

2/22/96

JOE,

THIS IS THE INFORMATION
HOWARD COLEMAN MURPHY RECEIVED
FROM MATTHEW FRANKLIN
MURPHY IN 1953. INCLUDES
M.F. MURPHY'S COVER LETTER.

Dick MURPHY

697.44th Ave -
San Francisco 21, Cali
3 May 1953

Howard C. Murphy
1532 - 11th Ave.
Rockford, Illinois

Dear Howard: First, my best wishes for your coming birthday!
Next, my introduction and the reason for my writing. I am your cousin, Matthew Franklin Murphy, son of your father's youngest brother Joseph.

Years ago - before World War II, I began in a casual way thro our aunts Octavia and Lu, to gather together data on the rather numerous progeny of our grandparents, Matthew and Ellen - the war interrupted, as I was kept busy by Uncle for 5 years or so - as I believe you were in the 1st war. Then in August '51, on a trip north to visit my wife's parents who are well into their 70s, we drove thro St. Paul to stop for a few minutes visiting. The many changes, and the passing years, made me realize that the "project", if it were ever to be finished and made available to all the members of the family, had better be pushed along.

After a slow start, and a second trip north last year, I have, Friday, received a great deal of data from Aludis Murphy, who has been in the best position to compile information at the source.

I am sending quite a bit of this to you separately - not yet complete but "under way", with the request that you correct the "record" of your immediate family. Some of the points I question I have red-underlined on the page inclosed.

Years ago, when Dad and I visited St. Paul, from Portland, we stayed with your mother and sisters, whose kindness and hospitality impressed themselves greatly on me. I thought "Aunt Em" one of the sweetest, gentlest ladies I had ever known. It was a shock for me to learn, in 1951, that all three were gone. I had not known, nor heard, as it had been many years since my last contact with St. Paul. I was told at the time that your son, Ronald, as I recall, was then visiting Bernard Wolff, but as we had many miles ahead of us, to Coulee Dam and Spokane, I didn't try to find him, but stopped only at the McKays (Grace) and Peters, at the "old home".

My idea in compiling and distributing this family record is to make available to our children, and theirs, a brief knowledge of their many relatives and a knowledge of who their grands and

great-grandds were, since so few people today, moving around and splitting up as we do, know the least thing of the past.

I am sure you will find the story of Matthew O'Connell Murphy interesting, as I did. I have added my nickel's worth, in the last page, to the information given me by Octavia and Lu.

Aunt Lu died a short while ago - in Santa Barbara, where she had lived for some years. Ruth Kelley (Aunt Sue's daughter) went down from SF to take care of necessary arrangements.

John, in Seattle, is retired and in not good health. I saw him last summer and he didn't look or act badly, but Octavia writes that he is failing fast.

Octavia had a severe fall and spent about 2 years in the hospital in Seattle - following which she returned to her apartment, where she continues, courageously carrying on for herself, with the barest minimum of outside help. Rene (my wife) writes her weekly just brief notes, to keep her spirits up. Rene's sister Gladys, in Seattle - drops in on Octavia, but infrequently.

Phil Kelley and his family live here and we see them occasionally. It is quite traditional for them to have us in for cocktails around Christmas, while Thanksgiving and Christmas see us, with other of their friends, at their dinner table. Kathleen, ever young and zealous, continues her work at the U - secretary to someone in the Medical School. Ruth, with the State Dept since about '39, is here on leave now - an extended one. She was last, vice-consul at Venice and Milan. All the Kelley's are very interesting, and we value their friendship as much as their family relationship.

I had known for many years of your move East, but had the impression you were in N.H. with Westinghouse or Edison. The Rockford address surprised me. Coincidental, that you should locate only about 70 miles from Galena, where our great-great grandfather started his life in America. I should like to browse thru some of the early records there for further early data.

Please keep the papers I send, for your information, except for that of your own family which may need corrections or additions. These, when returned, I shall complete promptly and return to you.

I hope you will pardon my intrusion on your time and that you will not consider me a busybody, in imposing on you. But it strikes me that before too long, we will be the older generation and should tell the youngsters what their elders did.

Sincerely yours
Matthew Murphy.

JOSEPH HANLY
of Armfield

Died circa 1884

WILLIAM HANLY
of Armfield

FRANCIS HANLY

Married and moved to
San Francisco, Calif

KATHLEEN

Married

ARTHUR TRECOTT

A Son (1834- ?

JOSEPH - St. Louis (1844-

LUCY PAULDING JOHNSON -STELLA JOHNSON
MRS. LY RAYMOND
501-12th St. 034
Raymond Wash

ANNE NORTON HANLY BOTTS
of Ashville, N.C.
Born ± 1828

JOHN HANLY
of Cliff Cottage Plantation
Jessamine Co. Kentucky

JOHN HANLY

Circuit Judge in Little Rock, Ark.
Member of Confederate Congress

LUCY

LOUIS

JOSEPHINE REED KELLIH
Lived in Sheridan Wyo

EDWIN (1884-

JEANETTE (1888-

DILLON (1890-

ANNE DILLON

Married PAULDING
Descended from one of
the 3 who captured
Benedict Arnold

LUCY DILLON

Married JOHN REED

ELIZABETH

A Son - Died 1835

LUCY ANNE REED

THOMAS HANLY
of Armfield, near Thurliss
Co. Tipperary, Ireland

An officer under Wellington
in Spain

Married
MARY HAY

WILLIAM

CATHERINE DILLON

Married DANIEL MURPHY
of Galena Illinois
6 Children:

MATTHEW O'CONNELL MURPHY
Born 1830 in Galena Ill.
Died 1906 in Portland, Ore.

Married

MARY ELLEN COSTELLO
of Champoeg, Ore.
14 Children:

MARGARET LUCY HANLY
Born in Clonmel, Co. Tipperary

Married

MARGARET E

DILLON

MARY DILLON

Died of Yellow Fever
in New Orleans, 1832

WILLIAM ?

WALTER DILLON

WALTER WASHINGTON (1835-

— ANDREW MURPHY *

Married
MARTHA COSGROVE

— THOMAS MURPHY *

5. MARY MURPHY

Married P. HANNON

6.

Married DRUM
Died, 1847

JOHN DRUM *

MARY DRUM, born 1847
Godchild of ...

ANDREW JAMES MURPHY of Kilmuckridge
County Wexford, Ireland

Following the failure of the Wexford Rebellion
of 1798, emigrated to the United States in
1799 with his 7 children, locating in Galena
Illinois.

7. DANIEL MURPHY

Born in County Wexford, Ireland,
about 1789
Died in St. Paul, Oregon, 1866

Married
CATHERINE DILLON

4th of 7 Children of

MARGARET LUCY (HANLY) DILLON
of Clanmel, Co. Tipperary, Ireland

1. MATTHEW O'CONNELL MURPHY

DANIEL RAPHAEL

WILLIAM

JOHN

PETER

LUCY

* Members of the party of gold-seeking
California Argonauts of 1849

DANIEL MURPHY

*Born in Banadluck Parish, Kilmuckridge, Co. Wexford, Ireland, 1789
Died near St. Paul, Oregon, U.S.A. 23 Jan 1866*

7th Son of ANDREW J. MURPHY, owner of a large estate in Ireland, who had participated in the Wexford Rebellion of 1798, emigrating in 1799 to the United States to settle in Galena, Illinois.

Married in Galena, Illinois, c. 1829 to

CATHERINE DILLON

*Born 1809
Died near St. Paul, Oregon, 22 Dec 1864*

*4th of 7 Children of
MARGARET LUCY (HANLY) DILLON
Born in Clonmel, County Tipperary, Ireland*

Sister of Major JOHN HANLY of Cliff Cottage Plantation, Hanly, Jessamine County, Kentucky, with whom young CATHERINE came to the United States.

Daughter of THOMAS HANLY of Armfield, Thurliss, County Tipperary, an officer under Wellington in Spain, and of MARY (HAY) HANLY

MATTHEW O'CONNELL MURPHY of St. Paul, Oregon

*Born 19 June 1830 in Galena, Illinois.
Died 1906 in Portland, Oregon.*

Married 4 Feb 1856 at St. Paul Mission, Marion County, Oregon

MARY ELLEN COSTELLO of Champoeq, Oregon

*Born 15 May 1836 - Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Died 1912 - Seattle, Wash.*

14 Children

DANIEL RAPHAEL MURPHY

Born 1832 in New Orleans, La.

WILLIAM MURPHY

*Born circa 1837 in St. Louis, Missouri
Died " 1839 at the family farm on the Ohio River,
11 miles below Louisville, Kentucky,
purchased from Robert Merriwether.*

JOHN MURPHY

Born circa 1839, died same year, on farm in Kentucky

PETER MURPHY

*Born 1841 on family farm 20 miles from St. Louis, Mo.
Died in or near St. Paul, Ore. 1871*

Married

MARY ?

10 Children

LUCY MURPHY - Twin to PETER

*Born 1841 near St. Louis, Mo.
Died 1845 in St. Louis, Mo. by drowning.*

MATTHEW O'CONNELL MURPHY

Born 19 Jun 1830 in Galena, Illinois
Died 1906 in Portland, Oregon
Buried in St. Paul, Oregon.
Son of DANIEL & CATHERINE (DILLON) MURPHY
California Argonaut in 1849
Oregon Pioneer in Marion County in 1851
Surveyor in Oregon and Washington

Married 4 Feb 1856 at St. Paul Mission, Marion Co. Ore. to

MARY ELLEN COSTELLO of Champoeq, Oregon

Born 15 May 1836 in the Old Council House, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Died Dec. 1912 in Seattle, Washington.
Buried in St. Paul, Oregon.
Daughter of JOHN & CATHERINE (BURNS) COSTELLO
Came to Oregon in 1850 over the Old Oregon Trail

51

Oldest of 14.

JAMES CLEMENT born 15 Nov 1856 near St. Paul, Oregon
died 20 May 1936 in St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, Oregon

Married to
ELIZABETH KIRK of St. Paul, born 19 Dec. 1859
died 4 Apr 1952 - St. Paul, Ore.

8 Children

CATHERINE MARY born 6 Aug 1858
died Jul 1941 at Marylhurst, Oswego, Oregon

SISTER MARY ALODIA of the Order of The Holy Names

DANIEL RAPHAEL born 16 Apr 1860
died in Portland, Oregon

Married to
CAROLINE KENNEDY

3 Children - ARTHUR, RUTH & ADRIAN (twins)

MARY ELLEN born 1 Dec 1861
died

WILLIAM EDWARD born 25 July 1863
died 15 July 1925 - Portland, Ore.

Married 1893 to
EMMA COLEMAN

3 Children - HOWARD, BEATRICE & FRANCES

MATTHEW PHILIP born 26 Dec 1864
died in Portland, Oregon

Married in Sprague, Washington, to
MARY CULROSS

2 Children - GERTRUDE & FLORENCE

ALBERT SIDNEY born 22 Nov 1866
died in Spokane and buried in Sprague, Wash.

MARY AGNES born 4 Apr 1868
died

LUCY VIRGINIA born 15 Jul 1870
died Feb 1953 in Santa Barbara, California

Married
WILLIAM I. TURNER

SUSIE AGNES born 3 Apr 1872
died 1947 in Berkeley, California
Married 1892 at Portland, Oregon, to
PHILIP F. KELLEY

4 Children - PHILIP, LAWRENCE, KATHLEEN & MARGARET RUTH

JOHN JAMES born 8 Feb 1873

Married in Tacoma, Washington, to
OLIVE LOONEY

2 Children - EUGENE & RUTH

JOSEPH ARTHUR born 15 Aug 1875
died 23 Jun 1934 in Spokane, Wash. (Buried in Holy Cross Cemetery)
Married 30 Jul 1900 at Oregon City, Oregon, to

ELLA GERTRUDE BIRDSONG, born 3 Mar 1880 in Cuba, Iron Co. Missouri.
died 19 Aug 1950 in Salem, buried in Portland, Ore.

1 Son - MATTHEW FRANKLIN

MARY OCTAVIA born 20 Aug 1876

EUGENE RALPH born 23 Jan 1879
died at the family home near St. Paul

4
O'Brien

MARY ELLEN (NELLIE)
Born 21 Nov 1882 - St. Paul, Ore.
Died 21 Nov. 1943 - St. Paul

RAYMOND ARTHUR McKAY
Born 27 Mar 1910 - St. Paul, Ore.
Died 4 Dec 1912

SUZANNE EILEEN McKAY
Born 6 Apr 1941 - Portland, Ore.

HARVEY JAMES McKAY
Born 10 May 1912 - St. Paul, Ore.

GREGORY PHILIP
Born 27 Feb 1948 - Portland, Ore.

Married
GENEVIEVE ZELENAK Penn.
Born

MAUREEN DIANE
Born 7 Apr 1952 - Novato, Calif.

Daughter of JOSEPH FRANCIS &
MARY HACOLA ZELENAK

PETER MATTHEW
Born 21 Dec 1884 - Sprague, Wash

JUDITH ANN McKAY
Born 14 Nov 1942 - Newberg, Ore.

HAROLD EMARD McKAY
Born 22 Apr 1914 - St. Paul

JANE ELIZABETH
Born 11 May 44 - Newberg

Married
BETTY BRIAN

GARY HAROLD
Born 19 Dec 95 - Newberg

Daughter of FRANK J. BRIAN &
MABEL E. CROWLEY

KAREN THERESA
Born 26 Sep 46 - Newberg

MICHAEL BRIAN
Born 28 Oct 49 - Portland, Ore

DENNIS WILLIAM
Born 8 Jan 1951 - Albany, Ore.

MARGARET ALODIA
Born 1 Dec 1886 - Sprague Wash

AGNES ESTELLE
Born 5 Jun 1916 - St. Paul

Married
HUGO HEMSHORN

Son of STEPHEN &
ELIZABETH WERKERLE HEMSHORN
of Mt. Angel, Ore.

MARCELLA GRACE
Born 21 Sep 1888 - Sprague, Wash
Died 1 Jan 1952 - Portland, Ore.

RICHARD JERARD McKAY
Born 9 May 1919 - St. Paul

Married
VIOLA POKORNY

JAMES CLEMENT MURPHY
Born 15 Nov 1856 near St. Paul, Ore.
Died 20 May 1936 in Portland, Ore

1st Son of MATTHEW O'CONNELL &
MARY ELLEN (COSTELLO) MURPHY-

Married 20 Feb 1882
at St. Paul, Ore. to

ELIZABETH ANN KIRK
Born 19 Dec. 1853 at Boston, Mass.
Died 4 Apr 1952 near St. Paul, Ore.

Eidest Daughter of 13 children of
PETER P & MARGARET LYONS KIRK

MARY AGNES (SR. MARY AGNESIA)
Born 21 Aug 1890 - Sprague, Wash.
Died 9 Jan 1951 - Marylhurst, Ore.

FRANCIS IGNATIUS McKAY
Born 29 Nov 1920 - St. Paul

Married
VELMA HEMSHORN

Daughter of STEPHEN &
ELIZABETH WERKERLE HEMSHORN
of Mt. Angel, Ore.

MARILYN JEAN McKAY
Born 10 Jan 1937 - Deep River, Wash

BARBARA ANN
Born 6 Mar 1938 - Lebanon, Ore.

RONALD FRANCIS
Born 24 Jan 1951 - Lebanon, Ore

GORDON ALLEN
Born 1 Mar 1952 - Lebanon, Ore

ARTHUR MARTIN McKAY
Born 27 Apr 1923 - St. Paul

ELIZABETH (SR. MARY ELENA)
Born 3 Mar 1892 - Sprague, Wash.

Sister of Margaret Kirk
4037 A - 26th St nr. SANCHEZ
San Francisco
VA 4 - 2474 (Reed, Agnes L.)
Died 1952

JOSEPH DONALD McKAY
Born 20 Jul. 1925 - St. Paul

Married
ROSELLA GOOLEY

Daughter of FRED &
MARY BUTCH GOOLEY
of Mt. Angel, Ore.

DANIEL RAYMOND McKAY
Born 12 Apr 1950 - Woodburn, Ore.

THOMAS JAMES
Born 5 Apr 1951 - Woodburn, Ore.

CHARLOTTE (LOTTIE)
Born 3 Apr 1895 - Sprague, Wash.

JAMES PETER
Born 15 Apr 1952 - Sweet Home, Ore

MARY TERESA
Born 5 Apr 27 - St. Paul

MARY TERESA (TESSIE)
Born 19 Mar 1899 - Sprague, Wash.
Died 9 Feb 1900 - Sprague, Wash.

NELLIE MARGARET
Born 15 May 1930 - St. Paul

3
Youngest

CONRAD NEIL FROST
Born 8 Sep 1952 - San Francisco, Ca.

MARENE MARIAN MURPHY
Born 2 Nov 1930 - Spokane, Wash.

Married 16 Jul 1950 - Eureka, Calif

NEIL FULLERTON FROST
of Susanville, Calif.
born 28 Jun 1926 - Bozeman, Mont.

Son of CHARLES WALTER FROST
born 1889 - Md

& MARGARET (FULLERTON) FROST
born 10 Apr 1900 - Rockford, Ia.

MATTHEW FRANKLIN MURPHY
Born 3 Nov 1901 - Portland Ore.

JOSEPH ARTHUR MURPHY
Born 15 Aug. 1875 near St Paul, Ore.
Died 23 Jun. 1934 at Spokane, Wash

7th Son of MATTHEW O'CONNELL &
MARY ELLEN (COSTELLO) MURPHY

Married 30 Jul 1900 at Oregon City, Ore.
to

Married 8 Feb 1928 - Spokane, Wash.

ELLA GERTRUDE BIRDSONG
Born 3 Mar 1880 in Cuba, Missouri
Died 19 Aug 1950 in Salem, Oregon
Buried in Portland, Oregon

3rd Daughter of JOSEPH HENRY
(born 9 Mar 1845 in Sussex Co, Va.
died 11 Jun 1885 in Cuba, Mo.)

& MARY JANE (LUTHY) BIRDSONG
(born 15 Jun 1847, Berne Switzerland
died 6 Jan 1895, Webster Grove, Mo.)

ROWENA ELIZABETH WARREN
Born 22 May 1878 - Jackson Co. Ore.

3rd Daughter of MARION WARREN
(born 13 May 1866 - Albany, Ore.)

& ANNA (LA POE) WARREN
(born 25 Jun 1870 - Little Rock, Ark.)

JOELLEN LORRAINE MURPHY
Born 5 Jan 1935 - Spokane, Wash.

An example of more complete information, as desired, with dates and birth places of husbands, wives and in-laws.

CONRAD NEIL FROST
Born 8 Sep. 1952 - San Francisco, Ca.

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Married 16 Jul 1950 - Eureka, Calif

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(born 13 May 1866 - Albany, Ore.)

& ANNA (LA POE) WARREN
(born 25 Jun 1870 - Little Rock, Ark.)

JOELLEN LORRAINE MURPHY
Born 5 Jan 1935 - Spokane, Wash.

1532-11th Ave
Rockford, Ill.
1612 Broadway.

HOWARD COLEMAN MURPHY
Born 18 May 1895 - St. Paul, Ore.
Died Aug 2 - 1963
Married Oct 11 1919
ELLEN O SIDELL
Born 23 Apr 1895
Elgin Del

WILLIAM EDWARD MURPHY
Born 25 Jul 1863 near St. Paul, Ore.
Died 15 Jul 1925 at St. Paul

3d Son of MATTHEW O'CONNELL &
MARY ELLEN (COSTELLO) MURPHY

Married 1893 at St. Paul to

FRANCES L
Born 1894 - St. Paul, Ore.
Died 1948 - St. Paul, Ore.

EMMA FRANCES COLEMAN
Born 1862
Died 1946 at St. Paul, Ore.

Daughter of ~~STEPHEN~~ &
FRANCES MURRAY COLEMAN

WRONG - STEPHEN WAS THE
DROTHER

Related?

WILLIAM THOMAS COLEMAN
1854-1919

CALEDONIA E COLEMAN
1855-1914

ANNA COLEMAN
1880-1915

(Names & dates from
stones in St. Paul Cemetery)

BEATRICE
Born Oct 17 1900 - St. Paul, Ore.
Died Oct 1949 - Portland, Ore.
Married
BERNARD WOLF of St. Paul

ROLAND WILLIAM
Born 30 Jul 1920 - Rockford, Ill.

Married Helen
in Baltimore, Md.
Jan 15 - 1947

Michael Poland
Born July 12 - 194

EILEEN HARRIET
Born 10 Feb 22 - Rockford

Married
Elden ELLIOTT

June 30 - 1940
Died Sept 6 - 1956.

Marcia Ellen
Born Aug 21 - 1948
James Edus Nov 30 -
Smitty Elden Aug 30 - 5

RONALD HOWARD
Born 12 Mar 25 - Rockford

Married Margorie
Broge
Mar. 16 - 1946

Kathleen Anne
Born Mar 30 - 1941
James Patrick
Oct 4 - 1950

DARLENE CHARLOTTE
Born Oct 28 - Rockford

Married
Henry HALBERG

Dec 2 - 1950

Jean Elizabeth
Born April 10 - 54

RICHARD NORMAN
Born 6 Nov 1931 - Rockford, Ill.

Married in Oregon
Darlene Ostrom
Feb 26 - 1954.

Sandra Jean
Born Feb 25 - 55
William Howard
July 2 - 1957

FORTY-NINER
The Autobiography of
Matthew O'Connell Murphy

Since the death of my father and mother, I have regretted that I had not been more informed in regard to their family history; and, that my children may not realize the same inconvenience, I have here-in endeavored to give such incidents of my life as the infirm memory of my present advanced age will permit.

According to a not very authentic account of my mothers, as to date, I was born in Galena, Illinois, June 19, 1830. I am, however, of the opinion that the date should be 1829. My grandfather, Andrew Murphy, on my father's side emigrated to this country from County Wexford, Ireland, A.D. 1799, bringing with him seven children, my father being the youngest and then about 10(?) years of age; his mother, I think, was dead, or did not survive very long after coming to America. The family took a prominent part in the Wexford disturbance of 1798, and I am inclined to think that the persecution of the English government towards the participants in that revolt was the primary cause of the family's emigration, as my grandfather was in very comfortable circumstances, owning a large estate in Ireland. He located at Galena, Ill. Owing to the discovery of rich mineral deposits of lead in that vicinity, my father was engaged in his youthful days in those mining industries: when a young man, he attached himself to a surveying party of United States surveyors engaged in sections on the survey of public lands in the vicinity of where now stand the cities of Peoria and Peru, Illinois; subsequently, with a surveying expedition locating a military road to Santa Fe in the Indian Territory, and it was while assisting in these surveys that he acquired a knowledge of that business which he utilized in after life.

I am not certain as to the place or time of the first meeting of my father and mother. My mother's maiden name was Catherine Dillon, and her mother was a Handley of a very respectable family in the City of Clonmel, County Tipperary, Ire.

My grandmother Marqaret Dillon being left a widow with seven children, my mother, fourth in rotation, came with her uncle John Handley to the United States, she being then about years of age, and located in St. Louis, Mo.

Soon after my birth the family moved to New Orleans, where in 1832 my brother Daniel was born. This year was made memorable by the prevalence of yellow fever. My Aunt Mary, a younger sister of my mother was carried away by that epidemic. At this distant day, I distinctly remember that sad event, the costly funeral and vast throng of mourners, and as I should have been but little over two years and three months old, I doubt the accuracy of my mother's recollection of the date of my birth.

My father engaged in the boating business soon after going to New Orleans, and it seems, succeeded, for his business assumed vast proportions. I think that when moving to that city the steam boat was wrecked and the family lost their all, barely escaping a watery grave. I have heard my parents speak of this occurrence, but I have no recollection of it. Should it have occurred subsequent to, or on our trip up after leaving New Orleans, I should have remembered it, as my recollection of the vast proportions of my father's business, the names of some of my playmates, a snowstorm in New Orleans - a very unusual thing there, are yet very vivid.

In 1837 or '38, the family moved to St. Louis where my brother William was born; and there is my first recollection

of seeing my grandmother, my Aunt Margaret, then a young woman, her brother William and their sister Anne, Mrs. Paulding. The husband of the last was a hatter and doing a large business. I accompanied him out to St. Charles, twenty-nine miles from St. Louis, to visit my uncle Walter who was a farmer. Leaving there in charge of my Grandmother, we took passage on a steamboat for Louisville, Kentucky, and I had to regret the loss of a large coop of game chickens, a present from my uncle Walter, and which was confiscated by the steward of the steamer while we were stuck on a sand bar, and had run short of meat. My parents had preceded me down the river and my father had purchased in 1838 of one Robert Merriwether a splendid farm eleven miles below Louisville in the same county. This was a very valuable, sightly and highly improved farm situated on the Ohio River. From the house, built on a high bluff, one could see up and down the river; and the vast commerce of the Ohio Valley en route to New Orleans, conveyed by thousands of steam keel and by flat-boats, had to pass in full view of the house, nearer than our present abode in Portland (Oregon).

Here, I had my first introduction to school life; and while this was my home, I attended the district school about three miles distant. My time at school was somewhat broken, as a large swamp prevailed in winter between our house and the school; and unless the swamp was frozen over sufficient to bear me up, I had to make a long detour to reach school; this was a sufficient excuse for not going, and many a truant day was spent in the diversions which the swamp afforded when frozen. Moreover, my father every fall loaded two large flat boats with the produce of his farm, consisting of corn, baled hay, apples, etc, and floated them to New Orleans. This trip occupied about two months, and father's absence, if nothing else, was sufficient for me to induce my mother to consent to my staying from school; so, it cannot be presumed that I made much progress while attending this school. During our stay on the farm, my brother William and infant brother John both died, and my mother prevailed on my father to sell the farm. He accordingly placed the sale of it in the hands of his neighbor Dave Merriwether, a shrewd lawyer and prominent Democratic politician who had artfully ingratiated himself into my father's confidence. Through the agency of this man, a sale was effected and half the purchase price being paid, father was ejected by law, and after spending what he had received, and being beaten in every court in the state, he abandoned the farm and all hopes of its recovery. And most wonderful to relate, eighteen years afterwards while a resident of St. Paul, Or. he received a letter from a well-endorsed lawyer of Louisville, Ky. enclosing papers for father's signature, and proposals to institute a suit for the recovery of the farm for a fee of one half the amount received or a land warrant for 160 Acres and about \$200 cash. Father, believing that he had exhausted the law in the various suits, accepted the latter proposal which was duly ratified, but he never heard the sequel.

Father had been cautioned against the grasping designs of Merriwether when he purchased the farm of his brother, who said that fear of the rapacity of Dave was his sole reason for parting with a home he was much attached to. Dave, a shrewd and adroit politician, was, after the death of Henry Clay, appointed by the governor of Kentucky to fill the vacant seat in the U.S. Senate, and subsequently, after the organization of New Mexico as a territory, he was appointed by President Pierce its governor. When my father sold his farm near Louisville, it was his intention to move to Texas, which had achieved its independence, and was attracting a large emigration. But the vexatious litigation and its results seem to have upset his plans, and he started in the fall of 1841 with the family from Louisville, leaving me, then eleven years old, with a friend to forward by next stage-coach to St. Mary's College, a Jesuit institution of great repute, at Lebanon, about sixty miles in the interior. By some mistake of the negro servant, I was, the next morning, at 4 o'clock, consigned to a coach destined for Frankfort, about the same distance in an opposite direction. The passengers, I suppose observing my youth, engaged in conversation with

me and discovered the error, not however in time to remedy it, and so I was taken to Frankfort, the capital of the state, and on the next outgoing stage I was shipped back to Louisville for a new start. En route to Frankfort, the team ran away, the coach was upset, and its full complement of passengers more or less injured, I myself being the least injured of any, having my shoulder disjuncted. It was through this accident that the error in my bill of lading was discovered. In due time, I reached St. Mary's, having experienced another stage upset en route. The first letter from home informed me that the family was located at St. Louis, Mo.

St. Mary's was a grand institution with twenty-five professors and about two hundred students. The faculty owned a large, highly cultivated farm with a number of slaves of both sexes; numerous lay brothers managed the various departments. The buildings were all of brick, elegant and commodious.

The vacation of 1842 I spent at the College. That of 1843, at the invitation of two of my cousins, pupils of St. Mary's and sons of Major John Handley, at their magnificent plantation in the famous Blue Grass Region of Kentucky. In July, 1844, I was recalled home, bidding adieu to St. Mary's, and at the age of fourteen leaving school, never more to enter as a student.

My father had intended giving me a liberal education; but the vicissitudes of fortune had compelled him to curtail expenses; and thus, was I removed from school at the very time and age that I should have been entering, and ill-prepared to cope with the world. My rewards at the close of my last school year were premiums in Reading, Spelling, Elocution, Geography, Use of the Globes, and Astronomy. I never experienced any trouble in holding my position among class-mates. About this age, I was not strong, was much troubled with headaches, and extremely nervous, which conditions interfered with my advancement in Arithmetic and Grammar. As I was foremost in all games and every scheme of fun and mischief, I conclude that I was devoid of that talent requisite for exercise of the reasoning powers. I am indebted to a good memory for any proficiency I may have gained in those superficial studies which are of very little practical benefit in the business pursuits of life.

I never met with Major Handley or any member of his family after my pleasant vacation spent at the palatial mansion. Uncle John Handley's estate consisting of 1700 acres was situated in Jessamine County, and was designated and widely known as "Cliff Cottage" from the location of the mansion on an eminence overlooking the Kentucky River.

He owned a large number of slaves who were engaged in the production and packing of hemp and tobacco. His eldest son John was located at Little Rock, Arkansas, and became a Circuit Judge there; and, I am informed the Confederate General P. Cleburne who lost his life at the Battle of Franklin was a law-student of Judge Handley, some of the other sons were in the Confederate army and one, likely John, in the Confederate Congress.

One of my schoolmates, Vincent St. Vrain, after whose father St. Vrain's Fort was named, journeyed with me to St. Louis where we parted. My father was holding the position of Deputy Sheriff of the County, and I found him occupied at the court house. Mother with brother Dan, Peter and Lucy, twins, whom I had not yet seen were out in the country twenty miles distant. After reaching St. Louis, father had invested what money he had remaining in a steamboat plying on the Illinois River, which proving a success, he purchased the outfit entire and became Captain. Still continuing to make money, he purchased controlling interest in a good boat running on the Missouri and took charge of her, placing his brother-in-law Mr. Paulding in charge of the Illinois boat. Soon thereafter while the latter boat was ascending the river with two barges in tow - and on the 4th of July, the barges and their valuable cargoes were lost; the shippers brought suit for damage and proving negligence in loading, received such damages as stranded father, who broken up and out of employment was glad to secure a deputy-ship in the Sheriff's office at a small salary, and thus, was I recalled from school.

I went out to see Mother in a few days and found Dan, a lad of twelve years, out behind the house diverting himself by

pouring thick molasses down the throats of the twins.

Shortly after, the family moved into the city; and there, I saw for the first time Joseph Paulding, an infant in the cradle. John Drum was then attending the Jesuit College in St. Louis; but I did not call on him that fall.

The sheriff, under whom my father was serving was defeated, father was thrown out of employment, and I was sent to learn the wagon maker's trade with one John Murphy, - no family connection of ours, who conducted a large factory and had made a fortune supplying the government and fur traders with wagons. His wife was a Canadian; they had no children, and were as mean and miserly as could be. Here I boarded, and every morning at 4 o'clock, I was called and given fifteen cents to go and procure meat for the day, and was kept til 10 o'clock P.M. reading aloud by the light of a dim tallow candle, the life of Martin Luther and other similar works. During the day, I was employed sawing their winter's wood with a buck-saw, turning the grindstone for hours, sometimes painting wagons or wheel-barrows, but generally, catching from the teamster and piling up thousands, if not millions of brick, sufficient to erect a row of brick houses in the spring. My pious, Christian (?) master would not furnish me with a pair of gloves, though my hands were worn raw and covered with blood. The humanity of the teamsters alone saved me from losing my hands entirely, as they would occasionally lend me their gloves. My father was taken violently ill in the latter part of winter and my mother took me home which very much displeased father; and he declared his intention of indenturing me as soon as he recovered. As his illness was very much prolonged, I sought and found employment elsewhere. This is the only instance in which I can now think my father was unreasonably harsh and severe. I can recall times when he became very angry with me but I deserved it, and more.

In the fall of 1844 we moved to St. Louis; and in the fall of 1845 I went into the store of an English cutlery firm, Hancock & Smoot. Mr. Hancock treated me kindly; Smoot was manager of a branch house in Illinois. My duties were such as devolved on boys of that age: opening the store, sweeping, dusting, delivering small packages: the business was not heavy, and all sales by the package. Mr. Hancock and I ran the store, he keeping the books and attending to sales, except an occasional peddler, on whom I would attend.

The firm was winding up the business at the time, and in the spring closed the house and retired to the store in charge of Smoot. They proposed taking me with them; no doubt, through regard for a favor my father had conferred on them by giving timely warning of the impending failure of a debtor, by which the firm secured payment.

Shortly after, I went into the Hardware Store of Donaldson Hull, a very large establishment with many clerks and one very bright boy about my age who had been two years with the firm, and was familiar with the business which was entirely different from the one I had just left. I suppose I did not suit; for I only retained the place a few months.

When I was discharged my father was greatly displeased, and he shortly after sent me to Murphy's; from whence I entered the carpenter shop of Shook and worked as an apprentice. They employed about twenty men; and here, the knowledge I had gained at John Murphy's in turning the grindstone was put into most constant use; when not so engaged, I was ripping boards, or cleaning shop. In a few months they failed, and Reve Shook, resuming business on a small scale alone, I stayed with him that winter and into the spring, boarding at home with a small allowance sufficient to clothe and feed me, but which Shook was never able, or willing, to pay me. Here, however, I gained some knowledge of the use of tools, and became pretty expert in laying shingles, flooring, weather-boarding and ordinary framing. Reve soon went under, and I then found employment with a Mr. Abernethy, a sub-contracting carpenter who was finishing one of the finest residences in St. Louis. After a few days' trial, this man told me he would allow me one dollar per day. Most gratifying tidings

this was to me: here was an opportunity to make what seemed a fabulous sum, handle some money; heretofore, I had been allowed a mere sufficiency to support life. Mr. Abernethy, however, soon collapsed in business; but he paid me every cent agreed upon, and I found him a kind-hearted, humane, honest man. He was a brother to the first provisional governor of Oregon, and his conversations about that then remote region, created within me a desire to see that land; and forthwith, without the knowledge of my father, I made application to Gen. Fremont then in St. Louis organizing an expedition for exploration in the Oregon Territory; but I was too young, and my application was rejected. I never expected to meet my friend Abernethy, who went West. I did so twenty years after, over on Puget Sound: he then was canvassing Washington Territory as a candidate for Congress; I, prosecuting government surveys.

After some intervals of idleness, my father secured a surveying contract for United States government surveys in Southwestern Missouri, and was at that work in the fall and winter of 1845, finishing about Christmas. During his absence, my sister Lucy, aged four and a half years, fell into a cellar of water and was drowned. In the spring of 1846 I went to work for Charles Ryan, a maker of scales; and I remained with him about a year, becoming quite expert in testing and repairing scales. There were two other apprentices in the shop who had been there some time before me. The Ryan Bros. had a large contract to set up corn shellers and agreed to give us fifty cents for each machine. We sat up at night after work hours, and my fellow apprentices agreed to set up one machine each night for me, and to furnish books, on condition that I should read aloud audibly for them. The three machines were completed by midnight, and a large amount of light literature digested. I had now become quite strong; but this night work began to tell on me; I was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism in the spring of 1847, and suffered the greater part of that spring, and never resuming work in the shop. My mother had always opposed this occupation, as working in iron is black, greasy work. In the summer, my aunt Drum, lately bereaved of her husband, came to St. Louis with her son John, and put up with us. Mrs. Drum returned to Galena after a short stay. While in St. Louis her youngest child Mary was baptized, I being sponsor. John remained to doctor his eyes.

After a brief interval, I went into the employment of one Jeffry, a grain broker and storage man. The Mexican War had begun in the fall, and my minority disqualified me from being enrolled as a volunteer. My father was a candidate at the spring election for City Marshal: there were two Democrats and one Know-nothing in the campaign; the latter was of course elected; the canvass was expensive and my family was involved in very reduced means, the wolf was many times at the door, and I then experienced the greatest poverty ever known in my father's house. The next spring's city elections, the Democrats were successful and B. Mulamphy, a friend of my father, was elected Mayor, and father was tendered the office of Chief of Police; which declining, he was appointed one of three City Weighers - there had been only one before; but the magnitude of the business created such a clamor for the post that to conciliate affairs, three were created, which divided up the proceeds to each; also, led to sharp competition. The salary was regulated by statute; but the business houses had their choice of weighers; each one had about four deputies, and the applicant who could secure the business of the largest dealers secured an appointment, was given the weighing of those houses and received a percentage on his work. John Drum and I were assigned deputy-ships; of course, neither of us could enlarge the business and it was policy for father to have us do all that was not controlled, and I was kept lively when the river was open to navigation.

News of the discovery of gold in California reached us that fall. One of the deputies, Fleming, and one McGowan whom I knew and shall refer to hereafter, immediately started by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and reached the Eldorado

that fall. The excitement was intense: every young man that could raise the price of an outfit was determined to go overland in the spring. Cousin Andrew Murphy reached St. Louis that fall. I had never seen him before. Early in the spring our party was organized; Andrew Murphy, John Drum, Tom Murphy - another cousin, James Garvin, O'Connor, a young lawyer, and myself: our individual apportionment was \$325, which amount my father gave me. Mr. Jeffry's note for \$130 I released to him for five dollars, all that I ever received for six months' service. Our entire outfit - six mules, a wagon, harness and supplies - was shipped by boat from St. Louis to St. Joseph, Mo. We went as passengers, embarking on or about the first of April, 1849. We gave one J. Flynn passage through for his services as driver, at which he was very dexterous with single team, having been a teamster in the Mexican War. Before our departure, however, Andrew and I, about the middle of March started on a brief visitation to our many relatives in and about Galena. We took passage on the first steamboat up the river that spring and made but a short stay. I met in Galena, aunt Drum and family, Tom O'Leary, a cousin of my father, my aunt Reed with a large family, a sister of mother's and one or two other relatives. The greater number lived out in the country about twenty miles; but being informed that the roads, owing to the breaking up of winter, were impassible, I did not have the pleasure of seeing a large number of connections. The house where I was born was pointed out, but I did not visit it.

Returning to St. Louis and bidding adieu to my parents - my brother Dan was at Cape Girardeau at school - we started on our overland journey of four months' duration, remaining at St. Joseph about two weeks. We began our tramp on the north bank of the Missouri, and crossed at about where now stand Omaha and Council Bluff. Although thousands were ahead of us, we found out we were in advance of the growth of the grass on which our animals had to depend; so we engaged a farmer to go with a load of corn about one hundred and fifty miles. We also discovered that we were overloaded and our wagon entirely too heavy; so we purchased a light wagon and four more mules and dispensed with many articles not absolutely necessary. The Missouri crossed, we bid adieu to civilization and plunged into the unknown. We were on the broad uninhabited plains without a settlement until we reached the gold fields of California, west of the Sierra Nevadas.

We never saw the face of a white man on our long westward journey, except at Forts Laramie, Kearney and Hall, and those of the great throng hastening on, as we were. All were intent and eager to gather up the coveted gold; all seemed impressed with the importance of taking lots of "grub", fearing famine would prevail in that remote region before adequate supplies could reach there to feed the vast multitudes that were congregating there by land and water from every country of the globe. The few exceptions were the wise ones. They distanced the others in the race, brought through their teams in good condition and thereby had a capital to begin with; while the large majority dragged them loaded until they were jaded out and then unloaded on the wayside. Thousands reached the gold fields without animals, provisions or clothing except what was on their person: in the meantime, vessels had come to port laden with provisions and goods of every description, and there was no suffering for supplies in the accessible camps. The first camp we struck was at Weaverville in Eldorado County, and there we remained mining with butcher-knife and tin pan on the flat about Hangtown some six weeks, during which time we barely made a living. One of the first miners I met was deputy Fleming, who started out from St. Louis at the first news of the discovery of gold, almost a year previous. About the first of October, we left Hangtown for Sacramento very much discouraged with that camp, which soon proved one of the richest in California.

Arriving at Sacramento, I met P. McGowan from St. Louis, established in a wagon repairing shop with a good stock of hard wood, and coining money, having already about \$10,000. He was pleased to see me, and proved afterwards a good friend.

Andrew, Drum, Garvin and I concluded to embark with Fred Schatka, a chum of Andrew's from Galena and an uncle of the famous Arctic explorer, and to outfit for a camp known as Gold Run, of fabulous riches. Andrew and Garvin had but little if any money; Drum and I had about \$400 and the Schatka man about that amount. A wagon, three yoke of oxen and a load of new supplies to last the winter were purchased, and we were just ready to start when I was taken sick. Drum resolved to nurse me, and we lived in a tent where Sacramento now stands. The others started, and were to let us know where to follow. No mail routes were then established, all was chaos, and we never heard from them until spring. I was not long sick and soon went to work for the Watson Brothers from St. Louis, at sixteen dollars per day, running a cross-cut saw, getting out blocks for a row of stores they were erecting, and finally filling a large ditch, almost a canal, which ran diagonally through their lots, and which had been dug by Colonel Sutter around his fort. John Drum was driving a mule team for some company; but we determined to dig out the gold ourselves, so John and I purchased one little mule and loaded it with our blankets, cooking utensils and provisions and started for Mariposa Camp in Central California. We had proceeded as far as Angel's Camp, when I was stung by some insect while I was gathering an arm load of wood: my blood being, I suppose, in scurvy condition, my arm became very much inflamed and swollen, and we thought it prudent to return to Sacramento, which we just reached a short time before that city was submerged by the great flood of 1850, when nearly all the inhabitants were forced to seek refuge on a knoll about four miles to the east. Col. Sutter said he had never experienced the like, and it was the greatest rainfall known to that date. When the water subsided, I went to work for McGowan making wagon-beds: here again, my knowledge of the use of carpenter's tools came into play. Drum resumed his old job of mule-driver for the Watson Brothers.

About the first of April, much to our surprise, Andrew and Garvin came down; a snow storm had come upon them before they reached their destination; some of their mules wandered away and were never found; so they erected a cabin and went into winter quarters on the spot. Very good bar diggings were found in the vicinity and they had made about two thousand dollars each, which they insisted should be shared equally with Drum and me, as we had furnished the outfit. We four then went back to the camp where they had wintered and resumed work; but soon discontinued, believing the ground worked out. They had used cradles, and the ground which had four months' handling in that crude system could have been mined over in four weeks with appliances afterwards used. I never saw a sluice box in those days. What was designated as a "long tom" was just coming into use when I left California, one year later.

Most of the gold washing was done with tin pans and wooden bowls, something like our old-fashioned bread bowl; the cradle was a wonderful advance on the first method.

On returning to Sacramento, we dissolved partnership. Garvin, a tinner by trade, went to work in that line; Andrew, as a carpenter; John and I found employment at two hundred dollars per month in the Quartermaster's Department of a government expedition under command of General Nathaniel Lyons, afterwards killed in the Civil War at Pea Ridge. Lieutenant Stoneman, afterwards Governor of California, was an officer in the same expedition.

Our duty was to have charge of eight mules, care for packs and unpack the burden of supplies. There were twenty of us in the expedition, among others two from St. Louis Co. named Jameson, and with whom I afterwards became long connected in other pursuits; here, I found also, one of my old schoolmates from St. Mary's. We crossed the Sierra Nevada Mts. from the head of the Sacramento at the base of Mt. Shasta and journeyed to Goose Lake in Oregon. The objects of this expedition were first to recover the effects "cached" the previous fall by some United States expedition, and to inter the remains of a U.S. Engineer who had been murdered by savages; second, to afford protection to such emigrants as should seek to come into California on this northern route, and to chastise

Indians for their depredations.

We did supply some starving emigrants with food, saw the remains of others who had been killed by the Indians, but the Indians kept out of sight and harm's way.

We started on the return trip, but were met by messengers with dispatches for half the command, for some reason, to return north, and the others to report at B—. Drum and I were among the twelve chosen to return: Jameson and Long were chosen to take charge of the mules; but Long and I exchanged and he went back with the expedition.

This ends the autobiography of Matthew O'Connell Murphy, laid aside because of illness and never resumed. The remainder of his story is contained in letters written by his daughters Lucy Virginia (in November 1942) and Mary Octavia (6 February 1943).

On his return to Sacramento City, Matthew Murphy was not satisfied to resume mining so he decided to assay gold for the miners. They at first doubted his ability or accuracy or honesty - but soon found his assays as accurate as those of the mint in San Francisco - then trusted him without question, saving the expense of express charges and the risk of shipment, which was then great.

Dissatisfied with the failure of his early prospects of California and still intrigued with the tales of the Oregon Territory told by Abernethy to his young apprentice in St. Louis, he decided to return to Missouri and influence his parents to accompany him to Oregon. Leaving California in the Spring of 1851 he travelled by way of the Isthmus of Panama since travel eastward across the plains was impossible to a lone traveller. On arriving at St. Joseph he chanced upon an old school friend who told him that Matthew's father and the family were not in St. Louis but were at that moment in a St. Joseph hotel planning to leave shortly for Oregon by the Overland Trail.

Reunited, the family soon left Missouri by boat, trans-shipping at New Orleans for Chaqres, thence across the Isthmus to Panama on the route so recently traversed by the young Argonaut; at Panama the family took ship for Oregon, where they landed at Portland, fresh young metropolis on the Willamette, Oregon tributary to the mighty Columbia River.

Daniel and Catherine purchased two lots in Portland at the corner of Fourth and Taylor Streets in a partially cleared patch in the surrounding forest - great trees lying in all directions and the streets mere trails. On this property they had four houses built, three being rented and the fourth becoming the home of the transplanted Missouri couple (1).

Matthew Murphy applied for and received a land grant of 320⁽²⁾ acres a short distance north of St. Paul on the east side of the Willamette River. These government land grants were made to young emigrants as an inducement to settle in the West. On this grant he settled and had his house and barn erected - probably by his cousin and companion on the trip to California, Andrew Murphy, who had also left the gold fields to settle in Oregon. John Drum, another cousin and Matthew's companion in Sacramento and on the Goose Lake expedition, remained in California where he had better fortune. His son founded a bank which has grown into the American Trust Company

Andrew Murphy also settled on a land grant tho he was not a farmer but a carpenter and built many of the houses in the valley of which the whole or parts of a great number still house residents of the valley.

On 4 February 1856 Matthew married Mary Ellen Costello, a Champoeq beauty, in the little St. Paul Mission. Ellen Costello, born 15 May 1836 in Fort Wayne Indiana, was the daughter of an early Oregon pioneer family. Her half-brother Hugh Burns was one of the signers of the Champoeq Pact which established local self-government during the period of the British-American condominium over the Oregon Territory. Her younger brother James Costello is buried in the churchyard of the old Mission Dolores in San Francisco. Her still-younger half-brother John M. Gearin, a leading attorney of Portland, was appointed to the United States Senate to complete the term of Senator Mitchell, who died in office. (3).

The young couple settled down in the little house near the river, starting the large family with James Clement, born Nov. 15, 1856, Catherine Mary, born August 6, 1858 and Daniel Raphael, named for Matthew's next younger brother, born April 16, 1860.

(1) This property, sold many years later when Portland had grown into a thriving metropolis and seaport, became the site of the Portland Lodge of the Loyal Order of Moose. (2) Later expanded to 460 acres by purchase of adjoining land. (3) Senior senator and a member of the Senate for 32 years, Mitchell killed himself because of the disgrace of land grant frauds made by his assistants, using his seal.

Rising water on the Willamette River, as devastating as that which the youthful miner experienced in Sacramento ten years before, forced evacuation of the small home by the river's edge on April 10th. Ellen, the young mother, was lifted out, on a mattress, from an upper window, her two-day-old baby held firmly in her arms. Reaching higher ground, the family transferred to a wagon while the swirling waters played about the horses' legs and lapped the hubs of the wagon wheels. The fierce flood swept away every possession of the little family except the land itself - house, barn, cattle, chickens - all were lost. Tiny Catherine, too young to appreciate the calamity, reacted with great glee to the exhilaration of the thrilling, adventurous rescue and the equally exciting ride thru the flowing flood waters.

Undaunted by this misfortune, Matthew rebuilt his home a mile or more east of the river on an elevation some 75 feet above the richly fertile flats of his domain.⁽¹⁾ His neighbor and cousin Andrew, a carpenter who built many of the homes in the Valley and whose handiwork may still be seen in most of the remaining pioneer homes, doubtless joined him in reestablishing his home, as did other neighbors in conformance to pioneer custom on the frontier.

Matthew, too little inclined to the life of a farmer, found his knowledge of surveying, the foundation of which had been acquired in Missouri in 1845, much in demand in the growing Northwest, and he was continually engaged in property surveys. The early state and county records generally carried the phrase "Surveyed by M. O'Connell Murphy." Fire, sweeping thru the Salem Courthouse in 1927, destroyed a vast number of his original survey records.

During the summer of 1860 he was appointed as assistant to Thomas Hunt, government surveyor engaged to extend national surveys into Washington Territory, to include islands in Puget Sound near Seattle. Approaching completion of the ground surveys on Whidby Island, Matthew with his party returned to the joint camp for the project to find that a local Indian chief had murdered Hunt and his men, burying them shallowly on the sandy beach. Reinterring the murdered men and fearing a resurgence of the Indian uprisings which had earlier troubled the sparsely-settled Sound area, the remainder of the party took to their small boats and with blankets for sails made their way to the Yesler Blockhouse near the mouth of the Duwamish River. This was a round two-storied log structure, the upper story being ported, with iron tracks on the floor supporting a cannon which could be switched to fire from any port. The cannoneer was a large-framed woman. After a few days in this Seattle stronghold with no further indications of Indian trouble, the survey party returned to Oregon where they calmed the growing apprehension.

Life on the St. Paul farm was typical of that of other rich farmlands, intensified in its rugged simplicity and hard toil by the youth of the frontier community. In those early days wheat and oats were the sole crops, with the grain hauled by wagon to James McKay's mill over poor roads often so deeply rutted and mired the horses could not pull the load. Wood must be cut in vast quantities to provide fuel thru the cold winters. Game was plentiful and berries gathered from the wild bushes were usually found on the table. Smoked meat produced laboriously by the long tedious processes available on the farm, provided food for the winter. Farms were self-sustaining in those rugged early years and required the labor of many hands. The most useful and by far the most valuable crop, in the development of the farm, the community and the State, was to be found in the many children brought into being on these fertile farms. In this, Matthew and Ellen provided a bumper crop of fourteen over a period of twenty two years, of whom ten survived childhood and youth to render long years of service and honor to their family, their State and their Nation.

Feeding, clothing and educating this large family taxed the daily energies of the couple over many years. Ellen, in those pioneer days, even made the suits her husband wore. Daniel and Peter, younger brothers of Matthew, made many pleas for help from their more energetic and thriving brother - pleas which were never refused, no matter what privation or sacrifice might be involved.

Sunday provided the principal opportunity, in the long hard week of the community, for seeing the neighbors, when the young couple, mounted in tandem, rode horseback the few miles to church at the St. Paul Mission where they had been married.

The Mission's Jesuit priests, generally brilliantly-educated graduates of the University of Louvain who had been assigned to this far-off land, furnished a bright spot to the little farmhouse which they visited frequently and where they were always welcomed for their stories of Europe and for the many long discussions of literature and the arts, endearing them to the young farmer whose library contained the works of Milton, Shakespeare, Scott and Thackeray, from which he read aloud to his family until the day he died.

The interest of the couple in literature and education gained them a reputation beyond the bounds of their small community. Judge John J. Kavanaugh of Portland, an old family friend, relates an incident of an Oregon historian who told him of spending a night at a farm home where he met a delightful couple with whom he conversed so interestingly that the talk was not broken off until three in the morning. The Judge correctly inquired if the home was not that of Matthew O'Connell Murphy.

Education of his children was paramount in Matthew's mind. When coastal steamer service to San Francisco was established on a regular schedule, Daniel and James were placed aboard to enter St. Mary's College under the tutelage of the Christian Brothers. Here young Jim, who was to continue the farm, made an excellent record, while Dan, destined to become a leading attorney in Portland, was an outstanding student.

In 1871 the little farm house was moved a mile further east and enlarged to accommodate the growing family, to a site (1) A part of the house remained, having been anchored to nearby trees. Moved to the new site, this became the shell around which the second home was built.

on the east side of the highway between St. Paul and Newburg, where it now stands. Of the present house, the kitchen and dining room, with the two rooms above, remain of their second home built in 1860.

In their second small home, the family of five which escaped the rushing waters of the Willamette, was enlarged by Mary Ellen, named for her mother, born in 1861, William Edward in '63, Matthew Philip, a belated Christmas gift, presented December 26, 1864, Albert Sidney, born in '66, Mary Agnes in '68, Lucy Virginia in '70, Susie Agnes in '72. After the home was established in its present location, four more children enlarged the family circle, beginning with John James, born in 1873, Joseph Arthur in '75, Mary Octavia in '76 and Eugene Ralph in '79, whose death as a baby brought the first note of sorrow to the household.

With the passage of the years, Daniel and Catherine Murphy in Portland, troubled with the infirmities of the old, aggravated by the ardors of their earlier misfortunes, moved to the farm where their last days were comforted by their many young grandchildren. Daniel survived the move but a short time, while Catherine, now an invalid, survived him by six years. Both lie in the St. Paul Cemetery surrounded by the bodies of their descendants.

The Portland property which they had hewn from the wilderness was willed to their surviving sons Matthew and Peter, the youngest brother, who later sold his two interior lots to Matthew. The four houses built on these lots by Daniel, which had provided a home and rental property to the older generation, rented at times for \$20.00 per month, which helped to defray expenses and pay taxes on the property. For one long period the houses were vacant. However, as Portland grew to become the leading metropolis of Oregon, the value of the parcel of lots increased greatly, doubling in the last six years before their sale to the \$120,000 realized in their disposal. This sum, willed to their children equitably by Matthew and Ellen in turn, was of much benefit to their children and their children's children. At least one grandchild, a namesake of the young seeker for gold and pioneer of the Golden West, owes his college education as an engineer in that university overlooking the scene of the young surveyor's frightful adventure on Puget Sound, to the inherited fruits of the acumen and industry of his pioneer forebears.

The family on their farm near St. Paul grew up like other pioneer families of the era closing the nineteenth century, lacking most of the modern luxuries and many of today's necessities, but living a cleaner, saner life than is given many families today. They made their own simple pleasures and learned the lessons of discipline, obedience, love and respect as well as tolerance and forbearance within the circle of their large family. They were given educations as excellent as the growing institutions then afforded. Indeed, Catherine, taking the veil in 1878 and choosing the name of Sister Mary Alodia, devoted her life to teaching and as a member of the Order of the Holy Name and Sister Superior of convents in The Dalles, Spokane and Seattle, inspired the young women entrusted to her care. Following in her steps after an education under her guidance were two daughters of James - Agnes (Sister Mary Agnesia) and Bessie (Sister Mary Elena).

After many years, Matthew and Ellen moved to Portland, to a snug little home overlooking the Willamette River, while James, married to Elizabeth Kirk in the same church which had witnessed the nuptials of his parents, assumed the obligations of the farm, where their own eight children were raised. Now in 1952, one hundred years since the first seed was planted in its fertile fields, James' only son Peter and his daughter Alodia reside in the family home and operate the farm - one of the few instances in the Valley where descendants of the pioneers are in possession of the original grant. Their mother Elizabeth, born in the day of the ox team and the Conestoga wagon of the emigrant trails, lived into the atomic age to 1951, at the age of 100.

Matthew O'Connell Murphy died in Portland in 1906 and was borne by river steamer thru the locks at Oregon City and thence to St. Paul Landing and overland to the cemetery to rest near his loved parents. Vivid flashes of memory return even now of the simple yet impressive journey of his farewell, to his namesake grandson, then but a lad of five. One, as the riverboat steamed south up the river, as, gazing down on the hearse on the lower deck, the young boy regretted the death of his awe-inspiring but kind and considerate 'grandpa' but consoled himself in a whispered reminder of another 'grandpa' in Peter, his greatuncle, whose snowy locks and beard so closely resembled those of his departed grandfather. Two, the ride thru the beautiful, peaceful countryside to St. Paul in a betasselled fringe-topped surray in company of his two favorite aunts, Sister Alodia and Octavia, to whose love and kindness and generosity he was to be indebted in future years in the furtherance of his education and the formation of his character, a heritage passing down from the pioneer passing on. Three, the large gathering of family, neighbors and friends in tribute to a well-loved father, a respected neighbor, a successful conqueror and tamer of the wilderness that was the West, into a land of opportunity and fulfillment of promises to the generations to come.

Sacramento City California U.S

Oct the 27th 1850.

Dear Cousin Lucy Anne

Though the task be a pleasant one I feel no little timidity in addressing you for the first time. Earnestly hope that it may be the commencement of a long & mutual correspondence. Pardon you an apology for not sooner writing as I promised when I started for this country. My promise extended to coz Elisabeth, after my departure I was made acquainted with a fact I was not previously aware of (you know to what I allude) & consequently did not know under what address to write to her. Indeed the opportunities & conveniences of writing (hitherto) in this country have been few. Nevertheless I have remembered with pleasure the only hour I ever spent with you all & have long desired this opportunity of opening a correspondence with you & I hope Dear Cousin you will promptly answer my letters as I design writing every opportunity. I will not now recount my many ups & downs since my arrival in this country. as you have been made acquainted ere this through the Papers with the hardships of the emigrants suffice it to say that I have undergone my portion. Upon my arrival here I had a spell of sickness, since my recovery I have enjoyed unprecedented good health & to use ^{an} expression common in this country I am getting as fat & hardy as a Sugly Bear. The life in this country is really hard & I must confess that I have often wished I had taken the advice of my friends in St Louis & staid at home. I have been in almost every variety of employment. When I arrived here it was no uncommon thing to see Lawyers & Doctors of good reputation driving teams, in fact persons who have been bred to all the enjoyments & luxuries of city life, engaged in the most laborious employments. This fall's emigration have been flocking in for the last 4 months and are mostly generally disappointed with the country, all those who have the means will immediately return to their homes. I have not reaped that Golden Harvest I so much anticipated although I have sought to the best of my abilities. If I have not made money I must attribute it to the want of experience, for many fine opportunities ~~now~~ buried in the past are now made plain & visible. I am now engaged keeping store in the mines, & hope to realize something better than hitherto. How my prospects will turn up the future must disclose. Fortune are not made as hitherto the country is so densely crowded with people all upon the self same errand (Money making) The mines are becoming worked out. Mining operations upon the streams this Summer has been attended with loss to the Miners. The consequence is a general depression in all kinds of business, there has been some failures to

large amounts among the Speculators, ^{the price of} Labour has diminished more than
one half. The great influx of People by the last emigration has caused
Provisions so high before to advance still higher in price.

I frequently hope how soon the time may come when I can
greet again my friends (of whom I am continually thinking) & among the
Aunt Lucy's family. The tidings of the admission of California in
the Confederacy has been received with ^{the} greatest of pleasure by every
law abiding citizen. And now there can be a check put upon the
daring acts of Murder & Robbery which were becoming so prevalent. Gambling
which has been carried on to such an extent is evidently on the decline.
People in the States have no idea to what extent that Evil has been carried on.
Saloons most magnificently fitted surpassing the those palaces as described
in works of fiction are dedicated to the purpose of Gambling.

The recent excitement in regard to land titles which was the
occasion of so much bloodshed has quieted & the offenders are being
tried. The want of ^{female} society is mutually felt in this country every one being
actuated by the same selfish and sordid principle of money making. No
community of feeling can exist. The fact of quite a number of families
having emigrated this last year to this State will have a salutary
effect upon society. Indeed how much more happy would I be, were
you Aunt Lucy, Uncle John, Co's Elisabeth & the others whose names I have
unfortunately ^{forgot} ^{forgot} and I were verbally communicating what I have
written. By papers lately recd I perceive that the Cholera is ⁱⁿ your
vicinity. I pray that it may turn none of you. That dread
disease has reached our shores. there has been quite a number of cases
in this City & San Francisco but in this climate (the most delicate in the
world) I do not think it is much to be feared. The rainy season it is
daily expected will set in & every one is making preparations to meet
it. I would not consent to live in this State if I were made aware
of all the land in it. The climate is fine if it is true, but the summer &
dry season which lasts from 7 to 9 months it is a perfect drought the soil is
just as hard as adamant. the remainder of the year or the rainy season is
one continual season & lasting for four weeks the whole country
may be compared to a garden, every variety of flower in bloom. this is
the beautiful season in California Realising the old saying of short & sweet
But I have trespassed longer upon your patience than I had intended.
 Hoping that you can make out to read my miserable scribbling & say
over

My Deare Sister

St Louis the 17 April the 17 1835

I received your letter and was glad to find that you were all well. Thank God we are all well at present but we had were share of sickness this last summer. Ann was given over by the Doctors but thank God she has got well and looks better now then when she was first married, her baby is a fine healthy boy and grows fast. Deare Sister Mother wrote a letter to you dated 11 of Jan and sent it by mail I expect you did not receive it, Mother got a letter from Catherine the other day she and all the Children were well, Mr Murphy was running for Sheriff the election was to take place in a few days he said he would write and let us know but we have not heard any news since, Deare Sister I was very sorry when I heard of your little Lobs death but Deare Lucy you ought to be reconciled to the will of the Almighty who knows the best, and know that he is gone to a far better world then this, Ann and Mr Paulding is a going up to visit you shortly and we expect you and the Children to come down and spend the summer with us their stay will be short their if they do not go we will look for you as soon as my Deare Sister do not disappoint us, Mother got a letter from Walter they were all well and he has got a new name he is a going to call him Walter Washington, William has come down and he is at present with Mr Paulding learning the Trade, Myself and Ann has been to a great many parties this winter there was a large wedding here a few weeks ago we were at it, Miss Mary Murphy was married to Mr F. Hammon it was a real Irish wedding ??

My Deare Sister I propose you send Elisabeth to school Lucy Ann and her must be a great deal of company for you, their granddamm often talks of them and wishes to see them, I am a friend that this winter has been very cold we have had a very pleasant one here, and know we have very fine weather the river did not freeze over this winter and know there is boats coming and going all the time, there a beautiful new Church built here the handsomest one in the United States it is not quite finished inside yet, I believe that is all at present my Deare Sister you must write often for it gives us such pleasure to hear from you you must excuse this bad scribble, I am ever in love to you by Mother Ann William and Mr Paulding and kiss the Children for their Aunt Margaret, I remain My Deare Sister
your fond and affectionate sister
Margaret E Dillon

P J

Mother and myself are you to housekeeping once more on the bill we are very lonesome and want you to come down very bad this summer

Mrs Lucy Reed
Galena Levee River

Traced from Original Mar. 19, 1943. H. H. Wood & Murphy Original text spacing and lines condensed

over with an uncriticising eye the faults and Blunders you may perceive.

The Distance between us is so great that I may anticipate the time it will take this letter to reach you, by wishing you a very happy Christmas & many of them.

Give My Love to Aunt Lucy Uncle John Cousins Elisabeth, & others.

Your affectionate Cousin
Matt. O. Murphy

P.S. Write immediately and give me the names of all your Brothers & Sisters. Direct to Box 315 Sao Paulo

M. O. Murphy

To Miss Lucy Ann Reide
Galana

Joe Leahy says that Grandfather was born Banadluck Parrish Killmuck edge village Wexford Co Ireland. I will not vouch for the spelling of the proper names
Dan

My Dear Daughter

I embrace the opportunity of Mrs Gorman's going up to you to write those few lines. Having been very uneasy about you this time back we could not learn anything of you or your family from any one, I hope and trust in God you are well and happy. I would wish you to go and see Mrs Gorman because we know her and their husband they are very genteel people she will be good company for you. I am glad she is going up, I got a letter from Mr. Murphy the were well and from Walter the were well thank the Almighty Ann is at present in the country with her son who was very sick indeed he is getting much better he was a sweet child.

I conclude this with Margaret and William joining in prayers for your health and happiness your most affectionate

Mother Lucy Dillon

St Louis Ag 11th 1895

Mrs Lucy Reed
Gabea