My Wife
Jacqueline Anne Hall
at the time of our marriage

GENEALOGY AND RECOLLECTIONS

A. A. MOORE

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Contents

Part I—Genealogy.

Part II—Recollections.

Appendix.

ILLUSTRATIONS

ILLUSTRATIONS

PART I

GENEALOGY

CHAPTER I

I ALBERT A. MOORE, first of three of that name, write this for my descendants, by reason that, as I judge, they should know more fully who they are and of what lineage, and learn somewhat of the part taken by their ancestors in the fine, fierce, stirring days of old, and the hardship and peril they endured in building the commonwealth now passing in large part to peoples alien or lately so.

Pioneer American families are swiftly passing, soon to be extinct or at least overborne and negligible. When my children shall learn of the sterling character and rude simplicity of the lives of the pioneers, and their unnoted deaths, and graves now in the main forgotten; as descendants of a passing folk, their modest pride should be, that they come of sturdy stock. So, too, in hardship that must come, let them remember that their forefathers slept in the woods, struggled with wild beasts, fought with Indians, French and English; making their clothing, killing their meat, raising their food from the soil, making their candles, living without stoves, lamps, matches, breakfast foods, tinned goods, telephones, sewing machines, railroads, steamboats, telegraph, gas or electric light and power, motor cars; mainly, without any of the helps now deemed necessities, and

thus realize that hardship does not of necessity make for unhappiness, but makes for character, sturdy independence, morals, love of home, family and country.

Consider that the people I tell of in the Egypt of Illinois and their neighbor fellow fighters, a pastoral folk, strong in religious faith, simple in life, vigorous of mind and body, through toil and trouble, left, as they supposed, rich heritage for their descendants. If we have not all they builded it is not their fault. It is well to think over such matters; it ought to teach a lesson.

Likely, too, I do this, to keep myself in mind as much as may be, when I shall be "gathered to my fathers." No one likes the idea of sleeping in forgotten grave.

Those dead of whom I write, abhorred with all mankind the notion of oblivion—being forgotten and as if they never lived. No doubt it would have pleased much any of those dead ancestors of whom I am to speak to have known in life (if possible) that in 1915 a descendant should write the name,—as, Enoch, or James, or John, Polly, or Betsy,—in kindly remembrance. One would rather be abused than forgotten. The longing for immortality on the earth, among kin and people—to be remembered and spoken and written of—is universal. There is a kind of immortality in "the recollection one leaves in the memory of man." Myself, I gloom a bit, in the thought that with brief lapse I will be as a "watch in the night"—forgotten, and as if never born.

Maybe I write of the past and my forefathers in slight hope thus still to be here, in the sense of being remembered and spoken of by my own people and for a time.

I am now to tell all I discover of the genealogy of my branch of the Moores and their wives and families resulting in the strain of blood my children carry. I have met difficulties. I find that the subject of genealogy and tracing descent needs a mind trained on those lines. It is now professional work; and such research, too, needs a lot of time and travel. I have no special training in such things and have not had the time to give.

Another difficulty lies in the permanent dispersal of the people I came from, at and about the close of the Revolution. My stock (Moore, Biggs, Whiteside, O'Melveny) is found in principal American origin in Maryland, Virginia, South and North Carolina. Now these adventurers from their early seats, in flocking to new unopened fields at the close of the Revolution, from Virginia, Maryland and the Carolinas, lost close touch with the old stock left behind, so, while the tribe grew in the old environment, the offshoots in the wilderness, bringing few if any records, raised a new tribe knowing but little of the old.

I notice in transactions of historical societies and from my acquaintance, too, that, in case of New England families, this trouble is minimized. Those who went to far parts kept up the connection, and in many, if not most, families, those ranging can always hark

back to Plymouth Rock, or thereabouts, in unbroken line to the first comer. I think, too, the accessible records furnish more complete data concerning New England arrivals and the antecedents of the colonists.

One who, with little or uncertain information, seeks to trace down from early Moores in the South, has a hard job. The woods were full of them. In the State enumeration of heads of families in Virginia from 1782 to 1785 there are one hundred and fifty-nine Moores as heads of families, including ten named James. See "Heads of Families, First Census of the United States—1790. State Enumerations of Virginia, from 1782 to 1785," page 163. There are also there noted five Biggs. By the same census it appears that in Maryland for the same period there were ninety-one Moores, heads of families. See "Heads of Families, First Census of the U. S., 1790, State of Maryland," page 167.

Many of these Virginia Moores were of (now) West Virginia and a number of the Maryland Moores were at Frederick. I note this by reason that my American Moore ancestry (and Biggs, too), begins with Frederick, Maryland, and the region about Wheeling, West Virginia. Frederick, Maryland, was a seat in America of my Moores and Biggs, both families having representatives in Virginia.

The census of Maryland just cited gives ten Biggs heads of families, four of whom are of Frederick and the others in Montgomery, Cecil and Hanford.

There is a town, Moorefield, in West Virginia, also one in Kentucky, and Mooreland, in Pennsylvania.

My Grandmother
Susan McKee O'Melveny
when very old

Possibly my children are doubly related, for my wife's grandmother was Jane Moore of Georgia. Maybe a trained investigator, paid for his time and labor, with a fair starter, might run down to date most Southern Moores with accuracy. I am so ignorant of proper methods that I do not know. I know my direct line to include my Moore great-great-grandparents, and the same as to Biggs and Whiteside, but my trouble is to get farther back.

I locate my Moore great-great-grandfather, James Moore, of England, and have dates of his birth, marriage, and his children, but I do not know what became of his children other than his son James, from whom I am descended. In that connection, however, I note that, as herein shown, the original James Moore, had a son, David Moore, born in 1742, and as shown in "Draper Manuscript Collection" (set out in an appendix), in 1779 at Fort Pitt, a David Moore receipted to Captain Benjamin Biggs (who was related to the wife of the second James Moore) for military equipment. I presume that David was the brother of James Moore, later of Illinois.

CHAPTER II

THERE are old family records which afford, with family tradition and scrappy information, about all we know of that original James Moore. As appears later, his son, also James Moore, the pioneer settler, went to the Illinois country in 1780 or 1781, settling at a spring in (now) Monroe County, called Belle Fontaine. At the death of this Illinois James, the homestead on which he lived was left to his youngest son, John Milton, and this John Milton in his turn, when death came, left it to his son John Milton. So some of them always until lately lived there.

I judge that when James, son of James, came to the Illinois in 1780 or 1781, he brought with him either in a Bible or as a record, a family history gotten from his father, and, dying, left it with his youngest son, and so it came down to the last John Milton.

This last John Milton died some time ago, leaving as sole descendants two daughters; one of these died unmarried and the other married a German named (I think) Wooters. She bore him a son and died, and thus I think that family record came to the possession of Wooters who, I believe, occupies still a portion of the old domain as guardian, or in the right of his infant son. I have tried to get a view of it, but possibly

failed to make myself understood. Maybe it was lost and never came to that possession. I think if I were on the ground I might find it among some of the Moores scattered over the Middle West. The point is, though, that that old record has been in existence and was in possession, as I assume, of the last John Milton as late as 1875.

In "Historical Atlas of Monroe County, Illinois," 1875 (Brink), appears a laudatory sketch of this last John Milton. The sketch proper is preceded by the following:

"The Moore family, with which the subject of this biography is connected, is one of the oldest in the history of Illinois. The first mention we have of the family is in England, where James Moore, the great-grandfather, was born in 1716. He subsequently emigrated to Virginia, but at what date is not now known. His son was also named James Moore. He was the grandfather of J. Milton Moore, and was born in Virginia in 1750. He was a captain of Virginia Militia, and was originally sent to the Illinois country by Governor Madison.

"An old family record is still preserved in one of the branches of the family, from which we make the following extracts:

"James Moore was born May the twenty-third, 1716.
"His wife, Hannah, was born March the twelfth, 1720.
"There were seven children:
"David Moore, born February twenty-second, 1742.
"Mary Moore, born November twentieth, 1745.
"Hannah Moore, born May twenty-sixth, 1747.
"James Moore, born February fourteenth, 1750.
"Margaret Moore, born March second, 1752.
"William Moore, born May seventeenth, 1754.
"John Moore, born April thirtieth, 1756.

"James and Catherine Moore had children as follows:
"John Moore, born May twenty-fifth, 1773.
"Benjamin Moore, born September fifteenth, 1775.
"William Moore, born April twenty-sixth, 1777.
"William Moore, born December fifteenth, 1778.
"James B. Moore, born October eighth, 1780.
"Enoch Moore, born February seventeenth, 1783.
"Mary Moore, born November fourth, 1784.
"J. Milton Moore, born October 18th, 1786.

"It was about the year 1782 when James Moore emigrated with his family from Virginia to what is now Illinois. In company with others he came to Kaskaskia, and then, proceeding north, founded the Colony of Belle Fontaine, one of the first settlements made by Americans within the present limits of the State. This location was just south of the present town of Waterloo. The country was then a wilderness, and had recently been rescued from British control by the daring and adventurous campaign of General George Rogers Clark."

It is clear that John Milton, father of the girl who married Wooters, then had a family record which had come down from the first James to second James, to John Milton, youngest son, and again to John Milton, youngest son, each in turn after the first James living and dying on the homestead.

Well, where was the first James born in 1716? Who was he by blood and what became of his children other than my great-grandfather James? There has been uncertainty as to whether his son, James Moore, the Illinois pioneer (my great-grandfather), was born in Maryland or Virginia. I will discuss that later in connection with the family of my great-

William Whiteside Moore
Nancy Vernon O'Melveny, His Wife
My Parents, taken in 1857
at San Jose

grandmother, Biggs, for that family was of Frederick, Maryland, with removal to Virginia; but it will not take much time or space to set out all the facts I know, from whence to draw conclusion concerning the original James and his nativity.

The Atlas history, *supra,* says that the first mention of the family is "in England where James Moore was born," and that he migrated to Virginia. That migration may or may not have been *stated* in the records. The author, it may be, so concluded, by reason of obscure reference, or by being so told, for I am persuaded that several of the Moores have so claimed. It is not clear that he at first settled in Virginia, though he may have. I think he may have removed to Virginia from Maryland, and base that on two sets of facts.

In the first place there is unbroken tradition in my branch that the first James Moore before or after settlement in Virginia settled about Frederick, Maryland. My father, William Whiteside Moore, a son of John Moore, oldest son of James Moore, the Illinois pioneer, always so claiming, and also that his father, John, was born in Maryland, and the later children born in Virginia; my uncle, John Milton Moore, claimed the same. He interested himself a good deal in family history. At one time he prepared for presentation to Congress a claim for reimbursement to the heirs of the Illinois James Moore, of amounts expended in erection of a blockhouse fort at Belle Fontaine and outlay in protection from Indian forays. Late in life he wrote a pamphlet in which he

speaks of that, and says that when leaving for California in 1853 he left certain papers with members of the Moore family in Illinois. I would like to see those papers.

My uncle, John Milton Moore, was pretty well informed on family matters. He has frequently told me a settlement of the first James (born 1716) was in Maryland. He and I together used to talk with an old Marylander, veteran of the Mexican War, living in California, about the fact of settlement in Maryland. His name was Bromley. He had known, or thought he had known, our relations in Maryland. Himself he had no doubt of it. It is evident, though, that my uncle supposed the *first* settlement of the *first* James to have been in Virginia, for he gives birth of second James as Virginia, with an apparent removal to Maryland.

I have spoken at length of that old family record shown by another John Milton at the old Belle Fontaine, to the compiler Brink. Well, my uncle, John Milton Moore, evidently had seen and copied a record much like it, but not identical. Though he is dead, it stands yet in his family Bible. It is identical so far as both speak, with the printed one in the Atlas, with two exceptions. It will be noticed that the genealogy printed in the Atlas begins with the births of the original James and his wife Hannah—then follows the births of all their children, including James of Illinois. Then follows in the Atlas record the births of the children of the spouses, James Moore of Illinois and his wife, Catherine Biggs.

Now note the record in the Bible of my uncle, John Milton (son of John, son of James, son of James the original), to wit:

"James Moore, born May 23rd, 1716. Ireland OT.
"Hannah, his wife, born March 13th, 1720.
"James Moore married Hannah January 1st, 1740.
"James Moore, their son, born February 14th, 1749.
"Catherine Biggs, his wife, born March 6th, 1750.
"James Moore, their son, married Catherine Biggs May 1st, 1772."

Then follows in my uncle's Bible the birth of the first child of the marriage of James Moore and Catherine Biggs, to wit: "John Moore, their son, born in Maryland May 23rd, 1773; came to Illinois in 1781." Then follows the marriage of John Moore (son of James Moore, son of John Moore) with Elizabeth Whiteside, December 23rd, 1794. Following come the births of the children of that marriage, including my father, William Whiteside Moore, and my uncle, John Milton, himself, and it concludes with his own marriage and births of his children.

Clearly that record is taken from one like (but not entirely like) the one exhibited to Brink. These records speak differently in particulars not reconcilable, to wit: It is reasonable and probable that the record at the old homestead examined by Brink contained statement that the original "James Moore, the great-grandfather, was born in England in 1716." It is also probable and reasonable that my uncle copied into his Bible record from a record which said that this original James was "born in Ireland, OT."

The record examined by Brink seems to say nothing of the date of the marriage of the original James with Hannah, but my uncle's Bible gives that date as January 1st, 1740. Again the Brink record gives the birth of James Moore second as February 14th, 1750, while my uncle's Bible gives it as 1749. I note also that in a book entitled "Proceedings of the Centennial Reunion of the Moore Family, 1882," by Doctor D. N. Moore and Mr. McCabe Moore, there is set forth that James and Hannah were married, but *without date*. It gives names and dates of birth of their other children agreeing with what I have called the Brink record, but giving the birth of James Moore second, as 1750, in disagreement with my uncle's Bible. That book also says the second James was born in Virginia. Doctor Moore is dead and I do not know the residence of Mr. McCabe Moore, but I would much like to know which or what record they saw. So much, then, for those records.

If, in fact, the first James Moore, born in 1716, was born in Ireland, it is certain that he was of English or Scotch blood and from the part of Ireland colonized by Scotch and English early in the 17th century (about 1607, I think), when King James evicted the Irish people from several counties and settled on the lands, colonizing Scotch and English, whose descendants are there yet, and now making trouble against Home Rule in Ulster. All the descendants of the first James Moore have been Protestant. The folklore, stories, songs, household

words and phrases, family names, wills and the like all speak only of English origin. The Scotch and English so planted on Irish soil have been most virile, long dominant in America in war, letters and statecraft. Those English and Scotch transplanted to Irish soil, there on alien ground produced a distinct type, better and stronger in new environment than in their old home.

In favor of England as native place of the first James Moore, and Hannah, his wife, I add that there is now in possession of one of the family at Alton, Illinois, a book of poems which has come down to him through his father, descendant of original James. That book bears inscription (and has so borne it in all the years) to wit: "James Moore and Hannah Moore, born in London, England." That book evidently was brought to Illinois by James Moore second, the pioneer, and had been his father's. As evidence, that book is persuasive on the question of nativity, and in a court it would be received in a proper case, not as conclusive but as competent, relevant and material on any issue involving the question.

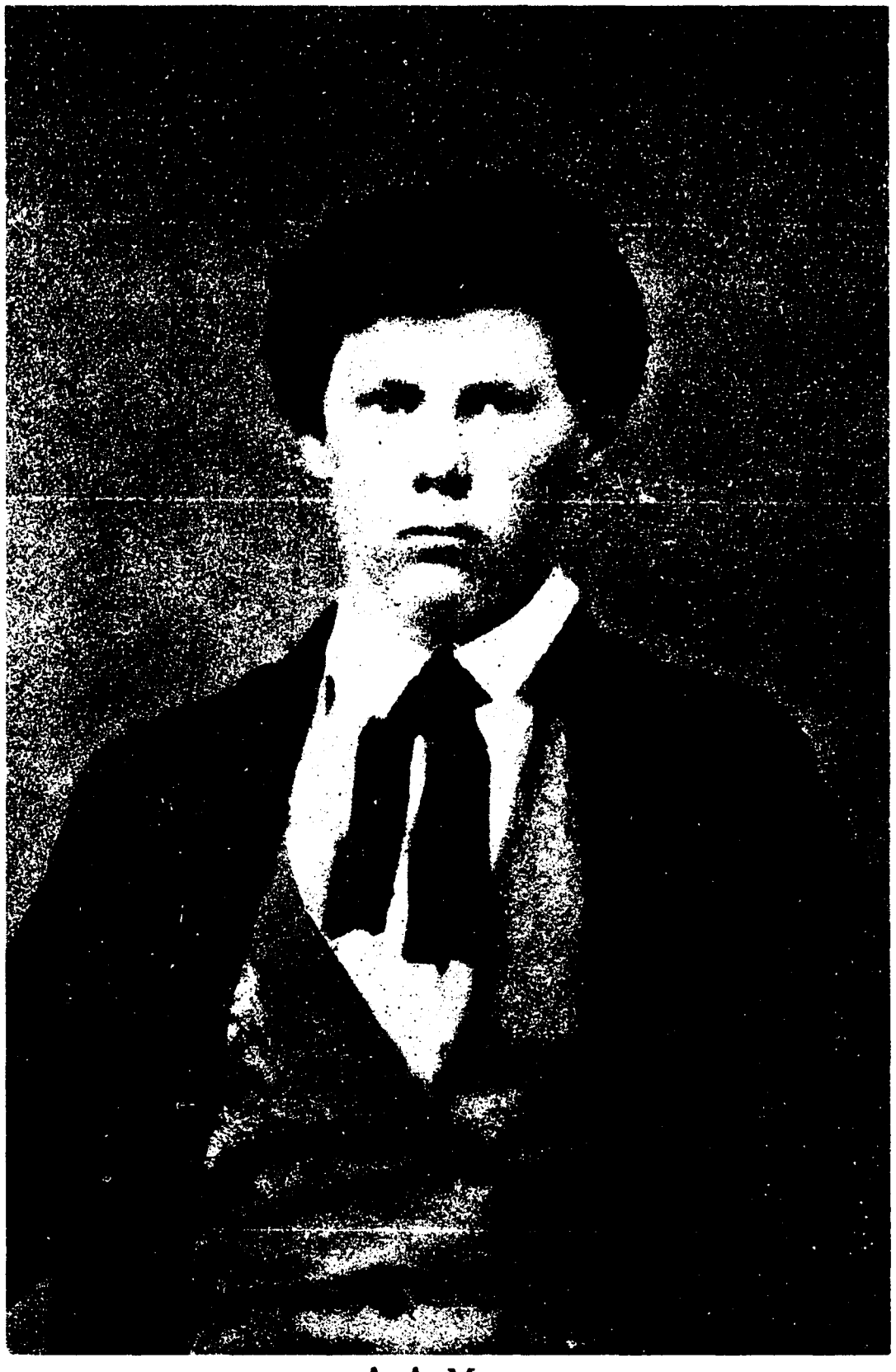
I believe that the first James and his wife were English. I conclude that they *first* settled in Virginia; that the second James was born there, after which some of the family settled in Frederick, Maryland, but on such authority as I find I cannot determine definitely as I would wish.

In the war between the States, church and other records in Frederick, Maryland, were mainly destroyed, so search on those lines would be non-pro-

ductive. There were always Moores there (Protestant) and from long before the Revolution they were fairly numerous, though that does not prove anything save opportunity.

The Bible record (*supra*) does not say *where* James, the pioneer of Illinois, was born. The matter set forth in Brink's Atlas, from family records at the old homestead, says he was born in Virginia. My uncle, John Milton, wrote a booklet on family matters in which he says that James Moore, the pioneer, son of the original James, was born in Virginia, but lived a time in Maryland, where his first child, John Moore, (father of the said John Milton, and my grandfather), was born. The Centennial book of Doctor and McCabe Moore says the second James was born in Virginia. Reynolds' "Pioneer History" says of the Illinois pioneer, he was "native of Maryland."

As will appear, James Moore was leader of the first party of actual settlers in Illinois in 1781 or 1780. The party, in leadership of James Moore, was Shadrach Bond (uncle of the later Governor), Garrison, Rutherford and Kidd. Reynolds may have concluded they were all from Maryland by reason that some of them certainly were. Reynolds says that Bond was from Maryland, but see "Virginia Series, Vol. II, Kaskaskia Records, 1778-1790," wherein it appears that Bond testified in court that he was native of Virginia. There is no question but that this James second lived in West Virginia: that most of his children were born there, and no doubt that when he



A. A. MOORE
at 14 years
(Taken at San Jose, Cal.)

started to Illinois, to settle there, he went from West Virginia; but that does not prove he was born there. Sometimes his party of settlers is spoken of as Marylanders; sometimes as Virginians, and again as of both. In truth they were of both, but migrating from one or the other does not prove birthplace.

Stuvé and Davidson, page 203, speak of the party as Moore, Garrison, Kidd, Bond and Rutherford, saying that James Moore was the leader and they were from Virginia and Maryland, Moore settling at Belle Fontaine.

I judge that is true; some of those men were soldiers of General Clarke, of which I will speak later. Clarke's force was partly recruited in Kentucky and partly in West Virginia, but not, I think, in Maryland. So Bond probably was born in Maryland, as many writers say (*non constat* the affidavit of birth in Virginia), and Kidd and Rutherford, doubtless as Reynolds says, were Clarke's soldiers, recruited, I think, in Virginia, though native of Maryland.

Lewis ("History of West Virginia") says that in Lord Dunmore's war, 1774, there was on the scene a mixture of the peoples of West Virginia and Maryland. The booklet of John Milton Moore says that the party in starting for the Illinois started from Wheeling. So, notwithstanding that it seems clear he was *born* in Virginia, he is frequently credited to Maryland. A good many writers of early history speak of him and of his party, as I will quote later, on other subjects. Some call him Virginian, some say he

was of Maryland, naturally falling into confusion on matter not deemed important, and more naturally, too, of a moving people. He surely did start to the Illinois from Wheeling, and at the time of the start was living near there with his family, then consisting of his wife, Catherine Biggs, my grandfather John, his first born, and other children.

The marriage of James Moore second does not assist as much as it might otherwise in fixing his nativity, by reason that the Biggs family was settled first at Frederick, Maryland, with a branch leaving there to settle (among the first) in West Virginia. I will speak later more at large concerning my Biggs ancestry.

Sufficient here to say that the original Biggs settled on the Monocacy River near Frederick in 1742. One of his sons, Benjamin, in 1770, with his family removed to West Liberty on Short Creek, near Wheeling. Catherine Biggs, the wife of James Moore second, was his daughter. She was born March 6th, 1750, so was twenty years old when her family left Maryland. James Moore, who married her, was born February 14th, 1750 (or 1749), so he was also about twenty when his wife's family left Maryland. James Moore and Catherine Biggs were married May 1st, 1772, two years after his wife's family had left Maryland.

Now, several situations may have been present as possibilities, but as the marriage was two years *after* the wife's parents removed to Virginia, one would say they married in Virginia and consequently that

my grandfather, their first born, born May 23rd, 1773, was there born. It could be that the family had long before left Maryland; that James Moore second was born in Virginia and was found there by Catherine. My uncle's Bible (*supra*), presumably copied as to that from an original record, says their first child, my grandfather John, was born in Maryland. He thought, and wrote, that after the marriage of James and Catherine in Virginia, the spouses moved to Maryland and again moved back, but all I can do is to leave it where I find it.

I feel clear that my grandfather was born in Virginia. Benjamin Biggs, the father of Gen. Benjamin Biggs, and of Catherine, who married James Moore, moved from Frederick, Maryland, to West Liberty (Short Creek), Virginia, in 1770, and we know that James Moore and Catherine married in 1772. Now, as appears in "Abstract of Documents contained in Draper Mss.," printed as an appendix hereto, Benjamin Biggs in 1770 in Virginia assisted James Moore in building his house on his settlement. It is thus indicated that Moores and Biggs were settled in Virginia at that date.

Now to this point in disjointed narrative we have my great-grandfather, James Moore second, married to Catherine Biggs, living, as I assume, near Wheeling, and my grandfather, John Moore, their first child, born 1773. We will hear no more of John until we find him a boy of a few years in the country of the Illinois, in 1780 or 1781. In fact I know no more

of the doings of James Moore second from his marriage until he went to the Illinois.

The pertinent inquiry then is, when did he first go? Was he a soldier under George Rogers Clarke? What did he do in the Illinois, and how did he live and die, and what became of his children? Was he the first American settler? and so on.

I cannot make much segregation in matter cited, but all citations and observations thereon will relate to the whole inquiry in whole or salient part. But before citation to or observation on matters relating to my great-grandparents, Moore and Biggs, I will kind of bring up the Biggs stock to the point, if it comes, where the relation may refer to both. I get the data in part from historical publications, and partly from a genealogical compilation made by the father of Miss Irma T. Biggs, now living in Frederick, Maryland.

CHAPTER III

JOHN BIGGS, the remotest American ancestor, was born in England, wife's name unknown. He with his family first settled in 1740 in New Jersey. In 1741 he removed to Maryland, settling on Monocacy River, six miles above Frederick. He had two sons, Benjamin and William. The son William remained in Maryland, having a family of eight sons and two daughters, whose descendants are still about Frederick (see among my papers a letter from Miss Irma T. Biggs, giving many names and residences). In a letter to me she says "in 1770 the son Benjamin sold all his property and removed to West Liberty on Short Creek, West Virginia."

In "Early Western Travels," Reuben Gold Thwaites, Vol. III, there is given the journal of Harris's Travels in 1803. Therein Harris gives account of the mounds near Grave Creek, now Moundsville, West Virginia, saying a mound in Colonel Biggs' garden had been excavated for an ice house.

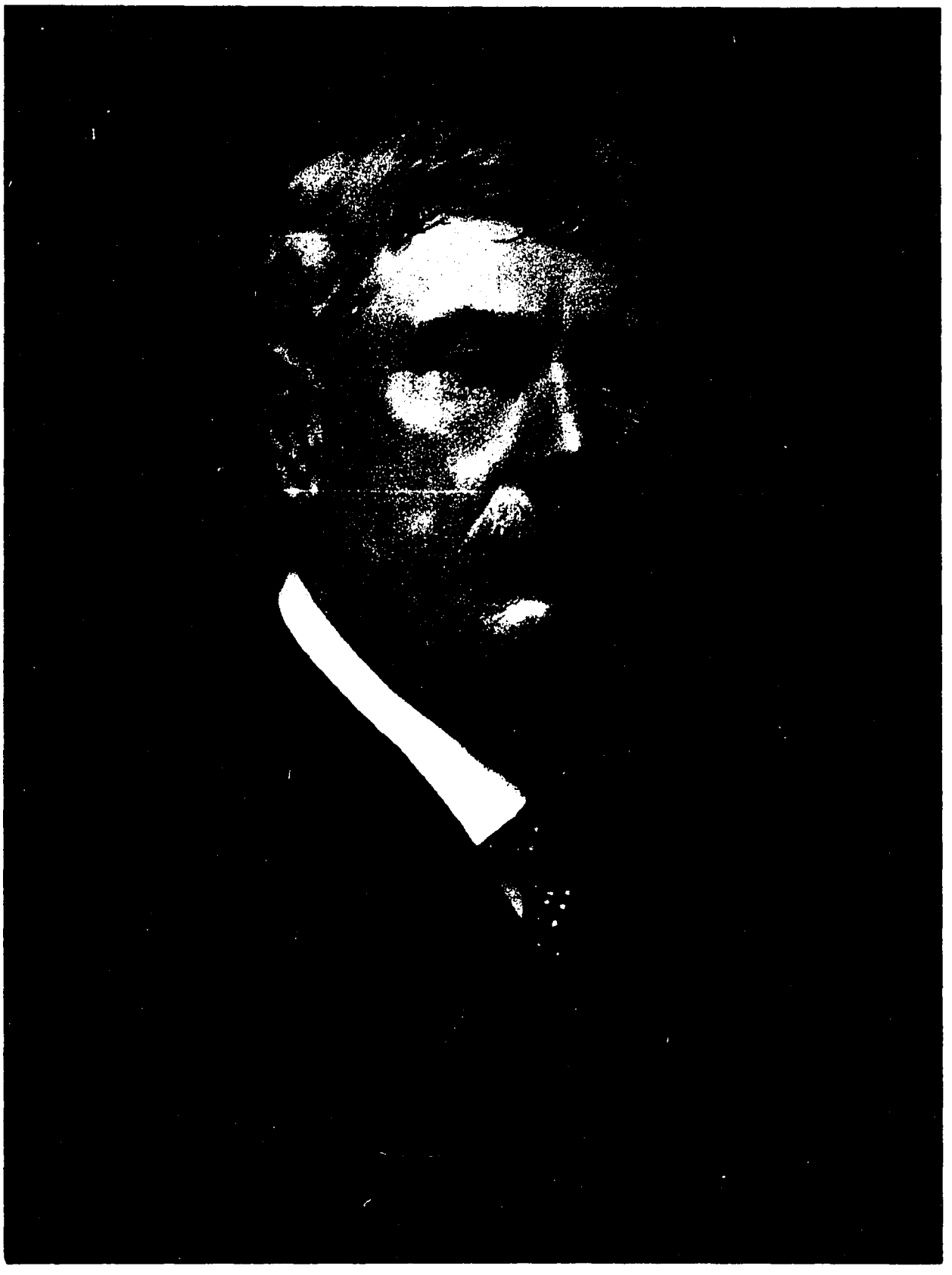
In a note to that reference Thwaites says:

"The Biggs family was an important one in the annals of Western Virginia. The father migrated from Maryland, and about 1770 settled on Short Creek above Wheeling. There were six sons, noted as Indian fighters, of whom General Benjamin Biggs was best known, having served

in Lord Dunmore's war and that of the Revolution, and acting as Brigadier-General of Ohio County Militia during the later Indian wars. His papers form part of the Draper manuscript collection, belonging to the Wisconsin Historical Society. Probably the Colonel Biggs mentioned by Harris was Joseph, he having bought one of the first lots in Elizabeth (now Moundsville). Joseph Biggs took part as a boy in the siege of Fort Henry at Wheeling; defended a besieged blockhouse in Ohio opposite Wheeling in 1791, and finally died in Ohio about 1833. He claimed to have been in seventeen Indian fights in and about the neighborhood of Wheeling."

Benjamin, son of John, was father of Catherine, who married James Moore in 1772. One of the sons of this Virginia Benjamin Biggs was Zacharias, erroneously called "Zaccheus" in the booklet of John Milton Moore, which relates that James Biggs Moore, a son of James the Illinois pioneer, lived for a time in Virginia with that uncle. As we have seen, it was Benjamin, son of John Biggs, who sold out at Frederick and moved to Short Creek near Wheeling. Thwaites says the elder Biggs removed, but that is error. Doubtless he called Benjamin "the elder" by reason that he had a son Benjamin. Benjamin who did so remove had sons Zacharias, or "Zaccheus," a surveyor who laid lines over a great part of Ohio; Thomas (killed by Indians), and William Biggs, a Clarke soldier who went to the Illinois. In fact three Biggs sons went to the Illinois, so he had the six called for by Thwaites.

I have copy of a letter written from the Illinois by a son, William, to his brother (also a Benjamin)



A. A. Moore
(Photograph taken 1915)

found in the Draper Collection (supra) of date May 28, 1789, in which he says, "Your two brothers and sister here and her family are well," etc. The sister was Catherine Biggs, wife of James Moore second. The son, "General Biggs," referred to by Thwaites, of whom I will speak later, was a son of the original Benjamin who left Maryland and brother of my great-grandmother.

There is frequent reference to William Biggs, the brother of my great-grandmother in McDonough's "History of Randolph, Perry and Monroe Counties" (Philadelphia, 1883), from which may be summarized that he was in first and second Territorial Legislatures of Illinois; he settled where the road from Cahokia descended the bluff; he was the first sheriff; was born in Maryland, and a soldier under Clarke. Was taken prisoner by Indians, etc.; came back with two brothers; he was in legislative council for Monroe, held 400-acre tract, and another of 400 acres. At one time he was coroner. Biggs Creek was named for him. At page 316 is quite a full report concerning this William Biggs. His land grant three miles north of Waterloo was confirmed by Governor St. Clair. Born in Maryland, 1755; enlisted at 23; held commission as lieutenant; went back to Virginia, married, and returned with two brothers and settled at Belle Fontaine, etc. William owned a farm and kept a tavern a half-mile north of Columbia, the first stopping-place between Kaskaskia and St. Louis, near a spring.

In 1796 Biggs settled near Belle Fontaine, an early seat of the Moores. (See Reynolds, who says Biggs was a Revolutionary soldier.) Again, he mentions William Biggs, who was brother of Catherine Biggs, wife of James Moore, the pioneer, and says, this William was born in Maryland; that he was a soldier under George Rogers Clarke, and acted as a subaltern officer in driving the British out of the Illinois country in the Revolution.

For his services in the Revolution he was granted three sections of land. At close of the war he returned to West Virginia, married, and with two brothers went back to Illinois. He speaks of him as a lieutenant and later as a judge, and notes his capture by Indians, and that he wrote an account of it. That account is on file in the Congressional Library, and is copied in full in the booklet concerning reunion of the Moore family, now in my possession, and is printed in this book as an appendix.

This William Biggs was the first sheriff of St. Clair County, which then embraced the seat of my family. (See Reynolds.) "Bond and Biggs, when serving in 1778 under General Clarke in Illinois, concluded that when the war closed they would return to Illinois. This they did and served in the first General Assembly of the Territory. Biggs served many years as a judge and was 'honest and safe.' He served in legislature, etc., and was a useful citizen, dying in 1827. He received a settler's land grant and also a soldier's grant." (See Reynolds, also Kas-

kaskia Records, pages 421, 422, 423, embracing his brother and a list of residents.)

There are now in possession of the Biggs family at Frederick, Maryland, genealogical records, showing that William, the brother of Catherine, was son of the Benjamin who moved to Virginia in 1770. "He died at Colonel Judy's in 1827, an aged and respected man, and lies in the Belle Fontaine Cemetery" p. 344.

Colonel Judy's mill, where Biggs died, was on Gilmore (formerly Judy's) Creek, where the St. Louis and Cairo Railroad crosses that stream in Section 34. ("History Randolph, Monroe and Perry Counties, Illinois.")

Colonel Judy was of Maryland and his wife was a Whiteside. Scharfs' "History West Maryland," and Scharfs' "History Frederick County, Maryland," both contain numerous and interesting references to the family of Biggs. Also Maryland Historical Society, All Saints Parish, New History Frederick County, T. J. C. Williams.

There is frequent mention of Biggs in early history. The abstract from "Draper Manuscripts" in the appendix gives information about them that need not be repeated. The statement of Mrs. Priscilla Biggs found in "Draper Manuscripts," 2s, 43-49, is also in appendix. By that account, soon after the French war, the elder Biggs migrated from Frederick, Maryland, first to "The Glades," then to Beeson's Fort, and finally about 1770 to Short Creek, Virginia. The life she depicts is stirring, and certainly shows the Biggs men to have been "bonnie fighters."

Ford's "History Illinois" mentions Biggs, Moore and Whiteside. "The Territorial Records of Illinois," publication of Illinois Historical Society, Vol. III, contains full references to Moores, Whitesides and Biggs with civil and military positions held by them, including my grandfather. I find also that at or near Glades Hollow, referred to in the narrative of Priscilla Biggs, there was in 1772 mentioned a post called Moores, at which they mustered twenty men. This Moore place was on Clinch, called Fort Byrd.

Chapter IV

TIME does not permit segregation to the extent that references to my ancestors, Biggs, Moore, Whiteside, O'Melveny, and so on, shall each appear in appropriate place as I at first intended, so citations will be found mixed as to persons and events.

"Early Chicago and Illinois," Mason (1890), contains reference to the "Big Spring" as a scene of an Indian fight. This is the Big Spring near which was built probably the first Methodist or any Protestant church in Illinois. The Whiteside or Big Spring Cemetery is near by. The author speaks of James Moore as a Clarke soldier. About page 200 he gives lists of heads of families before 1783, and makes clear that James Moore was the first. These "lists" were pursuant to act of Congress giving land grants to soldiers. He mentions Moore, Whiteside and Biggs. John Moore, mentioned as member of Piggott's company, was my grandfather.

"The Edwards Papers," Washburne, names a Whiteside as a ranger captain, and quotes an amusing letter from Sam Whiteside about Indian fights; also, in a note of Whiteside family, says Sam was a Democrat; hardshell Baptist; was a commissioner in selection of Vandalia; a man of courage and integrity. See also Cahokia Records, "Illinois Historical Col-

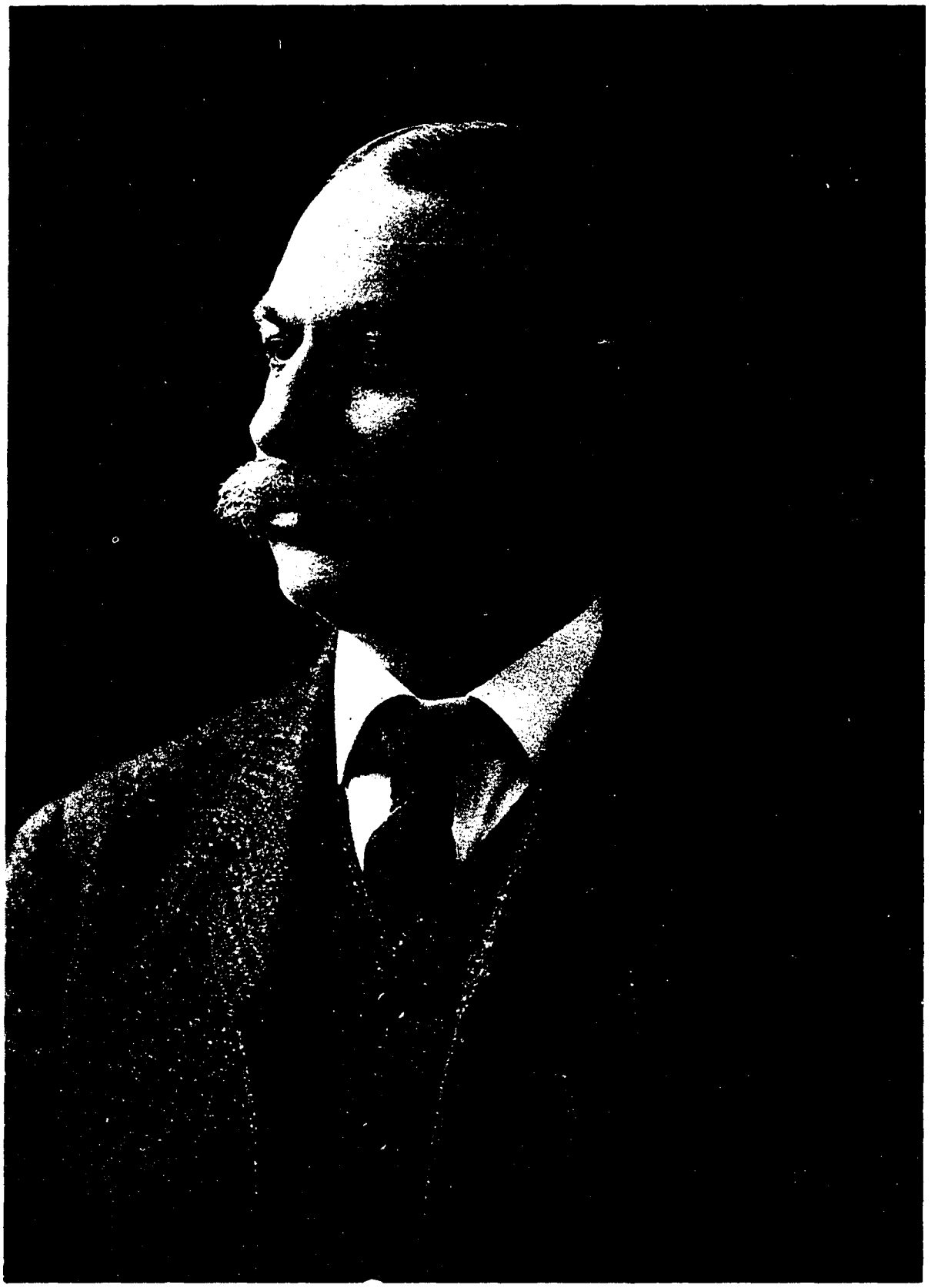
lections, Vol. II, Virginia Series, Vol. I." See also "Chronicles of Border Warfare," Withers, on the subject of the Biggs settlement about 1700 on Short Creek, Virginia, saying Biggs was among the first above Wheeling. The author mentions the disaster in which Colonel Crawford was captured and burned, saying that in an escape Biggs was killed and scalped.

"Historic Illinois," Parrish (1906), contains much of interest concerning Whitesides and their Indian fights; mentions Samuel O'Melveny, and tells an amusing story of Crozier quoted from Ford. Crozier was of the family of the husband of my aunt, Martha O'Melveny, spoken of herein.

"Transactions Illinois Historical Society" (1907), mentions Biggs and Whiteside; also "Transactions" (1908), and "Transactions" (1909), speak of James B. Moore as pro-slavery candidate for Governor. Other authorities say, however, that he was neutral on slavery, which seems likely, judging by his small vote.

Lewis's "History of West Virginia" speaks again of the defense of Fort Henry, saying, "No braver deed is recorded;" says Joseph Biggs was one of the best Indian fighters on the frontier; also (to be noted in other connection) that Clarke's force was recruited in part in West Virginia. He relates the death of Captain John Biggs in the disastrous Crawford fight.

In "History Valley of Virginia," Kercheval speaks of the Biggs men as "all Indian fighters."



H. W. O'MELVENY
of Los Angeles, Cal.

See also "History and Indian Wars of Western Virginia," DeHaas. He gives Biggs as one of the earliest comers. He tells more fully the woful story of the Crawford fight, saying that only six men got away together. Captain Biggs wanted to go by by-ways, but Crawford refused, and when the Indians came up Crawford told Biggs and his comrade Ashley to surrender. Biggs refused, fired at an Indian and he and Ashley escaped only to be killed and scalped next day while Biggs was bringing Ashley in on his horse. He also relates Indian fights of Joseph Biggs.

See also for notice of Whiteside, Biggs and O'Melveny, Moses' "Illinois Historical and Statistical."

CHAPTER V

RETURNING now to James Moore, second of the name, my great-grandfather. He died in 1788, and is buried with his wife and relatives in the old Moore cemetery at Belle Fontaine, Waterloo, Illinois. This is historical and I have a letter confirming it from Colonel William R. Morrison, who knew the ancient history well. One of his sons, John, my grandfather, had been born in Maryland, or Virginia, probably the latter. Several other children were there born (in Virginia), and later with his wife and children he appears in the country of the Illinois, where still others were born.

Reynolds says that during the Revolution a party consisting of James Moore, Shachrach Bond, Robert Kidd, Larken Rutherford and James Garrison, in 1781 crossed the Alleghenies, descended the Ohio, and thence up the Mississippi to Kaskaskia; that the party was led by James Moore, native of Maryland, and that Kidd and Rutherford had been soldiers under General Clarke; that Moore, Garrison and Rutherford located near the Belle Fontaine in (now) Monroe County, Illinois. At page 114 he sets out that James Moore first settled at a spring south or southwest of the town of Waterloo, Monroe County, Illinois, called and still called "Slab Spring." Soon

after his arrival he was employed by Gabriel Cerré, a St. Louis merchant, to trade with the Indians making headquarters at French Licks (now Nashville).

To appreciate all this, it is well that one should consider some of the early history of the country. The French made very early settlement in what was called the "Country of the Illinois," and some of the most fascinating history of the earliest times has for place and scene the country around Belle Fontaine, the early seat of my family. La Salle and Tonti, explorers, were there long, long before an American was or had right to be, when the occupation was French and Indian. St. Louis, Cape Girardeau, St. Genevieve, Cahokia, Kaskaskia, Fort Chartres, Fort Massac and other French villages and posts clustered in that region, the most delightful on the continent. Kaskaskia, and Cahokia (the last opposite St. Louis) were populous French and Indian towns many years before Americans knew of them, and when France held empire on the continent. Marquette first saw that locality in 1673. Kaskaskia, one time capital of the New World, was established in 1686.

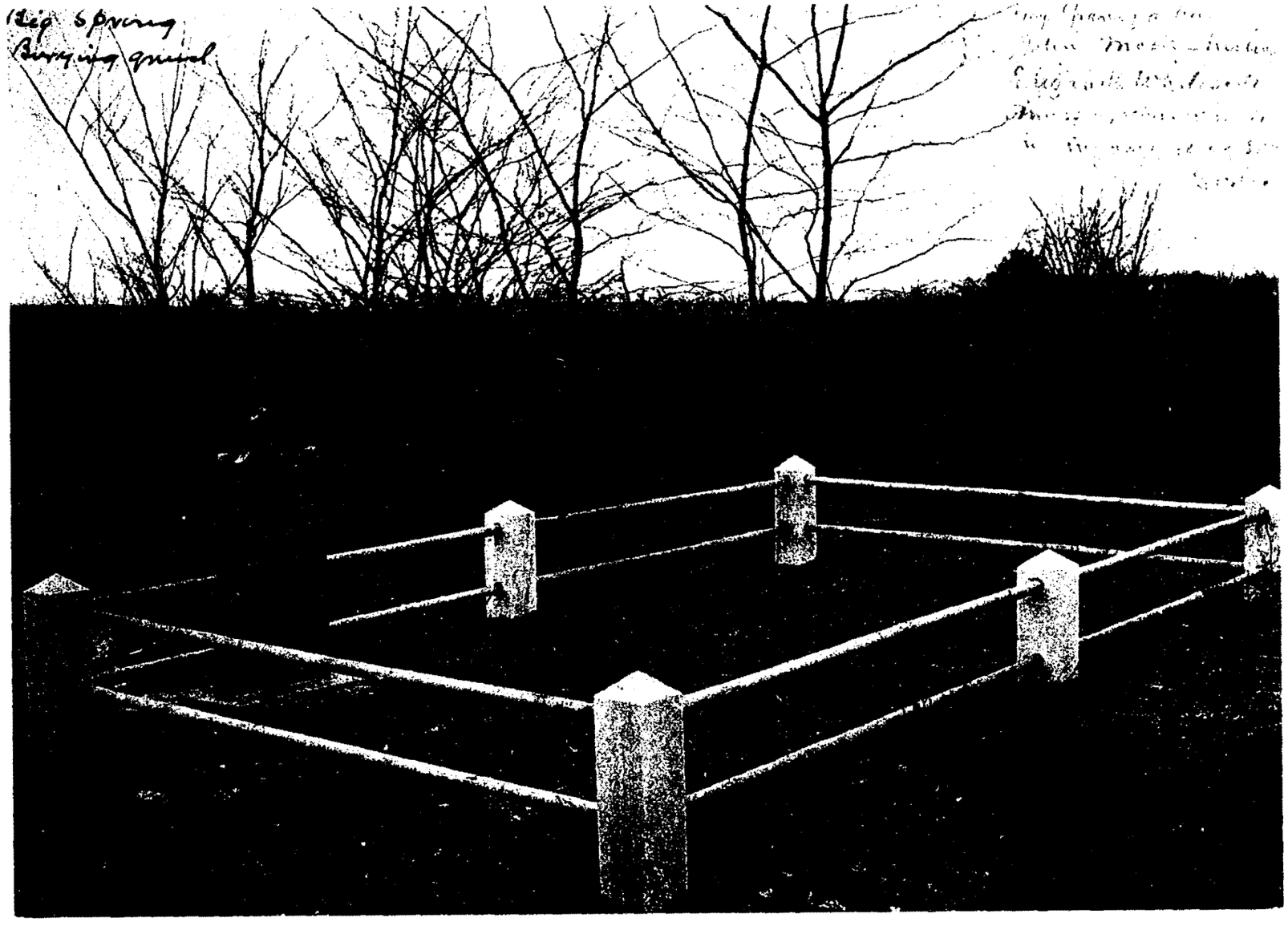
There were no American settlers there until the coming of the little party in 1780 or 1781 in lead of my great-grandfather, James Moore. Fort Massac was an old French post. Cahokia was established in 1686. There the great Indian chief, Pontiac, was killed. Fort Chartres was a strong fort for those days, and cost a million dollars, and there was a great scandal over the cost. La Fayette visited Kaskaskia,

then the capital of the West. Missionaries had long labored among the Indians in that region. Literature and history are full of the dash and romance of those early days; of Brebeuf, Hennepin, La Salle, Tonti, Starved Rock, Creve Coeur, and so on. (Read Parkman's volumes.)

St. Louis came of later date. Most of these places are but villages now—Kaskaskia, the capital, has been swallowed by the great river. Their glories are departed. During the Revolution, the English took and held that country by garrisons at Kaskaskia and Vincennes, although the inhabitants were all French. While the war of the Revolution waged, General George Rogers Clarke of Virginia led a column to attack and oust the English.

Now, taking up James Moore again, whom we left at Slab Spring, but who later settled at Belle Fontaine, it is of interest to know whether, when he went to the Illinois, he had been there before.

Several authors claim that he and one Ben Linn had been sent ahead of Clarke's column in 1778 to spy out the land; some assert he was a soldier under Clarke. On that I have no certainty, although he was, in fact, a soldier, but if in Clarke's command, I do not know. Clarke's rosters as published are incomplete, and much concerning that expedition has not been printed. Not all who were Clarke's soldiers got land grants for service in Clarke's campaign. Reynolds, who says that William Biggs, of whom I have spoken, was a soldier and got a military grant of three sections, does not disclose that the grant was



IN BIG SPRING CEMETERY

The enclosure contains the graves of my grandfather, John Moore; my grandmother, Elizabeth Whiteside; four infant sons of my parents, and my sister, Elizabeth Susan. The stone standing is hers.

for the Clarke service. We shall see that James Moore was a soldier and received land grant also.

In the booklet of the Moore Reunion before cited, it is said James Moore was a soldier under Clarke. It is historical that Clarke sent two men ahead. There is much comment on that matter in "Illinois Historical Collections, Vol, V, Virginia Series, Vol. II, Kaskaskia Records 1778-1790," page 22 *et seq.,* of Introduction, and pages 7 to 10 *et seq.,* of the book. See also reference to, on page 8, "Clarke's Memoir. Conquest of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio," 1 p. 467. "Illinois Historical Collections," Vol. IX, p. 39. In these references the Moore who was sent on by Clarke with Linn is styled "S. More." In "Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. VIII, George Rogers Clarke Papers, 1771-1778, Vol. III, Virginia Series," there is reference to a John Moore killed by Indians, and Captain J. F. Moore. I know nothing of them, but at page ivii I note "Clarke sent Ben Linn and Samuel *Moore* as spies to Kaskaskia and Vincennes." In Clarke's Memoir he says he "sent two young hunters, S. *Moore* and B. Linn, as spies." In his diary entry of April 20, 1777, he notes: "Ben Linn and Samuel Moore sent express to the Illinois." At that time Clarke was at Harrodsburgh, Kentucky. The entry of June 22, 1777, is of the return of "Ben Linn and Samuel Moore from Illinois." December 3, 1777, Clarke left Williamsburg, "lodged near Captain Harrods at *Mr. More's,* and appointed Samuel More lieutenant under Captain Harrod," and

also appointed Linn. Davidson and Stuvé say Moore went on as a spy, calling him Moore.

Clarke was one of the very worst of spellers, but it seems clear that the man he sometimes calls *More* was not More, but Moore, a son likely of a Moore living near Harrodsburgh. See on that also Baker's "History of Kentucky."

This Kentucky Samuel may have been related to James Moore, the pioneer settler of Illinois. Moores of his branch did make early settlement in Kentucky. We have always known of that, and my oldest brother, Theodore Stanton Moore, still alive, remembers visits to our people in Illinois by Kentucky kinsmen.

Now about the coming of James Moore to the Illinois country. I have said that in 1780 or 1781 he brought with him his wife, Catherine Biggs, and several children, including my grandfather, John, the eldest, born in Frederick, Maryland, or near Wheeling, West Virginia. I think it was the latter. The children of the spouses, James Moore the second and Catherine Biggs his wife, in the order of their birth were, to-wit:

John, probably born in Virginia, May 25, 1773.

Benjamin, born in Virginia, September 17, 1775.

William, born in Virginia, April 26, 1777.

James Biggs, born in Virginia, October 8, 1780.

Enoch (first American born son of Illinois), born at Belle Fontaine, Monroe County, Illinois, February 17, 1783.

Mary, born November 4, 1784.

J. Milton, born October 18, 1786.

I can only follow with particularity from my grandfather John, but there is in the pamphlet of my uncle, John Milton, pretty complete reference to the descendants of the other children, and a mass of information is found in historical works, some of which I use.

Soon after James Moore camped at Slab Spring he moved to and erected a blockhouse fort at Belle Fontaine. This Belle Fontaine is a fine large spring situate about a half-mile from the courthouse in Waterloo, Monroe County, Illinois, and was on the trail by which the French and Indians had for a long time passed from Kaskaskia below to Cahokia above (opposite St. Louis). The spring still flows to Fountain Creek.

Indeed, the reason my forebears settled at that point instead of some other place in the wide expanse was that the presence of the French made defense from hostile Indians more feasible; one of the military land grants made to James Moore embraced this spring, Belle Fontaine (so named by the French), and there he built his blockhouse, his home, and as was the custom of the country, in fulness of time, his graveyard wherein he, his wife, most of his children and many allied by marriage now lie.

I have seen the old blockhouse in my early childhood, but it is long since gone. The brick house he later built (or it may have been built by his son John Milton) is still standing.

Reynolds's "Pioneer History of Illinois" mentions

the spring at the Moore residence, and again names James Moore as coming in 1781.

In "American State Papers, Public Lands," Vol. II, pages 132-4, is a statement dated Kaskaskia, December 31, 1809. In the list of claimants founded on acts of Congress appear James Moore and William Biggs. Congress also donated 100 acres to each militia man enrolled and doing duty in Illinois, on August 1, 1790, in the district of Kaskaskia. This was of date 1809, and in the list are James Moore, Jr., John Moore, William Moore. In 1813 the commissioners reported another list of those entitled to 400 acres, under the Act of March 3, 1791, and it included James and John Moore. These evidently were the original James, the Illinois pioneer, and his oldest son John, my grandfather. The Biggs name also appears in all these lists. See Reynolds, pages 424-425. In Colonel John Todd's Record book (he was the first executive under the Government of Virginia), now in Chicago Historical Society, appears copy of the Oath of Allegiance taken by James Moore at Kaskaskia July 10, 1782. It reads:

"I do swear on the Holy evangelists of Almighty God that I Renounce all Fidelity to George the third, King of Great Britain, his heirs and Successors, and that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America as free and Independent, as declared by Congress, and that I will not do, nor cause to be done, any matter or thing that may be injurious or prejudicial to the independence of said States, and that I will make Known to some one Justice of the Peace for the United States all Treasons, all traitorous Conspiracies, which may come to my Knowledge to be

formed against said United States, or any one of them. So help me God. James Moore."

The following references are from Reynolds' "Pioneer History of Illinois."

"James Moore was the leader of the first party of American settlers in Illinois, 1781, settled at Belle Fontaine.

"Employed by Gabriel Cerré in Indian trade.

"Built blockhouse at Belle Fontaine.

"Biggs mentioned as Revolutionary soldier.

"Biggs County Clerk.

"Biggs settling in American Bottom.

"Biggs, soldier under Clarke, page 341, and extended notice of life and work, 360-341.

"Biggs, Member of Council, p. 368."

See also in lists of early settlers and of land grants shown on pages 424-425, William Biggs, James Moore, James Moore, Jr., John Moore (my grandfather).

On June 10, 1782, my great-grandfather, James Moore second, was by the Commonwealth of Virginia appointed captain of militia. The commission is still in possession of a descendant, dated June 10, 1782, and reads:

"THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA

To JAMES MOORE, *Gentleman*:—

"KNOW you, that from the especial Trust and Confidence reposed in your Patriotism, Fidelity, Courage and good Conduct, you are, by these presents, constituted and appointed Captain of Militia at the new Settlement By you Established at the Belle Fontaine between this the Kahose.

"You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge all the Duties appertaining to the said Office, and to hold the same according to an Act of General Assembly entitled 'An Act for Establishing the County of Illinois,' and for the more effectual Protection and defence thereof.

Witness:

JOHN TODD,

County Lieutenant of the County of Illinois, the 10th Day of June in the Sixth year of the Commonwealth, Anno Domini, 1782.

RICH. WINSTON,

Deputy County Lieutenant."

"The new settlement" by him established at the Belle Fontaine, "between this the Kahose," refers to his settlement at the spring still called Belle Fontaine, near Waterloo, Monroe County, Illinois, where he and many descendants and old pioneers lie in neglected graves. "Kahose" means Cahokia, which in those days and even in mine was called Kaho.

He probably was a captain before that, for May 21, 1781, Shannon, Commander of General I. D., writes General George Rogers Clarke that he had sent Captain Moore to Lincoln and La Fayette counties to buy stores. See "Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. V, Kaskaskia Records, Vol. II, Virginia Series," p. 249. That volume assumes the identity as the incident is indexed under the caption "James Moore," shown to be the same. See same volume, page 294, where, under date July 9, 1782, James Moore and others signed a writing, showing they had settled at Belle Fontaine, and asking leave to establish some sort of government. Illinois was then part of Virginia, but

HISTORIC SPOT

"Big Spring," at the Big Spring Old Church and Cemetery (now), taken in winter
Standing figure, Mr. Hilton

was remote and without much government save that of the French. The permission was granted, and on August 5, 1782, election was had and a magistrate elected. The certificate was signed "James Moore, Captain." See page 296, same volume; instrument signed by James Moore shown at page 369, same volume.

Notices of James Moore and William Biggs (his wife's brother) in list of settlers with statement that Moore was leader of the party who settled at Belle Fontaine are found on page 421, same volume, with citations from Reynolds (*supra*), and Vol. II, page 349. See also Houck's "History of Missouri" (index).

In Kaskaskia Records noted is shown photographic copy of signatures to an instrument of date August 27, 1787, employing one Tardiveau to take steps concerning land rights. Among the names signed are James Moore and John Moore (my great-grandfather and my grandfather).

Enoch Moore, youngest son of James Moore second (first American Illinoisan), was a member of the first Constitutional Convention of Illinois (History, Randolph, Monroe and Perry Counties). The first American settlement in Illinois was in Monroe County. (*Ibid.*) The first settlers there came in 1782, consisting of James Moore, Shadrach Bond, Robert Kidd, Larken Rutherford, and James Garrison (*Ibid.*). The author says they were from Maryland and Virginia (which is quite true, although they went from Virginia to Illinois). *Ibid.*, page 76.

"The hill trace between the French villages of Kaskaskia and Cahokia passed near a beautiful spring to which the French had given the name of Belle Fontaine. Here Moore, Garrison and Rutherford determined to make their settlement." (*Ibid.*, page 76.)

"James Moore, the leader of this colony, was native of Maryland. He was a man of vigorous traits, employed by Cerré at French Licks, now Nashville. His settlement was a short distance south of the site of Waterloo, where the spring may still be observed." (*Ibid.*, page 76.)

As I have indicated, those who claim Maryland as his birthplace are probably in error, arising from the fact that Bond and some others were originally from Maryland. Frederick, Maryland, was at one time a seat of the original James Moore of England, as I believe, and so also of the original Biggs, a descendant of whom married James Moore the Illinois pioneer; but we have seen that the father Biggs had moved to Virginia, and James was probably married there, and we know that his children were nearly all born in Virginia. For account of William Biggs see same work, page 77; his Indian captivity, page 79 (printed in appendix); oath of allegiance, James Moore, page 96; William Biggs was sheriff, page 97. Samuel O'Melveny (of whom *post*) was justice in 1809 (*Ibid.*, page 103), and a grand juror at the first term of court. (*Ibid.*, page 106.)

James Biggs Moore (called General) son of James Moore, was commissioner to locate county seat of Monroe County. (*Ibid.*, page 128.)

"James B. Moore, gentleman," (see last above)

presented his commission from the Governor, appointing him sheriff, etc. (*Ibid.*, page 130.)

"John Moore, gentleman" (my grandfather) presented his commission as treasurer and coroner (*ibid.*, page 130). In list of taxpayers, Monroe County, 1816, appear the names of John Moore, J. Milton Moore and Enoch Moore, all sons of the pioneer James. (*Ibid.*, page 132.)

These accounts go back to the times of slavery in Illinois. The assessment of 1816 shows James B. Moore assessed for a slave. He owned a family, one of whom was named Boar (*ibid.*, pages 132-3), and my grandfather John's house was assessed at $700. There is also a notice to my grandfather, William O'Melveny, that a negro woman was entitled to freedom. (*Ibid.*, page 136.)

The statistical table of land entries shown at pages 135-6 shows entries by Moores, Biggs and Whitesides.

In 1817 J. Milton Moore was a justice. In records of marks and brands appear J. Milton Moore, Enoch Moore, James B. Moore, John Moore, Milton Moore second, and James B. Moore second (all but those marked second were sons of the pioneer). Enoch surveyed the townsite of Waterloo. Enoch was member Constitutional Convention. (*Ibid.*, page 141.)

One of my mother's people (O'Melveny) was the contractor who built the Monroe County courthouse, and his "bill of extras" was only $16.90. (*Ibid.*, page 143.)

J. Milton Moore drew the plans for the courthouse and was paid $3.00. (*Ibid.*, page 143.)

Enoch gave the county five acres of land for the courthouse. (*Ibid.,* page 143. See also page 145.) J. Milton Moore was county surveyor, page 146. My maternal uncle, William O'Melveny, was county clerk of Monroe County. (*Ibid.,* page 149.) Enoch Moore, member second General Assembly (page 149), and Edward O'Melveny, member in 1846 (page 149). In tenth General Assembly James B. Moore was a Senator (page 149).

The first examination on murder charge in Monroe County was before William Biggs as coroner, and T. Stanton, a doctor, examined as witness, was husband of my father's sister. (*Ibid.,* page 147.)

My uncle, H. K. S. O'Melveny, was a long time circuit judge. (*Ibid.,* page 157.) Edward O'Melveny was a Senator in 1852 (page 158).

1828 to 1830, Enoch was county commissioner (page 160); John Moore (my grandfather) was assessor and again treasurer of Monroe County (page 160).

Enoch was surveyor, also J. Milton. Enoch and James B. were county justices. Enoch again was county clerk, and James B. again sheriff. (*Ibid.,* pages 160, 161.)

Edward O'Melveny, "regarded the leading light at the Waterloo bar," with amusing story, whether true or not, of paying a contempt fine with money won from the judge (Breese) at poker. (*Ibid.,* page 187.)

In 1811 James B. Moore was captain of mounted rangers for protection from Indians, and a description is given of an Indian fight in 1814 (page 204).

"The Moores and Whitesides (*post*) were a few of those who responded with manly grace to their country's call from Monroe." (*Ibid.*, page 204.)

In the Black Hawk war, James Moore was an adjutant, J. Milton was a brigade color bearer, and McKendree was a corporal. (*Ibid.*, page 205.)

In the Mexican war, my uncle, John M. Moore, and my uncle, Ed O'Melveny, were respectively captain and first lieutenant of Company G, Second Regiment (raised at Waterloo). Nelson Moore, Lewis W. Moore and J. M. Moore were in Company I, and D. C. Moore in Company K, all from Waterloo, descendants of James the pioneer. (*Ibid.*, page 207.)

In the war of the Rebellion my family names, Moore, Biggs, O'Melveny and Whiteside, had about disappeared from Monroe County. I think there were no Moores there at all. One Whiteside went to the war, that I know of, and maybe more, but they and the O'Melvenys too had all left Monroe. The Moores were mainly all Whig, and later Republican, many of them from the points to which they had become scattered joining the Union army, none, so far as I know, being Confederate.

Monroe County had the first English school in the State. (*Ibid.*, page 237.) I quote in full from pages 314-315 of same book.

"Belle Fontaine was the earliest settlement in the county. The first American colony came from Maryland and Virginia to Illinois in 1781, and of its members three, James Moore, Larken Rutherford and James Garrison, settled at or near the Bellefontaine in 1782. This name had been

applied by the French to a spring of water a mile south of the site of Waterloo, at which they had doubtless often camped on their journeys between Kaskaskia, Cahokia and St. Louis. By the side of this spring Moore determined to build his future home; Rutherford settled in the vicinity. Early in the present century he removed to the neighborhood of the present town of Belleville, in St. Clair County, where he died. He had been a soldier under Colonel Clarke in his expedition to Illinois in 1778. Garrison selected a location a mile northeast of where the town of Waterloo now stands, on claim 516, survey 720, a grant of land of which he received from the government. He afterward removed to the American Bottom, near Moredock Lake, where he ended his days. Moore and his family clung to the original settlement at the Bellefontaine. The grant of four hundred acres of land which he obtained from the government (claim 220, survey 394) covering the spring, has remained in the possession of the Moore family from the last century to the present time.

"Captain James Moore was born in Maryland in the year 1750. He subsequently settled in Virginia, his oldest son, John Moore, being the only one of his children born in Maryland. He settled in Virginia on the banks of the Kanawha River. He took part in the expedition to Illinois in 1778, under the command of Colonel George Rogers Clarke, in which it is generally supposed he served in the commissary department. He was adventurous and daring in disposition. He, with his companions, reached Kaskaskia in the fall of 1781, and there remained during the winter. The next spring he settled at Bellefontaine. It was supposed when these immigrants left the country east of the Alleghenies that little danger need be feared from Indians. It was not long, however, before the savages began to make trouble, and James Moore was elected captain of the company which came to be raised for the protection of the colony.

JOHN BLAND
Mrs. Moore's Grandfather

"Illinois at that time was a county of Virginia, and the commission which Captain Moore received was from the Governor of Virginia, Patrick Henry. He was directed to establish a military post and command the Illinois militia. A fort, or blockhouse, was accordingly built at Bellefontaine, and afterward, during the Indian war, this was one of the most frequent and noted places of resort. Captain Moore's efforts were of great value in establishing amicable relations with the Indians, so that it was not until 1786 that serious trouble began with the hostile tribes. With Gabriel Cerré, a wealthy merchant of St. Louis, he entered into trade with the Indians, and for some time maintained his headquarters on the site of Nashville, Tennessee. He died in or about the year 1788, his family obtaining scanty results from his venture in the Indian trade.

"His wife, whom he had married in Maryland in 1772, was Catherine Biggs. At her husband's death she was left with a family of six children, the oldest of whom was but fourteen years of age, and the youngest an infant. She kept the family together, though her situation was one of trial and embarrassment. By this time the Indians had resumed their encroachments, though their object seemed to be to steal rather than to kill, some of them boasting that they spared the settlers so that they might raise horses and provisions for them. Her neighbors planted for her a crop the first season after her husband's death, some standing guard against the Indians while others tilled the field. At one time the danger became so imminent that the family was driven to the blockhouse in the American Bottom for protection.

"The oldest son, John Moore, on attaining his majority in 1794, married Elizabeth Whiteside, the oldest daughter of William Whiteside, who had reached Illinois in 1793. He settled north of Waterloo, on claim 223, survey 397. He died in the year 1833. He was a lieutenant in the Illinois Militia, in the ranging service during the War of

1812-14, and the first treasurer of Monroe County. William and Benjamin, the two next sons of James Moore, died in early life.

"The fourth son, James Biggs Moore, known as General Moore, was born in Virginia in 1780. He embarked in various business enterprises, and for some years traded on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers between New Orleans and Pittsburg, making his voyages in a keel boat. He abandoned the boat business to settle three miles northeast of the present town of Waterloo, on what was known as the 'tan yard farm.' He here invested in a large tanning enterprise, at that time, perhaps, the largest west of the Alleghenies. He organized a company of rangers in the war of 1812-14, and was commissioned its captain. He was appointed sheriff of Monroe County by Governor Ninian Edwards, and was the first to fill that office after the organization of the county. He was sheriff several years, and afterward for two terms represented the county in the State Legislature. He was a man of active business enterprise, and established a mill on Prairie Du Long Creek, and a carding factory near his own homestead. He died on the tan yard farm in 1840.

"Enoch Moore, the next son of the pioneer, was born in the old blockhouse at the Bellefontaine in the year 1783, and was probably the first white child born within the limits of the present county of Monroe. He secured a good education and became an excellent surveyor. Much of the government surveying in this part of Illinois was done under his direction and supervision. He married Mary Whiteside. During the war of 1812-14 he served as a private in the company of rangers commanded by his brother, Captain James B. Moore. He was a delegate to the convention that framed the first constitution of the State of Illinois, and was elected a representative in the State Legislature. He was also at different times circuit clerk and judge of the probate court. He was a local minister in the Methodist

Episcopal Church. In company with one of his sons, McKendree Moore, he engaged in the mercantile business at Waterloo. He died in the year 1848. His home was the farm now owned by Joseph W. Drury north of Waterloo. Mary Moore, born at Bellefontaine in 1784, became the wife of Colonel David Robinson.

"John Milton Moore, the youngest son of the pioneer, Captain James Moore, was born in Bellefontaine in 1786. Several years of his boyhood were spent with his uncle, Zaccheus Biggs, in Virginia, where he received a good common school education. He had a strong liking for mathematics and qualified himself as a surveyor. Soon after he was sixteen years of age he was made surveyor of St. Clair County, and filled that position for several years. He surveyed a considerable part of the public land in Monroe County, running the lines of the sections and townships. He was in the ranging service during the War of 1812-14, and served as a justice of the peace for many years. He died in 1844.

"Biggs lived a long and eventful life in Illinois. He was born in Maryland in the year 1755, and at the age of twenty-three enlisted in the expedition for the conquest of Illinois, commanded by Colonel George Rogers Clarke. He held a commission as lieutenant and served during the years 1778 and 1779. He returned to Virginia, was married, and shortly afterward, in company with his two brothers, came to Illinois and settled at Bellefontaine. In the spring of 1788, while on his way to Cahokia, in company with John Vallis, he was attacked by the Indians and taken prisoner. He was released on the payment of $260 ransom money. He afterward wrote a narrative of his captivity. He was appointed by Governor St. Clair, sheriff of St. Clair County in 1790, and filled the office for a number of years; he was also a justice of the peace, and judge of the court of common pleas. He was elected to serve in the legislature of the Northwestern Territory two terms. In

1808 he was chosen to represent St. Clair County in the legislature of Indiana Territory, and by his efforts contributed to the division of the territory and the establishment of the Illinois Territory the following year. From 1812 to 1816 he represented St. Clair County in the legislative council of General Assembly of the territory of Illinois."

My father, William Whiteside Moore, and his cousin, McKendree Moore, merchandized in Waterloo in 1838. (*Ibid.*, page 317.)

"Waterloo, formerly known as Fountain Precinct, has the distinction of embracing in its limits the earliest settlement made by colonists of American descent in the State of Illinois. This was the Bellefontaine settlement immediately south of the present town of Waterloo. This first colony of American emigrants consisted of James Moore, Shadrach Bond, Robert Kidd, Larken Rutherford, and James Garrison. The party crossed the Alleghenies, descended the Ohio to its mouth, and thence continued their way up the Mississippi to Kaskaskia. This expedition was undertaken in the year 1781. From Kaskaskia they proceeded north to an elevated region of country, offering superior inducements for agriculture, and here the colony of Bellefontaine was founded. Moore and Rutherford remained here, while Bond, Kidd and Garrison made settlements in the Mississippi bottom.

"This James Moore was the grandfather of the present J. Milton Moore, of Waterloo, in whose possession is part of the tract on which his grandfather settled, and which has never passed out of the hands of the family. Moore was the leader of the colony, and made his resting-place at a celebrated spring of water which gave the settlement its name of Bellefontaine, and which to this day easily marks the spot chosen for the location of the first American colony on the soil of Illinois. A blockhouse, the remains of

which could be traced till within a few years, was erected near the spring. Moore was afterward employed by Gabriel Cerré, a wealthy merchant of St. Louis, as an Indian trader in the western part of Tennessee. He continued in this trade with the southern Indians for many years, with his headquarters at the site of the present city of Nashville, then called the French Licks. He left a large and respectable body of descendants."

"Illustrated Historical Atlas of Monroe County, Illinois" (1875), page 14.

This quoted matter does not in some particulars agree with what I conceive the facts to have been, as pointed out *ante,* but in the main it is correct.

I quote also from Chapter 18, Davidson and Stuvé's "History of Illinois."

"1782. Among the immigrants to Illinois we note the names of James Moore, Shadrach Bond, James Garrison, Robert Kidd and Larken Rutherford, the two latter having been with Clarke; they were from Virginia and Maryland. James Moore, the leader, and a portion of his party, located afterwards on the hills near Bellefontaine, while Bond and the rest settled in the American Bottom (from which circumstance the name is derived), near Carthage or Harrisonville, subsequently known as the Blockhouse Fort."

My great-grandfather, James Moore (pioneer of Illinois), lived and reared his family on his farm, which embraced the spring of Belle Fontaine. There he built his wooden fort, and near by established his family cemetery on his own land. I may as well speak here also of the Whiteside cemetery near Whiteside Station close by. My grandmother was Elizabeth Whiteside, and by that reason my grandfather, John

Moore, his wife Elizabeth Whiteside, my sister and four brothers lie there. The Moores are all gone from Waterloo, also the Whitesides. These cemeteries, still called the Moore and Whiteside burying-grounds, lie in complete neglect. As parts of larger tracts, they have passed into the apparent ownership of private parties. I have recently inclosed my graves in the Whiteside cemetery, and have tried to buy both cemeteries, with purpose to donate to the State or county. Not being on the ground myself, I failed. The apparent owners cannot use them. They are of no value to them unless it be a speculative value, trading on the sentiment of surviving Moores and Whitesides now dispersed.

In fact Belle Fontaine is the cradle of the first American settlement in Illinois. To the cemeteries named could be added the names of several more where the "forefathers of the hamlet sleep," in desolate neglect, unnoticed by historical societies or any one. Having been devoted to sepulture, Monroe County could take possession of them, but does not.

In "Illinois Historical Collections, Vol. II, Virginia Series, Vol. I," there is reference to the fact that James Moore was the leader in that first settlement of Illinois by Americans, and at page 517 is a copy of his last will. See also page 323.

His will was made shortly before his death. It was registered by Cerré at Cahokia. The will and court proceedings found at Quebec after removal of the records of the French are as follows:

"Today, the first day of September, 1788, there ap-

The COMMONWEALTH of VIRGINIA

To James Moore Gentleman.

KNOW you, that from the especial Trust and Confidence reposed in your Patriotism, Fidelity, Courage, and good Conduct, you are, by these Presents, constituted and appointed Captain of Militia at the new Settlement, By you Established at the Bell Fountain between this the Falls

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge all the Duties appertaining to the said Office, and to hold the same according to Act of General Assembly entitled *An Act for establishing the County of* Illinois, *and for the more effectual Protection and Defence* County Lieutenant of the County of *Illinois*, th

Witness, John Todd

Day of June in the Seventh Year of the Commonwealth. *Anoque Domini* 178

Richd Winston Deputy

COMMISSION ISSUED TO MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, JAMES MOORE
June 10, 1782

peared M. Dorsiere acting in the name of M. Gabriel Cerré absent, bearer of the Testament of James Moore, and he had for and in the name of the said M. Cerré, required the registry thereof as follows:

"In the name of God Amen, I, James Moore of Bellefontaine of the County of Illinois, being in perfect health of body and soul and memory, render thanks to God for calling to memory the mortality of my body, and knowing that the lot of every man is to die once, I make, ordain and constitute this present my last will and testament; that is to say, firstly, and the first of all, I give and recommend my soul into the hands of the Almighty God who gave it, and I recommend my body to the earth to be interred in Christian burial; and the funeral to the direction of my Testamentary executors, that at the general resurrection I may resume it again by the Supreme power of God; and as to my temporal goods, which it has pleased God to give me in this life, I give, devise and dispose of the said goods in the manner and form following:—Firstly, I give and bequeath to Catherine Moore, my well-beloved wife, the third of all my property both personal and real, after my debts shall be legitimately paid; it is my intent which I wish to be executed during her widowhood. As to the negroes, Bingo and Judik, it is my intent that they return to M. Tobias Barshaves, if he is willing to take them back, and to hold himself responsible therefor to the estate of John Allison; if not, the said negroes shall be sold at auction or sold at private sale if the testamentary executors deem it best, and their price assured to the use of the estate of the late John Allison.

"As to all the lands which I possess at the present time, it is my intent that they be equally divided between my sons except that my son William shall have two parts. The cleared lands shall be divided as well as those in woods and in farm yard, at the discretion of the Executors hereafter mentioned. I give equally to my son William the

horse called Pasha and a book called or entitled 'Tragedies of Otway' and the first volume of the 'Spectator,' and to my son John 'The Companion of the Young Man,' and to my son James the works of Abraham Cowley, and to Enoch the seventh volume of the 'Spectator,' and to Milton 'The Paradise Lost' of Milton and the works of M. Savage entitled 'The Vagabond'; and to my daughter Mary the first volume of the works of Shakespeare, with an equal part of all my personal goods, and all the remaining books shall be equally divided among all. My son William shall have my violin. I ordain and likewise constitute Gabriel Cerré, Shadrach Bond and Thomas Biggs to be my Executors of this present last will and testament, to whom I recommend that they leave all my property in the hands of my wife during her widowhood until the boys are of age; and that at that time each of them as they come of age withdraw his share, but if there appears to the Testamentary Executors the least appearance of waste in the property, it is my intent that they take it in their hands and place it to the best advantage for the interest of the children. And by the present I disapprove, revoke and annul all other testaments previous to this, as well as the Executors named by me herebefore in my previous wills and testaments. I ratify and confirm this present and no other to be my last will and testament; in consequence of which I have set thereon my signature and my seal, this 31st day of May in the year of our Lord 1787.

"Signed JAMES MOORE
"His Seal.

"Signed, Sealed and pronounced and declared by the said James Moore to be his last will and testament in his presence and in the presence of each of us, who in his pres-

ence and in the presence of each of us have signed names hereunder:

"MICHAEL HUFF.
"JOHN SLAUGHTER. X—his mark.
"FRANCIS CLARK.

"I certify that the present translation conforms to the original.

"F. DORSIERE.

"Registered according to the translation by me the undersigned Notary Public.

"LABUXIERE, N. P."

Chapter VI

JAMES MOORE in fact was the first American settler in Illinois.

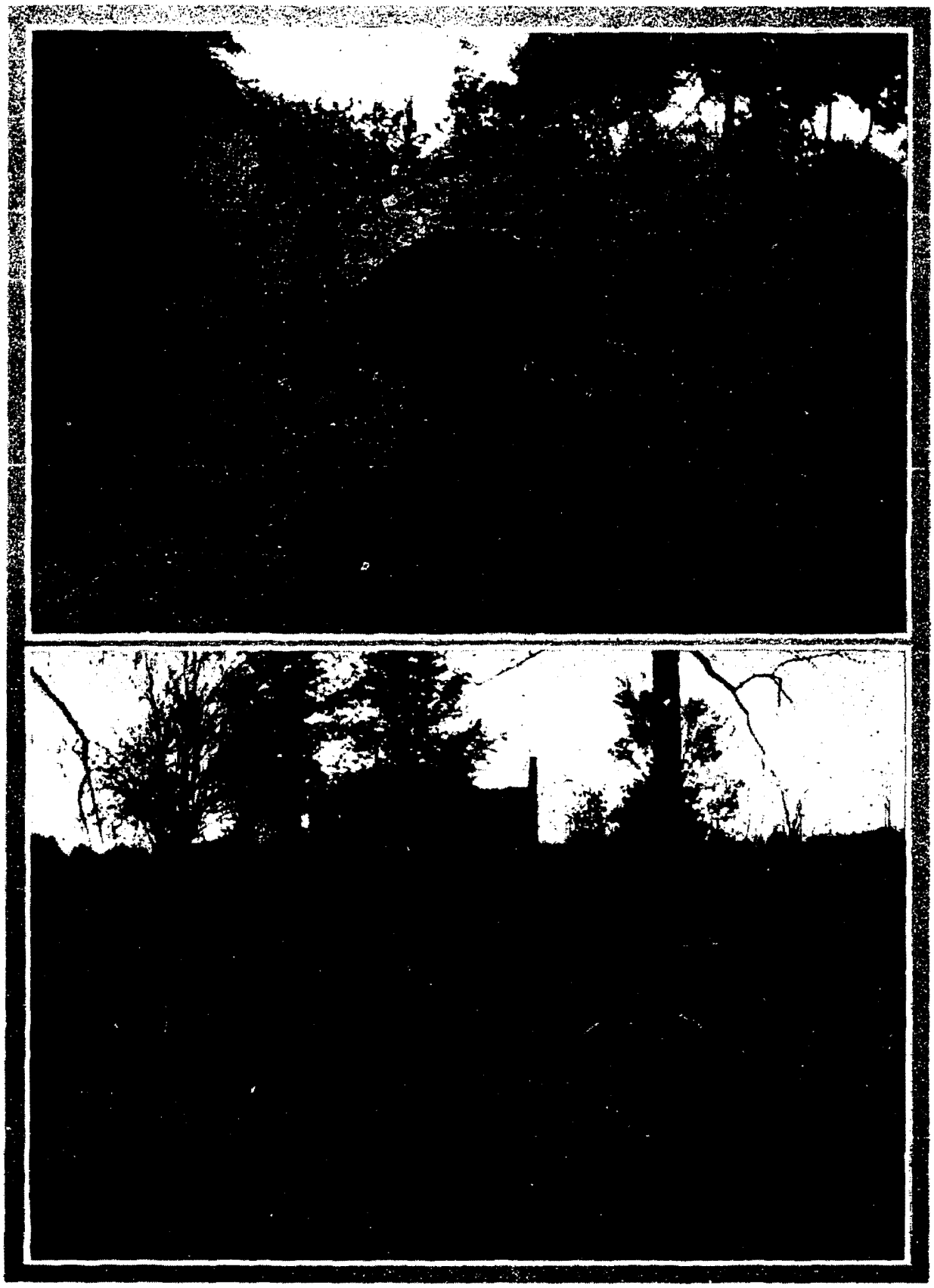
I thus finish my tale of James Moore of Illinois, and there will be no more to say of him save some further consideration of the claim I make, to-wit: that he was the first American settler of the Illinois country or leader of the first party of settlers, which comes to the same thing. If I left it with what I have written, the case is made out, and it is clear on authority that indeed he was the first, but in fairness to the claim, there should be additionally noted to-wit:

"To confirm his views he (Clarke) sent in 1777 to Kaskaskia two trusted spies, one of whom was James Moore, a distinguished pioneer."—"Illinois Historical and Statistical," Moses (1889).

The same author says again:

"In 1781 an enterprising company of immigrants consisting of James Moore the leader, Garrison Bond, Kidd and Rutherford with their families settled on the American Bottom. All but possibly Garrison were Clarke soldiers. It was the glowing accounts of these and others that induced so large an immigration from Maryland and Virginia and of which their party was the advance guard."

Again the author speaks of New Design near Waterloo as settled in 1782, "south of where the Moore party had settled."



OLD BURIAL VAULT OF THE WHITESIDES AT "WHITESIDE STATION"

HOUSE ON THE PLANTATION, NEAR MARSHALL, TEXAS, WHERE MRS. MOORE WAS BORN (AS IT LOOKS NOW).

In "Transition in Illinois from British to American Government," Schuyler (1909), statement is made that Linn and Moore were Clarke soldiers. I think that author makes it clear that Moore's party were the first Americans.

"Historic Illinois," Parrish (1906), notes Enoch Moore as first American child born there, and says Moore was leader of party "believed to compose earliest American settlers."

An objector may say that Moses proves too much. Well, I do not claim positively that James Moore was a Clarke soldier, though he may have been so, and there is more reason to believe he was than not. The weight of authority supports that he was. Although not the Samuel Moore sent forward, it may be Clarke sent forward James Moore also, as claimed by Moses.

In No. 31 of "Fergus Historical Series" there is an article by Edward G. Mason, entitled, "Lists of Early Illinois Citizens," compiled from archives of Chicago Historical Society. These lists of heads of families and militiamen were compiled from applications to secure the benefit of legislation granting lands to soldiers and heads of families settled on or before 1783. I will refer to these lists again, but speak of them now to the point that in the Kaskaskia list of professed Virginians settled in the Illinois country before 1783 appears "James Moore," with a note by Mr. Mason, a reliable investigator, that James Moore was a Clarke soldier. Biggs also appears in the lists. He was a soldier anyway. The

point now is that he was the *first settler,* and Clarke soldier or not has no necessary bearing.

"Annals of the West," 2nd edition, J. M. Peck, 1850, speaking of first settlement in Illinois, says:

"The first settlement formed by emigrants from the United States was made near Belle Fontaine, Monroe County, in 1781, by James Moore, whose numerous descendants now reside in the same settlement. Mr. Moore was a native of Maryland, but came to Illinois from West Virginia with his family in company with James Garrison, Robert Kidd, Shadrach Bond and Larkin Rutherford. . . . Mr. Moore and a portion of his party planted themselves on the hills near Belle Fontaine, and Garrison, Bond and the rest in the American Bottom. This station became afterwards known as the Blockhouse Fort."

Peck indicates the earliest settlement was in Monroe County; gives list of heads of families coming before 1788 and land rights, including James Moore and Biggs, and tells of the killing of John Moore, and relates much of the Whitesides in Indian fights, saying the name "inspired fear in the Kickapoos."

See also Butler's "History of Kentucky."

Davidson and Stuvé say the first settlers were in 1780 under James Moore as leader, Moore settling at Belle Fontaine and the others in the American Bottom, which thus got the name.

There is no one to contest for the honor of "first settler" but a man named Hull. Moses, speaking of Clarke and Hull being in that country, says that when Clarke went there, there were no inhabitants but French, and adds that "doubtless some of Clarke's army remained." He says that "aside from those,"

Nathaniel Hull, of Massachusetts, appears to have been the first immigrant, settling on the Ohio River at (now) Golconda, and from there laying out a road to Kaskaskia and "went along it" to the American Bottom. Moses gives no date as to when Hull traveled to the American Bottom. He thought James Moore was a Clarke soldier remaining in the country. He had said *ante,* that Moore was leader of the "advance guard," and in giving credit to Hull, he having spoken of Moore *et als.,* gives credit to Hull as first "aside from those."

Moses, I think, took his statement about Hull from Reynolds. Peck's "Annals," I think, makes no mention of Hull as of date earlier than 1791.

"Historical Encyclopedia of Illinois," Bateman and Selby (1909), I think mentions Hull not at all. Nor does Brink's "Atlas History," nor does any other writer, so far as I have seen, mention Hull, save Reynolds (who says Hull came to the Illinois country *about* 1780, first settling at Ford's Ferry on the Ohio and crossing thence to Kaskaskia); and the list of settlers "on and before 1783" set forth in Mason's article in Fergus. We have already seen that there is some uncertainty as to whether James Moore came in 1780 or 1781. Reynolds gives it as 1781, but I note that Hon. Joseph Gillespie, speaking at Belleville, Illinois, at a Moore reunion in 1882, in reference to the Reynolds statement of 1781, said, "He is probably mistaken a year in his dates." However, Reynolds did not speak of Hull's coming with even attempted accuracy. He says he came "about" 1780.

"About" is elastic phrasing, and the use of the word indicates lack of accurate knowledge. "About," as there used by Reynolds in a subject like that, would cover and include disparity of several years.

It is not even shown that Hull brought a family, or was a "settler," in the sense that he acquired land, tilled the soil or reared children, though I admit he may have done so, and also admit there may be references on the subject I have not seen in my limited opportunity. I conclude that weight of authority supports the claim that James Moore was leader of the very first *bona fide* American settlers in the territory of the present State of Illinois.

CHAPTER VII

MY GRANDFATHER, John Moore, eldest son of James Moore (pioneer), was born May 25th, 1773, and died July 4th, 1833, of cholera. He with his wife, Elizabeth Whiteside, and five of the children of my parents, are buried in an enclosed plot in the old Whiteside cemetery near Waterloo. He was twice married: first to Elizabeth Whiteside, and second to a Reid, of South Carolina. He left numerous descendants, noticed and treated of in the booklet of my uncle, John Milton Moore. My father, William Whiteside Moore, was issue of the marriage with Elizabeth Whiteside.

I have already noted in many references to John, the useful, various duties performed by him, and need not repeat. He lived and died near Waterloo on land derived from his father, James. My father, William Whiteside Moore, was born on that farm, and so was I, as the youngest of ten. My grandfather built the brick house in which I was born. Part of it can be seen yet in the wall of a more recent building on same site. It lies about two miles north of Waterloo in T. 2 S R. 10 W. of 3rd Prin. M., Sur. 397 C E. It passed from my family to a Horine about 1853, when my father and his brother John Milton with their families removed to California. I can remember a room of the house always called "the big room,"

wherein my father, Cartwright, and other famous Methodists preached, probably before the erection of the church at Big Spring. The Whiteside cemetery lies just near that point. When I was last there some of the wall of that famous old church at Big Spring and the camp-meeting grounds was standing yet. I do not mean that I remember those meetings myself. I recall also a room of our house, the walls of which for a background were red, with large, long-tailed birds interspersed. My very first memories are of that place and of an old walnut tree at the back porch from which John Perry, a hired man, plucked the green nuts to rub the rinds on my face for ringworm. I recall also my clothing (a blue drilling frock) and the spring and the spring house, and the spring branch which then (but not now) was bordered by tall trees as it flowed through the meadow. I recall the big fires and the oak and hickory logs and the tallow candles, and the pierced tin lantern, and hog killing time with spare ribs, and sausage, the like of which is now unknown; also the old apple orchard and the cider press, and many other very pleasant things and scenes.

My grandfather John held a commission, the original of which I have on my wall; it reads:

"WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

Governor and Commander-in-Chief of The Indiana Territory.

"To JOHN MOORE, *Gent.*

Greeting:

"REPOSING special trust and confidence in your fidelity, courage and good conduct, I have appointed you a Lieu-

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,

GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF OF THE INDIANA TERRITORY,

To John Moore Gent. *Greeting:*

REPOSING special truſt and confidence in your fidelity, courage, and good conduct, I have appointed you a Lieutenant of a Company in the [redacted] regiment of the militia of the county of Knox and you are hereby appointed accordingly. You are therefore carefully and diligently to diſcharge the duty of a Lieutenant in leading, ordering, and exerciſing the ſaid Company in arms, both inferior officers and ſoldiers, and to keep them in good order and diſcipline; and they are hereby commanded to obey you as their Lieutenant and you are yourſelf to obſerve and follow ſuch orders and inſtructions as you ſhall from time to time receive from me or your ſuperior officers. This Commiſſion to be in force during the Pleaſure of the Governor for the time being, and you are to take Rank from the date of your firſt Commiſſion or Appointment.

IN teſtimony whereof, I have hereunto cauſed the ſeal of the territory to be affixed, the nineteenth day of August in the year of our Lord one thouſand eight hundred and two and of the independence of the United States of America the twenty-ſixth.

William Henry Harrison

BY THE GOVERNOR's COMMAND,

Jno. Gibson Secretary.

COMMISSION OF MY GRANDFATHER, JOHN MOORE
August 19, 1802

tenant of a Company in the regiment of the militia of the county of St. Clair, and you are hereby appointed accordingly. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of a Lieutenant in leading, ordering and exercising the said Company in arms, both inferior officers and soldiers, and to keep them in good order and discipline; and they are hereby commanded to obey you as their Lieutenant and you are yourself to observe and follow such orders and instructions as you shall from time to time receive from me or your superior officers,—this Commission to be in force during the pleasure of the Governor for the time being, and you are to rank as Captain from the date of your first Commission as such.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto caused the seal of the territory to be affixed, the Nineteenth day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and two, and of the independence of the United States of America the Twenty-seventh.

"WILLM. HENRY HARRISON.

"By the Governor's command,
"J. N. GIBSON,
"Secretary."

As noted, my grandfather, John, married Elizabeth Whiteside, my grandmother, and this leads me to say something of the Whiteside family.

The original Whiteside was Scotch-Irish (Protestant). The name occurs frequently in the South, notably in North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee and later, Southern Illinois. The first Whiteside in America was William, born in County Kildare, Ireland. He migrated to North Carolina. There is a mountain in North Carolina still called "Whiteside Mountain." His wife was Elizabeth Stockton. They had

children: William, Robert, James, Thomas, John, Francis, Adam, Davis, Samuel; Elizabeth married a Stockton; Sarah married a Nolin; Peggy married a Monroe; Mary married a Singleton.

Of the sons, several were in the battle of Kings Mountain. In the early settlement of Kentucky, William, Thomas, John, Samuel, Francis and James were pioneers. The original William died where he had lived, in Tryon County, North Carolina. His last will, still on file in Lincoln County, is as follows:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN:

"I, William Whiteside, of the County of Tryon, and State of North Carolina, being very sick and weak in body, but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be given unto God, calling unto mind the mortality of my body, and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make and ordain this my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT: That is to say, principally and first of all, I give and recommend my soul into the hand of Almighty God that gave it, and my body I recommend to the earth to be buried in decent Christian burial at the discretion of my executor, nothing doubting but at the general resurrection I shall receive the same again by the mighty power of God; and as touching such worldly estate, wherewith it hath pleased God to bless me in this life, I give, demise and dispose of the same in the following manner and form: I give and bequeath unto my well-beloved wife, Elizabeth, my household goods and movable effects, and also my plantation during her life, and after her decease all the movables to be equally divided between these my children, Davis Whiteside, and James, and John, and Margaret, and William, Thomas, and Samuel, and Adam; and if she should depart this life before my son Francis Whiteside comes of age, my children above mentioned to have the benefit of the planta-

tion; and so soon as my son Francis comes of age he may enter into possession of the same, for I do bequeath my land to him, allowing him to pay Twenty pounds to my daughter Ann in twelve months after he enters in possession of my plantation, and also to pay to my daughter Elizabeth Twenty pounds of the value of the land in two years after he enters in possession of said plantation; and the third year he shall pay to my daughter Sarah Twenty pounds, all lawful money of North Carolina. I also give and bequeath unto my son James Whiteside my land on the South Mountain in Virginia, Augusta County, allowing him to pay Fifteen pounds Virginia currency towards the discharging of any debts, and the remainder of my debts to be paid out of my movables before divided.

"I also appoint and constitute my sons William Whiteside and Thomas Whiteside to be my executors of this my Last Will and Testament; and I do hereby utterly disallow, revoke, and disannul all and every other former Testaments, Will, Legacies, Bequests, and Executors by me in anywise before named, willed and bequeathed, ratifying and confirming this and no other to be my Last Will and Testament.

"In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-fourth of October, in the year of our Lord, One thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven.

"William Whiteside.

"Signed, sealed, published, pronounced and declared by the said William Whiteside as his Last Will and Testament in the presence of us, who, in his presence and in the presence of each other, hereunto subscribe our names.

"Davis Whiteside,
"James Whiteside."

Of these sons of the original William, the son William was my ancestor. He married in North Carolina Mary Booth, and with the following named

children, mostly all born in North Carolina, moved to the Illinois country about 1786, settling at Whiteside Station near Belle Fontaine and Waterloo. The children were: Uel, Bolin, Elizabeth (called Betsy), Robin, Mary (called Polly), James, Sally, John D.

These children married, and now their descendants are widely scattered, few if any now being in Monroe County, Illinois. Of the daughters, Elizabeth (Betsy) married my grandfather, John Moore, and Mary (Polly) married Enoch Moore, a brother of John. I can say here, though out of place, that my father and his cousin, McKendree (a son of Enoch) married sisters and thus produced a double relation in the children. Henry Clay Moore, who recently died at Salem, Illinois, was a son of McKendree, and his daughter, Nell Moore, now there living, is descended on the side of that Moore-Whiteside strain.

I have data from a member of the Whiteside family concerning many of the kin. One branch of the Whitesides early came from Illinois to California. Ninian E., a son of William B., was a prominent lawyer here (California). Another son of William B., also named William Bolin (called "Buck"), was a prominent citizen of Sacramento and Brighton. Elizabeth Ann, a daughter of William Bolin, lived long in Sacramento and Brighton. She was a noble woman of large stature and commanding presence. I knew her and likewise her daughter Sarah, a splendid wife and mother whose funeral I attended at Santa Rosa, California. Sarah married Mr. Juilliard, who is still living in deservedly pleasant old age.

They had three children, all of whom are living. I know them very well. Frederick is engaged in business in New York City, Louis is a lawyer and at present a State Senator in this State, and Isabelle, the daughter, wife of Mark L. McDonald, Jr. They are all worthy people, deservedly of good repute and my good friends.

John D. Whiteside was State Treasurer of Illinois in 1837 ("History of Monroe and Perry Counties"). J. J. Whiteside before 1800 laid out the town of Washington, on Kaskaskia River, *ibid.* At the beginning of 1800 Whiteside Station was a thrifty settlement, and the Moredocks and Whitesides "became the most noted Indian fighters in the West," *ibid.* The Whitesides, "the family of noted Indian fighters," settled at Belle Fontaine and Whitesides Station. They were from North Carolina, and from there had made their way into Kentucky. The fort which William Whiteside built southeast of Columbia was a noted military post in the Indian wars, *ibid.* John Whiteside lived for many years at Belle Fontaine and died there, *ibid.*

As this little book is written largely for my nine young grandchildren, I have maybe put in more Indian fights than I otherwise would, but they will like it, so I quote:

"In the year 1793 a band of Kickapoo Indians stole some horses from the American Bottom near Eagle Cliffs, and an expedition was organized to pursue the Indians. William Whiteside was captain, and he was accompanied by Samuel Judy, John Whiteside, Samuel Whiteside, William Harrington, William L. Whiteside, John Porter and

John Dempsey. They followed the Indian trail, passing near the site of the present city of Belleville, towards the Indian camp on Shoal Creek. One of the party generally went before on the trail to prevent the others from rushing into an ambuscade. It was considered better that one should be killed than all the party. They came up with the Indians on Shoal Creek, and found three of the horses grazing in the prairie. These horses were secured, and then arrangements were made to attack the Indian camp. Captain Whiteside divided his force into two parties of four men each. These parties attacked the camp from the opposite sides at the same time, the firing of the captain's gun being the signal for the commencement of the battle. One Indian, the son of the chief, was killed, and several wounded. The Indians ran off, leaving their guns and everything else behind. The old chief, Pecon by name, surrendered, and gave up his gun to Whiteside. He supposed from the bold attack that the whites were numerous, but when he found their entire number consisted of only eight men, he called in a loud voice for his men to return, and at the same time attempted to wrench his gun from Whiteside's hands. Whiteside was a large man of extraordinary strength and easily retained the gun. While the struggle was going on the whites were afraid to shoot at the Indian lest they might kill their captain. Whiteside would not permit his men to injure an unarmed foe, and the chief was suffered to escape. Captain Whiteside was famous for his prudence, as well as his courage, and with the horses they had caught, started back, and neither ate nor slept till they reached Whiteside's station. His wisdom was verified, for the very night of his arrival at the station Pecon and seventy warriors, in pursuit, camped near Cahokia. The next year, 1794, Pecon and his band shot Thomas Whiteside near the station, and tomahawked a son of Captain Whiteside who had wandered some distance from the fort to play.

"Captain Whiteside, however, had his revenge next

JACQUELINE ANNE BLAND HALL
Mrs. Moore's Mother

year. A Frenchman of Cahokia informed him that a considerable number of Indians had camped under the bluff in St. Clair County, near where the road from Belleville to St. Louis now passes. Captain Whiteside gathered a company of fourteen, among which were Samuel Whiteside, William L. Whiteside, Johnson J. Whiteside, Samuel Judy, and Isaac Enochs, and attacked the camp just before the break of day, killing all the Indians except one who ran off, and was killed, it is said, by the other Indians for his cowardice. For many years afterwards the bones of these Indians could be seen whitening the ground. In this battle Captain Whiteside was wounded, as he supposed mortally. He fell to the ground, but still continued to exhort his men to stand their ground and never permit an Indian to touch his body when he was dead, as he supposed he would be in a short time. His son, Uel, was also wounded in his arm so that he could not use his gun. He examined his father's wound, and found that the ball had not passed through the body, but had struck a rib and glanced off toward the spine. The bullet could be felt under the skin. Every pioneer in those days was a surgeon, and with his butcher-knife he cut it out, remarking, 'Father, you are not dead yet.' The old man jumped to his feet, and continued his fight with the Indians. On their return to Whiteside's station the party halted in Cahokia, at the house of Mrs. Rains, to care for the wounded. This lady had two beautiful and intelligent daughters, and this accidental meeting finally led to their marriage to Uel and William B. Whiteside." "History of Randolph, Monroe and Perry Counties, Ill.," pp. 80-81.

The Whitesides were taxpayers,and Mary owned two slaves in 1816. John D. sat in General Assembly 1830-32, 1832-4, 1834-6, 1836-8 (when succeeded by James B. Moore) and again 1844-46. John D. was

Clerk Circuit Court in 1825, and Seth was Coroner in 1836.

"In 1811 Congress passed an act for the organization of ten companies of mounted rangers to protect the frontiers of the West. Four of these companies were allotted to the defense of Illinois, whose respective captains were: Samuel and William B. Whiteside, James B. Moore and Jacob Short. The Whitesides and the Moores were among the early settlers, not only of Monroe County but also in the Illinois Territory, and were ever to the front at the call of patriotism and valor. They were bred to the toils of pioneer life and the perils of Indian warfare; and, besides the sentiment of patriotism, they had the additional stimulus of a determination to avenge the blood of their kindred." "History of Randolph, Monroe and Perry Counties, Ill.," p. 204.

Some of the Whitesides fought in the Mexican war (*ibid*).

"The oldest permanently settled place in what is now Columbia precinct was Whiteside Station, which was established by the Flannaries. James Flannary, in 1783, was killed by the Indians. This was three years prior to the first decisive Indian war waged against the Americans in Illinois. This war began in 1786, and continued till 1795. The dangers, sufferings and hardships of the settlers were almost without a parallel. The patriarch and leader, William Whiteside, had been a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War, and was in the celebrated battle of King's Mountain. To be a soldier in the battle of King's Mountain is an honor of itself. The Whiteside family were of Irish descent and inherited much of the Irish character. They were warm-hearted, impulsive and patriotic. Their friends were always right, and their foes always wrong in their estimation. William erected a fort on the road from Cahokia to Kaskaskia, which became celebrated as Whiteside's Sta-

tion. At this station Whiteside raised a large family of children." "History of Randolph, Monroe and Perry Counties, Ill." (See also many references in "Atlas History Monroe County.")

"In 1793, Illinois received a colony of the most numerous, daring and enterprising inhabitants that had heretofore settled in it. The Whitesides and their extensive connections emigrated from Kentucky and settled in and around the New Design in this year. Not only the numerous names of Whiteside was in this colony, but also were their connections; Griffin, Gibbons, Enochs, Chance, Musick, Going, and others. This large connection of citizens, being all patriotic, courageous, and determined to defend the country at the risk of their lives, was a great acquisition to Illinois, which was hailed by all as the harbinger of better times.

"The Whitesides and their early connections were born and raised on the frontiers of North Carolina, and emigrated to Kentucky. They had been inured to Indian hostilities and other hardships incident to frontier life, from their early years to manhood. The patriarch and leader, William Whiteside, had been a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War and was in the celebrated battle of King's Mountain. His brother, John Whiteside, was also in the war for independence, and acted well his part in that struggle.

"William Whiteside erected a fort on the road from Cahokia to Kaskaskia, which became celebrated as Whiteside's Station. At this station, Whiteside raised a large and efficient family of children.

"John Whiteside, his brother, resided at the Belle Fontaine for many years, and died there. He also had a large family, whose descendants are very numerous and settled in many parts of the West. William Whiteside, soon after he arrived in Illinois, became conspicuous and efficient as a

leader in the Indian war. He was the captain of many parties that took signal vengeance on the savage foe for murders they committed on the women and children, as well as on the grown men. One trait of character—bravery—the Whiteside family possessed in an eminent degree, and the patriarch of whom I am speaking was as cool, firm, and decided a man as ever lived. Scarcely any of the family ever knew what fear was.

"The old warrior, William Whiteside, rested in peace from Indian wars for many years, until 1811, when the Indians again commenced depredations. He was elected Colonel of St. Clair County and held that office for many years. He never cared much about the parade of military office. He admired more 'the hair-breadth 'scape in the imminent deadly breach.'

"Colonel Whiteside, after the peace with the Indians, turned his attention to his farm at the station, and improved it. He cultivated a fine apple orchard, which, in days gone by, was quite celebrated, as very few orchards were in the country.

"He and his brother, John Whiteside, in 1806 purchased a land-warrant of one hundred acres and located it on a mill-seat on Wood River, where the main road crosses the creek from Edwardsville to Alton. They prepared and hauled much timber to the premises for the mill, but never built it.

"Colonel Whiteside was a justice-of-the-peace and judge of the Court of Common-Pleas. These offices he executed to please the people, not himself, as the military was his forte and pleasure.

"In the war of 1812, Colonel Whiteside was active and efficient in organizing the militia of St. Clair County and preparing them for active service. He himself was in the service and attended at Camp Russell in carrying out the military operations in the defence of the frontiers. He died at his residence, the old Station, in 1815. He was univer-

sally known throughout the country, and his death cast a gloom over the community.

"He had been a regular member of the Baptist Church for many years previous to his death. He was an exemplary and moral man and possessed a strong, uncultivated mind. His education was limited, but his life, being one of extraordinary events, made him intelligent. Reflection and study were forced on him in self-defence. His frontier life, with the Indian war and all its dangers and perils impending over him for many years, developed his mind and made him a grave, reflecting man. His person was stout and active. He, as it was with most of the name, was a stranger to fear. He was calm and meditative in times of peril. He never permitted any rash impulses to influence him in battle. His remains now rest at his old Station, in peace and quiet, from the din and uproar of the battlefield, where his energies and commanding talents have, on many occasions, won the victory for the Stars and Stripes. He was the leader and pioneer of the Whiteside family and connections in Illinois. They are exceedingly numerous, extending throughout the country. They may look back at him with esteem and respect as the pioneer, Moses, that conducted them through the wilderness to Illinois, the 'promised land.' " Reynolds' "Pioneer History of Illinois."

"In 1794, Joel Whiteside was driving a yoke of oxen about one hundred and fifty yards southwest of the public square in the present town of Waterloo and an Indian shot him. The ball passed through his body, but did not kill him. Judy, Todd, Andy Kinney and some others pursued the Indian with dogs and guns; overtook the murderer and killed him under a large tree which stood near the main road, about half a mile south of Whiteside's Station, *ibid.*

"Several officers distinguished themselves in the war in Illinois and showed strong minds as well as great devotion to the country. Captain Samuel Whiteside, William B.

Whiteside, James B. Moore, Jacob Short, Nathaniel Journey, Willis Hargrave and William McHenry were efficient and very active in the defence of the country. Samuel Whiteside is still alive, a venerated and respected pioneer. Samuel and William B. Whiteside are two of the sons of the two gallant soldiers of King's Mountain memory. Each of these brave men commanded companies in the defence of the country. James B. Moore emigrated to Illinois with his father in 1781, and grew up a soldier amidst the wars and perils of the country. He also commanded a company in 1812," *ibid.*

Whiteside County, Illinois, was named for the family. (See note by Joseph Gillespie, foot of page 189 of Reynolds.) Some of them received military land grants (*ibid,* p. 425).

"John D. Whiteside, another son of the aged Colonel Whiteside, was born at Whiteside's Station in 1794, and was raised, lived and died there in 1850. This pioneer possessed a strong, solid mind. Many important public stations he occupied with credit to himself. At various times, he has represented his native county in the State legislature and occupied for many years the office of treasurer of State; also the office required his services in Europe, where he transacted important business for the State. It is singular that he was born, lived, died and was buried on the same locality, the Old Station, in the present county of Monroe." Reynolds, p. 417.

In Wheeler's "Reminiscences of North Carolina" is noted that the first settlers of Rowan County were Paul Bipple and John Whiteside, and that Brock and Whiteside built the first court house of that county. This John is likely the son of the original William (*ante*).

SAMUEL PIKE HALL
Mrs. Moore's Father

John D. Whiteside carried to Abraham Lincoln the challenge to the duel with General Shields. In that proposed duel there were made queer conditions, and fortunately the combat was avoided. General Whiteside commanded a brigade in the Black Hawk War.

John Moore was on December 23rd, 1794, married to Elizabeth Whiteside (born Nov. 24th, 1779; died Oct. 14th, 1827). Of this marriage twelve children were born. After my grandmother's death John married Ann Reid of South Carolina, and there was one son issue of that marriage. The children of John Moore and Elizabeth Whiteside, his wife, were:

Sebastian, born Dec. 25th, 1795; died young.

Mary, born Jan. 26th, 1797; married Wm. Sterrett.

James, born Aug. 23rd, 1799, married Ruth Stone and second married E. Crump of Virginia.

Enoch, born March 26th, 1802, married Charlotte Sherman.

William Whiteside, born May 25th, 1805, married Nancy Vernon O'Melveny.

Katherine, born Aug. 7th, 1807; married Thomas Stanton.

John Milton, born July 15th, 1810; married Lucretia D. Stone.

Sarah, born Jan. 25th, 1813; married William Eberman.

Hester A., born Jan. 26th, 1818; married Norman Allyn.

Francis, born July 1st, 1820; died young.

Nelson Soule, born June 28, 1824; married Sarah Bustle.

Joseph O., born of second marriage, was married, but I have no trace of him. At one time he lived in Denver.

William Whiteside Moore, my father, born May 25th, 1805—died February, 1877—was the fourth child. He lived at and near the place of his birth to manhood, and there on November 27th, 1828, was married to my mother, Nancy Vernon O'Melveny, who was born at Charleston, South Carolina, April 1st, 1802. She died February 19th, 1883, and is buried with my father at San Lorenzo, California.

CHAPTER VIII

I SPEAK now of my mother's family. John O'Melveny, with his wife, two younger sons, Patrick and William, and a daughter, Mary (who married a McConnell and settled in Tennessee), came from Ireland about 1798-9, and, after a few years residence in Kentucky settled in what later became Pope County, Illinois, near his oldest son, Samuel, who landed in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1797 or 1798, where he married and soon after went to Illinois Territory, settling in Pope County, on the Ohio River. In addition to farming, trading and flat-boating to New Orleans, Samuel was for that day an extensive dealer in the products of the country—corn and hogs. Later he removed to Randolph County, and was a member of the county court in 1819. Still later he resided in and represented Union County in the legislature in 1820-22, and died about 1828. His mother died the year of their arrival, and his father and younger brother Patrick the year following. His children: George died at thirty, and John lived long in Pope County, a successful merchant and trader; Margaret (married Wood) and Mary are long since dead.

William, the youngest son of John, born in Ireland, 1775—Protestant—married 1799, in South Carolina,

Susan McKee (Scotch, but born in Ireland), moved to Kentucky in 1804-5, settling near Elkton, Todd County. He had six sons and five daughters: (1) John, born in Kentucky, 1800, lawyer, settled at Carlyle, Clinton County, Illinois, in 1830, where he practiced law till he died in 1836; served in Capt. Andrew Bankson's company in Black Hawk War. (2) William W., born in Monroe County, 1829; brought up to the law; county clerk, 1843-8. (3) James M., bred to his father's trade, brick-making; in 1853 entered the mercantile business in Centralia; was postmaster for several years, and lived later at East St. Louis, where one of his sons was city attorney. (4) Edward, lawyer, represented Monroe County in the Legislature of 1846-8; was Presidential elector in 1852 on the Pierce ticket and died before the Rebellion. (5) Harvey K. S., also a lawyer of Centralia, was judge of the second circuit from 1858-61, filling the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge Breese; moved during the late war to California, where he practiced law until his death. (6) Constantine was killed in his eighteenth year at Waterloo by the accidental discharge of a gun. Of the daughters, Nancy Vernon, born 1802, married, 1828, William Whiteside Moore in Monroe County, and died in Oakland, California, February, 1883; Martha and Mary, twins, born 1804, married, and have descendants; Susan, fourth, died at Centerville, California, 1864; Elizabeth, fifth (Concannon) died in Oakland, California. The mother of this numerous family died February, 1875, aged 93.

Samuel O'Melveny was a popular pioneer in his settlement, and in fact throughout the south of Illinois in his day. He was a native of Ireland; had resided in Kentucky, but ended his days in Southern Illinois. He was blessed with a very strong natural mind; possessed not much education or book intelligence, but the strength of his mind was visible in all his actions, public and private. His person was large and he had no parlor polish in his manners; his mind corresponded with his exterior, strong and natural. He was a member-elect from Pope County to the convention in 1818 that formed the first constitution of the State, and he was elected often from the same county to the State legislature, and served the people in various other stations with ability.

(See Reynolds and various authors.)

My grandmother, Susan McKee, was Scotch; the O'Melvenys were Protestant, so called Presbyterian-Irish. My uncle, William O'Melveny, long since dead, left a son William, a daughter Josephine and perhaps another daughter, who live in Centralia, Illinois.

My uncle, H. K. S. O'Melveny, was a prominent lawyer and judge in Illinois. He later removed with his family to Los Angeles, where, after some years of general practice, he ended his career on the bench. He was a scholarly man, held in high esteem, and died full of years and honors. His wife did not long survive him, but their children, Henry W., with his good wife and three fine sons, live in Los Angeles, where Henry is very prominent as a successful law-

yer, universally held in esteem as the good man that he certainly is. Mrs. Adell Foy, sister of Henry, a gracious lady, lives in Berkeley, California. My aunt, Margaret O'Melveny, married Andrews, and for many years I have heard nothing of that branch. My aunt, Martha O'Melveny, married Archibald Crozier, from the Abbeville district of South Carolina. The spouses are both dead many years. They left children, all of whom I knew very well in early childhood, but since have known not at all—for which I am sorry. Of their children, William Crozier lives somewhere in Illinois. Mary—married Davis—who once lived in my family, for a time, and whose kindness to me I do not forget, and Sue, whose married name, I think, is Pruett, also live somewhere in Illinois. Mary and Sue were my earliest playmates.

My uncle, McKee O'Melveny, also left descendants who live in Illinois, and there are descendants of his son John, who was chief engineer of the Oregon Short Line. They probably live in Boise City, Idaho. My aunt, Betsy O'Melveny, and her husband, Mr. Concannon, died in Oakland, California. Their son William and his son now live there, prosperous and respected.

My aunt, Susan O'Melveny, married McKendree Moore, son of Enoch. Enoch and my grandfather, John, were brothers and married Whiteside sisters. My aunt, Susan, had four children:

1. Isaac Newton, who died in Los Angeles, unmarried.

Our Son, A. A. Moore, Jr.
Died June 19, 1914

2. Emily Sophronia, married L. G. Cabanis; died at Los Angeles without issue.

3. Josephine, died in California, buried at Centerville.

4. Henry Clay Moore, who lately died at Salem, Illinois. Henry left surviving, his widow, two daughters, Adele and Nell Moore, and a son, William, who live at Salem. I know Miss Nell very well, but the son I have not met.

The name as spelled, O'Melveny, is, I believe, nonexistent in America save by the one family from whom I am descended. I have never known, read of or heard of others. As to its origin I get what follows from a book, "Irish Pedigree," O'Hart (Dublin, 1878): The O'Melveneys are of a stem of the Donnellans of Ulster, of the House of Heremon, seventh son of Milesius of Spain. It seems there was a man of that stock, Finactach, son of Richtaire. He had a son, Longseach. Longseach had a son Hugh. Hugh had son Dubhsineach. The last had son Maolcraobh, who in turn, had son Donnellan; from there the sons after their fathers were Dubhdaradi, Caillidh, Conor O'Donellan, Tuaton, Baodan, Failbhe, Finchu, Fergus, Comdscach. This last had a son "Maolfiona," who was the original O'Melveny. The descendants of Maolfiona went by that name. Anyway, that man was first of the name, and a merry soul he must have been for the name means "the devoted of Wine." The name, as with most old ones, has seen many changes. One of the blood, as O'Maolfhiona, held the strong castle of that name which stood at (now)

Crass Molina on the Deel in County Mayo. The name has been anglicised as O'Mulvany, O'Mulvena, Omulvena, O'Melveny, Melveny, O'Melvena, Omelvena, Mulvena, Melvin, McIlvena, McIlwaine, Malony.

The book from which I take this is full of material interesting to those curious in names and is accessible in the Congressional Library. I learned of and got it from my cousin, H. W. O'Melveny, of Los Angeles. I have heard that most of the Irish claim descent from Irish kings; now I understand it. I accept the account of the origin of the name, reserving to doubt a bit of the singular fecundity of old Milesius, who, it would seem, fathered a great multitude, and with his sons peopled most of Erin.

This finishes what I have to say of the O'Melveny branch, and I am, in direct narrative, to commence with the lives of my parents, William Whiteside Moore and Nancy Vernon O'Melveny.

Chapter IX

MY MOTHER, though born in Charleston, South Carolina, was reared to womanhood at Elkton, Todd County, Kentucky. She and my Aunt Susan were teachers, and in their vocation came to Monroe County, Illinois, probably induced by the fact that their Uncle Samuel then lived in Illinois. The rest of the family came to Illinois soon after. There at Waterloo these sisters met the double cousins, William Whiteside and McKendree Moore and married them. My mother, considering the times and environment, was a scholarly woman—a great reader. My father had made the most of limited chances to the degree that he had a fair education. He read music at sight, was a good mathematician and a fair land surveyor, but with slight exception in merchandizing, was a farmer all his days. He despised liquor, cards, tobacco and novels.

My parents were devout Methodists all their lives, dying in the faith. They were kind parents, both ambitious for their children. My father never held or sought office. He was a Whig. He knew Abraham Lincoln, having met him at Whig conventions. On the breaking up of the Whig party he helped organize the Republican party in California and lived and died in that faith. My father and my uncle, John M.

Moore, sat in the first Republican convention held in our county of Alameda.

My parents had nine sons and a daughter. Four of the sons died in infancy. My sister, Elizabeth Susan, died at fourteen. As said, they and my grandfather and grandmother lie in an enclosed plot in the dreary, neglected waste of the old Whiteside cemetery at the Big Spring campground.

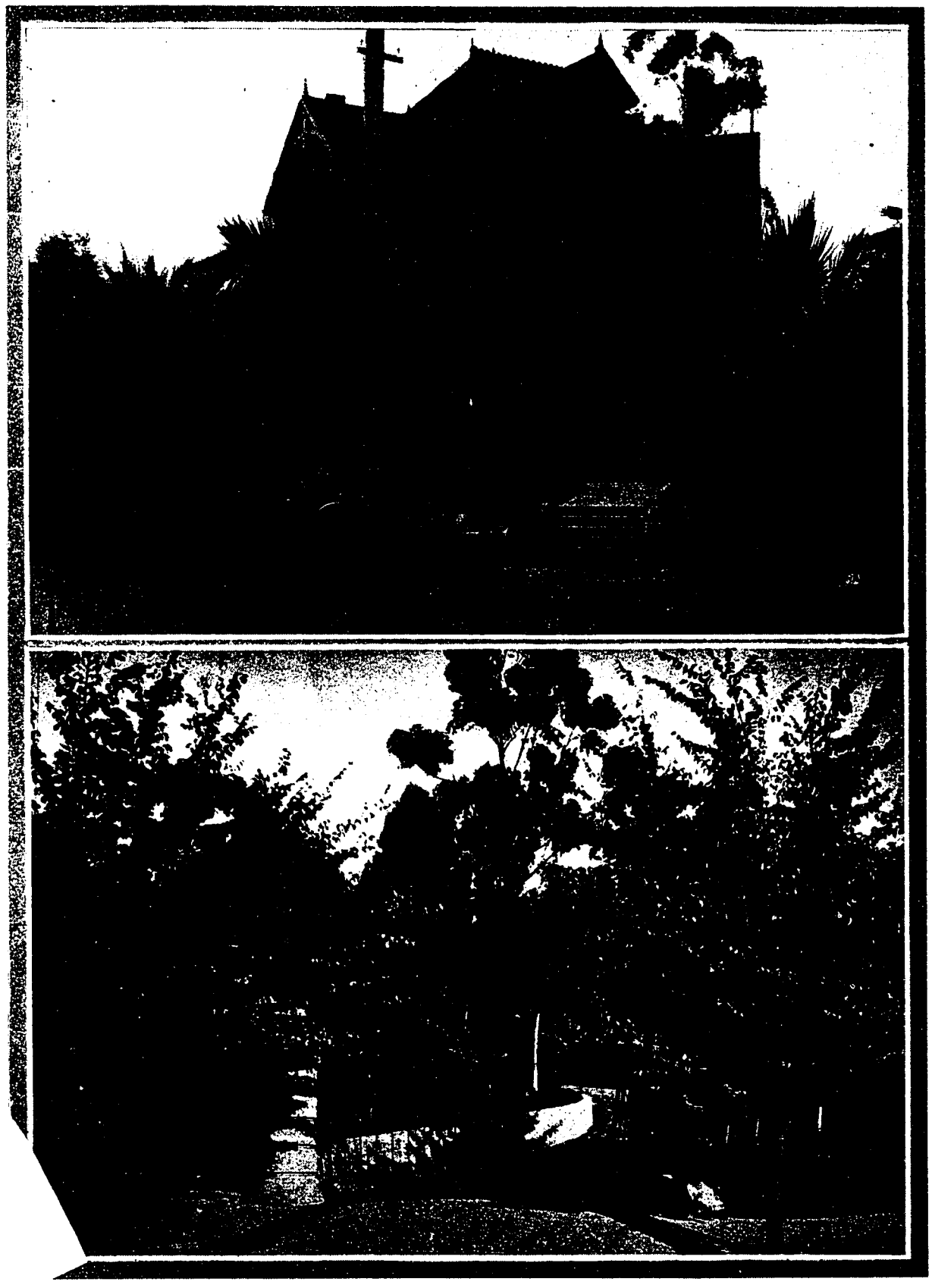
My father came to California in 1849. Went back in 1850, and "crossed the plains" in 1853 with my mother and their remaining five boys. The sons were Theodore Stanton Moore, Jerome Worthington Moore, Emmet Sidney Moore, James McKendree Moore, and myself, Albert Alfonso Moore.

My parents lie with my brother, James McK., at San Lorenzo. Jerome lies in the Elks' plot in Oakland, and Emmet lies in the same cemetery.

There remain Theodore and myself of the large family. James McK. died unmarried. Jerome had no children. Theodore had a son, and Emmet left a daughter who is married and has children living in Oakland.

I am now about to take up my marriage and my wife's people. I ought to say, however, something of the descendants of John Moore, other than my father. By reason of removal at tender age I know less than perhaps I ought of what became of the other children of John Moore and his wife and their descendants.

I know all about the family of my father's brother, John Milton Moore. He was a captain in the Mexican War. In 1853, with his wife, Lucretia Drury



OUR HOME, IN OAKLAND, CAL. (BUILT IN 1880)
1. Twentieth Street Entrance
2. Nineteenth Street Entrance

Stone, and their children, Zilpha Adeline and Wilber Warren, they came in company with my own family to California, settling near the south end of the Bay of San Francisco in Alameda County. The daughter married F. P. Dann, a lawyer, and died November 12th, 1873. Wilber, the son, while a law student in San Francisco, died September 25th, 1874. John Milton and his good wife are long since dead and lie in a San Francisco cemetery. Their grandson, F. P. Dann, Jr., lives in Reno, Nevada. In that branch the Moore name is extinct. My uncle brought to California a boy of my age, Thomas William Eckert (Moore on the distaff side). They raised him to useful manhood, but he, too, is long dead.

There is a gentleman named David Hardy, still, I think, at Waterloo, descended from a daughter of James Moore, the pioneer. There are in California several children of John Solon Moore, descendant of James Moore. I have cousins (one here and one in Springfield, Illinois), daughters of Hester Ann, daughter of John Moore. One is my cousin Emma, whose married name, I think, is Derry, and the other is Cousin Kate, married to Mr. Flood. There are living descendants of Enoch, son of John. Katherine, daughter of John, married Dr. Thomas Stanton. Mary, daughter of John, married William Sterrett. There is in California descended from that marriage, Miss Grace Sterrett.

Mrs. Mary Eberman Clark of Freeport, Illinois, her sons, F. L. Davis of New York and Chicago, and Dr. J. Sheldon Clark of Freeport, are descended from

Mary, daughter of my grandfather, John Moore, and his spouse, Whiteside; and so is Mr. W. S. Eberman, mining expert and analytical chemist, also of Freeport. I knew Dr. O. T. Moore of St. Louis in his life. He was son of Capt. L. W. (Brooks) Moore, a lawyer of Belleville, and I know his son, Mr. James Biggs Moore of New York. They are all descendants of James Moore, the pioneer. I know also of Mr. McCabe Moore, a lawyer who, when I last heard of him, lived in Kansas City. He is descended from Enoch, youngest son of James Moore, the pioneer. I have known in their lives Dr. Walker Moore and Dr. David Moore of Illinois, who are long dead. They also were descended from James Moore.

Chapter X

IN 1871 I was married to Miss Jacqueline Anne Hall. We were married by Dr. Horatio Stebbins, in the old Unitarian Church, which then stood on Geary Street near Stockton, in San Francisco. Now, then, I will trace back Jacqueline Anne as far as I can, and first on her father's side. My wife was born on a plantation near Marshall, Texas, not far from Shreveport, Louisiana, on October 10th, 1847, and she still lives to comfort me. Her father was Samuel Pike Hall and her mother, Jacqueline Anne Bland.

Mr. Hall and his wife and children, including my wife, then five years old, crossed the plains by the southern route, in 1853. He engaged in the stock business, living and ranging his herds near Paso Robles, about where the town of Creston is to-day. A part of his old adobe ranch house is still standing. He was a large man, of fine presence and of good education. He was a slaveholder in Texas, but came to California to rear his children outside of that influence. He brought several of his slaves with him, who on arrival, of course, were free. One of them and several descendants still live at San Jose. Mr. Hall, born in North Carolina, died in 1860, and is buried at Santa Clara with his wife and a daughter.

The family of Samuel Pike Hall is fully treated of and his birth is noted in "The Halls of New England," by Rev. David B. Hall (Albany, New York, 1883); but that branch of the name was never of New England, being embraced under a subhead. The original ancestor in America was Hugh Hall, of Scotch-Irish Protestant stock, born in Ireland in 1705. His son James married his cousin, Prudence Roddy, daughter of James Roddy, born in Ireland, 1710. Both Hugh Hall and James Roddy came to America, and were on the assessment roll in (now) Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, in 1723.

James Hall and his wife, Prudence, settled on Conawaga Creek, Dauphin County, where their children were born. In 1751 James, with wife and family, moved to Iredell County, North Carolina, living on Fifth Creek, near Bethany Church. There they died and there they are buried.

Hugh Hall, issue of the marriage of James Hall and Prudence Roddy, born Iredell County, North Carolina, married Margaret King, in the same place. Samuel Hall, issue of the marriage last noted, born in North Carolina, married Margaret Gregg.

Margaret Gregg, born South Carolina, was daughter of James Gregg of South Carolina, and Mary Wilson, his wife. James Gregg was son of John Gregg and Eleanor, his wife. He was born in Cheraw District, South Carolina. This James was a captain in the Revolution. See "History of Old Cheraw," by Bishop Alexander Gregg. Bishop Gregg was one of the Greggs I am speaking of.

"In 1752, the name of Gregg first appeared on the Pedee. This family was of Scottish origin. Not long after the time of Cromwell a part, if not all of them, removed from the north of Scotland to Londonderry, Ireland, from whence the emigration to America took place. On 3rd July, 1752, John Gregg petitioned Council, stating that he was desirous of settling himself and family in this Province —that his family consisted of himself and wife, one Dutch servant, and five negroes, for whom no grant had been obtained,—and that he was desirous of getting two plots of 500 acres each, which had been surveyed for Mr. John Atkins about 1735-36, and were still lying in the Surveyor-General's office. He obtained grants for 1,350 acres. At the same time Dr. John Gregg petitioned for land lower down, in the fork of Black River and Pedee.

"With John Gregg came a brother, Joseph. They were known, as were many others who came to the Province about the same time, as Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. Such was the Colony in Williamsburg. From these brothers, John and Joseph, descended the large connection of the name, most numerously represented in Marion. Branches of the family settled also in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. The children of John Gregg and Eleanor, his wife, were James, John, Margaret, Robert, Mary, William and Jennet. James, the eldest, married Mary Wilson, of the Presbyterian Colony in Williamsburg, and reared a large family. James Gregg lived on the west side of the river, on Poke Swamp. He was a captain in the Revolution, and with his brothers, who were of age, rendered efficient service in the cause of liberty. Joseph Gregg was also the father of a large family. He was a brave and valiant Whig. John Gregg died about the latter part of the year 1775, having lived long enough to see the beginning of the troubles that were to come upon his children.

"The children of James Gregg were Jennet, who married James Hudson; Mary, who married Adam Marshall;

Sarah, who married a Mr. Jones, and removed to the west at an early period; Margaret, who married Samuel Hall of North Carolina; John, who married his cousin, Jennet Gregg; David, who married Athalinda Brocky; James, who married Cornelia Maxcey; Elizabeth, who married W. Davidson Hall of North Carolina; and Elias, who never married." See "History of the Old Cheraws," Gregg (1905), pages 86-87.

The Samuel Hall and ~~Margaret~~ Mary Gregg named are ancestors of my wife. General Maxcey Gregg of the Confederate army was of that family. In "Lineage Book, Daughters American Revolution," Vol. IV, No. 3259, is given the descent of a member from the original Gregg, and it is set forth that John was a "valiant patriot, active in fierce contest between Whigs and Tories," and that "James was a captain when Charlestown fell, and suffered much from Tory neighbors." James Gregg was a captain in 1777 in command of a company from "old Liberty" below the line of St. Davids, "History of Old Cheraws," page 294. In 1780 Captain James Gregg's company formed part of command of Major Thornby near Charleston and were in that city when it capitulated, *ibid.*, page 301.

"Wherever a few defenceless Whigs could be found, or superior numbers seemed to promise the foe an easy victory, there the Tories hovered around. From the lower settlements on Lynch's Creek up to the North Carolina line above, depredations were committed.

"Among others, Captain James Gregg had been forced, for a considerable time, to conceal himself in Poke Swamp, where he slept in a hollow log, fed by his family, occasionally visiting his residence under cover of darkness. His

STANLEY MOORE, CARMEN MOORE, ETHEL MOORE, A. A. MOORE, JR.
(Photograph taken 1882.)

house was eventually burned, his property destroyed, and his wife and children turned out of doors, *ibid.*

"On one of his expeditions Fanning made not a few of the scattered Whigs along his route feel the effects of his vengeance. Robert Gregg, a brother of Captain James Gregg, was one of the sufferers. Upon Fanning's approach to his house, Gregg attempted to shoot him, but his gun snapped. He then endeavored to make his escape to the swamp, which was near by, but was fired upon and severely wounded in the hip. He fell, and being covered with blood, played his part so well as the Tories came up, that they supposed him to be dead, and left without further molestation. He continued a cripple for life," *ibid.*

My wife's father, Samuel Pike Hall, son of Margaret Gregg, told his daughter (my wife) that he had heard from his mother that when the Tories burned the house of Capt. James Gregg, he (Gregg) lay hid in a briar patch so close that his clothing scorched.

The descendants of James Hall and his wife, Prudence, are numerous in America. Many have been ministers of the Gospel. James, of fourth family, graduated at Princeton and preached the rest of his life. The James who married Margaret King was a chaplain in 1758 in the French and Indian war. Another was a chaplain of the expedition against the Cherokees in 1776. (See Moore's "History of North Carolina," page 222, also pages 320, 445, 404.) He had command once, for a time, of a cavalry company and General Greene offered him a brigadier's commission, but he stuck to the ministry.

Many of them went to Tennessee and Kentucky. Rufus Scott Hall of that family was a lawyer in Tennessee—but they were mainly preachers. Hugh Hall was ensign in General Mercer's 3rd Battalion, 16th Co., May 4th, 1755; on the roll he is certified to as of "reputable and good fame in Lancaster County." (See also Egle, "Notes and Queries," 1894, Vol. 1, page 283. See also "Conewago Congregation of Presbyterians, Londonderry Township, Dauphin County, Penn., 1730-1796." Historical Publications Pennsylvania, 1878.)

Major Wm. A. Phillips, U. S. A., now stationed near New York, and S. P. Hall, a judge of the Appellate Court, California, who lately died, are both descendants of the original Hall in America, the latter being brother of my wife Jacqueline Anne.

CHAPTER XI

THIS traces my wife's father back as far as I know, and I now take up the mother of my wife, Jacqueline Anne Bland, wife of Samuel Pike Hall, who died July 8th, 1907, and is buried at Santa Clara. She was born in North Carolina, daughter of John Bland* of North Carolina, and Jane Moore of Georgia, his wife. This John Bland who married Jane Moore, was son of Theophilus Bland of same State, and his wife, Sarah Joiner. The Blands in the early days were, and they still are, patriotic and useful citizens. Some of them were of great prominence in the early history of Virginia.

There have been born of the marriage of my wife and myself six children, all, save our eldest boy, alive and well and all adult. Named in order of age they are: Ethel Moore, Albert A. Moore, Jr., Carmen Moore, Stanley Moore, Jacqueline Anne Moore and Margaret Moore.

Both of our sons were, like myself, bred to the law, practicing in San Francisco and Oakland. Stanley and I still practice in San Francisco. Our first born son, my namesake, in June, 1914, was suddenly killed in a motor car accident. He was all a man could be; good husband, son, brother, and citizen,

*A grandmother of General Robert E. Lee was a Bland.

sound in mind and body, capable, alert-minded and useful. He was a graduate of the law department of Yale; had been an assistant in the office of the attorney-general of California; a deputy district attorney of Alameda County, and judge of a municipal court. Before he was thirty he had been admitted to practice in all courts in California, State and Federal, and the Supreme Court of the United States. Of late he had retired from practice and engaged in management of his own affairs. He took life earnestly, but with gladness, too. Now he has left us. God rest his soul. We grieve for him continually, with sorrow that must abide, until we lie with him on the hillside.

My oldest daughter, Ethel, is unmarried. A. A. Moore, Jr., married Florence B. Hinckley, who survives him, but there was no issue. Carmen married Walter Augustus Starr, of an old English colonial family. Mr. Starr's remotest American ancestor is Comfort Starr, who settled in New England with or about the time of the Pilgrim Fathers. They have two young boys, W. A. Starr, Jr., and Allen Moore Starr. Stanley was first married to Marion, daughter of William Scott Goodfellow, and his wife, Alice Annoot. There is issue of that marriage, a boy, Albert Arthur Moore, born March 3rd, 1907, first in his generation of the name, in my branch. William Scott Goodfellow was of Scotch origin, born in New Zealand, graduated at Cambridge, England, and later, after admission to the bar, came to California, where he took and kept to his untimely death in 1913,

a place among the best and most prominent members of the bar of California and the West. After the death of his wife, Marion, Stanley Moore married Miss Belle Williams, of Williams, Colusa County, California, and there are living, issue of the marriage, Mary Belle, Elizabeth, and my second Moore grandson, Stanley Williams Moore.

Belle Williams' father was native of Maryland, and for many years in California was a prosperous stock raiser and farmer. Belle's mother, who survives, was born in Dublin, Ireland.

Jacqueline Anne Moore married John J. Valentine, Jr., son of John J. Valentine, deceased, late president Wells Fargo & Company, and his wife, Mary George. Mr. Valentine, Sr., was a native of Kentucky, but of Virginia stock, seated at Williamsburgh. There are three children alive and hearty of the marriage last noted, to wit: Jacqueline Anne Valentine, John J. Valentine, Jr., and Stanley Moore Valentine.

Our youngest daughter, Margaret, was very lately married to Mr. Donald McClure, a young lawyer of San Francisco.

PART II

RECOLLECTIONS

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD IN ILLINOIS

HAVING concluded the genealogy so far as I could, I add some reminiscent data and recollections. I was born November 23rd, 1842. We then lived on the old place in the brick house built by my grandfather. My earliest remembrance is of that place. We left there when I was about five years old, moving into the town of Waterloo, living first in a double log house a short time, and afterwards in a house bought from Joe Young. I can recall my first day at school, it being a big event. I went first to the house of my grandmother O'Melveny, and from there was taken by my cousin Emily (later Mrs. Cabanis) to a school in the basement of the Baptist Church, taught by a man named Phillips. I was whipped on that first day; in fact in my school life I was three times unlucky that way. Later I went to school to a Yankee named Talbot, and after to his sister Jennie. They were good people, and Talbot afterward as a lawyer, became, I think, quite prominent. In that time we had an epidemic of cholera. I had it and can remember that when convalescing, my teacher, Jennie Talbot (we called it "Tolbert") visited me. I went also to a one-eyed

man named Singleton. In his time we had public spelling matches. I very early learned to read, and was a good speller. In looking back it seems to me I have never learned anything in school beyond reading, spelling and writing, and I judge that with the ever-swelling volume of expense attending school and college education, but small per cent of pupils get more than that. A system that spends so much with such meagre results must be all wrong, and would be in large part abandoned but for the politicians, who have ever found vote getting to go with loud praise of the system. Those first schools I went to were not paid by the State or county. The parents paid it. It was not considered that the State owed the citizen anything but the protection of the law, and that doctrine I believe in to-day, qualified to some extent, but not very much. When I left Waterloo at about eight and a half years, I had read the McGuffey Readers and was reciting in Frost's "History of the United States." We bought our own books.

In the spring of 1849, my father, whose fortunes had waned somewhat, left the family in the Joe Young house in Waterloo and went gold seeking to California, crossing the plains by ox teams. The next year he came home, broke. He had in mining at Goodyears Bar near Downieville dug out $2,000. With this he started home by sea, traveling with an acquaintance, a kind of partner. This partner was carrying the sack temporarily, and when they stepped ashore at New Orleans he disappeared around a cor-

ner and was seen no more. Neither was the $2,000 ever seen again. My poor father, thus impoverished, found his way up the river to Harrisonville, the nearest landing, and from thence to his home on foot. Always carry your own sack.

We then bought a small farm near Waterloo, called by us "The Post Oaks." It was in the curious Sink Hole region. We lived there until the spring of 1853. In part of that time my mother taught a neighborhood school, which of course I attended. The schoolhouse was away off in the woods near a spring branch. We used to dig crawfish from the banks, and in season pick hazel nuts, different kinds of hickory nuts, pecans, blackberries, black and red haws, crab apples, dewberries, blueberries, May apples and other things now forgotten. The woods were full of song-birds, including the American mocker. I have noted hog-killing time before Christmas, when the corn-fed hogs were slaughtered for winter use. There are no such spareribs and sausages now. The art is lost. We had great fires of evening in cold weather of oak and hickory wood.

We went every Sunday to Sunday-school and church, which makes me remember, as perhaps I ought not, that Sundays were our dullest days. It was best for us in the long run, though. I am of opinion that the decadence of the religious spirit has much to do with the present slackness in the common morals. I never thought that the love of God kept people straight, but fear of damnation undoubtedly did. "The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom."

If boys and girls were brought up strictly as in my time, there would be fewer crimes of dishonesty and less necessity for the Mann White Slave Law and like legislation, and citizens would now as then support the State instead of shouting that the State should support the people.

Surely my early religious training was good for me. In my childhood, and to the time I left the roof tree, my parents held service morning and evening; sometimes Scripture reading and prayer; at other times song service and prayer. Thus I became early familiar with the Bible, both as literature and faith foundation. The grand imagery and apposite illustration of the Bible, all oriental, based on the physical character of the countries in which scenes are laid, and the modes of life there, with the lofty grandeur of the style, impressed me strongly in childhood and my whole life has borne the impress. One who has seen the hot deserts bordering the valley of old Nile and adjacent dreary rocky mountain wastes can appreciate "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land;" that "the conies are a feeble folk," made so by environment, and that surely "the hart panteth for the water brooks." With or without belief in revealed religion there is sad loss in general cultivation in neglect of Bible study. The prayers and songs of family service and home life left lasting impression of reverence, and loving recollection of the parents. Even the lullabies were religious. My mother often recited tales and verse to me as I came from babyhood to childhood, among which I chiefly remem-

MY FAMILY, TAKEN JUST BEFORE THE MARRIAGE OF A. A. MOORE, JR. (1898)
Back row, standing, from left to right: A. A. Moore, Jr., Ethel Moore, Stanley Moore
Seated, left to right: Mrs. A. A. Moore, Margaret Moore, A. A. Moore, Jacqueline Moore, Carmen Moore

ber "Tam O'Shanter's Ride," "Lady of the Lake," "Gilpin's Ride," and sundry Mother Goose selections, but when eyes grew heavy with the dark, the mother sang "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and like sweet melodies of the time. Every Sunday morning we stood and sang, under lead of the father's voice,—

"Safely through another week
God hath brought us on our way.
Let us now his blessing seek
Waiting in his courts today."

And then we kneeled in prayer. Always on the morning of the New Year, my father, as we stood, led us in the song,—I think it was called Laban—

"Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll 'round with the year and never stand still
Till the Master appear."

The parents were not gloomy nor saddened by religion. They were always good to us and took pleasure and pride in us. I love to think of their kindness, but, too, I love to contemplate them at religious service, their dear voices sounding in song and thankful prayer. Their faith sufficed them, too, without shadow of turning. They thought they *knew* of "the greater weight of glory" following the dread dignity of death. When my mother's sister, Aunt Susan, died, my mother, with brave voice, cheered her in the "hour and article of death," and the last earthly sounds she heard were:

"Lift up your heads, Oh ye Gates!"

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

Their faith was one to die by.

Myself, I have not since childhood belonged to any church, nor since leaving home attended church service. In my professional life I have wanted Sundays with my family. And, too, I got distaste with the practice of many professional and business men who, as it seemed to me, traded on church affiliation to forward interests not connected with the saving of their souls. This has been common, and the pity is that it drives many away. I am persuaded, though, that religious training and study of the Bible in youth makes for character.

Chapter II

I BELIEVE the "Egypt" of Illinois to be the most delightsome place in the world in late spring and early summer. In my garden in Oakland grow the year 'round unfrosted roses, carnations, heliotrope, smilax and other flowering plants, with banana, camphor, tree ferns, maple, oak, palms, birch, rubber tree, magnolia, bamboo, lime, orange, and other shrubs and trees, but it is not like "Egypt." The air is not so good, the perfumes and taste are lacking, or not the same. There is no day in the world to me like the early days of summer at my old home, as I remember them. I could not live there now, though, for the Germans came, and by gradual degree took the land, and I have no ties there save the graves of my kindred. But it may be said that the winters there were pretty bad, and midsummer awfully hot. The California climate for the year around is much more comfortable, even with its sameness. California is my home, too, and that means everything.

That place (Post Oaks) when we left it was acquired by Dr. Copp. When I was there last it was occupied by the widow of Hubert Copp.

The winter of 1852 and spring of 1853 we were getting ready for the long trail to California, and about April, 1853, when I was ten years old, we

pulled out. There were in the train my own family of father, mother, and five boys; the family of my uncle, John Milton Moore, consisting of the father, mother, their daughter and son and my cousin, William Thomas Eckert, an orphan being reared by my uncle; also a grown cousin, John Solon Moore; a family named Dibble, L. G. Cabanis and Joseph Drury. Maybe one of the Demints was along, too. I know he was in California, but he and Drury did not remain long.

We separated at the start. The women and children in charge of John Solon went twenty miles to Illinois Town, now East St. Louis, and crossing the Mississippi to St. Louis took passage on a Mississippi River steamboat called "Ne Plus Ultra." The men with the teams were to meet us again at a place then called "old Fort Kearney," which was just above or below Council Bluffs on the river bank. In my very early childhood I had gone with my parents to Nashville, but I have never remembered it. This start to California was to me my first outing, though I was ten years old. I do not think I had (save the unremembered trip to Nashville) ever been more than ten miles from home. Though only about ten miles from the Mississippi I had only seen it once when I went with my father hauling a load of flour to Harrisonville on the river about, as I think, eight or ten miles from Waterloo. Wagons then had no brakes but were locked with a chain attached to the box, or "body," as we called it. As we drove down the bluff that day I recall yet that I locked the wheel, and

walking alongside to the bottom of the hill struck the chain fastening in a peculiar way so it unlocked without stop. Queer how little things stick in the memory! I had never seen St. Louis, though but twenty miles away, nor a steamboat, so the city, the river and boats and the people made great and exciting novelty.

I note again how queerly forgotten things (if anything is really forgotten) come back. From that April morning in 1853, when I left Waterloo, it was just forty years before I saw it again. In that period I thought I had forgotten locations and appearance, but I had not. I left the railroad station at a point we always called "the old clearing" just back of town, where some one had cut and girdled the timber so it was a waste, in which we played and gathered blackberries. It was no longer waste, but my orientation being instinctively perfect I knew the spot at once. In my days a grassgrown road led from it to the town past the Chaffins and Levens, reaching my home. It looked different, but I knew the street was on the old roadway. On that road with old Mrs. Levens had lived her grandson of my age, named Jenifer Spriggs, commonly called "Goo" Spriggs. I looked for "Goo" in the garden, but forty years had gone and he was no longer there. All seemed German or German-American. I knew where our house had stood, and a kind of sway-backed house of people named Staggers, and went right to them. I knew where Needles Tavern stood, and the house was there yet. Also I walked straight to the house of my grandmother, O'Melveny, and it looked just the same. The Horine house,

painted in my time in a way peculiar in that town, was there yet and painted the same. I went where I used to watch oxen on a treadwheel working a mill, readily finding the spot, but of course "the mill will never grind again." It was gone. The Baptist Church of my first school day was gone, but I knew the spot. I knew at once that the courthouse, though on the site was not the old one, though looking much like it. The Island Pond where I learned to swim across the neck looked much the same but smaller, and I knew just where it was. I went in a buggy to see the place where I was born, two miles away. We went along "the big road" which lay on the site of the old trail from Kaskaskia to Cahokia, and knew it well. It was just as rough and muddy as of yore. In fact when I got there I knew the place as well as ever, though I had seemed to remember but hazily in the passing years.

At the old home place I looked for a cedar tree which stood in the houseyard, and found it still alive, but decadent. I went straight to the spring, which was some distance down a hill and which in my day was covered by a spring house from which the branch meandered through fine old trees. I knew just where it was, but it looked mighty different. I found the house on the same site but all new save the end wall and gable of our brick kitchen, which is embodied in the present wall.

In April, 1853, we "trekked" on the long road to California. I was ten years and a half old. My wife that same season was traveling to the same goal by

WEDDING PARTY AT MARRIAGE OF MY DAUGHTER, JACQUELINE, WITH JNO. J. VALENTINE

Eleven years ago, taken in my garden, January 30, 1904.

The standing figure, extreme right, is my daughter Ethel. I stand next and Mrs. Moore next. The seated figure on right is Mrs. Moore's mother, Mrs. Hall, who holds W. A. Starr, Jr., her great-grandson and son of my daughter, Carmen, seated next.

the southern route through Texas and Arizona. Our route over the emigrant trail made final start from "old Fort Kearney" on the Missouri near Council Bluffs. The trail led up the Platte to the junction of North and South Platte. From there it followed generally the South Platte via Fort Laramie, the Black Hills, Chimney Rock, Independence Rock, Scott's Bluffs, Sweetwater, South Pass, Green River, Fort Bridger, and to Salt Lake. At Salt Lake I was sick, and a Mormon elder wanted to cure me by "laying on of hands," but was not permitted. From Salt Lake our trail led by the Humboldt to its sink; thence crossing long desert to the Carson, and thence to the foot of the Sierra at Reno, then called Truckee Meadows. From there we went along the Truckee to about where Cold Stream falls in near the present town of Truckee. A trail followed up Cold Stream to near the summit and thence by the ice lakes in Summit Valley, then Summit Meadow. I have in late years traced that old abandoned road, showing here and there rocks worn by the wheels of the Argonauts, all now wild waste. From Truckee we ascended by a different trail, passing by Forest City and thence to the Sacramento Valley and city. I preserve less distinct impression of the trip than perhaps I ought to. It now seems blurred together rather as one great incident. I recall the rivers and mountains and Chimney and Courthouse Rocks; the long desert beyond Carson driven day and night, and trudging by the patient oxen in the moonlight that night on the desert. I recall some camp scenes, too. I remember a storm of

wind, lightning and rain on the Platte which blew down our tent. That was the year of greatest travel. In places the road seemed to carry continuous train, so the buffalo and game had all been driven back. I saw but one buffalo.

Chapter III

WE GOT to Sacramento in September (1853), and soon after my father bought a place about a mile from the river, eight miles south of the city on the lower Stockton road. It was a poor place.

In the next summer or early fall (1854) we left that rancho, moving to the south end of San Francisco Bay, then called San Jose Valley. My uncle, with his family, had, on his arrival, located there. This was in Alameda County, which has been the county of my residence ever since. His settlement was about a mile toward Centerville from a schooner-landing on a tide creek. Following Spanish nomenclature then universal, the landing was known as the Embarcadero. We, while looking for a location, stopped about two miles east of the landing near the settlement of McDavid, who also was of Monroe County, Illinois. That place is still called the McDavid place, although his widow, now lately deceased, married Brewer and lived there in that name.

In that fall of 1854 we moved to and settled in Castro Valley, on the place now owned by the Strowbridges. The titles there were possessory only, as it lay within the Mexican grant of Guillermo Castro, and those of the settlers who, like my father, were well disposed, expected, when titles were settled, to

buy the grant titles. We never litigated with Castro nor disputed his title, and remained there but a short time. Poor old Castro, however, never got much enjoyment from his grant, which proved to be perfect. The method adopted by our government to ascertain and protect Spanish and Mexican land grants in California, proved to have been all framed against the Mexican owners.

The situation was perhaps peculiar from the beginning. The first Spanish occupation of old Mexico was treasure hunting simply. The holy fathers came, too, on soul-saving mission, but did not clash with the military treasury-hunting predominance.

The whole story is a fascinating, tragic romance. Myth and fiction gained credence as well with stories more or less authentic concerning treasure. The Seven Cities of Cibola and Quivera were facts to the treasure hunters, and to the Fathers as well, moving in different purpose. I have seen Quivera in divers places on old maps, even so far north as Alaska. The Seven Cities and Quivera were pure myths; but the stories of adventure in the search; of Estevanico (little Stephen), the negro, one of the very first to cross the continent from Atlantic to Pacific, and his tragic death; the long trail of Coronado, the soldier, in that search; the discovery of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in 1542 by Coronado's troop; the end of the trail in (now) Kansas, and the killing of the Indian who had led the way, and the whole relation of the incidents of the period, will repay the student who, in fascination, follows it to the dreary

end, in failure both to the sword and cross. I am saying nothing of the awful cruelty and murderous atrocity of the Spanish occupation of Old Mexico. Read Bernal Diaz.

But as to Upper California and the peninsula as well, on the discovery that there was no wealth of jewels, pearls or riches discoverable in the country, the governmental interest waned, and beyond zeal for the discovery of suitable harbor for passing galleons to and from Manila, sporadic effort against foreigners, and rare feeble attempt at secular settlement, the country fell into the hands of the Church. From thence there was still cross-purpose. The Fathers practically claimed that the whole scheme was saving the souls of the aborigines, and government activity should be confined to the necessary protection of their mission establishments in which, with total self-abnegation, they in solitary places and in great travail reared the cross of the Redeemer, and there living in extreme hardship died in its shadow, together with mainly all their Indians, who perished in changed conditions. The Church gained and kept the ascendancy as no difficult matter, considering the power of their colleges in Old Mexico and Spain, and that the governors and soldiers here were devout sons of the Church.

Up to about 1776 the laity was composed solely of soldiers and retired soldiers. About 1776 the government sent a party of actual settlers, but not many. As time went on the government (first Spanish and later Mexican) granted large tracts mostly to soldiers

on their retirement, and these grantees settling and rearing families on their allotments became the sparse, general population here when American people and government looted them of the country in whole. These rancheros and their descendants were fine, good people and deserved better fate than befell them through the rapacity of our people. They were devout and cheerfully gave to the Fathers each a tenth annually of flocks, herds and increase. Abstemious they were, using wines and liquors in extreme moderation when at all. Their simple lives were pastoral and picturesque.

The Church made no effort for secular education, but at intervals some governor would make attempt, so there were a few (very few) secular schools. The first teacher of a secular school in California was Manuel Vargas, a retired soldier, who taught in San Jose. The system of compulsory education was put in force in 1794 by Governor Borica. We name schools and streets for the inefficient Frémont, the "Pathfinder," who traveled worn trails, and for others of that ilk. Verendreye saw the Rocky Mountains about 100 years before Frémont did. Coronado penetrated from southwest to the center of Kansas about 1542. Americans trapped on the Sacramento and San Joaquin in the twenties. Jedediah Smith was at our Mission of San Jose in 1826, and in a letter to the Padres there, signed "Your brother in Christ." Frémont, in the forties, rode dusty paths. While we teach the children to revere frauds, why

MRS. MOORE AND SOME OF HER GRANDCHILDREN (1908)

Upper row, left to right: Allen Moore Starr, Albert Arthur Moore
Middle: Jacqueline Valentine, Walter A. Starr, Jr.
Lower: J. J. Valentine, Jr.

not skip them a bit and name schools for the old soldier-teacher, Vargas, and Borica, the founder?

One could write on and on of the old Californians. I came here while they were still fairly numerous and as a boy mingled with them, learning in a poor way to speak their tongue. I still know some of the poor, robbed remnant of that people. I liked them and their life, and if time and writing fitness permitted would take pleasure in writing from my viewpoint the melancholy story of their time. The foreign American invasion began in very small way, but with the first, in about 1815, the end was in sight. First there were a few trappers; then a few deserting sailors from ships. These first comers all became Catholic and married California women. Such were tolerated, but others came to join them who knew not the faith, so that when we unjustly waged war on Mexico there were enough to make formidable revolt and we gobbled the country.

Well, this is a long digression, but getting back to the subject of the land laws adopted by us with our seizure. We, of course, under the law of nations, had to protect the property of the Californian owners. What the government did was to establish a commission to examine the titles. About all the land then thought good was in occupation of the Californians under grants. Our people wanted those lands and swarmed over them as "squatters." The act constituting the commission, compelled the native claimants that within limited time they should present and prove their claims or lose them, which was just con-

trary to the ordinary rule of property. Those people were ignorant, careless, and in changed conditions, improvident. Our people wanted the land, and the owners were so poorly protected that in no long time they were practically landless. Castro, of whom I have spoken as owner of Castro Valley, in old age, ruined in fortune, left the country and died in foreign parts, and is now only remembered by his name, which still clings to beautiful Castro Valley.

Chapter IV

THE first school I attended in California was in Castro Valley. In the fall of 1855 we bought from Otho Morgan a farm about two miles from Centerville, towards Mowry's Landing (as the old Embarcadero had come to be called). We afterward sold that place to Threlfall, so it could be located by the county records, if desired. We lived there to the fall of 1858. I first, while there, went to a school in Centerville, driving a little mare I owned, to a small wagon made from a dismantled old buggy. I was proud of the outfit, which my mother called a "curricle." Then the neighbors built a rude schoolhouse near Mowry's Landing, and I went there, taught by Mr. Frick, who made a tolerable good record on me once with a strap. There I made acquaintance with two neighbor boys, Omar and Henry Lynch. I know those boys yet and to each other we are boys still, albeit rather mature lads. Today they are the living persons I have known longest of all people, save my brother, and two or three relatives. They are good folks.

Maybe it is fond foolishness, but as I think of that remote past I like to write of it, even though awkwardly, for I have never before written a line outside professional work. I am thinking of a pastoral

life without great event or stirring adventure; a general level but filled with minor incidents, little adventures, sunny skies; the light of household fires; the mother, father, brothers and young companions, even the horses and dogs I have known; things probably not arousing interest, and so as to the most, I pass them to oblivion. What becomes of the facts of a life, or of a family life, when all who knew them are dead?

We raised wheat and cattle. The Californians of the country, although sadly waned in fortune, still had flocks and herds, and in measure lived the old fascinating life; so we rode with the vaqueros, with the same jingling spurs, riatas and general Mexican outfit and horses. Those horses, here now extinct, were descended from those brought by Cortez to Mexico. They had become undersized, but of their size they were the best in the world. I have now three of the breed lately brought from Mexico. The vaqueros around their fires or in the shade of tree, or adobe wall, sang in their fetching falsetto, their old songs, all of love, and as with most Spanish ballad music, sad.

A few miles away from that home, upon the slope of the Sierra, was the old Mission of San Jose—its full name was "Mision del Gloriossimo Patriarca Señor San Jose"—and from its church tower every Sunday morning we heard over the valley the clang clang of a very imperfect chime. It sounded well to us though, and it does yet when I hear it, for though the old padres are gone and the Spanish ranchero no

longer leads his family to the church-going bell; though the Indian converts are gone, and the graveyard is fat with the dead of the dead days, the same old bells still call the faithful, now Portuguese, colonized from the Azores, who have taken the valley even as Spain took it from the Indians; as Mexico took it from Spain, and as we took it from the Mexicans. The church tower, the chimes and the cross call the faithful of a different race, but they call and recall to me more than I can tell, of a vanished time and of my boyhood and boyhood companions.

There were no fences, so the stock had to be herded from the crops, or taken away while crops grew and were harvested, so in the two seasons we cropped there, my cousin Eckert and I kept our stock and that of my uncle in the mountains just back of the old Mission. The hut we lived in was on the knoll, cut by the road, just below the house now owned by Overacker on Mission Creek. Those hills were then unclaimed and unfenced. We bought the right from sheep men who had built the hut and a corral. The corral ran from the house to the low rock abutment still there just across the road which runs through our corral. We lived there alone two seasons (1857, 1858). When we went there I was fourteen and Eckert six months younger. I do not say we liked it much, but certainly we were not unhappy. If such thing can be, we were unknowingly happy. In the Suñol Valley adjacent lived Selaya, mäjordomo for Suñol. They still had a good many cattle and we sometimes went there to see the rodeos or round-ups. The Selaya

ranch house was on the south side of the valley on what was later called the Rogan place.

Sundays we went home, clattering down the trail along Mission Creek right where the road is now, through the Mission, past the corner of the old adobe still standing, and down by the old Indian graveyard, in which a cross then stood, and so on to the "Nigger Corner" (now Irvington), and thence by convenient road or as we chose to our home, usually in time to join the family procession to church at Centerville.

I recall without pleasure that on stated missionary Sundays in that church, while "the spicy breezes blew soft o'er Ceylon's Isle," I was reluctantly parted from a dime or two for the heathen.

I knew then the Bible truth that the heathen who knew not and had no chance to know of the redemption were not judged by the law, and that damnation was likely for some of those heathen who, through my financing, had received the law, but died unrepentant. I judged that many in that plight would be entirely ruined. I knew too, that five thousand of those supposedly converted heathen lay buried at my old Mission San Jose—I passed their weed-grown graves daily—killed by changed conditions and disease brought by the soldiers who captured and held them for conversion, and that the shouts of religious fervor of those Indians had mingled with their death songs.

At one time when the neophytes in our old Mission died too rapidly to be shriven, Father Duran, in charge, sorrowfully set down in Church record,

1. The Spring at Bellefontaine, as it looks now.
2. Mrs. Stanley Moore, with her three children—Mary Belle, Elizabeth, and my second Moore grandson, Stanley Williams Moore.
3. My daughter, Jacqueline, and her son, Stanley.
4. Some of the grandchildren in the garden, and the dog Prince.

"These Indians are fragile as glass." I considered I owed the heathen nothing, anyway, save good will, and sorrowed that bringing them the law had exterminated the unhappy tribesmen.

The old sycamore which stands at the turn of Mission Creek stood there then, looking as old as it does now. Once Eckert, myself and a hired man visiting us from the home place, climbed that tree and cut our names in the bark. The hired man was a queer sailorman, named Benjamin Thompson Hurd. We had another, a Yankee sailor, who used to visit us there, named Harry Hodges. I remember him chiefly by reason that he always came (about seven miles) afoot, which in those days when saddle horses were plenty, we thought most singular, and, too, he was a mighty singer. He read music, sang through his nose, and intoned fugues and other church melody with my father, who loved singing.

Our people did not like idleness, and compelled us to milk a good many cows and churn butter. We made mighty poor, rank butter, and carrying it home as we did, did not improve it, so in time the demand slackened and we had more leisure.

In those days there was every year in the Mission a bull fight, the play lasting two or three days. Formerly it had been the practice also to fight wild range bulls against grizzly bears. The bears were lassoed by the vaqueros in the mountains adjacent or sometimes on the plain and dragged to the arena on bullock hides. Both animals were fastened to long

ropes and so fought. But that had all passed before my time.

A bull fight in our old Mission was thus: Just about where the old Ehrman brick store stands, a strong, high-planked fence was built, taking in the whole street save a narrow space on each side. The Mission then was all of adobe buildings. Where Solon now has his place stood a two-story adobe. Just back of that and next beyond the old adobe now in Solon's yard, was an adobe corral with the entrance just south of Solon's house.

The bulls were driven in from the range either of Vallejo, who lived where the boulder saloon is, or of Higuera at the Warm Springs, or Bernal, Suñol, Alviso or other rancheros, and impounded in the corral. The old men never rode in the game, but gathered from all the ranchos with their families, young men, vaqueros and tame Indians, all on horses, save the women, who rarely rode, but came in carretas, which are carts with solid wheels cut from a log, and wooden construction throughout, bound by rawhide strips, drawn by oxen. The ox yokes were bound tightly just behind the horns. Mostly the spectators were not seated, but a part of the enclosure faced a rude tier of seats occupied by the more important. I never had a seat. A few musicians (mostly guitarists) played in the ring fronting the seats, and sang also, while two or three clowns or harlequins made amusement. This all, of course, between acts. The bulls were fought much as today in Mexico and Spain, except that they were not killed, and the horseman-

ship of the Californians was brilliant and daring, in strong contrast with custom in Spain.

I have seen a bull fight in Madrid and noticed the contrasts, and also great difference in the bulls. The bulls in Spain are large, stocky brutes, bred and raised on farms for that purpose. Really they are tame cattle, trained to fight. I saw in Seville a training establishment in the yards of which such training goes on. I think they would not fight if not greatly harassed. Our bulls were range cattle, never touched except in branding, rarely seeing people, practically wild animals, small, lean, wiry beasts, and vicious on slight provocation, of much quicker motion than Spanish bulls.

I once saw in the Mission a tame Indian killed in the ring. He had forced his way in, and being drunk did not allow his horse to keep clear. The horse and rider were thrown heavily and the Indian killed by the fall. Another time I saw my brother James McKendree climb into that ring to rescue a kitten some one had tossed in while the fight was on. When a bull had fought his stunt he was turned loose in the street and the vaqueros pursuing him to the hills practiced on him as he ran the "colliar," that is, the one who first reached him ran swiftly beside the bull, grasped his tail, and twisting it around his saddle horn, by swift jump forward threw the bull headlong. I mean he did it if he could, but frequently failed, as the trick takes dexterity.

These bulls were turned up Mission Creek, on which we boys spent two seasons, on the road to our

present rancho. Once when driving home my cows, afoot, about where the little bridge is, below Overackers, I came upon a bull just out of the ring. I was so close behind him that I could have seized his tail, but it would have served no useful purpose. He, on sight of me, ran through the brush on one side of the trail, while I bent my steps—and all else that hindered—through and over the shrubbery on the other side. The bull fight in 1858 was the last at that Mission. The old regime was passing.

The valley in Tulare County was called Tulare Plains, and there were wild horses there, descended from escapes from the ranchos, and horses stolen by Indians. Sometimes these horses were captured. We had an old white horse named Tulare, who had been thus captured. We broke him, but he was a poor specimen. Once my brother Emmet and I were riding home from the rancho, I riding this old Tulare, when just opposite the old Indian cemetery, Tulare fell. My foot hung in stirrup and the old fellow arose and dragged me swiftly, but had not made many jumps before Emmet roped him and I escaped unhurt. We thought lightly of such then.

Annually at the old Mission, there was held a Catholic function, the nature of which I do not know, but as a kind of lay popular adjunct, the Catholic population hung high in the street a stuffed image of Judas, the betrayer of the Master. This performance was not solemn—quite the contrary. The image was loaded with squibs and fire works, one of which—the last to explode—was sufficient to demolish it. I was

there only once, but at that time we protestants present being as hostile to Judas as anybody, joined heartily in. We cavorted about, and threw rocks at the unhappy J., joining with hot wrath in abuse and execration and whooping loudly as any, at his final destruction. It was thought—and said, too—that the betrayer would long remember the drubbing he got that day. One sometimes wishes time might reverse his flight, and as a boy again he might take another whack at Judas.

In 1856 came the Fremont election. My family were all enthusiastic Republicans, as we still are, barring some of the enthusiasm, since political holy rollers, long-haired Progressive cranks and reformers for job, have so nearly ruined the party. Time has shown that Fremont was unfit, and his defeat was best all around.

I think it was in 1858 that the completion of the Atlantic cable was celebrated in San Francisco, which city lay from us across the bay and some thirty-five miles away. I had then never been in San Francisco. Our town was San Jose, lying in the next county, about fifteen miles. I was not allowed to go to the celebration, so I loaned my horse Bronco to Omar Lynch, and stood in the gray dawn to see Omar and my brothers start for the trip. In the start Bronco threw Omar fairly hard, but the horse was caught. Omar, although the fall had done him no good, remounted, and to the jingling of their spurs and merry shout, they galloped away, while I stood sad. I feel sad yet, when I think of that disappointment.

On our cattle range there stood as remotest bound of stock wandering, an oak tree, at the side of what had been the old Spanish trail to the Calaveras. I once found a saddle and bridle that had been hidden near the trail and that tree, as I suppose by some horsethief. I annexed them. We for some romantic reason called that tree "the blasted cypress." I tell this because that tree and the trace of the old trail lie on the rancho (our summer home) owned by the family these many years. I have known that tree fifty-eight years, and it does not appear to have grown. I know another solitary oak by the road between Niles and Decoto for the same time, which does not grow. There was, too, a large sycamore by the roadside at crossing of Dry Creek. Eckert and I have rested under it. I think the young tree there now has grown from the stump.

About game and fish. When I was a boy, geese and most kinds of ducks were in myriads all over the valley of the bay, but bear and deer were scarce in the adjacent hills by reason that from 1849 to 1852 market hunters for the San Francisco market had shot the country out. The hills from Berkeley to San Jose had been about the best bear country in the State, if we except Paso Robles, where the brother of my wife as late as 1854, when fifteen years old, killed seven grizzly bears in one season. Deer are more plentiful in our Mission hills now than they were in 1857. Before the Americans came, though, the whole country had fairly teemed with game and fish.

THE FAMILY (OCTOBER, 1912)

This picture, taken in the garden, shows the family entire as it then was. Reading from left to right, standing: Stanley, Ethel, Jacqueline, Jno. J. Valentine, Walter Starr, Margaret, young Jacqueline Valentine. Seated, left to right: Mrs. Stanley Moore with her baby, Mary Belle. Standing next her is Albert Arthur. Sitting on ground, Jack Valentine. Seated next is Mrs. Moore, holding Stanley Valentine. Next is A. A. Moore, then W. A. Starr, Jr., Carmen holding her son Allen, Florence Moore, and A. A. Moore, Jr., her husband. In front are the dogs, Prince and Fido.

The aborigines here when the Spanish came had no suitable weapons. They were not expert bowmen and relied on snaring mainly. The native population was so sparse as to affect the supply little if at all. In the region about our bay they seem to have lived on the seeds of oats and grasses, with grasshoppers, in season clams, some oysters, with geese and ducks aplenty. They left, here and there, large mounds of kitchen midden which tell the story. Judge Henshaw and I once made excavation in a large mound near the Coyote Hills in which we found the mass of material to be of shells and the bones of water fowl, together with some bones of deer, elk and wolves. We found there, too, several of the old inhabitants permanently located.

There is on our rancho the traces of an old Indian village—mortars, pestles, burned fireplaces and the like. Doubtless it was a summer camp resorted to for game and berries.

The Indians snared ducks by nets of wood fibre. I have heard that when the Americans came the few Indians left were still netting at the lagoon near Irvington. One of the lasting memories of my boyhood is of hearing in the evenings the rush of wings and calls of the ducks as in millions they flew from the bay to the fields. I have seen many times geese feeding on the fields so numerous that maybe twenty acres would seem entirely covered. When I lived in the valley neither we nor the neighbors shot much, and we did not fish at all. It was quite a trip to good trout fishing. I have done a good deal of both hunt-

ing and fishing, however, since then, and my boys have both been fond of sports afield.

In the fall of 1858 we sold that place near the landing and bought a place near Niles, then called Vallejo's Mill. It is on the creek half a mile below the bridge and now known as the Clough place. Clough's house stands just where ours did. At that time the place was interspersed with many large sycamores. That was the year of the great comet. The life there was much the same as on the other place, except that a butcher named Donovan jumped our cattle range. Thus being without range the cattle no longer figured.

I went to school a good deal to a schoolhouse about midway between Niles and Centerville, toward Niles from the old Blacow place, on the Centerville-San Jose road. I was taught there by F. P. Dann, Judge Nye, and others. It seems queer; I do not feel old at all and am persuaded by my friends I do not look so; I ride, drive, motor, fish, work and generally enjoy outdoor activities, but of my schoolmates there (about sixty) I think but few are still alive. They must have been unlucky or ailing. Some of course I have lost track of who may be living—probably are—but of those I knew intimately, I only recall two or three girls, and of the boys, J. M. Alviso, Charley Overacker, Billie Blacow and two Threlfalls. Some of these I never see and the others rarely, but they are alive. The teachers are dead.

Two summers I with my own horse bucked straw for threshers. One or two seasons we had a machine and I worked with it, threshing for neighbors. The

season was about sixty days. About 1860 there was a celebration by all the schools, held in Castro Valley. I was fortunate to get the prize for our school in declamation, but as I think of it now there should have been no prize at all, none of us having any training in selection of matter or in elocution. It was all luck.

Chapter V

IN THE fall of 1860 I went to Sacramento. I there lived with my double cousin, Emily Cabanis, and went to the Sacramento High School. In the summer of 1861 I was home again and wanted to go to the war. I trained diligently under a Mr. Eigenbrodt, who lived at Alvarado, and was gathering men for what was called the California Hundred. My parents stopped that and I suppose it was lucky for me, young and very green as I was. A neighbor boy, Fillebrown, did join. Eigenbrodt and Fillebrown were both killed.

That summer we threshed with our machine for farmers. That winter, 1861-2, was very wet. The Alameda at Niles was unfordable for two weeks. I remember swimming it on a mare named Dolly. My father once rode her in a race against me. We ran (I afoot) fifty yards to turn a stake and return. Pa was nearly as big as Dolly, so I thought to beat, but he won easily.

In the spring of 1862 I went to the old Methodist College at Santa Clara, called University of the Pacific. It is in existence yet. I remained there a year, returning home about July, 1863. In that fall I went to the county seat, San Leandro, and began to study law under Judge Noble Hamilton, then county judge.

MRS. MOORE AND MARGARET

1. In Japan (October, 1911); 2. In Egypt (January, 1913)

I was admitted in February, 1865. In March, 1865, I went to Idaho Territory with my new profession to "try it on the dog," as it were. I was unlearned and very raw, with no knowledge of making my way, and no backing. I was not a good mixer. At first I was very sick and maybe would have died but for the care of my brother Theodore. Well, when I got up I had little money, no books and no acquaintances. I got a job then as office deputy with Mr. Stanford, the sheriff (cousin of the Railroad Stanford). It did not seem feasible at all to get business. It was a poor camp anyway, so I held on with Stanford.

I had a good many adventures, mostly amusing, but some almost tragic, and in the fall of 1866 I came home to San Leandro where my people then lived. I was over twenty-three years old. I had lived an easy, careless life, as country boys are apt to do if they can, and as I could by reason that my parents were indulgent. My technical education was deficient, though in general reading I was well up, and somewhat in law, but I had saved nothing, was not established, and my way was to make. I was afraid to attempt to practice and wait for work, so I took position with Mr. Amerman, who in our system was county clerk, clerk of the courts, auditor and recorder. I began as a copyist. Things ran on so I was making good wages and spending them, and then something happened.

As I sat on a horse rack in front of my boarding house one evening there passed by a young lady. Children, it was your mother. She is getting old now, yes, old and gray, too, but then—well, in a book like

this that will meet other eyes than yours, I will only say I viewed her with instant approval, and I do yet.

Her family had met misfortune bravely. Born of parents comfortably situated on a plantation near Shreveport, but in Texas, the parents in her early childhood had moved to this State, with all the comforts then obtainable. The father had left valuable land unsold in Texas, and was a man of means, owning valuable land in Santa Clara County, and herds of stock near Paso Robles. His daughters were sent to school in the Female Institute at Santa Clara. While all seemed well he sickened and after a long illness died about 1860, leaving a widow and young children. That year or the next came a drought and the cattle died. The oldest son, going to Arizona on a mining venture, was accidentally killed. The mother, without business training or competent advice, soon through defective title and otherwise lost the remnant.

At that point my wife and her older sister Margaret took up the burden. Mrs. Moore graduated at fourteen and the sisters sought schools to teach, and thus kept the family together. They were plucky girls, thus to take the burden unexpected and unanticipated. Well, when I met Mrs. Moore she had just begun teaching at San Leandro, where I lived. Her family then lived in San Francisco, where she soon got a teacher's position, so she was in San Leandro but short time. In October, 1868, came an earthquake in which the courthouse was destroyed. I was late that morning, but Mr. Josselyn, the head deputy,

was on hand and was killed. I took his place and served to November, 1870.

In November, 1870, I resigned my position, moved to Oakland, and opened a law office. In June following she also resigned and we were married. In the following January (1872) I took office as district attorney of Alameda County, which I held four years. Since then I have not held or sought any office of any kind.

We first lived in a little house still standing on Sixth Street near Brush, where Ethel was born. Then under compulsion to live at the county seat we lived in San Leandro a short time, in the Harlan house (still standing) just across the creek from the town. Then we moved to a house on the southwest corner of Fifth Avenue and East Eleventh Street, Oakland, where we lived ten years. There my children, A. A. Moore, Jr., Carmen and Stanley were born. In 1880 we built the home we still live in, Jacqueline and Margaret being born there, and Carmen's son Walter and Jacqueline's daughter Jacqueline were born there, too.

Since our marriage I have continuously practiced in Oakland and San Francisco, moving my office to the latter place in 1898, where it still is, and where as Moore and Moore, my son Stanley and I pursue our labors.

I have said nothing of my professional life of forty-five years' continuous professional work, in which I am still engaged, though not as actively as formerly. My business has been mainly in litigated cases—trials

and courtroom work. One could write a volume upon an active career of forty-five years at the bar, yet while it has been my life work, full of ever-shifting incident, dull, intensely exciting, prosaic, tragic by turns, I doubt if the recital would interest. The names of most of my brethren with whom I began have "been carved full many a year on the tomb." Still a goodly number of the old fellows close ranks, touch elbows and go our way full of cheer and with such philosophy as we can. Lawyers of the old time, before the profession became so strongly commercialized, were and they still are among themselves, almost always companionable. Many of my best friends and most cheery companions have been of my brethren with whom I conflicted often. I believe that a good lawyer is the best citizen. However, it is a hard life at best and as things are now I would not advise any young man to be a lawyer. The handicap is too heavy. This closes my remarks.

APPENDIX I

NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM BIGGS*

In the year 1788, March 28th, I was going from Bellfontaint to Cahokia, in company with a young man named John Vallis, from the State of Maryland; he was born and raised near Baltimore. About 7 o'clock in the morning I heard two guns fired; by the report I thought they were to the right; I thought they were white men hunting; both shot at the same time. I looked but could not see any body; in a moment after I looked to the left and saw sixteen Indians, all upon their feet with their guns presented, about forty yards distant from me, just ready to draw trigger. I was riding between Vallis and the Indians in a slow trot, at the moment I saw them. I whipped my horse and leaned my breast on the horse's withers, and told Vallis to whip his horse, that they were Indians. That moment they all fired their guns in one platoon; you could scarcely distinguish the report of their guns one from another. They shot four bullets into my horse, one high up in his withers, one in the bulge of the ribs near my thigh, and two in his rump, and shot four or five through my great coat. The moment they fired their guns they ran towards us and yelled so frightfully, that the wounds and the yelling of the Indians scared my horse so that he jumped so suddenly to one side of the road, that my gun fell off my shoulder, and

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*Wm. Biggs was a brother of the wife of Captain James Moore.

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†Belle Fontaine is the name of a magnificent spring of water near the town of Waterloo, Ill., situated on what was originally the homestead of the pioneer hero, Captain James Moore, and now owned by his great-grandchildren.

twisted out of my hand; I then bore all my weight on one stirrup, in order to catch my gun, but could not. I had a large bag of beaver fur, which prevented me from recovering my saddle, and having no girth nor crupper to my saddle, it turned and fell off my horse, and I fell with it, but caught on my feet and held by the mane; I made several attempts to mount my horse again; but the Indians running up so close, and making such a frightful yelling, that my horse jumped and pranced so that it was impossible for me to mount him again, but I held fast to my horse's mane for twenty or thirty yards; then my hold broke and I fell on my hands and knees, and stumbled along about four or five steps before I could recover myself. By the time I got fairly on my feet, the Indians were about eight or ten yards from me—I saw then there was no other way for me to make my escape but by fast running, and I was determined to try it, and had but little hopes at first of my being able to escape. I ran about one hundred yards before I looked back—I thought almost every step I could feel the scalping knife cutting my scalp off. I found I was gaining ground on them. I felt encouraged and ran about three hundred yards farther, and looking back saw that I had gained about one hundred yards, and considering myself quite out of danger. A thought then occurred to me, that I was as safe and out of danger as I would be if I were in the City of Philadelphia; the Indians had quit yelling and slacked their running—but I did not know it then. It being a tolerable cold morning and I was very heavily clad, I thought perhaps the Indians would give me a long chase, and probably that they would hold out better than I could; although at that time I did not feel the least tired or out of breath. I concluded to throw off my two coats and shoes, as I would then be better prepared for a long race. I had my great coat tied around me with a silk handkerchief pretty much worn—I recollect tying it with a slip knot, but being in a hurry, it was drawn into a double hard knot; I tried some little time to get it loose—the longer I tried the harder the knot seemed to get, that stopped my running considerably; at length I broke it by

SWIMMING POOL AT RANCHO

some means, I do not know how. In the morning I forgot to put on my shot pouch before I put on my great coat, and then put it on over it. I pulled off the sleeves of my great coat, not thinking of my shot-pouch being over the coat, it having a very short strap, the coat got so tight in the strap that I could not get it loose for a considerable time. Still trying, it hung down and trailed on the ground, and every two or three steps it would wrap around my legs and throw me down, and I would catch on my hands and knees, it served me so several times, so that I could make no head-way at running. After some considerable time, I broke the strap and my great coat dropped from me—I had no knife with me.

The Indians discovered that something was the matter and saw me tumbling down several times. I suppose they thought I was wounded and could run no farther; they then set up the yell again and mended their gait running. By the time I got my great coat loose from me, and was in the act of pulling off my under coat, I was pulling off one sleeve, I looked back over my shoulder, but had not time to pull it off—the Indians being within ten yards of me. I then started again to run, but could not gain any ground on them, nor they on me; we ran about one hundred yards farther and neither appeared to gain ground. There was a small pathway that was a little nearer than to keep the big road,—I kept the big road, the Indians took the path, and when we came where the path comes into the big road, the Indians were within three or four yards from me—we ran forty or fifty steps farther and neither appeared to gain ground. I expected every moment they would strike me with their tomahawks. I thought it would not do to be killed running like a coward and saw no other way to make my escape than to face about and to catch the tomahawk from the first that attempted to strike me, and jerk it from him, which I made no doubt but I was able to do; then I would have a weapon to fight with as well as them, and by that means I would be able to make my escape. They had thrown down their guns before they gave me chase, but I had not fairly faced about before an

Indian caught me by the shoulder and held his tomahawk behind him and made no attempt to strike me. I then thought it best for me not to make any resistance till I would see whether he would attempt to strike me or not. He held me by the shoulder till another came up and took hold of me, which was only four or five moments; then a third Indian came up, the first Indian that took hold of me took the handle of his tomahawk and rubbed it on my shoulder and down my arm, which was a token that he would not kill me and that I was his prisoner. Then they all took their hands off me and stood around me. The fourth Indian came up and attempted to strike me, but the first Indian that caught me pushed him away. He was still determined to kill me, and tried to get around to my back; but I still faced round as he was trying to get to my back—when he got up by my side, he drew his tomahawk the second time to strike me, but the same Indian pushed him off again and scolded him very much—he let his tomahawk hang by his side, but still intended to kill me if he could get an opportunity. The other Indians watched him very closely. There were but four Indians that gave me chase; they were all naked except their breachcloth, leggins and moccasins. They then began to talk to me in their own language, and said they were Kickapoos; that they were very good Indians, and I need not be afraid, they would not hurt me, and I was now a Kickapoo and must go with them; they would take me to the Matocush, meaning a French trading town on the Wabash River. When the Indians caught me I saw Mr. Vallis about one hundred yards before me on the road—he had made a halt. They shot him in the left thigh, about seven or eight inches above the knee; the ball came out just below his hip; his horse was not injured—he rode an elegant horse which carried him out of all farther danger—his wound mortified, he lived six weeks after he was wounded, then died. I understood their language, and could speak a little. They then told me to march; an Indian took hold of each of my arms, and led me back to where they shot at me, and then went about half a mile further off the road, where they

had encamped the night before and left their blankets and other things. They then took off my under coat and tied my hands behind my back, and then tied a rope to that, tying about six or seven feet long. We then started in a great hurry, and an Indian held one end of the rope while we were marching. There were but eight Indians marched in company with me that morning from the camp. The other eight took some other route, and never fell in with us again, until some time after we got out to their towns. We had marched about three or four miles from that camp when Vallis arrived at the fort, about six miles from where they caught me, where they fired a swivel to alarm the people who were out of the fort—when the Indians heard the swivel they were very much alarmed, and all looked that way and hallowed yough, yough. They then commenced running, and run in a pretty smart trot of a run for five or six miles before they halted, and then walked very fast until about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when they separated, I supposed to hunt, having nothing to eat. The old chief and one of the other Indians kept on a straight course with me. We traveled about three miles, when we got a little way into a small prairie and halted about fifteen minutes; there one of the party fell in with us; he had killed a bear and brought as much of the meat with him as he could carry. We then crossed the prairie and came to a large run about one mile and a half from where we had halted to rest. By this time three Indians had joined us. We halted there, made a fire and roasted the bear meat; the other two Indians staid behind as spies. Whilst the meat was cooking, the Indians held a council what they would do with the Indian that wanted to kill me. He was a young fellow about 19 years of age and of a different nation, being a Pottowatema. They did not want him to go to war with them; they said he was a great coward and would not go into danger till there was no risk to run, then he would run forward and get the best of the plunder, and that he would not be commanded; he would do as he pleased; was very selfish and stubborn, and was determined to kill me if he could get a chance. They determined in

their council to kill him. It is a law with the Indians when they go to war, if an Indian will not obey the counsels and commands of his captain or chief, to kill them. When their meat was cooked, they ate very hearty, and when they were done eating, three of the Indians got up, put on their budgets and started, this young Indian was one of them. I also got up to show a willingness to be ready. The old chief told me to sit down, and the three Indians started off. In about three or four minutes after we started, but varied a little in our course. We had not traveled more than one hundred yards when we heard the report of a gun. The old chief then told me that they had killed the Indian that wanted to kill me. The other two Indians fell in company with us before night. We then traveled till about 10 o'clock in the night, when we encamped at a large grove of timber in a prairie, about four miles from the edge of the woods; made no fire that night. We traveled about forty miles that day. After they rested a while they sat down to eat their jirk. They gave me some but I could not eat any. After they were done eating, one of the Indians was sitting with his back against a tree, with his knife lying between his legs. I was sitting facing him with my feet nearly touching his. He began to inquire of me of what nation I belonged to. I was determined to pretend that I was ignorant and could not understand him. I did not wish them to know that I could speak some Indian language, and understand them better than I could speak. He first asked me in Indian if I was a Mattocush, (that is a Frenchman in English). I told him no. He asked me if I was a Sagenash, (an Englishman). I told him no. He again asked if I was a Shemolsea, (that is a long knife or a Virginian). I told him no. He then asked me if I was a Bostonely, (that is American). I told him no. About one minute afterwards, he asked me the same questions over again. I then answered him yes; he then spoke English and caught up his knife in his hand, and said "you are one dam son of a bitch." I really thought he intended stabbing me with his knife. I knew it would not do to show cowardice, I being pretty well acquainted with their

IN OUR GAME PARK AT RANCHO

1. Elk; 2. Deer; 3. Llama (the horsemen are A. A. Moore and Arthur Moore); 4-5. Deer

manner and ways. I then jumped upon my feet and spoke in Indian and said manetway, kien, depaway, in English it is no, I am very good, and clapped my hand on my breast when I spoke and looked very bold; the other Indians all set up such ha! ha! and laugh that it made the other Indian look very foolish. He sat still and looked very sulky. After they had rested a while, they began to prepare to lay down. They spread down a deer-skin and blanket for me to lay on. They had tied a rope around my arms above my elbows, and tied that rope across my back, and a rope around my neck; they then tied the end of another rope behind to the neck rope, then down my back to the pinion rope; they then drew my hands forward across my stomach and crossed my wrists; then tied my wrists very tight; then tied my legs together, just below my knees; then tied my feet together with a rope around my ankles; then took a small cord and tied in between my wrists, and also between my ankles very tight, in order to prevent me from drawing out my hands or feet; then they took another cord and tied one end to the neck rope; then to the hand rope; then from the hand rope to the knee rope; they then took a rope about six feet long and tied one end to the wrist rope, and the other end to a stake about six feet from me stretched very tight, and an Indian laid on that rope all night; then they took another rope about the same length, and tied one end to the knee rope and the other end to a stake, and another Indian laid on that all night; then they tied a large half-dressed elk rope, one end to the back part of the neck rope which made a knot as big as my fist, the other end they tied to a stake about six feet from my head. When they finished their tying me, they covered me with a blanket. They tied me in the aforegoing way nine nights in succession; they had me stretched and tied so tight, that I could not move one inch to turn or rest myself; that large knot was on the back of my neck, so that I was obliged to lay on it all night, and it hurt my neck very much. I never suffered as much in the same length of time in all my life; I could hardly walk when we got out to their town. They never made me carry

anything except a blanket they gave me to keep myself warm, when they took all my clothes from me. The Indians carried a deer-skin and blanket all the way for me to lodge upon. When my hands and feet became sore with the tying, the Indians would always pull off my moccasins at night and put them on in the morning, and patch them when they would require it.

The second day we started very early in the morning and traveled about thirty-five miles, which was the 29th of March.

The third day we traveled about thirty miles, which was the 30th of March. They killed a deer that day—in the evening they took the intestines out of the deer and freed them of their contents, when they put them in the kettles with some meat and made soup. I could not eat any of it.

The fourth day we traveled about twenty-five miles. We stopped about 3 o'clock in the afternoon at a pond. They staid there all night. They had some dried meat, tallow, and buffalo marrow, rendered up together, lashed and hung upon a tree about twenty feet from the ground, which they had left there in order to be sure to have something to eat on their return. They killed two ducks that evening. The ducks were very fat. They picked one of the ducks, and took out all its entrails very nice and clean, then stuck it on a stick, and stuck the other end of the stick in the ground before the fire, and roasted it very nice. By the time the duck was cooked, one of the Indians went and cut a large block out of a tree to lay the duck upon; they made a little hole in the ground to catch the fat of the duck while roasting. When the duck was cooked, they laid it on this clean block of wood, then took a spoon and tin cup, and lifted the grease of the duck out of the hole and took it to the cooked duck on the table, and gave me some salt, then told me to go and eat. I sat by and eat the whole of the duck, and could have eat more if I would have anything more to eat, though I had no bread. I thought I had never eat anything before that tasted so good. That was the first meal I had eaten for four days. The other duck they pulled a few of the largest feathers out off, then

threw the duck, guts, feathers and all into their soup-kettle, and cooked it in that manner.

The fifth day we traveled about thirty miles. That night I felt very tired and sore, my hands, arms, legs and feet had swelled and inflamed very much by this time; the tying that night hurt me very much, indeed. I thought I could not live until morning; it felt just like a rough saw cutting my bones. I told the Indians I could not bear it, it would kill me before morning, and asked them to unslack or unloose the wrist rope a little, that hurt me the most. They did so, and rather more than I expected, so much that I could draw my hands out of the tying, which I intended to do as soon as I thought the Indians were asleep. When I thought the Indians were all asleep I drew my right hand out of the tying, with an intention to put it back again before I would go to sleep, for fear I should make some stir in my sleep and they might discover me. But, finding so much more ease, and resting so much better, I fell asleep before I knew it, without putting my hand back into the tying. The first thing I knew about 3 o'clock in the morning, an Indian was sitting astraddle me, drawing his tomahawk and rubbing it across my forehead, every time he would draw a stroke with the pipe of his tomahawk, he threatened to kill me, and saying I wanted to run away; I told him to kill away. I would as leave die as live. I then told him I was not able to run away. He then got off me, and the rest of the Indians were all up immediately. They then held a short council and agreed to tie me as tight as ever, and they did so. I got no more sleep that night. I never asked them to loose my ropes any more.

The sixth day we traveled about thirty miles, and had nothing to eat that day.

The seventh day we traveled about twenty-five miles; they killed a doe that day. She had two fawns in her, not yet haired. They stopped about four o'clock in the evening, and cooked the doe and her two fawns, and eat the whole up that night. They gave me part of a fawn to eat, but I could not eat it, it looked too tender. I eat part of the doe.

The eighth day we traveled about twenty-five miles, and had nothing to eat that day.

The ninth day we traveled about fifteen miles. We then arrived at an Indian hunting camp, where they made sugar that spring. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon, we had not yet anything to eat that day. The Indians that lived there had plenty of meat, hominy, grease and sugar to eat. They gave us a plenty of everything they had to eat. We were very hungry and eat like hungry dogs. When we were satisfied eating, the warriors went into a large cabin and I went with them, and immediately several of their friends came in to see them, both men and squaws, to hear the news. It is a custom with that nation for the squaws to demand presents of the warriors if they have been successful. After some little inquiry the squaws began to demand presents of the warriors; some would ask for a blanket, some for a shirt, some for a tomahawk; one squaw asked for a gun. The warriors never refused anything that was demanded. The manner in which they made their demand was, they would go up to an Indian and take hold of what they wanted. When the squaws were done with the warriors, there came a squaw and took hold of my blanket; I saw how the game was played, I just threw it off and gave it to her; then there came up a young squaw about eleven or twelve years old and took hold of my shirt. I did not want to let that go, as it was a very cold day, and I let on I did not understand what she wanted. She appeared to be very much ashamed and went away. The older squaws encouraged and persuaded her to try it again; she came up the second time and took hold of my shirt again, I still pretended to be ignorant, but she held fast. I knew it would have to go. One of the warriors then stepped up and told me to let her have it. I then pulled it off and gave it to her. The old squaws laughed very much at the young squaw. I was then quite naked and it was a very cold day; I had nothing on me but moccasins, leggings and breachcloth. We remained there about 3 or 4 hours. The warriors then went out to the war post to dance. They invited me to go with them to dance. I did so; they sung

SCENES AT OUR RANCHO
Golf, Driving, Trap-Shooting

and danced around the war-post for about half an hour. The old Indians would sing and dance sometimes out of the ring and appeared very lively. The warriors then marched right off from their dance on their journey. We had not got further than about 50 or 60 yards when I looked back and saw a squaw running with a blanket; she threw it on my shoulders, it fell down. I turned round and picked it up, it was a very old, dirty, lousy blanket, though it was better than nothing as the day was very cold. We traveled about five or six miles that evening, then encamped in the woods. I suffered very much that night from the cold.

The tenth day we traveled five or six miles in the morning. We got within a quarter of a mile of a new town, on the west bank of the Wabash River, where those warriors resided, about nine o'clock, and made a halt at a running branch of water, where the timber was very thick, so that they could conceal themselves from the view of the town. They then washed themselves all over and dressed themselves with paint of different colors. They made me wash, then they painted me and said I was a Kickapoo. They then cut a pole and pealed it, painted it different colors and stuck the big end in the ground, and cleared a ring around the pole for to dance in. The fifth night they cut a lock of hair out of the crown of my head about as thick as my finger, plaited it elegantly, and put it in their conjuring bag, and hung that bag on the pole they contemplated dancing around, and said that was their prisoner, and I was a Kickapoo, and must dance with them. When they all got ready to dance, the captain gave three very loud halloes, then walked into the ring and the rest all followed him. They placed me the third next to the captain; they then began to sing and dance. When we had danced about half an hour, I saw several old men, boys and squaws come running to where we were dancing. When there were a considerable number of them collected, the captain stepped out of the ring and spoke to the squaws. He told them to carry his and the other warriors' budgets to the town; the captain then joined the other warriors and me in

the dancing ring; he marched in the front and we danced and sung all the way from there into the town. Some of the old Indian warriors marched upon each side of us, and at times would sing and dance until we got into their town. We continued dancing until we got through the town to the war-post, which stood on the west bank of the Wabash River; danced round that about twenty minutes; they then marched into the town, took all the cords off me, and showed me a cabin, told me to go in there, they were good Indians, they would give me something to eat; I need not fear, as they would not hurt me. I accordingly went in, where I received a plenty to eat and was treated very kindly. The warriors went into other cabins and feasted very greedily. We had not eat anything that morning nor the night before. About one hour and a half before the sun set the same evening, the warriors went out to the war-post again to dance. They took me with them; several other Indians were present. They had danced about half an hour, when I saw two Indian men and a squaw riding a horseback across the Wabash River, from the east side; they came to where we were dancing. One of the Indians had a handkerchief tied around his head and was carrying a gun; the other had a cocked hat on his head, and had a large sword. The warriors never let on that they saw them, but continued dancing about fifteen minutes. After the two Indians and squaw came up the warriors quit dancing and went to them and shook hands; they appeared very glad to see each other. The captain of the warriors then talked with them about half an hour, and appeared to be very serious in their conversation. The captain then told me I must go with them two Indians and squaw. The sun was just then setting; the two Indians looked very much pleased. I did not want to go with them, as I knew not where they were going, and would have rather remained with the warriors that took me, as I had got acquainted with them, but the captain told me I must go with the two Indians and squaw, and that they were very good Indians. The Indian that had the sword rode up to a stump and told me to get up behind him on his horse;

I did so with great reluctance, as I knew not where they were going; they looked very much like warriors. However, they started off very lively, and the Indian that I was riding behind began to plague and joke the squaw about me; she was his sister-in-law. He was an Indian that was full of life and very funny. When I got acquainted with him I was well pleased with him. We traveled about ten miles that evening before we reached the place they resided. They were then living at a sugar camp, where they had made sugar that spring, on the west bank of the Wabash, about ten miles below the old Kickapoos' trading town, opposite to the Weawes town. We arrived at their sugar camp about two hours in the night. They then gave me to an old Kickapoo chief, who was the father of the Indian that carried the gun, and the squaw, and the father-in-law of the funny Indian. The old chief soon began to inquire of me where I lived, and where the Indians caught me. I told him. He then asked me if they did not kill an Indian when they took me prisoner. I told him no, there was no body with me but one man and he had no gun. He then asked me again, if the Indians did not kill one of their own men when they took me. I told him I did not know; the captain told me they did, but I did not see them kill him. The old chief then told me that it was true, they did kill him, and said he was a bad Indian, he wanted to kill me. By this time the young squaw, the daughter of the old chief, whom I traveled in company with that evening, had prepared a good supper for me; it was hominy beat in a mortar, as white and as handsome as I ever saw, and well cooked; she fried some dried meat, pounded very fine in a mortar, in oil, then sprinkled sugar very plentifully over it. I ate very hearty; indeed, it was all very good and well cooked. When I was done eating, the old chief told me to eat more. I told him I had eat enough. He said no, if I did not eat more I could not live. Then the young squaw handed me a tincupful of water, sweetened with sugar. It relished very well. Then the old chief began to make further inquiries. He asked me if I had a wife and family. I told him I had a wife and three chil-

dren. The old chief then appeared to be very sorry for my misfortune, and told me that I was among good Indians, I need not fear, they would not hurt me, and after awhile I should go home to my family; that I should go down the Wabash to Opost, from there down to the Ohio, then down the Ohio, and then up the Mississippi to Kaskaskia. We sat up until almost midnight; the old chief appeared very friendly indeed. The young squaw had prepared a very good bed for me, with bear-skins and blankets. I laid down and slept very comfortably that night. It appeared as though I had got into another world, after being confined and tied down with so many ropes and the loss of sleep nine nights. I remained in bed pretty late next morning. I felt quite easy in mind, but my wrists and legs pained me very much and felt very sore. The young squaw had her breakfast prepared and I eat very hearty. When breakfast was over this funny Indian came over and took me to his cabin, about forty yards from the old chief's. There were none living at that place then but the old chief, his wife and daughter. They lived by themselves in one cabin, and the old chief's son and son-in-law and their wives in another cabin, and a widow squaw, the old chief's daughter, lived by herself in a cabin adjoining her brother and brother-in-law. None of them had any children but the old chief. A few minutes after I went into this funny Indian's cabin he asked me if I wanted to shave. I told him yes, my beard was very long. He then got a razor and gave it to me. It was a very good one. I told him it wanted strapping. He went and brought his shot-pouch strap. He held one end and I the other end. I gave the razor a few passes on the strap, and found the razor to be a very good one. By this time the old chief's young squaw had come over; she immediately prepared some hot water for me to shave, and brought it in a tincup and gave it to me, and a piece of very good shaving soap. By the time I was done shaving the young squaw had prepared some clean water in a pewter basin for me to wash, and a cloth to wipe my hands and face. She then told me to sit down on a bench;

AT OUR RANCHO

I did so. She got two very good combs, a coarse and a fine one. It was then the fashion to wear long hair; my hair was very long and very thick and very much matted and tangled; I traveled without any hat or anything else on my head; that was the tenth day it had not been combed. She combed out my hair very tenderly, and then took the fine one and combed and looked my head nearly one hour. She then went to a trunk and got a ribbon and queued my hair very nicely. The old chief's son then gave me a very good regimental blue cloth coat, faced with yellow buff-colored cloth. The son-in-law gave me a very good beaver macaroni hat. These they had taken from some officers they had killed. Then the widow squaw took me into her cabin and gave me a new ruffled shirt and a very good blanket. They told me to put them on; I did so. When I had got my fine dress on, the funny Indian told me to walk across the floor. I knew they wanted to have a little fun. I put my arms akimbo with my hands on my hips, and walked with a very proud air three or four times backwards and forwards across the floor. The funny Indian said in Indian that I was a very handsome man and a big captain. I then sat down, and they viewed me very much, and said I had a very handsome leg and thigh, and began to tell how fast I ran when the Indians caught me, and showed how I ran—like a bird flying. They appeared to be very well pleased with me, and I felt as comfortable as the nature of the case would admit of.

The next morning after breakfast, they all left that camp; they put all their property into a large perouge and moved by water up the Wabash River to the old Kickapoo trading town, about ten miles from their sugar camp; they sent me by land and one Indian with me. When we had got about half way to the town, we met with a young Frenchman; his name was Ebart; I was very well acquainted with him in the Illinois country; he spoke tolerably good English. The Indian then left me, and I went on to the town with the young Frenchman; I got to the town before the Indians arrived with their perouge, and the young Frenchman showed me their cabin, and told me

to stay there until they would come, that they would be there in a few minutes. I there met with an English trader, a very friendly man, whose name was John McCauslin; he was from the north of England; we made some little acquaintance. He was a Freemason and appeared very sorry for my misfortune and told me he would do everything in his power to befriend me and told me I was with good Indians, they would not hurt me. He inquired of me where I lived and asked if I had a family. He then told me of the circumstance of the Indians killing one of their own men that day they caught me. He said it was a fact, he was a bad Indian and would not obey the commands of his captain and that he was still determined to kill me. My Indian family soon arrived and cleared up their cabin and got their dinner ready. They were a smart, neat and cleanly family, kept their cabin very nice and clean, the same as white women, and cooked their victuals very nice. After dinner was over, there came four Indians in the old chief's cabin. Two of them were the old chief's brother's children. They appeared to be in a very fine humor. I did not know but that they belonged to the same family and town. They had not been there more than one hour, until the old chief and the four Indians sat down on the floor in the cabin and had a long discourse about an hour and a half. Then all got up. The old chief then told me I must go with those Indians. I told him I did not want to go. He then told me I must go; that they were his children and that they were very good Indians; they would not hurt me. Then the old chief gave me to the oldest brother, in place of his father who was killed about one year before by the white people; he was one of their chiefs. Then the four Indians started off and I with them; they went down to the lower end of the town and stopped at an Indian cabin and got some bread and meat to eat. They gave me some. I did not go into the Indian cabin. They had not been in the cabin more than ten or twelve minutes before the old chief's young squaw came up and stood at the door. She would not go in. I discovered the Indians laughing and plaguing her. She

looked in a very ill humor; she did not want them to take me away. They immediately started from the cabin and took a tolerably large path that led into the woods in a pretty smart trot. The squaw started immediately after them. They would look back once in a while, and when they would see the squaw coming they would whoop, hollow and laugh. When they got out of sight of the squaw, they stopped running and traveled in a moderate walk. When we got about three miles from the town, they stopped where a large tree had fallen by the side of the path and laid high off the ground. They got up high on the log and looked back to see if the squaw was coming. When the squaw came up she stopped and they began to plague her and laugh at her. They spoke in English. They talked very vulgar to the squaw. She soon began to cry. When they got tired plaguing her, they jumped off the log and started on their road in a trot, and I ran with them. The squaw stood still till we got most out of sight. They would look back and laugh and sometimes hollow and whoop, and appeared to be very much diverted. They did not run very far before they slackened in their running. They then walked moderately until they got to their town, which was three miles further from the tree they stopped at. We got into their town about one hour and a half before the sun set. That same evening the squaw came in about half an hour after we arrived. I met with a young man that evening who had been taken prisoner about eighteen months before I was taken. His name was Nicholas Coonse (a Dutchman), then about 19 years of age. He heard I was coming, and he came to meet me a little way out of town. He was very glad to see me and I to see him, and we soon made up acquaintance. Coonse and myself were to live in one cabin together. The two brothers that I was given up to, one of them claimed Coonse and the other claimed me. They both lived in the same cabin. When the squaw arrived, she came immediately to our cabin and stood outside at the door; she would not come in. I noticed the Indians plaguing and laughing at her; she looked very serious. About sunset, Coonse

asked me if I wanted a wife. (He could not speak very good English, but he could speak pretty good Indian.) I told him no. He then told me if I wanted one, I could have one. I asked him how he knew that. He said, "There is a squaw that wants to marry you," pointing at her. I told him I reckoned not. He says, "Yes, inteed, she tus; she came after you a purpose to marry you." I told Coonse I had a wife, and I did not want another one. He says, "O, well, if you want her you can haf her." She stood by the door for some time after dark. I did not know when she went away; she staid two days and three nights before she returned home. I never spoke a word to her while she was there. She was a very handsome girl, about 18 years of age, a beautiful, full figure and handsomely featured, and very white for a squaw. She was almost as white as dark complexioned white women generally are. Her father and mother were very white-skinned Indians.

The next day was the 9th day of April, and thirteenth day that I had been their prisoner. The chief Indians and warriors that day held a general council, to know in what manner and way to dispose of me. They collected in the cabin where I lived. While they were in council their dinner was cooking. There were about ten in number, and they all sat down on the floor in a circle, and then commenced by their interpreter, Nicholas Coonse.

The first question they asked me was, "Would I have my hair cut off like they cut theirs?" I answered "No." The second question they asked me was, "If I would have holes bored in my ears and nose and have rings and lead hung in them like they had?" I answered "No." The third question they asked me was, "If I could make hats?" (I had a large bag of beaver fur with me when they took me prisoner; from that circumstance I suppose they thought I was a hatter.) I answered "No." The fourth question they asked me was, "If I was a carpenter?" and said they wanted a door made for their cabin. I answered "No." The fifth question they asked me was, "If I was a blacksmith; could I mend their guns and make axes and hoes for them?" I answered "No." The sixth question they

AT THE RANCHO

1. Mrs. Moore's sister, Margaret Walker, with her son Shirley
2. Margaret Moore
3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Rancho scenes and grandchildren

asked me was "If I could hoe corn?" I answered "No." The seventh question they asked me was, "If I could hunt?" I answered "No. I could shoot at a mark very well, but I never hunted any." Then they told Coonse to ask me how I got my living; if I could do no work. I thought I had out-generalled them, but that question stumped me a little. The first thought that struck my mind, I thought I would tell them I was a weaver by trade, but a second thought occurred to my mind, I told Coonse to tell them I made my living by writing. The Indians answered and said it was very well. The eighth question they asked me was, "If I had a family?" I answered "Yes, I had a wife and three children." The ninth question they asked me was, "If I wanted to go home to see my wife and children?" I answered "Yes." They said, "Very well, you shall go home by and by." The tenth question they asked me was, "If I wanted a wife then?" I answered "No," and told them it was not the fashion for the white people to have two wives at the same time. They said, very well, I could get one if I wanted one, and they said if I staid with them until their corn got in roasting ears, then I must take a wife. I answered them yes, if I staid that long with them. They then told me that I might go anywhere about in the town, but not go out of sight of the town, for if I did, there were bad Indians round about the town and they would catch me and kill me, and they said they could run like horses; and another thing they said, don't you recollect the Indians that took you prisoner and cut a lock of hair out of the crown of your head. I told them yes. Then they told me in consequence of that, if you attempted to run away, you could not live eight days. If you will stay with us and not run away, you shall not even bring water to drink. I told them I wanted to go home to my family, but I would not go without letting them know before I went. They said, very well. They appeared well pleased with me and told me again I might go anywhere about in the town, but not go out of sight of the town. I was sitting on a bench, when the old chief got up and put both his hands on my head and said something, I did not

know what. Then he gave me a name and called me "Mohcossea," after the old chief that was killed, who was the father of the Indian that I was given up to. Then I was considered one of that family, a Kickapoo in place of their father, the old chief. Then the principal chief took the peace pipe and smoked two or three draws. It had a long stem about three feet in length. He then passed it round to the other Indians before they raised from their council. He held the pipe by the end and each of them took two or three draws. Then he handed it to me and I smoked. The chief then said I was a Kickapoo and that they were good Indians and that I need not be afraid; they would not hurt me, but I must not run away.

By this time their dinner was prepared and they were ready to eat. They all sat down and told me to sit by. I did, and we all eat a hearty dinner and they all appeared to be well pleased with their new adopted Kickapoo brother.

These Indians lived about six miles west of the old Kickapoo trading town, on the west side of the Wabash river. They had no traders in their town. After dinner was over, they told the interpreter Coons that I must write to their trading town for some bread. I told Coons to tell them I had nothing to write with—no paper, nor pen and ink. They said I must write. I told Coons to tell them again I had no paper nor nothing to write with. Coons told them. Then the Indian that claimed me went to his trunk and brought me a letter that had one-half sheet of it clean paper. I told Coons to tell them I wanted a pen. The same Indian went and pulled a quill out of a turkey wing and gave it to me. I told Coons I wanted a knife to make the pen. The same Indian got his scalping knife; he gave it two or three little whets and gave it to me. I then told Coons I wanted some ink. Coons says, "Ink—ink; what is tat? I ton't know what ink is." He had no name for ink in Indian or English. I told him to tell the Indian to get me some gunpowder and water and a spoon and I would make the ink myself. The Indian did so. I knew very well what their drift was; they wanted a proof to know whether

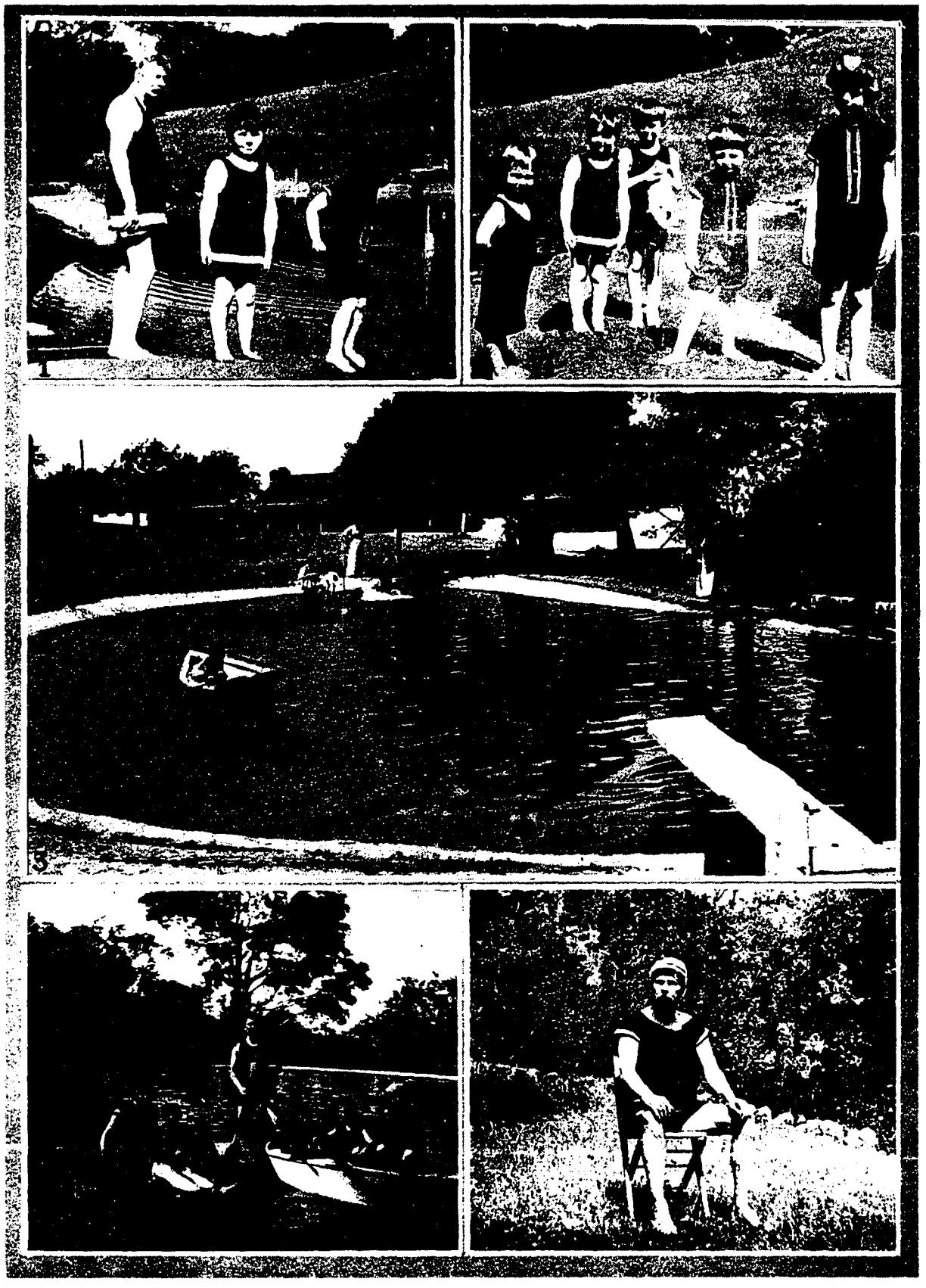
I told them any lies when they examined me in their council. When I had made the ink and was ready to write I asked Coons how many loaves of bread I should write for. He says, "Ho! a couple of lofes; tay only want to know if you can write or if you told tem any lies or not." I wrote to the English trader, that I mentioned before that I had made some acquaintance with the day I passed the old trading town, for to get me two loaves of bread. He very well knew my situation and circumstances. There was a Frenchman, a baker, that lived in the trading town.

When I had finished writing, the Indian took it up and looked at it and said, "Depaway, vely good." Coons' master, a brother to the one that claimed me, told Coons to go catch his horse and take the letter for the bread, not stay, but return as soon as possible. Coons hurried off immediately and soon returned. As soon as he came back he brought the two loaves of bread and gave them to me. I then asked Coons what I should do with this bread, as he was somewhat better acquainted with the ways of the Indians than I was. He says, "Kife one loaf to tay old squaw and her two little chiltren, and tefide the otter loaf petween you and your master, put keep a pigest half." I did so. This old squaw was the mother of the two Indians that claimed Coons and myself. The old squaw and her two children soon eat their loaf. I then divided my half between the two little children again. That pleased the old squaw very much; she tried to make me sensible of her thanks for my kindness to her two little children.

While Coons was gone for the bread, the Indian that claimed me asked me to write his name. I asked him to speak his name distinctly. He did. I had heard it spoken several times before. His name was "Mahtomack." When I was done writing he took it up and looked at it and said it was "Depaway." He then went to his trunk and brought his powder horn, which had his name wrote on it by an officer at Post Vincennes in large print letters, and compared them together. They both were the same kind of letters and his name spelt exactly the same. He seemed mightily pleased and said it was "bon vely good." It was a big cap-

tain he said wrote his name on the powder-horn at Opost. The wife of the Indian that claimed me, next morning combed and queued my hair and gave me a very large ostrich feather and tied it to my hat. The Sunday following after I was taken to that town, there was a number of Indians went from that town to the old Kickapoo trading town. They took me with them to dance what is called the "Beggar's Dance." It is a practice for the Indians every spring, when they come in from their hunting ground, to go to the trading towns and dance for presents; they will go through the streets and dance before all the traders' doors. The traders then will give them presents, such as tobacco, bread, knives, spirits, blankets, tomahawks, &c.

While we were in town that day I talked with my friend McCauslin to speak to the Indians and try to get them to sell me, but they would not agree to sell me then. They said they would come down the Sunday following and bring me with them, perhaps they would then agree to sell me. They complied with their promise and brought me down with them. My friend McCauslin then inquired of them if they had agreed to sell me; they told him they would. McCauslin then sent for the interpreter, and the Indians asked one hundred buckskins for me in merchandize. The interpreter asked me if I would give it? I told him I would. The Indians then went to the traders' houses to receive their pay. They took but seventy bucks' worth of merchandize at that time. One of the articles they took was bread, three loaves, one for the Indian that claimed me, one for his wife, the other one for me. I saw directly they wanted me to go back home with them. After a little while they started and motioned and told me I must go with them. I refused to go. The Indian fellow took hold of my arm and tried to pull me forward. I still refused going with them. He still continued pulling and his wife pushing me at the back. We went scuffling along a few yards till we got before my friend McCauslin's cabin door. He discovered the bustle and asked me what the Indians wanted. I told him they wanted me to go home with them. He asked me if I wanted to go. I told him no. He then



SWIMMING POOLS AT NEW AND OLD RANCHOS

told me to walk into his cabin and sit down and he would go and bring the interpreter. I went in and the two Indians followed me into the cabin and sat down. The interpreter came in immediately and asked the Indians what they wanted. They told him they wanted me to go home with them. The interpreter then asked if I wanted to go with them. I told him no. He then told the Indians they had sold me and that they had nothing more to do with me, that I was a freeman, that I might stay where I pleased. They then said they had not received all their pay. The interpreter then asked them why they did not take it all? They said they expected I would go home with them and remain with them until I got an opportunity to go home. The interpreter then told them they could get the balance of their pay. They said if I did not go home with them they must have thirty bucks more. The interpreter asked me if I was willing to give it. I told him yes. I did not want to go back again. The Indians then went and took their thirty dollars of balance and thirty more and went off home. I then owed the traders that advanced the goods for me one hundred and thirty buckskins for my ransom, which they considered equal to $260 in silver. There were five traders that were concerned in the payment of the goods to the Indians. One of them was a Mr. Bazedone, a Spaniard, who sometimes traded in the Illinois country, with whom I had some acquaintance. I told him if he would satisfy the other four traders, I would give him my note, payable in the Illinois country. He did so, and I gave him my note for the $260, to be paid twelve months after date in the Illinois country, and $37 more for my boarding and necessaries I could not do without, such as a bear skin and blanket to sleep on, a shirt, hat, tobacco and handkerchief.

My friend McCauslin took me to a Frenchman's house —he was a baker by trade, the only baker in town—to board with him until I got an opportunity to go home. Two days after I went to stay at the baker's, the Indian that claimed me, his squaw and the young squaw that followed us to the new town, came to see me and stayed three

or four hours with me. He asked me to give him some tobacco. I told him I had no money. He thought I could get anything I wanted. I bought him a carrot of tobacco; it weighed about three pounds; he seemed very well pleased. He and his wife wanted me very much to go back home with them again. I told them I could not, that I was very anxious to go home to my wife and family. Three or four days after that they revisited me, and still insisted on me to go home with them. I told them that I expected every day to get an opportunity to go home. I had some doubts about going back with them; I thought perhaps they might play some trick with me, and take me to some other town; and their water was so bad I could not drink it—nothing but a small pond to make use of for their drinking and cooking, about forty or fifty yards long and about thirty yards wide. Their horses would not only drink from, but wallow in it; the little Indian boys every day would swim in it, and the Indians soak their deerskins in it. I could not bear to drink it. When they would bring in a kettle of water to drink, they would set it down on the floor. The dogs would generally take the first drink out of the kettle. I have often seen when the dogs would be drinking out of a kettle, an Indian would go up and kick him off, and take up the kettle and drink after the dog. They had nothing to eat the last week I was with them but Indian potatoes—some people call them hoppines—that grew in the woods, and they were very scarce. Sometimes the Indian boys would catch land terrapins. They would draw their heads out and tie a string around their neck and hang them up a few minutes, and then put them in a kettle of water with some corn—when they had it—without taking the entrails out or shell off the terrapin, and eat the soup as well as the meat. We had all liked to have starved that week; we had no meat; I was glad to get away.

I staid three weeks with the French baker before I got an opportunity to start home. I had a plenty to eat while I remained with the baker—good light bread, bacon and sandy hill cranes, boiled in leyed corn, which made a very

good soup. I paid him three dollars per week for my board.

There was a Mr. Pyatt, a Frenchman, and his wife, whose residence was at St. Vincennes, with whom I had some acquaintance. They had moved up to that Kickapoo town in the fall of the year in order to trade with the Indians that winter. They were then ready to return home to Vincennes. Mr. Pyatt had purchased a drove of horses from the Indians. He had to go by land with his horses. Mrs. Pyatt hired a large perogue and four Frenchmen to take her property home to Vincennes. I got a passage in her perogue. She was very friendly to me; she did not charge me anything for my passage.

We arrived in Vincennes in forty-eight hours after we left the Kickapoo trading town, which is said to be two hundred and ten miles. The river was very high, and the four hands rowed day and night. We never put to land but twice to get a little wood to cook something to eat.

I staid five days at Vincennes before I got an opportunity of company to go on my way home. It was too dangerous for one man to travel alone by land without a gun. There was a Mr. Duff, who lived in the Illinois country, came to Vincennes to move a Mrs. Moredock and family to the Illinois. I got a passage with him by water. The morning I started from Vincennes he was just ready to start before I knew I could get a passage with him, and I had not time to write. I got a Mr. John Rice Jones, a friend of mine, to write to Col. Edgar, living in Kaskaskia, in the Illinois, who was a particular friend of mine, and sent it by the express, a Frenchman, that was going to start that day from Vincennes to Kaskaskia, which he could ride in four days, and request Col. Edgar to write to my wife, who lived at Bellfontain, about forty miles from Kaskaskia, and inform her that I was at Post Vincennes, on my return home with a Mr. Duff by water, and inform her that I would be at Kaskaskia on a certain day; I think it was two weeks from the time I left Vincennes, and for her to send me a horse on that day to Kaskaskia. Col. Edgar wrote to her immediately, as soon as he received Mr. Jones'

letter. That was the first time she heard from me after I was taken prisoner. It was thought by my friends that the Indians had killed me. I had written to her while I was at the Kickapoo town. That letter never reached her. I had two brothers living at the Bellfontain; they met me on the day I proposed being at Kaskaskia and brought me a horse. The next day I got home to the Bellfontain.

ON RANCHO IN 1915

Arthur Moore, Jill Valentine, Jack Valentine and A. A. Moore

Appendix II

[Draper Mss. 2S43-49]

(From Mrs. Priscilla Biggs, born 4th June, 1778)

Gen. Benjn. Biggs, son of Benjn., was born January 31st 1754, second son, in Frederick Co. Md., on the Monocacy. Soon after the French war, the elder Biggs emigrated with his family to the Glades in the mountains; then advanced to Beeson's Fort, now Union Town—while cropping, had a guard there, finally from 1770 to 1773 (probably the first) emigrated to waters of Short Creek, in neighborhood of West Liberty, adjoining the village. Abram Van Metre Sr. was also an early settler. In 1774, young Biggs went out on Dunmore's campaign. Probably under Col. Gibson, certainly was after Biggs was ordered to the West. Thinks he was at Bunker Hill, Trenton, Cowpens, & with Greene on his retreat (where the river was swollen and prevented pursuit, and in the night the Ams. decamped silently).

Was at Fort Laurens. He wished permission to go out with a party to get some horses the Indians had stolen, this Gibson preëmptorily refused. "No, sir, attend to your command. When I want you I will tell you so." A party did go out—16 in all—they heard what they thought were the bells in the bushes; were thus decoyed by the Indians, and all, save one cut off. Then follows the pit affair, not distinctly recollected. Biggs was miraculously saved.

The siege lasted some 4 weeks, provisions exhausted; finally for 3 or 4 days had to live on half a biscuit a day; then the last two days washed their moccasins and broiled them for food, and broiled strips of old dried hides. Two of the men in the fort stole out and killed a deer; and when they returned with it, it was devoured in a few

minutes, some not waiting to cook it. At length, the Indians left, and a convoy of pack horses arrived, guns fired for joy, horses scared, and run off scattering flour &c. This was gathered and so incautious were many of the men, that several made themselves sick with overloading their weak stomachs, and 3 died in consequence. This supply came from Fort McIntosh.

Subsequently, when they either abandoned the fort, else conducted a party of sick to F^{t}. M^{c}Intosh, they were attacked in ambush.

Brady and Biggs went to Philadelphia to get back pay, with their certificates for half pay, and probably remained during that session of Congress. It was proposed to raise a strong force to go and capture Col^{o}. Franklin; and Biggs and Brady said there was a better way, one that would save lives, to go and steal away Franklin. The authorities of P^{a}. said if they would do it, they should have a sword and medal each, and all expenses home, selected Dr. Stinson and one other and went. The Landlord aided them, he sent for Franklin as gentleman wished to see him. He came, they seized him, he resisting a little; they tied him and mounted him on a horse, tying his feet under the horse, one to lead the horse and another behind to whip him along rapidly; started, telling Franklin it would be useless for him to resist, as they would take him dead or alive. Went 3 miles, where they stopped for drink a few moments at an Irish widows. When she inquired, they told her what they were doing and were going to take Franklin to Phil^{a}. and if they were followed, as they expected, by Franklin's friends, to tell them to come on to the swamp, 2 miles in advance, where they (Brady and Biggs &c) would be ready for them. A party *did* come but were intimidated; and pursued no farther.

In their hasty retreat from Wilkesbarre they left their saddle bags, lost their clothing, discharges, certificates. Biggs knew him previously. They became warmly attached to him, and Brady and Biggs together gave him $55 for his private use, retaining only a sufficiency to get home. They never got a cent from P^{a}. for their trouble.

No recollection about Col. Pickering and the negro aiding to secure Franklin.

After the Revolution, Biggs visited Kentucky, and narrowly escaped from a party of Indians who made their appearance at the Big Bone Lick, while Biggs and his party of 6 others were all sitting on a large tusk eating a meal, but escaped.

While at Pittsburg and Wheeling, stationed there, Biggs often went out with hunting parties to hunt for meat for supplies.

Gen[l]. Biggs was often representative to the V[a]. assembly; and serve in justices court till his 3 terms for sheriff, but each time declined. He died 2[d] Dec. 1823, with chronic pleurisy aften an illness of 3 weeks. Dr. Doddridge preached a discourse and wrote a newspaper notice of his death. 5 feet 11 inches.

John Biggs, next older than Ben. Biggs, was born probably in 1752—on return from Crawford's had charge of ——— Ashby, wounded, and two men with him, camped the 2[d] night; were attacked. Biggs fought; ——— Ashby and one of the others were killed, so was Biggs after killing one or two of his foes; the other escaped. The Indians had a great rejoicing over Biggs body, calling him "the Big Captain". He was of large size, considerably over 6 feet—about 6 feet 3 inches. Biggs left a widow and one child.

Allen Metcalf, father of M[rs]. Gen. Ben. Biggs, was in service in 1779, 1780, 1781; his brother John went the 20[th] July 1775 from Berkley Co. V[a]. for Boston.

Geo. Metcalf, their father, moved from Prince George's Co. M[d]. to Berkley in March, 1764.

Allen Metcalf moved from Berkley with his family in Nov. 1783, to West Liberty.

"1784—remarkably hard winter."

"1783—June, people began to settle west of Ohio."

W[m]. Biggs, brother of Gen. B—— taken prisoner (see his old letter) kept 6 months, sold 3 times and after that purchased himself, paid part in fur. Died about 1834.

Appendix III

Abstract of Documents Contained in Draper Mss. 5NN.

1-3 Wilson, Joseph, and Biggs, Benjamin. Depositions (original?) taken in Ohio County [Va.], Oct. 3, 1803. First deponent assisted James Moore in raising house in 1770; some previous improvement made on the land. Remembers having sold tract of land in 1771 to Henry Rhoads as agent of gentlemen in Philadelphia. Second deponent also assisted James Moore in raising house in 1770; previous improvement made on land. Henry Rhoads' attempted survey; heard him promise not to include the settlement of Moore.

Duvall, John P., Neal, James, and Haymond, William, Monongalia Court House [Va.], March 28, 1783. Certificate (signed) by commissioners for adjusting claims to unpatented lands in counties of Monongalia, Yohogania, and Ohio, stating that Benjamin Biggs, heir-at-law of John Biggs, is entitled to 400 acres of land in Ohio County on waters of Short Creek, "adjoining lands of Abraham Van Meter where the Court House now stands to include his settlement made thereon in the year 1773."

Biggs, Thomas, Clerk, Washingtonsburgh. Receipt (autograph) to Capt. B. Biggs of the 13th Virginia Regiment for one musket out of repair, the property of the United States. April 28, 1779.

5 Moore, David, Fort Pitt, July 10, 1779. Receipt (autograph) to Capt. Benjamin Biggs of the 9th Virginia Regiment for four tents and one light horseman's portmanteau.

5 Carson, Richard, Fort Pitt, July 10, 1779. Receipt (autograph) to Capt. Benjamin Biggs of the 9th Virginia Regiment for ropes for use of his brigade.

VAN LEAR, M. [?], Aug. 7, 1779. Receipt (autograph) to Capt. Benjamin Biggs for one Continental sorrel horse.

TANNEHILL, CAPTAIN, Commander of Fort McIntosh, Nov. 6, 1780. Receipt (autograph) to Capt. Benjamin Biggs for a horse, axes, and wedges for use of garrison at Fort McIntosh.

There is a letter from Richard Taylor, Fort McIntosh, Dec. 26, 1779, *re* expiration of term of enlistment of Biggs' men; two letters from Col. John Gibson, written from Fort Pitt, Nov. 1, 1780, and June 23, 1781, respectively, and a letter from Gen. William Irvine, Fort Pitt, May 26, 1782.

8 GIBSON, COL. JOHN, Fort Pitt, Nov. 12, 1781. Letter to Captain Biggs. Military instructions.

McCOLLOCH, GEORGE, Fort Henry, March 6, 1781. Receipt (autograph) to Capt. Benjamin Biggs of the 9th Virginia Regiment for salt.

OGLE, JOSEPH, Ohio County, Va., April 1, 1785. Power of attorney (autograph) granted by him to Benjamin Biggs of Ohio County, Va., to recover pay of his brother, Thomas Ogle, for service in U. S. Army and in the Virginia line. Witnessed by William Biggs.

11 RANDOLPH, GOV. BEVERLEY, Richmond, Va., June 16, 1787. Commission (signed) to Benjamin Biggs as Lieutenant-Colonel in the militia of Ohio County, Va.

12-13 BRADY, CAPT. [Samuel], and BIGGS [Benjamin]. Memorandum book (autograph) of their expenses at various towns, beginning at The Rising Sun and including New York and Newark. Aug. 25, 1787.

18-20 BIGGS, WILLIAM, Grand Ruisseau, Ill. Letter (autograph) to Benjamin Biggs, Ohio County, Va., near West Liberty. Telling his brother of his capture by Indians, March 27, 1788, on road from Bellefontaine to Cahokia, within five miles of his home. Informed by James Gray that he [Benjamin] had been to Philadelphia to recover their mother's estate. Settlement of his account with Thomas Stoakley for

flour. Indians continue troublesome; obliged to stay in forts. Arrival of forty men from Kentucky and Virginia to explore the country. Governor St. Clair expected in the summer. Colonel Morgan's settlement below mouth of the Ohio. Loss of his son. "N. B. Your two brothers and sister here and her famely is well and desired to be Remembered to you and the famely. W. B."

23-24 [BIGGS, CAPT. BENJAMIN]. Letter (draft, unsigned) to Gov. B. Randolph. Facts relating to killing of Indians at Beaver Blockhouse by Capt. Samuel Brady [in March, 1791]. No date.

32-33 CROGHAN, W., Pittsburg, Feb. 18, 1792. Letter (autograph) to Col. Benjamin Biggs, Ohio County [Va.]. Encroachments upon his land. Determination of boundary lines.

36 BRADF[OORD], DAVID, Washington, Jan. 10, 179 [torn]. Letter (autograph) to General Biggs, Ohio County. Asks what was done by the Legislature of Virginia. Miller's business. [Mutilated.]

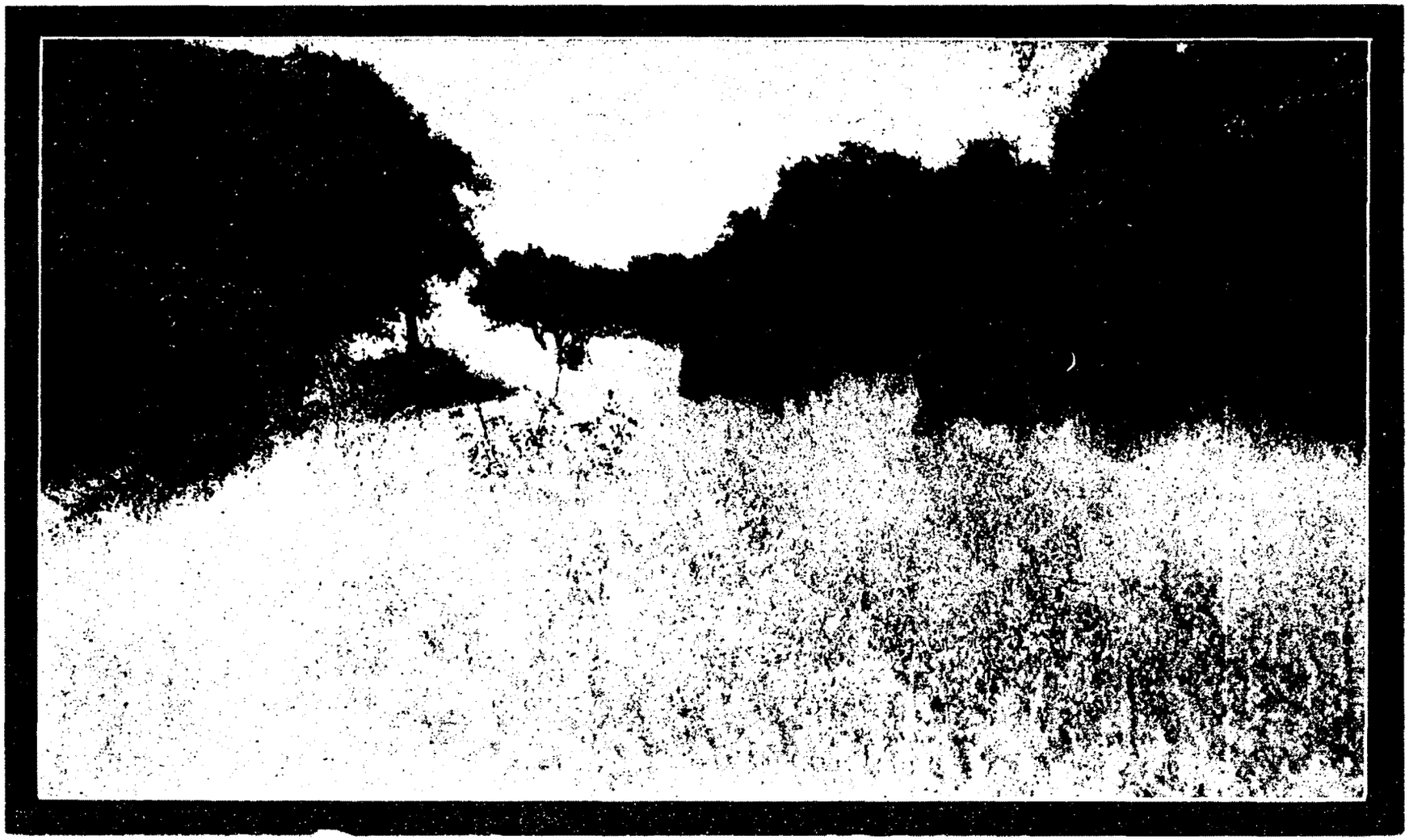
MCMAHON, MAJ. WILLIAM. Certificate (autograph) stating that George Cox of Ohio County, Va., was sworn as a scout on the frontier of Ohio County, Jan. 11, 1793, and is entitled to pay from that day.

LEE, HENRY, Richmond, Mar. 26, 1793. Letter (signed) to Col. David Shepherd. Orders ammunition belonging to the Commonwealth to be delivered to Benjamin Biggs.

38½ LEE, HENRY, Richmond, March 26, 1793. Letter (signed) to Col. Benjamin Biggs. Instructions concerning frontier defense.

38a WOOD, JAMES, Richmond, Mar. 26, 1793. Letter (autograph) to Colonel Biggs. Appointment of militia officers. Biggs to muster Captain McColloch's company. A treaty to be held with the Western Indians, May 17th, at the mouth of Sandusky.

39 MCMAHON, WILLIAM, Charles Town, May 13, 1793. Letter (autograph) to Richard Spear. Requested to deliver to Benjamin Biggs ammunition belonging to the public.



My Two Buffaloes in Wild Oats on Rancho

McMAHON, WILLIAM, Charles Town, May 13, 1793. Letter (autograph) to Benjamin Biggs. Powder belonging to the public in possession of Colonel McClary at Morgan Town.

COLEMAN, SAMUEL, Council Office, May 30, 1793. Letter (autograph) to Colonel Biggs. Recommendation of militia officers.

40 LEE, HENRY, Richmond, Va., May 6, 1793. Commission (signed) to Benjamin Biggs as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 4th Regiment of Virginia militia.

42 SUTHERLAND, JOHN, Richmond, Nov. 28, 1793. Letter to Gov. Henry Lee. Asks whether he is to bear the expense of service performed for the State. Reference to Col. Benjamin Biggs, a member of the House of Assembly.

44 VIRGINIA COUNCIL, Extract from minutes, Dec. 3, 1793. General Biggs to superintend scouts in the Monongalia District.

46-49 Receipts to BENJAMIN BIGGS by George Cox, Thomas Edgington, Thomas Harper, Abraham Cuppy, James Downing, Hezekiah Bukey, Isaac Miller and James Smith for their pay as scouts. Dated Feb. 17, 1795.

50-51 McMAHON, WILLIAM, Greenville, Jan. 27, 1794. Letter to Col. Benjamin Biggs, Ohio County, Va. *Re* mustering of United States scouts for Ohio County.

52 EVANS, JOHN, JR. Jan. 20, 1794. Letter to [Benjamin Biggs]. Biggs having been appointed Brigadier-General of the Western District, he asks that he [Evans] be appointed brigade inspector.

53-55 LEE, GOV. HENRY, Richmond, Feb. 10, 1794. Letter (signed) to [General Biggs]. Received letters *re* winter defense of the Monongalia District. Biggs to superintend the winter establishment. Instructions *re* summer establishment and the court-martial for trial of Lieutenant Biggs.

60 LEE, GOV. HENRY, Richmond, April 18, 1794. Letter (signed) to General Biggs. Stating that the man-

ner in which he understood the intentions of Government *re* general station of the volunteer militia destined for the protection of the Monongalia District is correct. Hopes incursions of Indians will be completely checked.

NAMES of commandants of regiments composing the 10th Brigade, June, 1794.

62-63 WOOD, JAMES, Richmond, June 25, 1794. Letter to General [Biggs]. Presumes General Tate will soon be in Monongalia District to make a partial payment to scouts and rangers who served in the year 1793. Organization of the militia of the State. A supply of ammunition sent to Morgan Town. Instructions issued to Colonel McClurg and Captain Lowther.

64 WOOD, JAMES, In Council, June 26, 1794. Letter to [General Biggs].

67-68 STAGG, JOHN, JR., War Department, Aug. 27, 1794. Letter (signed) to Benjamin Biggs, Brigadier-General of Militia. Regulations to be observed for the payment of scouts, employed for the defense of the frontiers.

69 PARKER, THOMAS, Winchester, Sept. 11, 1794. Letter to General Biggs. Ordering him to furnish additional troops from his brigade.

72 BIGGS, BRIG.-GEN. BENJAMIN, West Liberty, Oct. 31, 1794. Letter to Ensign James Ryan. Ordering capture of David Bradford of Washington, who is to be conveyed to Major-General Lee, commander-in-chief of the United States Army.

79-80 BIGGS, BENJAMIN, West Liberty, Nov. 24, 1794. Letter (contemporary copy) to Gov. Henry Lee. The whiskey insurrection in Ohio County, Va.

84 BIGGS, BENJAMIN. Certificate in which he states that he was a Captain in the 13th Virginia Regiment upon Continental Establishment in the War of the Revolution.

90 BROOKE, R. Richmond, Dec. 16, 1794. Printed circular addressed to Brig.-Gen. Biggs expressing thanks for aid in quelling the whiskey insurrection.

91 BROOKE, R., Richmond, Dec. 16, 1794. Letter to Brigadier-General Biggs, Ohio. Asks dates of commissions that he held in the militia as well as in the line of the army, before he was made a brigadier-general.

92 NEVILL, JOSEPH, Philadelphia, Dec. 23, 1794. Letter to Brig.-Gen. Biggs, Ohio County, Va. Promises attention to matter mentioned in letter of 16th inst. Proceedings of Congress *re* public debt, and payment of the militia. Politics.

94 BROOKE, R., In Council, Dec. 26, 1794. Letter to Brigadier-General Biggs and the Gentlemen Delegates from the District of Monongalia. Acknowledges letter proposing plan of frontier defense. No arrangements to be made until some communication be had with the Executive of the General Government. Would like further information.

95-96 BROOKE, R., In Council, Mar. 18, 1795. Letter to Brigadier-General Biggs. Authorizing him to order out scouts for the protection of Ohio and Harrison counties, if deemed necessary.

97 MORGAN, DANIEL, Headquarters, April 2, 1795. Letter (copy by Draper) to Brig.-Gen. Benjamin Biggs, Ohio County, Va. Wishes to converse with him on matters of a public and private nature.

98 NAMES of scouts mustered out by Benjamin Biggs, May 25, 1795.

99-100 BROOKE, R., Richmond, July 21, 1795. Letter to Brigadier-General Biggs, Ohio. Lieutenant-Colonel Hanway authorized to order out four scouts for the protection of the exposed part of Monongalia.

101 BIGGS, GEN. BENJAMIN. Pay-roll showing amount due scouts from Sept. 25, 1794, to May 25, 1795.

104-105 WILSON, WILLIAM, Randolph County, Sept. 30, 1795. Letter to General Biggs. Asks instructions *re* sending out scouts for the defense of the frontier.

106 LOWTHER, WILLIAM. Latter portion of letter to Gen. Benjamin Biggs. Suggesting that William Martin be appointed to receive money due scouts and rangers of the district.

110 "AN ACT for the relief of certain officers and soldiers who have been wounded or disabled in the actual service of the United States." Approved March 23, 1796. On margin is a note by George Jackson transmitting the act to Gen. Benjamin Biggs, West Liberty, Ohio County, Va., March 29, 1796.

111-112 JACKSON, GEORGE, Philadelphia, April 8, 1796. Letter to Gen. Benjamin Biggs, West Liberty, Ohio County, Va. Received letter of 26th ult. enclosing petition of Colonel Dark and others; presented it to the House and had it referred to a committee of the whole. Encloses copy of the Land Bill which passed the House.

113 LOWTHER, WILLIAM, Clarksburg, June 6, 1796. Letter to Brig.-Gen. Benjamin Biggs, West Liberty, Ohio County, Va. Officers and men prevented by rain from attending muster on appointed day; hence could not make proper returns. Will resign his Colonel's commission to the Court of the County.

116-118 MORGAN, DANIEL, Philadelphia, Feb. 12, 1799. Letter to Gen. Benjamin Biggs. The political situation. The Kentucky Resolutions.

120 M'KINLEY, WILLIAM, and MORGAN, JOHN, West Liberty, Ohio County, May 1, 1799. Letter to Benjamin Biggs and Ebenezer Zane. Giving notice that they will contest their election as representatives of Ohio County in the General Assembly of Virginia. Reasons for their action.

124-126 DODDRIDGE, P., West Liberty, Dec. 4, 1799. Letter to Gen. Benjamin Biggs, Member of the House of Delegates of Virginia, Richmond. *Re* payment of his fees for prosecuting in Brooke County; his candidacy for Congress.

127 PENDLETON, LIEUT.-GOV. J., Richmond, Va., Jan. 14, 1790. Commission of William McKinley as Captain of a troop of cavalry in the 3rd Regiment and 3rd Division of the Virginia Militia.

On the reverse is McKinley's resignation of his commission addressed to Gen. Benjamin Biggs, West Liberty, Aug. 20, 1803.

134 PAGE, JOHN, Richmond, March 3, 1803. Letter (printed, signed) to Brigadier-General Biggs. Requiring an accurate return of the strength of each of the companies of Artillery, Grenadiers, Light Infantry, or Riflemen, and Troops of Cavalry within his Brigade District, including Arms and Accoutrements. Militia system adopted by the National Legislature.

135-136 JACKSON, G., Clarksburg, Dec. 11, 1806. Letter (contemporary copy) to Col. Hugh Philips, Wood County, Va. Instructions *re* militia protection for boats being built at or near Marietta. Benjamin Biggs, the commanding officer.

137 JACKSON, G., Clarksburg, Dec. 12, 1806. Letter to Gen. Benjamin Biggs, Ohio County, Va. Gave orders to Colonel Philips of Wood County to take measures to raise one company of militia, according to instructions received from the Secretary of War.

140 DEARBORN, H., War Department, March 21, 1807. Letter to Gen. Benjamin Biggs. Instructing him to organize a body of volunteer militia.

143 COLEMAN, SAMUEL, Adjutant-General's Office, Richmond, August, 1807. Letter to Brigadier-General Biggs. Forwarding copy of General Orders by the Governor on the subject of the President's requisition of the State's quota of 100,000 militia.

145 BIGGS, BENJAMIN, Ohio County, Va., Aug. 15, 1807. Letter (copy) to H. Dearborn, Secretary of War, Washington City. Has issued orders to officers commanding regiments in his brigade directing them to raise as many volunteers as possible from their respective regiments.

148 BIGGS, BRIG.-GEN. BENJAMIN, West Liberty, Dec. 1, 1808. Letter (contemporary copy) to [Officers commanding regiments in his brigade]. Directing them to enlist or draft militia, in accordance with instructions received from the Governor.

149 TYLER, JOHN, Richmond, Feb. 13, 1809. Letter (signed) to Brig.-Gen. Biggs, Ohio. Encloses copy of an advice of the Council of State, which his

[Biggs's] failure to make a return of the quota required from his brigade by the General Orders of November 9th has made requisite.

150 TYLER, JOHN, Richmond, May 5, 1809. Letter (printed) to Brig.-Gen. Biggs. Encloses communication from the Secretary of War and requests that the wishes of the President of the United States be complied with. Congratulations on change of prospect with respect to foreign relations. Hopes the militia of Virginia will, as they always have done, step forward in vindication of her national rights and honor.

157 HENING, WILLIAM W., Adjutant-General's Office, Richmond, Sept. 3, 1812. Letter to Gen. Benjamin Biggs, of the 10th Brigade, Ohio County, Va. Enclosing General Orders of the Governor and explaining why they were sent directly to commandants of regiments rather than to the Brigadiers.

164 HAGNER, PETER, Treasury Department, 3rd Auditor's Office, May 10, 1834. Letter (signed) to Francis W. Simpson, Washington. Returns Power of Attorney from the heirs and legal representatives of Capt. Benjamin Biggs of Colonel Gibson's detachment of the Virginia Continental line; has been settled with in full for his services to the end of the war, and also for his commutation of five years' full pay in lieu of half pay for life.