland as follows:

The white in the center signifies a lasting truce between the "Orange" and the "Green," and I trust that beneath its folds the hands of the Irish Protestant and the Irish Catholic may be clasped in generous and heroic brotherhood.

In Memoriam

Eileen Dougherty died at her home in Oklahoma City on December 29th at the age of 83. Eileen was born in Sentinel, OK on May 13 (Mother's Day) 1923 to Richard and Susie Wilmeth, both of them teachers.

A talented artist and singer, Eileen studied music at Southwestern State University in Weatherford, OK until 1944, when she married Raymond Dougherty, then an intern at St. Anthony's Hospital, and was soon devoting herself to raising their five children, first in Oklahoma City and Perry, OK, then in Southern Pines, NC, where Dr. Dougherty practiced medicine for many years. After the children were grown, the couple moved back to Oklahoma City, where Eileen earned a BA in art and a MA in Art Education from Oklahoma City University. For her master's thesis, she devised a way to teach children art by having them imitate the great art of the past. Eileen was also a self-taught architect. Unforgettably original, she was a woman of extraordinary verve, imagination, graciousness and kindness; someone who sang while she worked and loved beauty wherever she found it; an independent spirit and a witty, fun-loving companion whose keen-eyed insights and observations were almost always accompanied by a chuckle of delight or a beautiful soft smile.

Surviving her after a marriage of 62 years is her husband Dr. Dougherty, who recently retired from his pulmonary practice in Oklahoma City. Also surviving are five children: Patrick Dougherty, Chapel Hill, NC; Kate Farrell, New York, NY; Dennis Dougherty, Durham, NC; Margaret Springer, Redding, CA and Michael Dougherty, Hinton, OK. Sixteen grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren survive, as do her brothers Wallis and Joe Wilmeth, of Houston, TX, and her sister Dorothy Wrather of Oklahoma City. A funeral mass will be held at the chapel of Our Lady's Cathedral at 1:00 p.m. on New Year's Day, followed by interment at the Catholic Cemetery of Hinton, OK. In lieu of flowers, the family requests that donations be sent to Our Lady's Cathedral, Chapel Music Fund.

Elizabeth "Beth" (Dougherty) Jones died Sunday, January 14, 2007, at Lawrence Memorial Hospital, Lawrence, Oklahoma.

She was born July 24, 1933, in Hinton, the daughter of William G. and Elizabeth M. Smith Dougherty. She graduated from Hinton High School in 1951. She received a bachelor's degree in education from Southwestern State University in Medford, OK, and a master's degree in education from Central State University in Edmond, OK.

Mrs. Jones taught secondary school in Lawrence for 35 years at Central Junior High School. She was a member of St. John the Evangelist Catholic Church.

Survivors include two sons, Joe B. Jones (wife Nancy), Lawrence, and Jay C. Jones (wife Denise), North Richland Hills, TX; a brother, Max Dougherty, Covina, CA; and six grandchildren. She was preceded in death by a son, John D. Jones.

Sara Jayne (Dougherty) Stavorski, 87, Lansdale, died Dec. 3, 2006, in her residence. She had been in failing health. Her husband, John M. Stavorski Sr., died in September 2000.

Born in Reading, she was a daughter of the late Benjamin Franklin and Ellen "Nellie" (Brennan) Dougherty. She graduated from the former St. Peter's High School in Reading. She lived in Lansdale since 1957 and was formerly from Reading, CT, Somerville and Raritan, N.J.

Mrs. Stavorski was first and foremost a homemaker. Plus, she was a member of Corpus Christi Catholic Church, Upper Gwynedd Township, where she belonged to the Ladies of Corpus Christi. She was an active member in the ladies auxiliary at Pius Ninth Council, Knights of Columbus, Lansdale, and the Forest Lodge VFW, Sellersville. Mrs. Stavorski loved to travel along with her husband. She and her Dougherty family also belonged to the Irish O'Dochartaigh Clann Association.

Surviving is a daughter, Veronica Ann Victor, at home, and a son, John M. Stavorski Jr., husband of Barbara, Comar. There are also five grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. She was the last sibling among four sisters and a brother.