

## **Genealogy of the John A. Kelly Family and The Kelly Story (untitled)**

### **Section 3, Pages 61 - 61**

The Genealogy of the John A. Kelly Family contains letters, family trees, and information concerning the capture of Fanny Kelly by the Sioux Indians. The Kelly Story (untitled) is not dated and the author is unknown. It tells of Fanny Kelly's life from the time her family left Kansas for Idaho in the summer of 1864. There is a detailed account of the attack on their wagon train; capture of Fanny Kelly, her niece Mary Kelly, Sarah Larimer and her son; killing of three men; Mary's death; and the wounding of Mr. Larimer. It tells of Fanny's nine months among the Sioux and her release at Fort Sully. Josiah and Fanny returned to Kansas where he later died of cholera. The story includes a dispute between Fanny Kelly and Sarah Laimer over a book written about the Indian attack. A court decided in Fanny's favor and her book was an immediate sensation. Later, she married William F. Gordon and lived in Washington, D.C. until her death on November 15, 1904.

Creator: Pelton, Mrs. Henry

Date: June 1950

KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 303250

Item Identifier: 303250

[www.kansasmemory.org/item/303250](http://www.kansasmemory.org/item/303250)

KANSAS  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

## Genealogy of the John A. Kelly Family and The Kelly Story (untitled)

65 Letter from L.C. Bishop to Warren Richardson, May 21, 1954

66 Undated newspaper clipping in Morrison papers, Wyoming State Archives

Of all strange and terrible fates, no one who had seen her gentle face in its loving sweetness, the joy and comfort of our hearts, would have predicted such a barbarous fate for her. But it was only the passage from death into life, from darkness into daylight, from doubt and fear into endless love and joy. Those little ones, whose spirits float upward from their downy pillows, amid the tears and prayers of brokenhearted friends, are blest to enter in at heaven's shining gate, which lies as near little Mary's rocky, blood-stained pillow in the desolate waste as the palace of a king, and when she had once gained the great and unspeakable bliss of heaven, it must have blotted out the remembrance of the pain that won it, and made no price too great for such delight.

In the far-off land of Indian homes,  
Where western winds fan "hills of black,"  
'Mid lovely flowers, and golden scenes,  
They laid our loved one down to rest.

Where brightest birds, with silvery wings,  
Sing their sweet songs upon her grave,  
And the moonbeam's soft and pearly beams  
With prairie grasses o'er it wave.

No simple stone e'er marks the spot,  
Where Mary sleeps in dreamless sleep,  
But the moaning wind, with mournful sound,  
Doth nightly o'er it vigils keep.

The careless tread of savage feet,  
And the weary travelers, pass it by,  
Nor heed they her, who came so far  
In her youth and innocence to die.

But her happy spirit soared away  
To blissful climes above;  
She found sweet rest and endless joy  
In her bright home of love.

Fanny Kelly