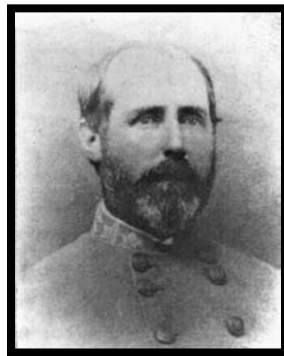


The Recollections
of
Maria Southgate Hawes
wife of
James Morrison Hawes
son of
Richard Hawes² and his wife
Henrietta Morrison Nicholas Hawes
of
Bourbon County, Kentucky

The enclosed pages are a true copy of material provided by a young Winchester, Kentucky man, whose generosity gives us not only the joy of discovery but the privilege and opportunity of saluting the brave young woman, Maria.



General Hawes

It is prepared for you -- the reader --by one of the great granddaughters of "Uncle William" Hawes, Major, C.S.A., who served under his nephew, General Hawes.

It is a treasure •••• to be added to our Hawes history collection.

III. The Breaking-out of Hostilities

We left Ft. Leavenworth in the spring of 1861. Albert was about ten months old. We went to Louisville and from there to Clarksville, Tenn., a small town in the western part of the state, near the border of Kentucky. Three miles from Clarksville there was a camp of instruction, Camp Boone. I staid at Mrs. Wardlaw's in Clarksville while my husband went out to Camp Boone, where he organized the 2nd Reg't of Kentucky Volunteers. The Rev. Mr. Wardlaw, a Presbyterian minister, had been acquainted with the Hawes family in Paris. His wife, a lovely woman, proved a dear friend to me and my children. She had a family of little children herself. We staid there about three months, until the end of July or the beginning of August. (1861) At that time, my husband was superseded in command, a political move. We went on to Richmond to see President Davis; I, however, did not go farther than Wytheville, a small town in the mountains of Virginia. We did not know what the next move might be; board was difficult to obtain in Richmond and it was not considered safe for the children and myself to go further. I soon returned to Clarksville, as my husband's business kept him longer than he had expected. Pres. Davis said that he would give my husband command of the 1st Kentucky, but that was not to his wishes. He therefore fell back on his rank in the regular Confederate army. When Gen. Anderson's army came into Kentucky, the home of the Hawes family in Paris was broken up. My father-in-law had to leave for fear of arrest and imprisonment. His wife, with her youngest daughter, Hetty, went to the home of her brother, Judge Samuel Smith Nicholas, in Louisville. A little later, her husband went on to Richmond as a member of the Confederate Congress, and she, her daughter and a daughter of Judge Nicholas, went through the line to the home of Mrs. Kitty Coleman, at Nelly's Ford, Nelson County, Virginia. Mrs. Coleman was a sister of my father-in-law. They remained there until the War was over. Clara went to the home of a cousin who lived near Paris, in the country. Later on, she joined her mother and sister in Virginia. Sam, Cary and Smith came South and entered the confederate service. All the house servants were levied upon by the sheriff and sold. They were Aunt Louisa and her daughters, Henrietta and Rachel; Amy and her child, Mary Jane; Aunt Tilla and her husband, Old John, and their son, Louis.

Aunt Tilla was my father-in-law's nurse. She had been brought from Virginia when the family came from there to Kentucky in 1810. After the War was over and the family returned to Paris, Aunt Tilla and her husband came to live with them again, and remained there until death. She died about 1874. She was a very small brown-skinned woman, very much bent and she spent the last years of her life in the corner by the open fireplace, sitting in a rocking chair. She could pick up with her fingers a live coal from the fire to light her pipe. Whenever the grandchildren went to Paris to visit, they were told to go speak to Aunt Tilla when they arrived and to say goodbye when they left. After the War, my father-in-law paid a visit to the old plantation that had belonged to his Virginia ancestors, and drove twenty miles to see a sister of Aunt Tilla's who was living with a relative of the family. There is no telling how old Aunt Tilla was; her nursing was born in 1797. She was always regarded with great affection by the family.

IV Bowling Green and Fort Donelson

At or near the town of Bowling Green, Ky., quite a large body of soldiers had assembled, made up of volunteers recruited from the farms and villages of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Texas. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner was in command of the forces gathered there for organization and instruction. It was a lovely locality; clean streams and wooded hills and highly cultivated fields of millet, rye and tobacco. The People were united in sentiment, being loyal to the Confederacy. My husband went there from Richmond and I went to join him. From Bowling Green, my husband was sent on different errands, acting as military aide to Gen. Buckner. One of these was an expedition to watch the railroad bridge over the Green River at Elizabethtown, Ky., with instructions to burn the bridge should the enemy appear in force. He obeyed orders and returned in the last train that crossed the bridge as it began to burn. I remember that we laughed to see him come home minus his hat; it had been blown off as the train went across. Southern sympathizers and men who desired to enlist in the Confederate army were arriving every day. They came in squads of three or four, travelling on foot, carrying their shotguns for personal defense. It was a place of rendezvous. Never did gallant men, old and young, set out with more brave determination. Col. Hawes was afterward ordered to Camp Boone, being given command of

the 2nd Ky. At Camp Boone there was a battery of artillery commanded by Gen. Lloyd Tilghman of Paducah, Ky., and two regiments of infantry, my husband's and a Tennessee regiment. I established myself and my children again at Mrs. Wardlaw's at Clarksville. The winter that followed (1861-62) was rainy and every river and creek was bank-full and navigable for the Federals, whose gunboats were thus able to penetrate into parts of the country which ordinarily they could not have reached. My third child, Maria, was born at Mrs. Wardlaw's' on January 7th, 1862. The Bombardment of Ft. Donelson on the Cumberland River took place when she was six weeks old. The troops from Bowling Green and Ft. Boone, with others, were ordered to the defense of the fort. They fought in the rifle pits two days and nights, and might have been able to drive the gunboats back, if a heavy land force of U. S. troops had not attacked them in the rear. Generals Floyd and Pillow, ranking officers, turned over their command to Gen. Buckner, a most admirable commander, who stood by the men in the trenches, and when resistance could no longer avail, surrendered to Gen. Grant. Gen. Buckner was made prisoner with his commissary officer, Maj. Sam Hayes of Covington, Ky., and was carried to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. He was kept there until exchanged, six months later. The Confederate soldiers captured were sent to Johnson's Island in Lake Erie. With insufficient clothing and blankets, in temporary frame quarters, guarded by foreign soldiers who insulted by curses men who had never taken insults before, our men suffered all the horrors of defeat in war. If the Federal prisoners suffered from poor food and poor quarters in Confederate prisons, it must be remembered how poor the South itself was; its own soldiers knew the pangs of hunger and of cold. I heard the bombardment for two days, and each day we heard that success had crowned the efforts of our men the day before. No one can imagine the sorrow and dismay the news of the surrender caused our people. When it came, with my three little children and their colored nurse, I boarded a steamboat that was bringing the dead and wounded up the river to Nashville. The weather was cold and rainy. A small stateroom was assigned us, and we occupied it in company with a strange lady, her two little children, and a little lap-dog, a pet of her little boy. My three children slept on our berth. while we stood up all night. The rain was pouring down, so that we could not go up on the guards; and the cabin was filled with the dead and the dying. There was a cot just outside our door, upon which a dying man

lay. We had only crackers with us and not enough of them. However, we arrived safely at Nashville. But there we found the people hurrying away also, for fear the Federal gunboats would come up the river and shell the town. It made me think of Thackeray's description, in *Vanity Fair*, of the flight from Brussels after the battle of Waterloo. We were obliged to move on, but under the protection of Divine Providence, we finally arrived at Huntsville, a town in the northern part of Alabama. - Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, my husband's old Utah commander, had a division of the army encamped there and my husband was with him. I had hired a negro girl in Clarksville, named Emmeline. The children and I liked her very much, so when the time came to leave, I asked her master and mistress if I could take her with me. They allowed me to do so, and she was our faithful companion until the War was over. Maria and the other children had measles in Clarksville and Albert had bronchitis afterwards. Both he and the baby were delicate little creatures and needed great care and Emmeline helped me faithfully. At Huntsville, I found lodgings with a lady with whom I staid six weeks. It was a beautiful place and we had lovely spring weather. There was a magnificent spring in Huntsville that supplied the whole town with water. I admired the magnolias and the crepe myrtle that the people had in their yards. There were many refugees, among whom I remember Mrs. George Sanders, whom I had met in Washington when I was on my wedding trip. With her were her young daughter Virginia, and her son George, a boy of twelve or thirteen. Her husband was in England, buying arms for the Confederate government. Her son Lewis was with the army near Huntsville. While I was there, the family with whom I had come down on the boat from Clarksville to Nashville, arrived at a hotel. They had met with a railroad accident on the way. The father had been at Ft. Donelson in command of some of the guns and had been rendered entirely deaf from the concussion. As if that were not enough, a bridge over which their train was crossing near Murfreesboro, gave way. The river was full of floating ice and this poor man was caught between cakes of ice and logs of wood. People tried to rescue him by chopping the ice away from his legs. He was suffering so much that he cried out "Why was I not killed at Donelson", but finally the rescuers were successful and he and his wife came on to Huntsville, bringing the two children, who, in turn, were clinging to the little lap-dog. They remained there a long time until the father recovered. When the Federal troops made some

kind of an advance upon us, Gen. Johnston made up his mind to give battle on the Tennessee River and gathered all his army together at Corinth, in the northern corner of Mississippi. So the children, Emmeline and I went to Corinth on a freight train. All day we sat on a board stretched across some boxes. Sometimes the door would be opened to let in a little air and Hetty and Albert would go and look out. Emmeline had her hands full to watch them. Maria was not well and I had all I could do to take care of her. When I arrived at Corinth, I had the honor of meeting Gen. Johnston. He came to my room in the hotel to call upon me, and told me that he would give my husband two days leave of absence to take us to some place in Mississippi. We heard of a place called Aberdeen. It was not on the railroad but we left the railroad at a place named West Point. Because we had pleasant associations with this name, but otherwise only by chance, we determined to go to Aberdeen. We had to drive over a corduroy road from West Point. It was a very tiresome journey, but we found good lodgings there at the house of Col. Sykes, whose wife made us very comfortable. They were very well-to-do people and were very kind indeed. Mrs. Sykes rose every morning at daybreak to attend sunrise prayer meeting; she was a devout Methodist. We were there from March until the middle of May. I heard of the battle of Shiloh at Aberdeen. The confederates thought that they were successful after the first day's fighting and that they were to go next morning to the Tennessee River and drive back the gunboats. A tremendous thunder storm came up, and the men had to lie all night in the wet. Next morning, half of them were disabled from exposure. They made an advance however, but Gen. Don Carlos Buell arrived with reinforcements, and together they saved the day for the Federals and drove our men back. In the meantime, Gen. Johnston had died from a neglected wound, on the battle field. Gen. Breckinridge was ill the first day of the fight, and Gen. Hawes took charge of his brigade. In the thick of the battle, my husband had his horse shot under him, but he escaped. On that field, there were my husband, his uncle William Hawes, two of his Taylor first cousins, his cousin Lewis Sanders, a young man the son of his uncle Albert Hawes, and his brothers, Cary and Smith. Smith was struck on the forehead by a spent ball but he was not much hurt. Cary was a surgeon. That night, on account of the storm and wet, Gen. Hawes contracted a terrible sore throat, which they called diphtheria. the Texas Rangers rifled his trunk and he did not have even a change of clothing.

Sam Hawes afterwards saw the trunk in St. Louis when he was on his way back to Johnson's Island after a parole. It was the trunk I had had for my wedding clothes, and contained, among other things, a Bible I had given my husband and his orange uniform sash he had worn when he was in the 2nd Dragoons. After a while, Gen. Hawes came to Aberdeen, very weak and ill. I have a letter written by him on April 25th, in which he expresses concern for my fears, but does not speak of himself, though he must even then have been feeling very weak. After the battle, the Confederates made a retreat and fell back to Corinth and this letter was probably written from the camp at that place. A few days after it was written, my husband came to Aberdeen, too ill to be out of bed, and for six weeks was very sick with pneumonia and typhoid. Uncle William came with him and helped me to nurse him. We had as doctor an army surgeon, a young Englishman, very scientific and skillful. We were with Mrs. Sykes and she was very good to us. The Confederates had evacuated Huntsville and it was now occupied by the Federal troops. Mrs. George Sanders was still there and was entirely without money. She had nothing to eat and was accustomed to send young George to the place where the horses were fed, in order to get a little corn to parch. George, young boy that he was, undertook to set out and find some of the relatives, so that he might bring help to his mother. He walked all the way from Huntsville to Aberdeen, going by way of Corinth. At Corinth he saw his brother Lewis and learned from him that Gen. Hawes was in Aberdeen and that his uncle might be there also. My father-in-law was then Provisional Governor of Kentucky and was in the South looking after the interests of Kentuckians who were Confederate soldiers. Young George met Gov. Hawes on the street, as he was entering Aberdeen. He was without shoes, his feet were sore and bleeding and tied up in rags, his clothes were ragged and dirty and he was almost starved. His uncle did not stop to ask questions but took the boy first to get something to eat, and then to a store to be fitted out with clothes and shoes and then managed to get help to his mother and sister. As soon as Gen. Hawes recovered sufficiently, we went out in the country to a plantation owned by Mrs. Willis. It was summer and the weather was very warm. Mrs. Willis was a widow and conducted all the affairs of the plantation. It was a country that grew very fine peaches and Mrs. Willis had a large peach orchard and cotton fields besides. Every morning the overseer would present himself at her door to speak about the work of the day. Her question was

always, "Well, where are you going to place the folks today"? She did carding, spinning and weaving. There was a large spinning wheel, which she had brought with her when she came from North Carolina. Uncle William was with us and Grandfather came to see us there. Hetty was a little thing about four years old. I told her that I was looking for her Grandfather and she asked me, "Does my Grandpa shave the top of his head". She had seen him for a little while in Aberdeen and had been impressed by the extent of his baldness. Maria had a fever, they said from the rays of the sun, while we were there and was quite ill for a time. I speak of the children's illnesses both because they caused Gen. Hawes and myself great anxiety and because we met with so much kindness and consideration from the people we were staying with, while they were ill. There could never be greater cordiality, sympathy and open-heartedness.

V. The trip into Arkansas

Gen. Hawes having been ordered to Little Rock to keep back the gunboats on the Mississippi from the rivers and bayous of Arkansas, we said goodbye to Mrs. Willis, when my husband was well enough to travel. We were to go by way of Jackson, Vicksburg, and Monroe, La. this first part of the trip could be by rail; the latter part, from Monroe to Little Rock, we would have to drive. On our way to Jackson, we met with a railroad accident. It was in the night. the conductor came hurrying through the car and I asked him what was the matter. He made me no answer, but in a second the car jumped the track and turned over. Emmeline was holding the baby and it was jolted out of her arms; it fell under a seat and a man was about to step on the little thing when Emmeline, by a well directed blow, knocked the man down backwards, and the baby was not hurt. Gen. Hawes had his hand cut and mashed, but Albert and I were not injured. Hetty had on a purple calico dress and the whole skirt was torn off. When we reached Jackson we were a queer looking set. The first thing the men in the car called for was whiskey. "Has anybody got any whiskey? Here's a poor man with a broken back". We remained in Jackson several days. It was a railroad center and we found it a miserable place to stay. We saw many sick people at the hotel and coffins and boxes filled with dead soldiers being sent home were everywhere. It gave us a dreadful realization of the horrors the country was suffering, but

increased our thankfulness for our own safety. From Jackson, we took another train that carried us west to Vicksburg and here we crossed the Mississippi River into Louisiana. We were never east of the Mississippi again, during the remainder of the War. We went by train to Monroe, where we met part of the command and where we staid a few days. From Monroe, we would travel almost due north to Little Rock. I became the proud possessor of a little rockaway there, very fine except for the springs which we had to bind up with rope now and then. We had a white soldier, Peter, to drive us. He remained with us from that time until the War was over. The first night out Gen. Hawes was with us, and had a staff of young officers around him. There was a young Louisiana gentleman on the staff who had an old colored man with him who had been his nurse and was now his valet. The old man was in the habit of putting on his master's shoes and stockings for him every morning. To the other young men on the staff this was such a subject of derision that the young fellow, in desperation, asked Gen. Hawes if he would not take the old man and let him look after the children, he was such a tyrant. Our way led through Camden, Arkansas, where my husband had some relatives, kin through his father's sister, Aunt Anne Coleman. They were very glad to see us, took us in most cordially, and wanted me to spend the winter there with Emmeline and the children; but I wished to be nearer to my husband. The children and I remained in Camden about two weeks. Gen. Hawes had gone on with the command. We put up one night at a place called Cherry Vale, an old fashioned farm house. A widow lived there who spent all her time making clothes for her son, who was in Gen. Lee's army in Virginia. At another place, there were two young women, sisters, whose husbands were away with the army. They were doing all the work of the place. That night, a norther had come up and it was quite cold, but each was wearing, as her only garment, a thin calico wrapper. They had been too busy to make themselves any clothes and were up until midnight, finishing some clothes they were making for their husbands, as they had a chance to send them off the next morning. They had raised and sheared the sheep, carded and spun the wool, dyed the yarn, and woven the cloth of which they had made those butternut brown uniforms. One of them had a little baby but there had not been time to make it anything. so it was wrapped up in an old wolf-skin. Brave women of the South, will the whole story of their devotion ever be known? We were three or four days making the journey between

Camden and little Rock. Gen. Hawes not being with us, we sometimes had trouble to persuade people to take us in for the night. As it neared nightfall, I would tell Peter to stop at the first house we came to, for sometimes they were quite far apart. He would call out "Hello the house" for fear of the dogs. When the people would come out, I would ask for a night's lodging. In some of the places the women were managing the affairs, the men being away with the army. I had money with me to pay them with; but if they refused pay, as was often the case, I had some real coffee and some brown sugar, and would leave some of that to be used in case of sickness. When we arrived in Little Rock, I went to a hotel and staid two months. Smith Hawes was there but my husband was at Duval's Bluff on White River. He had a little cabin there, and we went out to see him, and staid about ten days. But the life was so rough and the fare so poor that we felt that the children could not stand it. It was the beginning of the rainy season. the winter of 1862-63, like the preceding one, was very wet. The streams were all full and the bayous were navigable in places where they had never before been entered by boats. The Federals could penetrate into rich regions, and could drain the country of its resources, cotton, stock and other valuables being carried off. It was very unfortunate for the Confederacy, as much property was destroyed. From Little Rock, our next journeying took us to Pine Bluff. We had been there but a little while when Dr. Jack Taylor, brother of Gibson Taylor who had married our Aunt Sue Hawes, came up from the Bayou Bartholomew, where he had a plantation and insisted upon our going down there. Gen. Hawes had been ill with malaria; he had had two congestive chills and was in very bad condition. We staid about six weeks, he having obtained leave. We had a delightful time. There was good food and pleasant company and the house was full of agreeable people. There were two beds in my room, my children and I occupying, one, a Mrs. Clark and her two children the other. Dr. Jack had known my husband when they were boys in Kentucky. It was a beautiful place with large live oaks and lovely shrubbery. There was a pet deer on the place. One time somebody made for Albert a night-suit of red flannel that reached from his neck to his heels. While I was trying it on he broke away from me and ran out in the yard to find Dr. Jack to tell him that he had on trousers. The deer saw him and attacked him, knocking him down and pawing him, angered by the red color. They rushed quickly to his assistance and beat the deer off. His little body was bruised but would have been

badly cut by the sharp hoofs if it had not been protected by the tough flannel. Fortunately his face and head were not injured. Another exciting experience was an accident that happened to one of Mrs. Taylor's children. He had been having chills and by mistake, his mother gave him laudanum instead of chill medicine. Dr. Taylor set to work with all his might. It took hard work to revive the child and get him out of danger. The gentlemen on the plantation organized a hunt for deer and wild turkey while Gen. Hawes was there. They started out at three in the morning. The hunters were stationed at certain places and then some men stirred up the deer and drove them past. The first deer came bounding along, past the station where my husband was watching. It was a fine buck. My husband fired and the buck fell. It was soon followed by the doe which Gen. Hawes could easily have killed, but he did not fire a shot. When the other men reproached him, accusing him of buck ague and saying that he had lost his nerve, he denied it. He said that when he saw the beautiful creature, so frightened and pitiful, he thought one was enough. More would have been slaughter.

VI. The year at Shreveport.

After a happy visit at Dr. Taylor's, Gen. Hawes returned to the command at Pine Bluff. Here the next orders came to go to the Red River country in Louisiana, to check Gen. Banks. At Pine Bluff Gen. Hawes bought an old time coach, a la Gen. Washington, and sent it to Dr. Taylor's for me to travel in. When I reached Shreveport, I sold it as soon as I could. It was now the spring of the year (1863) and the roads were heavy. There were a great many fallen trees, and we had often to get out and climb over logs. The children and I started to climb over a log one day and there lay a big snake, coiled up in the middle of it. We were three days on the road. Shreveport is southwest of where we were and the distance is about seventy miles. the first night we found a place to sleep; the second night also; the third night it began to grow late and we could find no house. At last, about dark, we saw a little house perched up on a hill. I sent Peter to see if we could stay there but he came back, saying that the woman there refused to take us in. Her husband had been conscripted and she was in a rage against the Confederate government. She said she would not help anybody connected with the army. By and by, she came out and surveyed us and I told her I could pay for our

entertainment and could give her sugar and coffee. I used all my power of persuasion and at last, out of pity for the children, she relented and agreed to take us in. the next morning was Sunday and I dressed the children and sent them out on the porch. When I went out myself, there sat the man of the house, rejected on account of his eyes. He had arrived after we had gone to bed. He had Albert on one knee and Hetty on the other. I told the woman she had her reward for taking us in. That day, as we neared Shreveport, the children and I were excited to see a great big alligator sunning himself on a log in a bayou. It was the first we had seen. When we reached the town, the people were all in church. We went from one hotel to another but could find no place, for all were filled with refugees fleeing from before Gen. Banks. Finally in desperation, I drove up to the door of the Episcopal church and sent Peter in to see if Gen. Kirby Smith, in charge of the district, was there. He saw Peter, came out and spoke to us and interested himself to the extent that a gentleman present, a Mr. Morris, agreed to take us in. The next day, Mr. John Marshall, a planter in the neighborhood of Shreveport, happened to be in town and hearing my name, came to call upon me. His wife had been a daughter of a Mr. Oliver Hawes of South Carolina and he came to see if the families were related. They were not related, unless it had been back in the sixteen-hundreds when the Virginia Haweses had come from England; but finding that my husband was away on duty, he pitied my forlorn condition and invited us to go with him out to his plantation. Such was the spontaneous and generous hospitality of these kind strangers among whom my lot was cast. The house was nearly twenty miles from Shreveport and the way led over a corduroy road. It was a log house, situated in the midst of a forest, and all day long the doves would coo and coo, a mournful sound. Mr. Marshall was a widower; his daughters Miss Mary and Miss Margaret, were very kind. Their mother had been named Maria, like myself. Their brother, Hawes Marshall, had lost his arm in the Seven Days Fighting before Richmond and was now at home. It was a settlement of families from South Carolina. Their friends came frequently to spend the day and we saw a good deal of company, very agreeable people. John was the youngest child. One day when he was driving a drove of hogs into town along a road through the woods, a party of gentlemen on horseback stopped him, inquiring the way to his father's house. "Was he sure that was the shortest road"? "Yes, he knew it well". Finally he said he was Mr.

Marshall's son but "he did not have on his Sunday clothes". the party consisted of Prince Camille de Polignac and his staff, on their way to join the Confederate army against Gen. Banks. they stopped at Mr. Marshall's for three nights. Maria was a year old, a little thing, and the Prince took her on his knee and sang French songs to her. He was as kind as he could be. He recognized that the Marshalls were people of refinement and breeding. There was no formality but everything was kindness and hospitality; the best of good feeling was shown. I enjoyed myself very much there. Mr. Henry Marshall, Mr. John Marshall's brother, was in the Confederate Congress. When he came home from Richmond, he said I was the very person he wanted to chaperone his young motherless daughters while he was away in Richmond; and invited me to stay at his house. He had known my father-in-law in Congress. I remained at his plantation eight months, from July 1863 to March 1864; the longest period, so far, that I had spent at anyone place since the War began. Gen. Hawes was encamped at various points in the Red River country and came to see me several times. He was able to get letters to me now and then, and to send parcels occasionally. Smith was with him. I became acquainted with all the families around that part of the country and visited, with the Marshalls, at different plantations. I had a most restful and delightful time, and found the people exceedingly kind and agreeable. Mr. John Marshall's plantation was called Rose Heath. Mr. Henry Marshall had two plantations, one that he called the New Quarter and his home place, named Land's End. The homes of the two brothers were about three miles apart. The house at Land's End was a beautiful one, built by the servants on the place under the supervision of their master. The trees and flowers were very luxuriant. The Marshall family had come from Society Hill, near Camden, South Carolina, and Mr. Henry Marshall had another place there which he called "Quinine", to which he had been accustomed to take his family in summer. There was a large family at Land's End. The late Mrs Marshall's father, Mr. Thomas Taylor, made his home with his son-in-law and was the center of attraction whenever we went to spend the day with the neighbors. Everyone consulted his pleasure and enjoyment. He was eighty-four years old and had been in three wars; the War of 1812, The Seminole War in Florida and the War with Mexico. He lived through the War between the states and died of whooping cough at the age of eighty nine. Everyone called him Grandpa Taylor. Mr. Marshall had five young daughters and two

sons. The oldest daughter was married and had a little girl younger than Hetty; the youngest was twelve or thirteen. The older one of the sons died while I was there of some sort of fever. His father wished to have him buried in a plain pine coffin just as were the soldiers, but the young ladies could not bring themselves to consent to it. The Episcopal Clergyman who conducted the funeral told me that Mr. Marshall had been most generous to him. On several occasions, he was at his rope's end, when a wagon would drive up with provisions from the plantation. This clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Russell. His wife was a French lady and was able to help with the maintenance of the family by teaching French. So many of his parishioners had gone to the War that Mr. Russell's income was about cut off. He therefore learned how to make shoes and earned a scanty living in that way. He was a man of fine mind, and he made fine shoes. I bought a pair for Hetty and one for myself at fifty dollars a pair, Confederate money, and never wore a more comfortable or well made shoe. Coarse cotton cloth cost ten dollars a yard. Every Sunday we gathered in the library and Miss Mattie, the oldest daughter at home, read the service to us. She often read a sermon to us also, one of Jeremy Taylor's, or one from an English collection. In the afternoon on Sundays, the young ladies held a Sunday School for the negro children in the quarters. Occasionally there would be a church service at a meeting-house in the neighborhood. Then everybody attended, irrespective of creed, or of the creed of the preacher. Mr. John Marshall was quite deaf. He attended such meetings but did not always hear the sermon. On one occasion, a Baptist minister was preaching against infant baptism, very emphatically. In the midst of the sermon, Mr. Marshall got up and left the church. Everybody was much concerned for fear the preacher, who was a stranger, had offended him. It transpired that he thought he heard the horses loose outside and had not heard the obnoxious doctrine. Bishop Lay came while I was there; also Bishop Gregg of Texas. I had met them both in Little Rock and was very glad to renew my acquaintance with them. The young ladies taught some of the brighter ones among the house servants to read; every morning several little colored children would gather for their lessons. I taught Hetty a little, but she was too young to do much with. Miss Sadie, one of the daughters, enjoyed reading; she and I read Gibbon's Decline and Fall and Macaulay's assays together. I always tried to keep the children from bothering anyone. I put them to bed early and had them play

outdoors in the daytime, with Emmeline to look after them. Ma'am Sally, who had been the young ladies' nurse, lived in a cabin of her own in the quarters. She was "black but comely" and stood on her dignity. She was visited every Sunday afternoon by her young mistresses and always prepared sweet cakes and ginger beer for the occasion, and had the floor of her cabin freshly sprinkled with white sand. "Maum" Emma, the housekeeper, was married to Matthew, the plantation carpenter. They were both of mixed blood, very light colored, as were their several daughters who were house servants and maids to the young ladies. Their mother was always about the house, directing the work. It was her province to meet visitors who arrived to spend the day or pay shorter visits. She knew everybody and greeted them with cordiality. When she was prostrated with rheumatism, which proved fatal, the young ladies were at her bedside day and night and nursed her faithfully. At the funeral, the respect shown her was marked. The families of all the planters in the vicinity came in their vehicles and followed the procession of negroes, who marched, singing their melancholy chants, around her grave. A gloom pervaded the neighborhood. All felt that a good and faithful friend and servant had departed. The Marshalls had an aunt who was considerable of a character. She had grown fleshy and did not move around a great deal; she suffered from the heat. The room where she usually sat was a large, airy one. Her chair was in the center of it and there were two little colored girls stationed in opposite corners, as far from her as possible, each armed with turkey-wing fans fastened to long cane poles. These they were to wave slowly back and forth, to cool the air and drive away any venturesome fly. You could see them nodding and waking with a jerk from time to time. On Christmas Day the young ladies went to church in Shreveport, very much against their father's wishes. He did not think it safe for them to be driving around the country. I went with them. I bought a doll for Hetty, for which I paid twenty-five dollars. Hetty afterward threw it on the floor in a fit of temper and broke it all to pieces. I told her it was the last doll she would see for many a long day. In the neighborhood of Land's End there was a series of lakes, very large and filled with cypress trees. We used to go on fishing excursions there in the spring and summer. We would see alligators lying on the banks. On one occasion, we made up quite a party. The gentlemen fished and we paddled around in the boats and saw the most beautiful bonnet flowers, a kind of water lily. We saw a little

colored girl on the bank and a large alligator had her "charmed" until we could get near enough to drive it off. We caught a "cooter", a turtle, a great big thing, and hitched it to the back of the wagon, much to the horses' alarm. The negroes thought it very fine eating. In the region of these lakes, natural gas has been found within the last few years. A charming young lady of the neighborhood, Miss Flora McKeever, made Hetty a pretty sunbonnet of wheat straws. The young ladies were very refined and cultivated, and could sing Scotch songs very prettily. Our picnics in the woods were very much enjoyed, but there was always an undercurrent of anxiety and sorrow. News from the seat of war did not reach us very promptly and was never reliable when it did come. We would hear that there had been a big battle somewhere, that it had been a glorious victory for the South, and then there would be rejoicing. In a day or two, word could come that there had been a fearful loss of life; then, that it was not such a decisive victory as we had heard at first, then, that it had been a defeat. And our hearts would be cast down as before they had been lifted up. There would be times of gloom, sorrow added to sorrow. We had to keep up our spirits as well as we could, in order to help others. Some of my belongings I had left behind at my father-in-law's house in Paris, Ky. Among them was the fine ambulance we had bought in St. Louis, when we went to Leavenworth. When we left there, it had been shipped to Paris and had been stored, when the family broke up. After the inauguration of Gov. Hawes at Frankfort, he went to Paris for it and traveled from Kentucky in it. One trunk I had left at Mrs. Wardlaw's. There was a fire in Clarksville and her stable was burned but my trunk was saved. One trunk had been stolen during the battle of Shiloh; so I had only one trunk with me. It was a strong one covered with horsehide. I was enabled to pay adequately for my board and we had plenty of good food, but wearing apparel was hard to procure. We had to use thread very sparingly; when a garment was too much worn for further use, if we could, we ripped out the thread carefully and used it again. Hairpins were a problem; needles and common pins were very scarce and were treasured. The ladies learned to spin and weave for raw cotton was plentiful; so was raw wool. They made a kind of linsey-woolsey, and the children wore that. Mr. Marshall had all the carpets taken up and made into blankets for the soldiers. When the War began, hoopskirts were fashionable and I wore a "duplex-elliptic". I found it very uncomfortable in traveling and if our

journey on a train was to be at night (of course there were no sleeping cars), I generally removed it. Then as likely as not, we would have to change cars unexpectedly in the middle of the night, and it would be a problem to manage all the bundles, the children, the baby and the hoopskirt. I did not have opportunity or time to put it on again, and so brought up the rear, carrying it on one arm. I soon discarded it altogether. We were very well while we were at Mr. Marshall's. I had an attack of chills and fever when we first came but soon recovered. the children were in better health than they had ever been. Emmeline had an attack of tonsillitis. I remember it because of the treatment she thought cured her. Maum Emma said that her "lights" were down and for her to go down to the quarters and Sandy the blacksmith could pull them up by lifting her from the floor by means of a tuft of wool on the top of her head. Emmeline said she could feel them come up. Emmeline was converted at a revival held at the quarters by a preacher of her own color. I could hear the singing from the house and I asked her what were the words. She told me "Lord, teach us how to waltz and pray". The letters I received from Gen. Hawes were dated from the camp on Clear Creek, near Alexandria, La.; from Alexandria; from a camp on Bayou Gros-Tete; from a camp on the Atchafalaya; from Marksville; and from a camp near Marksville. The first one of these was sent by a special courier, a young officer of the staff. My husband had not heard from me promptly, letters had been lost and he was afraid I was ill. One of the letters tells of their plans for a special dinner on New Year's Day; they had hired a Frenchman to cook it for them. When two o'clock on that day came and they received no call to the feast, an investigation revealed the fact that the Frenchman had succumbed to the charms of liquor and no dinner would be forthcoming. They had to content themselves with a makeshift, cooked by the camp cooks. In one of these letters, my husband says: "The last reliable news from the other side is that Bragg has whipped Grant near Chattanooga". But alas, this news was not reliable. Sam was in these battles around Chattanooga. He was a Captain in Gen. Buckner's army. He went into the battle of Missionary Ridge and was lost. The family never learned his fate. A woman came, with what seemed reliable credentials to Gov. Hawes in Mississippi, and said that she had seen Sam in a Federal hospital in Memphis; that she was going through the lines and would take anything Gov. Hawes might care to send. My father-in-law sent gold, which was hard to come by, but the story was all a

lie. The woman had never seen Sam, for she had never been there; nor did she mean to go, as we found out afterward. Sam had a very sweet, unselfish, buoyant and cheerful disposition. He had suffered greatly at Johnson's Island and the family was very happy knowing he was exchanged. It was a great grief to all of us, when we learned that he was lost. The news did not come to us in Louisiana for some months. His mother and sisters in Virginia did not hear of it for a longer time still. After Christmas, Gen. Hawes was ordered to Galveston, to take command of the defenses of that city.

VII. The Journey into Texas

We left Land's End on the festival of St. Matthias, March 21st, 1864, a little before Easter. We parted from the Marshalls with the greatest regret, and most grateful memories of all their kindness. My friendship with them, and as the older members of the family passed away, with their descendants, has continued to this day. Parts of the old Land's End plantation are still in possession of the family. We crossed the Sabine River into Texas. Smith was with us. We were in the ambulance and Peter was driving us. The Country was flooded. We came to a bridge all submerged. There was nothing to be seen but the apex. Gen Hawes said there was nothing to be done but to drive on, he hoped the approaches were still there. Fortunately, they were. We had to draw our feet up on the seats. We drove to a place called Henderson and stayed there for a day or two. Gen. Hawes' presence was a great help to us. People would take us in for the night right away. Not far from Henderson we spent one night at the house of an old lady who was glad to see us and to hear what news we could give. She said, "Yes, the War had done changed everything. I remember that Easter used to come on a Monday, but now, I've heard tell they done changed it to a Sunday". Our road took us in the direction of Brenham, where a relative of Gen. Hawes lived, Cousin Ann Mason. She was a daughter of Col. Owings, of Owingsville, Ky., and a granddaughter of Col. George Nicholas. The country through which we passed was very much like Bourbon County, Ky.; comfortable brick houses, everything modern and nice. Cousin Ann's house was newly finished and was not yet ready for visitors; but she was most cordial and invited us to stay and gave us a comfortable cabin in the yard. Gen. Hawes had to go on but I staid longer than we had intended because Emmeline

had the typhoid fever there and we could not travel. I nursed her and fortunately it was not a severe attack. The children were all pretty well, except Albert, who had chills and fever. No one could have been more cordial than Cousin Ann. She was in declining health. Mr. Mason had been a member of Congress and Cousin Ann had with her in Brenham, lying unused in unopened trunks, the handsome silk and velvet dresses she had worn in Washington. She had three daughters and two sons. In later years, when the daughters came to Kentucky to school, there were enough clothes in those trunks to outfit each one of them very handsomely. talking was a great pleasure to Cousin Ann, especially about her mother's family, the Nicholases. Mr. Mason, who liked to joke, said that before he married, he thought that the human race was all one big family; but after he married he learned that there were two, Adam's family and the Nicholas family and that the Nicholas family had by far the bluer blood of the two. He told us that on one occasion, she and Cousin Mary Jane Victor, another Nicholas descendant, got to talking on the subject. He and Mr. Victor were forced by business to leave the room but when they came back some hours later, they found Mrs. Mason stretched on a couch completely exhausted, and Mrs. Victor, hoarse as a crow, bending over her still talking of the glories of the Nicholases. It was a pretty drive into Brenham from Cousin Ann's, and I went to the Episcopal Church there every Sunday, taking the children with me to take care of them. One Sunday some children sat in front of us and Albert behaved badly. The children would turn around to look at us and every time they put their hands on the back of the pew, Albert would slap at them. I had to take him out of church. When Emmeline was able to be up again, we started for Galveston in the ambulance, with Peter driving, as usual. Our party was increased by the addition of a little bantam rooster, named Jeff Davis, to which Maria had taken a fancy and which Cousin Ann had given her. On the road, and after we reached Galveston, whenever Maria would get angry about anything, she would say she was going to mount Jeff Davis and fly back to Brenham. The children were very fond of Peter, Maria especially.

VIII. At Galveston

Gen. Magruder was in command of the department of the Southwest at that time, with headquarters at Houston, Texas. Galveston was

under military rule, and was fortified to protect the city from the Federal gunboats anchored out in the Gulf. Gen. Hawes was in command of the city and its defenses. There were cannon in the harbor, some of them being "Quaker" guns. A young naval officer from a vessel outside, one time when he and my husband met under a flag of truce, told Gen. Hawes, "You have some very strong men in your garrison, General. I happened to be looking through a glass one day and I saw a man lift one of the cannon singlehanded, and carry it to another position". After that, care was taken that no such indiscreet actions could be observed. If the cannon had to be moved, it was done at night. But the enemy never learned how many of the guns were "Quaker", nor what was the force of the garrison. Gen. Hawes had found a house for us, and we started to housekeeping. We had quite a comfortable home, the first we had known since 1861 at Ft. Leavenworth. There was not much furniture in it, but that was all the better, for the children had plenty space to play and be free of all restraint. The servants were our standby, Emmeline, the General's standby, Peter, a colored man named Fontaine for a cook, and an old colored "Uncle", whose duty it was to open oysters and wait on Fontaine. Some things it was beneath his dignity to do. He belonged to one of the officers of the staff, had accompanied his master from home, and had been with him through the war, so far. Fontaine captivated Emmeline and they were married very soon. Mosquitoes, ants and fleas were frightful in Galveston but we were very happy in spite of them. The legs of the beds, of the safe in the kitchen, of the tables, and of all the receptacles that held food, had to be set in small cans of water, to keep the ants away from us and from the food. They were tiny red ants and could bite severely. Albert lay down on the porch one morning and went to sleep. He was wakened by their stings and suffered so much that he did not repeat the experience. They had a very bad taste themselves. I had been invited out to dinner one day and was given some preserves that were an especial dainty. I took one taste before the hostess did and discovered the unusual flavor but did not know the reason. The hostess tasted hers and exclaimed "the ants have gotten into these strawberries". I enjoyed the beautiful flowers in the streets and gardens. One lady would send me a large waiter full of roses and heliotrope. The streets were bordered with oleanders. We often drove on the beach in the evening to watch the fishermen draw in their nets. It was the only time in the day that we could go out, unless we

went very early in the morning, because the days were so hot. We often had our evening meal on the beach, Fontaine cooking the fish as they were taken out of the surf. They did not keep any time at all; of course, there was no ice. Fontaine cooked them well and we all enjoyed them. Sometimes we went sailing about seven in the evening. We had an acquaintance who was very kind to me and very thoughtful of our comfort. He gave me a cooking stove, a rarity. He was a very agreeable man, although he had been in earlier days a pirate on a slaver that brought negroes from Africa to southern ports, long after it had been prohibited by law, and although public opinion was very much opposed to it. He had made a fortune and owned a beautiful place on a bayou. He was of Irish extraction and had come originally from Boston. I read a story in one of the magazines lately in which there was an allusion to a tale which I heard from this old captain. The story is about a herd of camels that are said to roam over the deserts in the southwest. This old captain told us that in 1857 a company of men obtained permission from the government to import a small herd of camels into Texas, for ostensible use on the Staked Plains, the Llano Estacado. But that was merely a blind for the real purpose of the expedition, which was the importation of negroes. A cargo of these poor creatures was brought in on the vessel, hidden below the hatches. The camels, openly displayed on deck, were soon turned loose, no attempt being made to carry out the avowed purpose. So if there is no foundation for the camel tradition, as the author of the story says, it is at least as old as before the War, for it was current when I was in Galveston, told as I tell it here. Another diversion of ours was to gather on the beach when a blockade runner came in, and to watch its race with the gunboats. These blockade runners were long, low, very fast steamers, painted a dull gray, smoke stacks and all, so that they would be about the color of the water. They came in and went out of the harbor just as dawn was breaking or as twilight was coming on. Thus they did not need to show lights and were almost invisible, even close by. If the gunboats saw them, they gave chase and fired on them; but they did not dare to come within range of our guns and so would have to abandon the chase when they neared the harbor. These blockade runners made quite regular trips to Cuba, taking out mail and cargoes of cotton and bringing in necessities. It was the custom to entrust the captain with commissions which he was to execute in Cuba. The requisite gold had to be sent, with the

letter that contained the list of articles wanted. The captain said it was this way: when he got out of sight of land and out of danger from the gunboats, he would have a small table and a camp stool brought up on deck, where he could keep his eyes open and be cool and comfortable. Here he would take out of his pockets the letters which had been given him, generally at the last moment. He would open and read them, and spread them out on the table before him. If there was a piece of gold with the commission he would lay it on top of the letter and it would act as a paper weight. If there were no gold, since there was always a breeze blowing, an unexpected puff of wind was likely to come along and blow the letter out to sea and then he never could remember what the writer had asked him to do. One of the young officers of the staff noticed one day that I was short of teaspoons; he very generously said that he had a half dozen silver spoons that had belonged to his mother and that he would bring them to me and allow me to use them. Then, for some reason or other, he seemed to repent of his kind purpose, for the spoons did not appear. Albert had heard him make the offer and gave him no peace. "Capt. S., did you bring Mamma those spoons today?" "Capt. S., where are those silver spoons you promised Mama?" "Capt. S., have you remembered the spoons today?" I was much mortified and reproved and checked him. Capt. S. said nothing, but sent by blockade runner for half dozen plated spoons, of which he made me a present. They are still treasured in the family, though most of the silver is now worn off. I sent for Christmas presents for the children, when that season came. One was a little toy piano that had come from France. Its range was about two octaves and the notes were made by hammers striking upon graduated pieces of glass. There were no sharps or flats, the key being C, and with it came a book of simple tunes and songs adapted to the key. The children derived great pleasure from it, in spite of its small size. We brought it back to Kentucky with us and it was in the family a long time, but it was finally broken by one of the younger children, who had no knowledge of the dangers it had passed through. General and Mrs. Kirby Smith came there for a while. They had a little girl named Carrie. I went to call and little Carrie came in to entertain me. She sat down in a rocking chair and began to rock and rock, gathering momentum all the time. Pretty

soon, over she went, on her poor little head. There was an Episcopal Church in Galveston and I enjoyed the services. Gen. Hawes was baptized there. It may be that he had been baptized before, but he could not remember having heard his mother say whether he had been baptized in infancy or not. The island being under military rule, it became necessary to give out rations. There was a German settlement on the outskirts and the German women were coming every day and receiving the same rations that everybody else had, but they were not satisfied. One day a mob of them surrounded the house and demanded to see Gen. Hawes. They said they could not eat the cornmeal, it "scrotched" their throats; they wanted flour. But there was no flour to give them. Some of the more excitable of them had a rope and were threatening to hang Gen. Hawes if their demands were not complied with. Gen. Hawes took it calmly; he told them their matter should be attended to the first thing in the morning. The next day, he sent army wagons and had them all moved off the island. Miss Sadie Marshall came to visit us late in the summer. We had moved out to the edge of town and were enjoying ourselves very much when Peter was taken sick and it transpired that he had yellow fever. Col. Hall, an old settler, had a ranch on the island, fourteen miles out in the country. Gen. Hawes made arrangements for us to go there immediately, he, of course, remaining in Galveston. We thought that he was getting along very well, but after a while he took the fever. A lady named Mrs. Brown took him into her house and gave him the best of care. He was sick three weeks. An officer of his staff, Fontaine's master, had it also. One day in September I heard by chance that a wagon was going in from Col. Hall's to Galveston. I hurried and dressed and took a short cut across the fields to overtake the wagon, without saying anything to anybody. The driver remonstrated, but I would go. I saw Gen. Hawes only a little while, as he hurried me out of town immediately. Mrs. Hall was much displeased when I returned that afternoon, as she had a right to be. The next morning, I felt a little sick. My children know how I have always hated to take medicine. I took the biggest dose of castor oil without any hesitation at all and never tasted it. Castor oil was what was always given at the outset of the fever. But none of us at Mrs. Hall's took it, in spite of my imprudence. We staid in the country until along in December before frost came and put an

end to the epidemic, making it safe for us to return. When I saw my Grandmother again, after the War was over, she showed me a clipping from a New York paper, dated about that time. It said that yellow fever had broken out in Galveston and that among the dead were the commanding officer, Gen. Hawes and his family. I had written to my Grandmother, but none of my letters had reached her. She had broken up housekeeping in Cincinnati and had gone to live with my cousin Kate Chase in Washington. This was the only news my nearest relative had of me during the entire War. and it was false. Miss Sadie's cousin, Hawes Marshall, came in December and took her back to Land's End. While she was with us, her father had died as the result of exposure at the battle of Mansfield. Her youngest and only surviving brother had been taken prisoner and sent to New Orleans. Here he was put into a building where smallpox had raged. He had never been vaccinated and fell a victim immediately. His father was very ill at the time, and never knew of his son's death. The family did not know of it until after the boy was buried. The first of February, 1865, I went to Houston, where my fourth child, Mary, named for my Grandmother, was born on February 5th. It was considered unsafe for me to remain in Galveston, because the number of gunboats had been increased and they were shelling the town now, whenever a blockade runner came in. Emmeline, the three older children and the new baby and myself all staid in the one room. When the baby was five days old, the roof of the house caught on fire. Emmeline was beginning to bathe the baby. A man came running up the steps and bounding into my room without knocking, said to her "Girl, give me some water, give me some water". Emmeline was used to quick obedience without discrimination; she had had no experience in such emergencies. The only water in the room was heating for the baby's bath in a little sauce pan on a trivet before the fire. She grabbed that up and handed it to the man. It burned his hand and he let it drop and swore most heartily. I got up and dressed but the fire was put out and I did not have to leave the room. I staid in Houston three weeks, coming back to Galveston as soon as possible. The War was drawing to a close. When we heard of Gen. Lee's surrender, pandemonium broke loose. Every one acted as if the world was coming to an end. Gen. Hawes got leave of absence and went to San Antonio to meet other officers and confer with them as to what was to be done. Then, we all went, in the ambulance. We chose San Antonio because it was nearer Mexico; no one knew what was going to happen. We were five days on the road

and had to cross three or four rivers. It was the most unhappy of all my trips. The future was uncertain and the country through which we passed was excited and distressed. The sorrow and anguish the people felt cannot be described. The South was an empty shell. There were no men left, except the broken down soldiers, the ill and the crippled, between the ages of sixteen and sixty. Scarcely a family but had lost one or more of its members. We had not been in San Antonio more than two or three days when Gen. Kirby Smith, in command of the district, came with some more Confederate officers, and Gen. Hawes went with them into Mexico. My husband was opposed to the move, but he was overruled. There were all sorts of wild rumors afloat as to what would happen to the officers of the Confederate army, especially those who had been in the service of the United States before the War. Emmeline had a little baby in San Antonio and I staid behind to be with her and nurse her. Fontaine and Peter were with us. We had been in San Antonio four weeks when Gen. Hawes returned, having concluded that he would rather take whatever might come. He had written me several letters from Villaldama, the village to which he had gone. We were able to communicate by means of a friend we made, Capt. Twohig by name. He was an Irishman and had been a sailor on a ship that had been wrecked on the coast of Texas. He had managed to acquire quite a fortune and was the owner of a train of wagons that kept up a constant interchange with Mexico. Gen. Hawes had gone to Mexico in the ambulance; he sold it there, and returned on one of Capt. Twohig's trains. My husband told me that when the party of officers with whom he left entered a little town over the border, there came spurring out to meet them, a little boy riding a Mexican pony and wearing a Mexican sombrero, richly trimmed with silver. This with a pair of high-heeled boots of fine leather adorned with silver spurs constituted his entire costume, other clothing being conspicuously absent. He was about ten years of age and was the child of a man who was the chief of a band of bandits and who was married to an American woman. The boy thought he was doing honor to his mother's countrymen and saluted them by calling out in the most friendly tones "Hello, Yanks ..Hello, Yanks". It was meant in the most cordial spirit but it was so inappropriate to the occasion that it made them all laugh. Gen. Stanley, who had been a lieutenant at Ft. Leavenworth while my husband was there and who was an old friend, had arrived at San Antonio and he administered the oath of allegiance to Gen. Hawes. Gen. Stanley

said that he had seen a funny sight when he entered San Antonio; two little white girls and a little colored girl, sitting on some steps, with their fingers tight over their eyes so as not to see the Yankees. Major Colquohoun had been a paymaster in the Confederate army. At the close of the War, he found himself in possession of a sum of money that had come from the sale of some cotton belonging to the Confederacy. He called together the officers who were in that part of the country and divided this money among them, in proportion to rank. The officers had had no pay for a long time and this money was a Godsend. Gen. Hawes received three hundred dollars in silver. I kept it in my trunk, although this was not very convenient because of the weight.

IX. The return to Kentucky

Gen. Stanley gave my husband a parole and transportation back to Kentucky, for himself and his family. We broke up housekeeping, giving all our household effects to Emmeline and Fontaine, who remained behind with their baby. We started back in an army ambulance belonging to the United States and loaned us by Gen. Stanley. He was certainly very kind indeed. Peter went to gather in hay near San Antonio, on a ranch. We had a man who had been a Confederate soldier to drive us. My nurse was an old colored woman who had been sold down in Texas from Kentucky, and now wanted to return to her old home. We took her with us for her traveling expenses and she was very glad of the opportunity. The only name we ever knew for her was "Mammy". Our plan was to drive to Columbus, Texas, on the Colorado River and there take train for Houston and Galveston. There we were to embark on a steamer for New Orleans; thence up the Mississippi to Cairo on a river boat. When we were in sight of the railroad at Columbus, we saw the locomotive, puffing and blowing, ready to start. It was a corduroy road, and the mules balked. We were desperate. I called to the driver that if the mules, being army mules, were used to profane language, not to mind me. It proved effective. The conductor saw us and waited for us and we got aboard at last. We bade the soldier goodbye and never saw him again. The trip to Houston was most uncomfortable. My trunk was lost for three days, with everything I had in the world in it; but we found it again, unharmed. Finally we got to Galveston. The hotels were all

full and there was not a place to stay. It was ten o'clock at night before we were successful in finding a room in a small hotel. The woman who kept it took pity on me, with the baby in my arms and the three little children and said, as she would have to stay up all night anyway attending to her business, that I might have her room. The next day a lady who had been a neighbor of ours in Galveston the winter before, came and invited us to her house until the ship was ready to sail. The negroes were so riotous and impudent that it was not safe for ladies and children to go on the streets. The wife of the British consul, a friend of ours, had had a very unpleasant experience. We started for New Orleans at last. Everybody was seasick in the party except my husband. The baby was limp as a rag. Mammy lay on the floor of the cabin, completely prostrated. When we reached New Orleans, I saw the first Northern soldiers I had seen since the War began. They were negroes. I staid in the hotel all the time we were there; never once did I go on the streets, the negroes were too insulting. It was a terrible time. The steamer that we took up the river was the Mary Forsythe. We were all on the deck, I in my old-fashioned bonnet that I had had ever since we left Kentucky, when some strange ladies came up to me and asked me if we did not want to go forward and see the soldiers. I said no, they were not my soldiers. When we sat down to the table on the steamboat, there were butter and milk and golden syrup, all great luxuries. We had seen no butter or milk in Texas, and the children were delighted with that golden syrup. It was the first time we had seen such a table for a long time. From Cairo we took the Illinois Central to Louisville and went to the Galt House. Gen. Hawes was wearing his gray uniform, he had no other clothes. We must have been forlorn looking creatures. The children's clothes were all out of style and my cloak was a match for my bonnet. They had been "through the War". From Louisville we went to Paris. The family home had been used for a hospital and a garrison, and had been burned to the ground. My mother-in-law and her two daughters had been in Virginia, as I have said. Now they were all returned. The first care of my father-in-law therefore, was to provide "a home for Mother", as he said. He was received with open arms by his old friends. Farmers brought him sacks of wheat to be made into flour, cornmeal, hams, and all

sorts of provisions. He found a small house and took up his law practice. He was soon elected Judge of the Bourbon County Court and Master Commissioner of the county, positions that he held until his death in 1877. A gentleman living on the Millersburg Pike took us in, Gen. Hawes and myself and our family, and let us have the use of his entire upstairs. Maria had typhoid fever there. Her uncle, Cary, returned from the South, was her physician. It was in November, 1865, that we reached Paris. We remained there until Maria was well and then went to Covington to live. The beginning of the year 1866 saw us established in a home in Covington, our wanderings at last at an end.

Maria Southgate Hawes

born Nov. 30, 1836

died March 20, 1918

These recollections were dictated to her daughter in the Spring of 1911, in Covington, Ky.

James Morrison Hawes was born in Lexington, Kentucky, January 7, 1824, and was graduated from West Point in the class of 1845. He won the brevet of 1st lieutenant in Mexico. His later service in the old army was marked by a two-year tour of duty at the cavalry school in Saumur, France. For a time at the beginning of the Civil War, he was colonel of the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry, but resigned to accept a commission as major in the Regular Confederate Army. At the request of General Albert Sidney Johnston, he was promoted brigadier general in the Provisional Army, to rank from March 5, 1862, and assumed command of the cavalry in the Western Department of the Confederacy. Relieved at his own request after the battle of Shiloh, Hawes subsequently commanded a brigade in John C. Breckinridge's division, served in Arkansas under General T. H. Holmes, led an infantry brigade at Milliken's Bend during the Vicksburg campaign, and in 1864 was in charge of the troops and fortifications on Galveston Island, Texas. When the War ended, General Hawes settled in Covington, Kentucky, where he engaged in the hardware business until his death, November 22, 1889. He is buried in Highland Cemetery, Covington.

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