

McMurray

Sara

Grandfather Edward McMurray was the son of John McMurray and Mary Garrett McMurray, of Drumlaugh, County Down, Ireland. He had two sisters, Mary, who married a man named Adams, and Peggy, who married a man named Jess. His father (John) died when Grandfather was young, and Grandfather supported his mother until her death - he and Grandma making their home with her. Grandma's name was Ann McCullough, also of Drumlaugh, and she was the daughter of James and Margaret Dunbar McCullough. (Her father, James, was one of three McCullough brothers, Thomas, Hugh, and James. One of these men was the ancestor of the Rose-Hart connection in Ohio. Each of the men had six ~~xxxxxxx~~ children, I believe - our Great-grandfather's being all girls. Each of these men named his oldest daughter Ann, for his mother, so that is where Grandma got her name.

Grandma's sisters (though this is not the correct order, but I will look it up and send you later) were Mary, who married a William McKee. You will remember some of their children - Mrs Margaret Kerr, Mrs Annie Anderson, and Mrs Ellie Hemp. There was an older daughter, Sarah, who married a man named McCormick, and lived in Connecticut. Possibly you will remember her visiting at your house. Aunt Charlotte would usually have a quilting when this cousin Sarah came home from Connecticut, to which she would invite these women and Mama. There was also a son, but I have forgotten his first name. Ldie would probably remember it. He was the father of Lottie McKee. *(I believe it was James McKee)*

Another sister of Grandma's was Ellen - who became Mrs McAmblay - whose two sons were Robert and Wm. Henry. Robert was the father of the McAmblay girls who live in the East End; and Wm. Henry was the father of Joe McAmblay and Nellie McAmblay Carson.

Another sister was Aunt Rebecca Ferris, whom you, no doubt, remember.

That accounts for four of the daughters, and I think I have the names of the other among my papers, which I will look up just as soon as possible.

*The bottom of 3rd page*  
I think all of Grandma's sisters were in this country, but neither of Grandfathers were, so far as I know.

Grandfather was born Feb. 26th, 1799 (according to Mama's story, though I believe the cemetery records show that he was 84 years and 7 months when he died in April 1883.) Mama's birthday was Feb. 25th, and she always said that when she was a child, her brother James' (who was Ldie's father) would tease her and make her cry by telling her she was a day older than her father.

I do not know Grandma's birthday, but know that she died on Valentine day, Feb. 14th, 1887, and was 79 years old.

Their children.

The oldest daughter was Margaret, who married in Ireland, a man named Robt. Morrison, and died about a year later, when her child was born. She is buried in Drumlaugh churchyard, and I have a snapshot of the meeting-house which Mellie Carson visited some years ago. Mama said it looked much the same as she remembered it, for she was in her fourteenth year when they left there.

2 - John McMurray was the next child and oldest son. He was born about 1833, and married Jane Bowle (you remember Aunt Jane) and I believe he was the first of the family to come to this country, the remainder all coming together in 1857. He was the father of John, George and Ed McMurray, as well as several children who died quite young, and are buried in Grandfather's lot in

Allegheny Cemetery. He was buried Dec. 27, 1879.

3 - I think the next was a daughter, Mary Ann, who married ~~xxxxxxx~~ and lived away from Pgh. I do not recall her name from memory, as it is years since Mama told me of her. She died away from the city, so we were not in contact with her people, tho I believe she died early, for I know that all the children, except your father and Mama, preceded their parents in death.

4 - James - who was Lydie's father was born about 1838, dying when only 28, and was buried in the family plot Oct. 3rd, 1866. I believe the only two children were Beckie Ford and Lydie. Am not sure of his wife's name, but believe it was Montgomery. Do not know when she died, but it must have been when the girls were quite young, as I know they were brought up at Grandfather's.

5 - Eliza - married John Rainey in Ireland, and they came with the rest of the family, having been married just about six months. They had one son, Edward Rainey (father of Ida Lyle). Eliza died at the age of twenty-four, leaving her husband and her son, who was then 6 years old, and these two made their home at Grandfather's. Eliza was buried Aug. 23, 1864 and she is buried in the family plot in Allegheny Cemetery, and her husband died just four years later and is buried beside her. So far as I can remember, her grave is the only one in the lot that has a stone, tho I will not say positively. I visited the lot two or three years ago.

6 - Sarah Eleanor - (that is, Mama) was born Feb. 25th, 1844, so was in her 14th year when they sailed from Ireland. She and the two younger members of the family attended the Franklin Public School on Franklin St. in Pittsburgh. I do not have the dates of Mama's marriages, but she first married John McKee (no relation to the other McKee's mentioned) and they had two children - Ann, who married Fred Hartung, was born Nov. 26th, 1865, (and died Feb. 1st, 1901. She was the mother of Nettie and Eleanor Hartung. Mama also had a son, John McKee, Jr. born September, 1864. Her husband died and was buried Dec. 16, 1864, aged 30 years, and the baby John died the next April, being buried on the 24th, aged 7 months. Was buried in the same grave with his father.

Mama married again in 1867 or 1868 - my father - John McCormick, and there were six children, Samuel James, Edward John, Robert Donaldson, May McCrickert, Thomas Howard, and Sarah Patterson (myself)

Mama died November 26th, 1932, and May followed her on July 27th, 1933 - Rab, having died Nov. 24th, 1918 and Sam, Aug. 26th, 1924, so there now just Ed, Howard and myself.

*I omitted Aunt Rebecca Gorman - see end*  
7 - Thomas McMurray was born May 19th, \_\_\_\_\_ (and you know the rest).

When the family came to this country they came on a sailing vessel, and were five weeks and three days on the water. Enroute they encountered such a dreadful storm, that for one whole day they were headed back to England, and for one week no passengers were permitted on deck. At that time all passengers provided their own food and cooked it for their families. I have heard Mama tell of trading with other youngsters, after they became tired of their own particular kind of food. You know Grandfather McMurray was a very devout Christian man (I have been told this by many who knew him, as well as by Mama) and they often laughed about an occurrence on shipboard. It seems that on board the ship there was a group of ~~xxx~~ young men, who were not particularly noted for godliness. They happened to be playing cards when this dreadful storm arose (and probably indulging otherwise), but became so

frightened that they stopped, and one of them went and called Grandfather and asked if he "could not put up a wee stump of a prayer."

On shipboard, the Irish and Scotch immigrants naturally associated together, and I can remember a number of these families visiting us, for the friendship was kept up as long as many of them lived. There were Moffat's, Kirkpatrick's and Johnston's who located on the North Side, and this Mr. Robert Johnston used to call on us every so often, as long as we remained in the city, but understand he has since passed away.

I was interrupted in my work, and on coming back to it, omitted the name of Grandma's and Grandfather's seventh child - July 19, 1869  
7 - Rebecca, born in 1846 or 47. She married Alex Gorman, had two children, Anna, and James H. She died at the age of 22 and was buried ~~Dec 22nd 1870~~  
~~xxxxxx~~ Her son died at the age of 4 yrs. and 7 mo. and was buried Dec. 22nd, 1870. Her daughter Anna was later adopted by Mr. and Mrs Robert Martin, the latter of whom had been Miss Margaret Patterson, and had taught Aunt Rebecca and Mama in Sabbath School in Ireland. A year or so ago, I sent to my brother Ed, two Bibles, one belonging to Aunt Rebecca and the other to Mama. They had been presented to them by the S.S. when they left to come to this country, and there is such an inscription on the fly-leaf.

Do you notice that of all of the sisters and brothers of your father, that none but himself and Mama lived to past 28 years of age, with the exception of Uncle John, who lived to be 46. I asked Mama one time whether they had all died from the same disease, but she said they did not. There did not seem to be anything of an inherited nature, though I do not recall the causes. Aunt Eliza Rainey died of diabetes, as did also her son, Ed. Rainey, and I rather think that Lydie's father died of lung trouble. It is my recollection that he was a plasterer, and that he was in an explosion of ammunition during the Civil War (in Pgh), but whether that had anything to do with his death, I do not know. I have always thought it strange that every member of the family lived to be grown, and to marry, but only two of them lived to be past middle age, particularly as the parents were so long-lived. I never saw any of them but your father, and of course, Grandma.

The dates of burial<sup>31</sup> are taken from a blue-print of the family plot, which is Lot 147, Section E.E. ~~xxxx~~ Allegheny Cemetery, and was purchased Aug. 20, 1858. You know it was the custom then to bury more than one person in a grave, so there are a number of such interments in this lot, several of them being young children, I believe of Uncle John and Aunt Jane McMurray. Grandma and Grandfather are buried in one grave.

† - One of Grandma's sisters was Eliza, who married a man named Mullen. She was in this country at once time, but returned to Ireland. That much I know, but am not sure whether her husband had died before that or not. I cannot seem to recall, nor do I find, the name of the other sister of Grandma McMurray.

Mama often talked of Ireland, and of the trip here, as well as telling of the other members of her family.

So often when we were growing up when we would have visitors whom we did not recognize we would ask who they were, and Mama would explain, "O, they came over on the ship with us," until finally one time my brother Ed remarked, "Well, Ma, that couldn't have been a ship - it must have been a fleet," so for years we joked about Mama's fleet.

Grandfather and Grandma must have been ideally meted from what Mama has always told us. She said her father had a very even temper, but that Grandma was a little more fiery, but that she just worshipped Grandfather. When they were married, they lived with his Mother, and Grandma took such good care of her that when she was dying, she told Grandfather that he must always be good to any person by the name of McCullough, because Grandma had been a real daughter to her.

If Grandma sometimes became a little impatient, Grandfather would very quietly remark, "Well, Ann, you can have your own will, but you can't have mine, too."

Grandfather was called Ned, and he had a friend, Ned McCrickert (who, by the way, was related to us on the McCormick side). After they got up in years, they would spend alternate Sabbath afternoons at each other's homes, until Mr. McCrickert broke a limb and was unable to travel, and from that time on, Grandfather would go to see him every Sabbath. Mama said it was funny to hear them talk - when they wanted to emphasize something, one would say, "Well, I declare to goodness, Ned," and in a few moments you would hear the other use the same remark. Each one, "Nedding" the other.

You know they were members of the Covenanter Church, and Mama said Grandfather would take his tithe out of his salary just as soon as he would receive it, and set it aside for church purposes before anything else was met. It was the custom of that day that the Thursday before Communion Sabbath was a fast day, and Grandfather never worked on that day, tho ver industrious at all times. And on the Saturday afternoon before Communion they all went to church to receive the little lead "token" which entitled them to attend the Communion service.

They had a little joke - or rather he had it on Grandma. It seems that when they were young and had but the one child, Grandma took very ill with typhoid. She thought she was going to die, and tried to make him promise that if she did, he would give the child to her Mother, and that he would not marry again. He was not at all well himself - in fact, was developing the disease himself - and he replied with, "Well, Ann, I am as like to die as you are, and if I die, just marry whoever you please." In latter years he teased her by telling that she had willed everything away from him and then would make him promise he would never marry again.