

IRELAND FAMILY

Great grandfather, Robert Ireland, was born in Belfast, Ireland, 1765.

During one of the many Irish rebellions, he, as one of the defeated rebels, was forced to leave the country. He came to America some time between 1812 and 1815, leaving his family, wife, five sons and a daughter behind him. They did not hear from him, probably because there was little communication between the continents in those days, but the elder sons, Henry and William were very bitter toward him. They did not blame him for leaving, but because, seemingly, he made no effort to provide for his family. Nothing is known of the years he spent in America until about 1846, when his son, Robert, Jr. (grandfather)--met him then an old and feeble man, wandering on the streets of Cincinnati, learned that his name was Ireland and on comparing notes found that he was his father, took him home and cared for him during the remaining years of his life.

Great uncle William then living in Cincinnati also would have given him a home, but he loved grandmother and preferred to live with the younger son. He was feeble and very childish and a great trial to grandmother, but she "was kind to him always," as I've heard father say. Father's only memory of him was how the children loved to torment him and hear him say "Drat you. If I could reach you with this cane, I'd crag you well." He died in 1848, and was buried in a Cincinnati cemetery.

Henry Ireland, eldest son of Robert Ireland, Sr. was born in Belfast, Ireland, about 1799, came to America with his brother William early in the 30's. He boarded with his brother, Robert, for a time after the latter's marriage. I remember grandmother speaking of him as "a very fine gentleman." He refused to acknowledge his father, could not forgive him for deserting his mother to whom he was greatly devoted and to whom he referred as "the most noble of women!" He married Rebecca Young, a wealthy young woman. Their home was established in Yonkers, N. Y., where Uncle Henry ran a print shop and bookbindery for many years. They had no children. He and Aunt Rebecca were especially kind and helpful to grandfather Robert and his family during his long illness. They took Uncle Robert, then six years old with them, after a visit in Cincinnati, to their home in Yonkers, where he lived and was given every advantage for three years. Uncle Henry died in 1859 and was buried at Yonkers, N. Y.

William Ireland, second son, born in Belfast, came with his brother Henry to America some time in the 30's. He was a tea-merchant and lived for a time--a year or more, in an apartment in the house occupied by grandfather Robert. At that time he had one son, Alfred, the little playmate of grandfather's eldest son, Tommy, who died at the age of two years. Uncle William had married a cousin Elizabeth, "A very superior young woman, seminary educated--a great thing for that day." Her father, Prof. (name unknown) was head of some noted school. I cannot recall name or place." (Quotation is from a letter written by

Aunt Nellie Clarke). Shortly after the death of little "Tommy," he, Uncle William and family moved to Philadelphia where they lived for many years and where their five daughters were born. Their names are unknown, but all grew to womanhood and all were teachers. One married an Englishman and returned to the "Mother country" to live. Tho unusually intelligent girls, all were frail physically, due, it was thought, to their parents close kinship. They dressed beautifully, judged by the boxes of fine clothing which were sent to grandmother--to be "made over"--during the years that grandfather was practically an invalid. His son, Alfred, a lawyer, moved to New York City where Uncle Robert visited him a few years before his, Uncle Robert's, death. He was married but at that time had no children. Uncle William died in August, 1864--one year to the day after grandfather--his younger brother.

John Ireland, third son (order of ages not definitely known) was a sailor and was lost at sea. Nothing more is known of his life or death.

Elizabeth, only daughter of Robert Ireland, Sr., was born in Belfast, about 1805--date not definitely known.

She went as a missionary to Tasmania. As father remembers it, one letter was received from her after she reached her destination but nothing further was ever heard. Aunt Nellie writes "Uncle Henry received letters from her for many years. As a child I remember one incident connected with her life--she was gored almost to death by a wild bull, but recovered to continue her work." Possibly the letters Aunt Nellie recalls were

written before she left Ireland. Harry Lee Ireland, my nephew, has in his possession a book bearing the inscription as follows:

Dear Aunt Ovie:

Nov. 24, 1941

I have looked up the inscription in the little book you and Grandmother gave us and this is the wording. On the inside of the front cover, on a leather piece glued on and in gold printing

PRESENTED TO R. IRELAND
BY HIS SISTER ELIZABETH
APRIL 1831

Then written on the fly leaf is Robert Ireland from his Sister Elizabeth.

and then it looks like to me the next words are L. Derry April 23, 1831. The book is "Christian Authors" - by Ambrose Serle Esq. with introductions by Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. It is the 3rd edition and printed by W. Collins & Co. 1827.

David James Ireland, born about 1807, was the only son who remained in Ireland. He had a daughter Sarah, and two sons James and (name unknown). James came to this country to visit relatives, but soon returned to his native land. Tradition says he came again later and remained here. Nothing further is known of this branch of the family.

Robert Jr., grandfather, youngest of the family, was but seven years of age at the time of his mother's death. At the age of 14 he was apprenticed to a wealthy uncle--a coppersmith to learn that trade--seven years being the allotted time. "He was badly treated by his uncle, worked overtime and made to live on oatmeal with the servants in the kitchen while the family dined on the best." After six years, his elder brothers, Henry and William, concluded he had more than paid for the learning of his trade and being sure he was well able to care for himself,

paid his way and sent him to America. He spent a few years in the East, later drifting to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he boarded with great grandmother Morgan and where he met our grandmother, Sophia E. Morgan to whom he was married May 20, 1837.

He received his final naturalization papers October 8, 1838 in Hamilton Co. Ohio--papers now in possession of Harold Ireland (1941) Topeka, Kansas. With wife and family he moved to Macon, Illinois in March 1863 where he died in August of the same year after many years of ill-health due to copper poisoning. For seven years he had been practically an invalid.

He was buried at Long Grove, a cemetery a few miles S.E. of Macon, Illinois. Born January 1809 - Died August 1863.

Thomas Frances Ireland, eldest child of Robert and Sophia Morgan-Ireland, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1838. Died 1840--not long before father's birth. Because there had been a "Thomas Francis" in the family for several generations, his grandfather, (great grandfather Morgan) asked that the same name be given our Uncle Tom--the fourth son in the same family.

The first "Thomas Francis" of whom we have any record, was an old blind man, Thomas Francis Day, a brother of great, great grandmother Morgan, and who made his home with her during grandmother Ireland's childhood days.

*Uncle Tom's
Grandfather* William Henry Ireland, father, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, March 30, 1840, second child of Robert and Sophia Morgan-Ireland. Moved from the city to an 18 acre farm on the Ohio river in 1850 and to Macon County Illinois in the spring of 1863. Moved to DeKalb County Missouri in the fall of 1869--to Allen County

Kansas, February 1882. From the farm to the Town of Bronson, Bourbon County Kansas, January, 1911.

He was married in Macon, Illinois by Rev. Semple to Maria McCool, April 22, 1868. He died Bronson, August 3, 1919, and was buried in the cemetery near there. Details of his life are given in my story, page 123, family history.

David James Ireland, (Uncle Dave) was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 5, 1842. Moved with the family to a farm 40 miles E. of Cincinnati in 1850.

Some years later he returned to Cincinnati and made his home with grandmother's younger brother, Uncle Tom Morgan during high school days. Shortly after his graduation, in answer to President Lincoln's call for volunteers, he enlisted in the army 83rd O.V.I. After the close of the war, he went to Alton, Illinois to clerk and learn the clothing business under William Crossman, brother of Uncle Sam Crossman--husband of Aunt Nellie, grandmother's only sister. It was while living in Alton that he met and married our "Aunt Lou"--then Miss Louisa Parker--1869. The following year he moved from Alton and set up in the clothing and general merchandise business for himself in the little village of Stewartsville, Missouri, twenty miles east of St. Joseph, and five miles south of the farm where father had located about a year previously.

A few years ago Aunt Lou told me that when she "married David his people became my people and I have loved them as my own." Certainly she has never seemed an in-law to any of us. During the ten years we and they lived in the same community our

family and theirs were the closest and dearest companions. Mother and Aunt Lou loved each other as own sisters. And what a joy it was to us children when a trip to Uncle Daves was planned, or they came for a visit to the farm. Those five mile trips were always made in a lumber wagon and, as a rule, over awful roads. Thanksgiving and Christmas days were always spent together. No one who has not spent a "Christmas at Aunt Lou's" knows anything about a really "Merry Christmas" and no one who has never seen a plum bush, cut and hauled a half mile across a snowy field--pulled thru a bedroom window and decorated with tissue paper and Aunt Lou's Christmas jumbles knows anything about a really pretty Christmas tree. (My first Christmas gift was a tiny night cap, made and placed on the tree for me, Christmas day before I was born the next April 1871. That cap is now the property of my eldest grandniece, Kathleen).

A few years after our family moved to Kansas--1889--Uncle David sold his store, retired from business and moved to Chicago, Maple Street, Englewood. A few years later, 1908, he sold their Englewood home and moved to Sacramento, California to be with their daughter, Mary, who was then, and for many years thereafter, supervisor of music in the Sacramento schools.

Uncle David, always a staunch Baptist, was Deacon for many years both in Stewartsville and Chicago. He died at their Sacramento home, April, 1926. Burial in Mausoleum, Sacramento.

* Uncle Tom, Thomas Francis Ireland, was born August 20, 1844, Pleasant Street, Cincinnati, Ohio--moved to farm 40 miles E. in

*Uncle Tom's
father*

1850. At the age of 18 he enlisted in the army, 83rd O.V.I. At the close of the war, 1865, he returned to Macon County, Ill. where the family had moved during his absence. In 1867 he moved to Gallatin, Missouri and two years later to a 40 acre farm he had purchased adjoining one on which father had located a few months previously. He was married at Macon, Illinois, August 20, 1868 to Samantha McCool--(Aunt Mott)--Mother's *Evergreen*
grand. younger sister. In 1872, he, with his family--Aunt Mott and two little ones, Edith and George, moved to near Lone Tree, Nebraska where he had taken a Soldier's claim.

In March--two years later, he was stricken with pneumonia and after a very short illness, passed away March 9, 1874. His death and Aunt Mott's return to our home in Missouri are among my earliest memories. One incident of his illness I recall hearing Aunt Mott tell--shortly before the end, after he had lain in a coma for some hours, he roused, and only partly, if at all, conscious, sang "I'm but a Stranger here, Heaven is my Home."

He was brought back to Stewartsville and laid to rest in the cemetery a short distance S.E. of the town, where, the following fall, Eddie, born in Nebraska, was laid beside him.

Ellen Alice Ireland--Clarke, (Aunt Nellie), only daughter of Robert and Sophia Ireland, was born January 30, 1847, Pleasant Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. Her girlhood days were spent in the old Ohio farm, to which the family had moved when she was three years of age, with them near Macon, Illinois, at Alton, Illinois

with Aunt Nellie Crossman, grandma's younger sister, and with Uncle Tom Morgan's in Richmond, Indiana. Soon after father and Uncle David moved to Missouri, she came also and spent her time between the two families--always a most welcome guest and helper.

She was married at our home, the "Fowl Place," on Christmas eve, 1872, to William Murray Clarke, a Civil War veteran whom she had met while living in Alton where he was a printer employed by Uncle Sam Crossman. They lived for a time in Kansas City, where their only son, Adna Girard, was born, and I believe in Carrolton and perhaps other places in Missouri before Uncle Will retired from the printing business, and settled on a fruit farm, Stanton, Kansas, near Rantoul, Miami County. Later they moved to Lawrence in order that Adna might attend Kansas University.

Uncle Will passed away, Lawrence in 189__ and Aunt Nellie then went to Buffalo, Kansas to make her home with her daughter, Fanny Clarke-Spillman.

In the fall of 1893, her mother "tiny grandma," who made her home with us near Bronson, Kansas, became very ill and Aunt Nellie was called to assist in her care. For the next seven years, she remained with us as grandma required more care than it was possible for mother to give her. After grandmother's death, April 8, 1910, she returned to Fannie's home in Buffalo, where she passed away February 29, 1932. Burial at Buffalo, Kansas. Aunt Nellie was one of a group of five women--(mother, grandmother, Aunt Lou, Aunt Nellie and Aunt Clara)--who made life a joyous thing to the children of both families prior to

our move to Kansas. Details of her life may be read between the lines of her story of grandmother's life--written while she lived with us during the former's long illness.

Robert Morgan Ireland, (Uncle Bob), was the first of grandfather's family born on the Old Ohio Farm--40 miles E. of Cincinnati. Aunt Nellie, in her story of grandmother's life, tells much of his childhood and young manhood which needs not be repeated here. At the age of six he was taken to Yonkers, New York by Uncle Henry and Aunt Rebecca Ireland, and for three years, until Uncle Henry's death, made his home with them, and where he was given many advantages his parents could not possibly have provided. Before and during the Civil War he remained at home assisting father with farm work.

He later graduated from Shurtleff College, Alton, Illinois, and afterward from Chicago University Law School--paying his way almost entirely as a book agent--selling a book entitled "How to Make the Farm Pay." After his graduation, he opened a law office in Elgin, Illinois where he practiced law most successfully --serving for two terms as State Representative from his district --until failing health made it necessary for him to retire. My dearest memory of Uncle Bob is that of his sending me a year's subscription--in my very own name--to the "Little Corporal," when I was six years of age. (How I loved those little magazines--and had every copy stored in the "broom room" where they were burned when our house was destroyed by fire, March, 1878).

In the summer of 1880 Uncle Robert made a prolonged vacation

trip to Colorado and spent some time prospecting on and near Pikes Peak. He visited us on the way, bringing a box of "Gunther's" candy. The box is still in my possession--stored in my treasure box (Uncle Fred's "Black Box"). Uncle Robert passed away April 23, 1895 after a protracted illness of cancer of bowels. He never married. Uncle David was with him at the last. Burial--Elgin, Illinois.

Uncle Fred, Frederick Henry Ireland, was the youngest child of Robert and Sophia Ireland, "child of their old age and the darling of the home," was born September 21, 1861, at the Old Ohio Home, 40 miles E. of Cincinnati. Came with his parents, at the age of two years, to Macon County, Illinois. When father moved to Missouri--driving thru in a covered wagon, Uncle Fred, then a boy of eight, accompanied him as far as Gallatin, Missouri where he remained at the home of his brother, Uncle Tom, while father went on west, to DeKalk County where he purchased an 80 acre farm and where Uncle Fred joined him some time later. I have heard him tell that on the trip to Gallatin his wardrobe was packed in a small wooden box, made especially for that purpose and that the key to the box was worn, on a blue ribbon, 'round his neck. Most of the time from then on he made his home with us until our move to Kansas in February, 1882. In the spring of 1883 he came to Kansas also, and that summer farmed with father "on shares." From boyhood he had been especially skillful with tools and during those next few years he worked at the carpenter trade in and near Bronson, part of the time, at least, with or under Mr. F. X. Milligan.

While repairing a house that had been damaged by lightning, then occupied by E. T. Holeman, afterward his brother-in-law, he first met Miss Emma Ellis, whom he married a few years later --May 20, 1887--at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Wesley Holeman--now the home of Mrs. Al Burriss.

They went at once to Ft. Scott, where Uncle Fred had employment at a planing mill. Later he purchased a planing mill and began business for himself and for a good many years operated it most successfully. He specialized in fine work, furniture and fixtures for stores, etc. and shipped many car-loads of his finished product, often to a distance, California, Florida, etc. It was during those busy years, that he found time to provide our home many conveniences, both at the farm and here in Bronson. One of the first was a kitchen cabinet he installed in the old pantry. When mother expressed her appreciation, he replied, "You're darned easy pleased, Pet." Our cabinet-cupboard, sliding-door cupboard, secretary, book-case, comb case, paper-rack, Irola, frames and sleeping-porch, and other articles are all the work of his busy, skillful hands and gifts from his generous heart.

The first winter after he and Aunt Emma were married, they opened their home to me, and I enjoyed not only my best year in the Ft. Scott High School, but a most happy year in every way, due to their unlimited kindness and patience. But I think it was after father's death that I learned to appreciate my good Uncle Fritz the most. I needed someone to lean on. He came

often, looked the place over and advised me what to do and what not to do. When he moved to California--after selling his home and business in Ft. Scott, I was completely lost. He had not been in good health for some time, and two years before the end of the journey, he had a stroke of paralysis, which left him speechless and practically helpless--able to walk but very little, and that not without help. During those two hard years, as I'm glad to remember, Aunt Emma and his one "little girl," Pauline, did all that loving hearts and hands could do, to make the days more bearable and in that they were assisted in every way possible by Aunt Lou and "coz" Mary Ireland, who lived in the same section of Sacramento. Brother Fred, after visiting in their home and "watching Pauline's care and kindness to her old dad," remarked, "She is just exactly the sweetest thing I ever saw." Certainly she was the joy of his heart. He was rather of a gruff disposition, often called grouchy, but that was all on the surface--at heart he was kindness itself. He gave me my first pair of rubbers--the Christmas I was ten--how wonderful they were--gave me my first silk handkerchief in the days when all girls, but me, I think, had to have one--and each Christmas for many of the later years, brought me a \$10 check from him.

Always I was made welcome in their home, and my many visits are among the bright spots of my memory. He passed away October 18, 1937, and was laid to rest in the Moseleum where rest also Uncle David and Aunt Clara Ritchie (Aunt Lou's sister). Also later Aunt Lou and Emma.

Written by:
Miss Eva E. Ireland
Bronson, Kansas

Papa, Aunt Lou, Aunt Clara, Pauline & I