

WAR WITH MEXICO, 1846-1847.

DONIPHAN'S EXPEDITION

AND THE

CONQUEST OF NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

BY

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Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations.

Includes a reprint of the work of Col. John T. Hughes.

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APPENDIX I.

MEREDITH T. MOORE.



President Missouri Mexican Veterans' Association. Private in Company F, First Regiment Missouri Mounted Volunteers, Mexican War. Was in all the expeditions and battles. Crossed the Plains to California in 1849 and in 1852. Helped much with this book. Born in Callaway County, Missouri, May 25, 1827. Lives at Cedar City, Missouri.

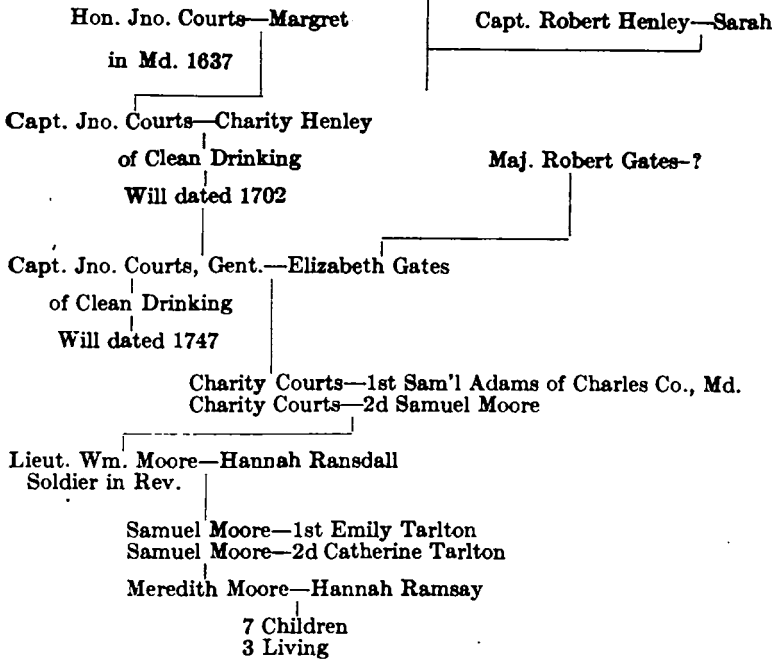
Meredith Tarlton Moore was born at Ham's Prairie, Callaway county, Missouri, May 25, 1827. He is the son of Samuel Turner Moore and Emily Tarlton Moore, his wife. In 1816 Samuel Turner Moore came from his home in Fayette county,

Kentucky, (where he was born,) to Callaway county, and selected a place for his future home; he returned and married Emily Tarlton, and in 1818 moved to Callaway county and settled at the place which he had selected, where he lived the remainder of his life. He was of sturdy Scotch-Irish stock, and always a self-reliant and good citizen. By his first marriage his children were: (1) William T.; (2) Alfred Jeremiah; (3) John Hendley; (4) Meredith Tarlton. His wife died, and he went to Kentucky and married her sister, Catherine Tarlton. Children by the second marriage were: (1) Emily Amanda; (2) Samuel, who died when four years old. Emily Amanda married Benjamin Lawrence Locke, of Oldham county, Kentucky, who moved to Audrain county, Mo., where he now lives.

Meredith Tarlton Moore married Martha Hannah Ramsay, daughter of Allan Ramsay, son of General Jonathan Ramsay, of Kentucky. General Ramsay was in the War of 1812, and was a soldier in many campaigns against the Southern Indians. He was a member of the Kentucky Legislature. He moved to Missouri at an early day; settled in Callaway county; was a member of the Constitutional Convention and of the Legislature. He is said to have been the ablest man in the convention. He was a stern and uncompromising man, and but for this severity of disposition, it is said, he would have been made Governor of Missouri. Meredith Tarlton Moore was married June 26, 1856, at Jefferson City. Children: (1) Allan, died when two years old; (2) Kate, died unmarried; (3) Leulah, married George Carlton, Callaway county; (4) G. Ewing, died in infancy; (5) William Alfred, married Nellie McHenry, lives in Jefferson City; (6) Hendley H., married Bessie Gundelfinger, lives in St. Louis. Moore's first wife died, and he married Eliza Ramsay, her sister; no children by second marriage. He lives now (1906) in Cedar City, Callaway county, just across the river from Jefferson City. He was in the First Regiment Missouri Mounted Volunteers, (Company F), and participated in all the hardships and glorious achievements of that immortal band. In 1849 he went across the Plains to California, and was a miner at Rough and Ready. He returned to Missouri, and in 1852 he again crossed the Plains to California, driving a large number of cattle. At one time he was in partnership with William Waldo, at Sacramento. He was in the mercantile business at Alviso. He dealt largely in cattle and sheep. In 1849 he started with a large saw-mill, intending to haul it overland to the Sacramento Valley. At Fort Kearny, on the Platte, the army officers offered him such a profit on his venture that he sold them the mill, but always regretted that he did so, for he would have taken it safely to California, where he saw one just like it sold for fifty thousand dollars.

Mr. Moore has had adventures on the Plains and in the Rocky Mountains, by sea and by land. These adventures would fill a volume. His memory is marvelous, and he has told me the story of his life; it is my intention to write and publish it, with other pioneer biographies. Mr. Moore is hearty and vigorous, and has the appearance of a man under sixty. He is an excellent citizen, respected by all, and is keenly interested in all the affairs of the day. On the next page will be found the genealogical record of Mr. Moore.

THE COURTS FAMILY OF MARYLAND.



Lyman C. Draper, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, made the following notes from an interview with General Jonathan Ramsay. It contains the early history of the family:

FROM GEN'L JONATHAN RAMSAY, OF CALLAWAY COUNTY, MISSOURI. (HIBERNIA P. O.)—BORN ON THE HEAD OF HOLSTON, NOV. 23D, 1775. (Interview had Oct. 21st and 22d, 1851.)

In 1757, in Culpeper county, Va., were captured Stephen Holston and Josiah Ramsay, youths (perhaps half a dozen or more years old, Holston a year or so older); were out in a mulberry tree, gathering fruit, and were captured by Indians. Holston got back—perhaps surrendered at Bouquet's Treaty. The prisoners brought in at Bouquet's Treaty belonging to Virginia, were sent to Abm. Buford's (afterwards Colonel), and settled in Kentucky. Thomas Ramsay went there to see if he could find among them his lost son, seven years gone, and, unable to recognize him certainly, finally concluded a certain lad was the one; took him, and reared him as his son, never doubting the fact. He ever after bore the name of Josiah Ramsay. But the youth as he grew up doubted this view of his paternity. He had no recollection whatever of his captivity, which, if old enough to have been in the mulberry tree, he should have had. His earliest recollection was the French abandoning Fort Duquesne, throwing flour and other articles into the river, and the Indians getting them.

On the Virginia frontiers was taken by the Indians a man named George Coon (or Kuhn) and his family—the youngest child a boy; and the mother enciente, which retarded her march, and an Indian stayed behind with her, and soon overtook the others without her—he had killed her. The children were scattered among the Shawnee Indians. Ramsay's Indian father used to tell him that he ought to be grateful to him; that when he first captured him he was very young, and he had to go and get a cow to furnish milk for him; that when

his mother was killed, his father, who could speak French, ran away from the Indians. George Coon could speak French, and did run away. Mr. Ramsay also recollected, while quite small, with the Indians, a white girl coming from another Indian town, and taking him up, caressing and crying over him—whom, he thought, must have been his sister. George Coon subsequently settled and died in Tennessee. (Probably Abraham Kuhn, the white Wyandott war chief, was one of his children.—D.)

Josiah Ramsay was at Point Pleasant Battle—(though he was born in 1755—and if a Coon, was probably taken in 1756 or '57)—and used to say that during the battle, both whites and Indians indulged mutually in blackguarding each other—the whites calling the Indians squaws, and the Indians returning the compliment by courteously saluting them as “sons of bitches.” On the return, Ramsay and one other came through the mountains and laurel to Holston settlements—very rugged [ragged?—W. E. C.] and nearly starved—little or no game—found only one turkey, and that just gone to roost and very poor. He considered Cornstalk a great warrior and commander. No recollection by Gen. Ramsay of hearing his father speak of the Crooked Creek Movement.

1776—Long Island Battle of Holston—Josiah Ramsay, Thomas Price and Ezekiel Smith, were spies—were rising, somewhat separated, to the summit of a ridge—and there Ramsay discovered an Indian on one knee, his gun leveled, resting it on the side of a sapling, aiming at Price, some forty yards off to one side. Ramsay instantly shot and killed the Indian, who proved to be a principal man among his people. Other Indian spies near by, ran, dropping some match-coats, a string of conjuring conch-shells, and some other articles, accidentally. The firing attracted the attention of a few of the nearest of the troops, who ran up to see, and were near enough to see the match-coats; and among those who thus ran forward, was John Sicks. But without venturing further, returned to the whites down the hill. Here a sort of council was held, and had resolved to return to Eaton's Fort, when Price and the spy party came. Cocke said, “We've got their conjuring tools—they ain't going to come any more—this will satisfy our wives and children.” Sicks and others said they had seen the match-coats, and would go and get them; that the Indians were coming. The result was, they returned and fought the battle.

CHRISTIAN'S CAMPAIGN AND LONG ISLAND TREATY.—Thomas Price and Josiah Ramsay were sent to bring in some Indians to the treaty. Price had lived with the Indians, and could speak their language. They came to an Indian town, and saw a squad of fifteen or twenty Indians—told them about the treaty. They appeared sullen. Price had his rifle cocked lying across the pommel of his saddle, ready for use, if necessary. Happening to cast his eye around, Price discovered several horses near by, and among them recognized a horse of his own, which the Indians had stolen from him. He at once jumped off and went and boldly took the horse, saying he was his property, and had been stolen from him. “No,” said an Indian—“didn't steal him—only took him for make haste.” Price took him off unmolested.

In the fall of 1780 Josiah Ramsay and family, accompanied by six or eight young men going to see the country, removed to Kentucky, and settled at Mason's Station on Dick's river. When at Cumberland Gap, on the journey, one bright moonlight night, Indians attempted to steal their horses, but Ramsay and one John Cowdry out with their rifles. Ramsay made a loud yell, and the Indians, probably seeing their guns by the glittering reflection from the moon's rays, fled. Going on the Kentucky, they found, in three or four different places, persons killed at their camps and unburied.

In the fall of 1781 Mr. Ramsay and family removed to Eaton's Station, two miles from Nashville, and reached there Christmas night, and frolicking and dancing was going on in different cabins.

Renfro's Station broke up, and going to Eaton's Station, at Battle Ground Creek, near Sycamore Creek, Indians came upon them, and killed fourteen of the party. Gen. Ramsay has seen the bones loosely buried at an uprooted tree. Old Mr. Johns, Mr. Renfro and old Mr. Coultney were among the unfortunate slain. Renfro's negro “Bob” escaped, and afterwards became free and kept

tavern in Nashville in early times, when Gen. Ramsay was residing in that region of country, and long after.

Josiah Ramsay was in Cold Water campaign—was not at Nickojack—and was major of militia when residing in Tennessee county (now Robertson county), before Tennessee became a State; was nearly always out in spying and scouting service. Got a pension just before he died, through the perseverance of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, and perhaps got one payment after, and died about 1834 or '35 at his son Gen. Ramsay's, in Callaway county, Missouri. Gen. Ramsay has somewhere a copy of his father's pension declaration.