

### Background compiled by Carl Langford

**Jacob Pevehouse**, born 2 Jul 1775 Tn., died 1 Dec 1840 Austin Co., Tx. mar'd Rachell Kellum (died abt 1830 AR) mar'd 11 Aug 1800 Grainger Co., Tn. (2) Hannah Ross after 1830. They had a large family, with their second child being , **James Pevehouse** born 7 Apr 1802 TN. mar'd **Mary Hodge** (Polly) born 1801 Oglethorpe Co., Ga. , being a descendant of William Hodge and Margaret Welch, with her Father being **Alexander Hodge** and mother Ruth Hodges (1769-1831) mar'd in 1788.



Alexander born York, PA. 1757 and served in the American Revolution, under Francis Marion Fox known as the “Swamp Fox”, as a Pvt. (Records show not yet turned age 18) and later as a Lieutenant with the NC Militia. He continued to live in Oglethorpe Co., Ga. where some of his children were born and moved to Missouri Territory (Lawrence Co., Ark.) about 1816. He studied law and later was appointed Magistrate, 5 Apr 1816, then Justice of Peace, Spring River Township, Lawrence Co., Ark. Territory. After meeting Stephen F. Austin in 1824, he began his trip to Texas in 1825. Austin granted him land, reserved for himself) on the Brazos River near Oyster Creek in Fort Bend Co. where historical marker stands today, “Hodge’s Plantation”

**James Pevehouse’s** seventh child was **Clarinda Pevehouse**, picture above, married John Ross Kegans survivor of the Meir Expedition, shortly their after. She was asked at some point to write an account of her memories, beginning from age 12 to the early days before Texas became a State and after the Civil War.

### MEMOIRS

By Clarinda Pevehouse Kegans

*In her own words*, “... only because you asked. I was born in Arkansas close to Texarkana, I reckon it would be. Of course that city was not there. Mama and Papa were moving to Texas and they stopped along there near the river to raise crops. They needed food to carry them through the winter. They were traveling with Mama’s family. My grandfather [Alexander Hodge] was a friend of Mr. Austin and they all went to his colony. They were the first Americans allowed in Texas. Papa’s folks also came but later.

... all settled on Oyster Creek west of Houston only it was not there until after the war. Grandpa’s plantation was close by. He called it Hodge’s Bend and I thought he had a fine house. Of course it would not be thought of as a fine house now but it was then. It had glass in every window and that was really something in those days. Ours was not nearly as big but Papa kept building on as we needed room.

Grandpa was a judge in Arkansas so when we got to Texas he was the official in our district.

He was everything -- judge, sherriff [sic]. People would leave messages with him and folks would come by to pick them up ... The Mexican name was alcalde. Many settlers stopped at his plantation and our family gatherings were always held there.

Grandpa was a very busy man so he didn't take time for us children. We were taught to not be a bother. Hello and goodbye was about all was said. He was a tall man very straight and sat a horse well. Speaking of horses he loved them and raised fine ones but he gave them away to the army when the war started. Papa's folks [Jacob Pevehouse family] came to Texas a few years before the war. We loved Uncle Preston and Uncle [missing].

... floods. Mr. Stafford built his gin and that made it easier to sell our cotton and we had some money. Before that settlers just mostly traded goods. Once in a while Papa [James Pevehouse] would go all the way to Anahuac where there were things to buy. One time he bought me some new shoes. Oh my, I thought they were beautiful. Usually we had to be content to wear the shoes Mr. Paddy Brown, a cobbler in Harrisburg, made. He was a nice man Papa said but that didn't make us enjoy his shoes any better. Everybody called them Paddies.

Everybody worked awful hard and was good and honest. For a long time we did not even have a jail. Didn't think much about it then but I do now when there is one at nearly every crossroads.

I was very young when my grandmother died – of the cholera. Many folks died of that awful sickness then. Grandpa tried to get everybody who had it to Hodge's Bend hoping it would not spread. The folks never forgot how sweet and good Grandma was. I remember how jolly she was. She always had a hug for us but she demanded a hug in return which was a pleasure to pay. Grandpa had a cedar brought all the way from where Bastrop is now, that being where they grew, to put at her grave. He said they mean eternal life. Folks really enjoyed the socials she would arrange every few months. Everybody came. After she died they were not nearly as much pleasure.

I will speak a little about the politicks [sic] since it seemed to occupy about as much time as anything. Anyway when we were at Grandpa's or my uncles came to our house the menfolks talked of not much else. Mr. William B. Travis was sometimes at Grandpa's and seemed to think the Texans ought to be more aggressive but Grandpa disagreed. He thought Mr. Austin could settle the problems as he always had. Many new settlers just coming to Texas wanted us to declare independence and then join the United States but our family and friends did not. Grandpa blamed President Jackson for a lot of the trouble. He never liked the way he treated the Indians and his constant talk of moving the United States boundary farther west was worrisome. [Missing] didn't like Sam Houston, either.

He had a reputation for drinking too much and he had not bothered to do anything worth a hill of beans for Texas since he came. Even after the war Grandpa was suspicious he would try to use his new fame to get elected president of Texas. Grandpa thought Mr. Austin deserved to be. So you see Grandpa was right as usual.

There had been a barbecue at Grandpa's the fall before the war began. I remember it so well because it was the best ever held. Not just because I had new shoes to wear but because there was an exciting crowd. Mr. Travis, everybody called him Buck except us children, and his friend

was with him. It was Mr. James Bonham and he was so nice and handsome he caused all the girls to swoon! Then there were some Mexican horse buyers who we thought were awful nice. But I found out later that they were actually spies. The DeLeons had sent word to Grandpa by Deaf Smith to be on the lookout for them. The menfolks fooled them. They didn't say a word about the political [sic] problems. One of them turned out to be Colonel Almonte. Grandpa saw him among the prisoners at San Jacinto. He had been so nice we were disappointed to hear he had been a spy.

I will never forget the day we heard about the Alamo (23 Feb 1836)-- our friends dead. It was so sad. Papa left the next day to join the army, and I was so scared for him to go. Then about two weeks later he came home in the middle of the night to wake us up and tell us that Colonel Fannin and his men at Goliad had been shot. He said we would have to leave that very day for Louisiana. Words fail me when I try to explain my fear for all of us but especially Papa. I loved him so much.

We prepared for our journey to the Sabine River that being the boundary. The slaves drove our cattle into the bottoms hoping the Mexicans would not find them. They moved the washpot and ashes beneath it then dug a hole to bury our food then replaced the ashes and the pot. Papa, Grandpa and my uncles told our slaves they could go with us or stay behind it would be dangerous either way. Papa thought they would be safe at home if they did not kick up a fuss if the Mexicans came. They all went except Grandpa's old Sam who was too crippled with rheumatism. We would have taken care of him if he had wanted to go but he didn't. My heart nearly broke when we saw Papa ride off to the army. I could only think of Mr. Travis and Mr. Bonham. There were so many Mexican soldiers and so few Texans to stop their march toward us.

Papa had made a little box for me the year I was ten. It had a butterfly on the lid and he said it was to keep my treasures in. My treasures were the two glass buttons keepsakes from Grandma's dress and a scrap of blue ribbon and a pressed flower. What do you think about that for treasures? When we were packing to leave Mama wouldn't let me take the little box, said it was not necessary. She was cross with me and my feelings were terrible touched because she had made room for the violin and our study books. I didn't think they were necessary. Besides all that she scolded me in front of Grandpa which hacked me off so bad. I went off to cry. But I knew later she was very distressed and didn't mean to hurt my feelings. To be unkind was not her way but it sure hurt that morning.

... Aunt Elsie was already there. I was glad to see them. Cousin Maggie Kegans was a favorite of mine. She and Mary Jane and I went down to the lake to wait for time to go. There were cold campfires there where women and children from the west had camped before they went on to the Sabine. Grandpa's was on the main road. Cousin Maggie was in love with Ham Kegans and was worried about him. I saw smoke rising above the trees across the country. I knew the settlers were burning their homes and things before they left. Mama had refused to set fire to ours, said we would be back home soon. When I looked to the cemetery and saw Grandpa standing there at Grandma's grave with his head bowed I was awful afraid that we never would be back ever.

[missing] too terrible to describe but we made it only with the help of our slaves and

Grandpa. The slaves were so strong, good and kind. Joshua was a slave boy about eighteen and he made a harness to wear so Mary Jane [Pevehouse] Dunlavy could ride in it. 2

She was only four and could not walk for long. She loved riding along on Josh's back. He had long legs and when she begged long enough he would give in and take her racing across the prairie she laughed and laughed.

The next day when we stopped to eat and sleep, Grandpa came over to me and pulled the little box out of his pocket! I was so tired and scared. When I saw Papa's little box, then I knew that he and Grandpa, who had never said half a dozen words to me, loved me after all. I threw my arms around his neck and cried. The box and Grandma's buttons were precious then as they are to this day.

Grandpa was so wonderful. He wouldn't let us walk with our cousins, we had to walk beside our mother, but he would walk with different ones and always held our hand. I thought of all kinds of tricks to get him to hold my hand as often as I could. He talked all the time and that was very comforting during the long dark nights. Even during the rain storms we could hear his voice and knew we would make it somehow. Then while we waited for our meals to be fixed he would tell us funny stories.

Grandpa was a religious man and every day he read us a chapter from his Bible and said a prayer for our men. I prayed every day for Papa and I know everybody else was also praying. That was all we could do for them. I had my doubts that it would be much help because I had said prayers for the men at the Alamo and Goliad and they had not been answered, but I was afraid not to. I have learned since those years as a child to have greater faith. He does answer our prayers. It nearly broke my heart when Grandpa died. [He] had been so wonderful and I loved him very deeply.

[Missing] vinegar water and Grandpa put vinegar in the drinking water for the trip. Tasted pretty bad I can tell you. We traveled at night and rested during the day. Papa and Grandpa thought it would be safer. I kept looking for the Mexican deserters they talked about to jump from behind every tree. It wasn't bad when it was clear and the moon was shining, but mercy! When the rain came it was so bad I cannot describe it. The mud was so deep it stuck to our clothes and sometimes it would suck our shoe off. The slaves had a hard time keeping the carts from turning over and keep them moving but they did. They were experts at that I think. We could not cook for two days because of the rain and needless to tell you we were mighty hungry.

[missing] were so blessed to have food and stay well. There was so much sickness, especially the children, some died along the way. Grandpa insisted it was the vinegar water that kept us from getting sick. Maybe so, he had been in the American Revolution and fought with General Marion in the South Carolina swamps. That is where he first learned about vinegar water to help ward off fever. Deaf Smith had advised Grandpa to take a route north of Buffalo Bayou by a few miles to avoid so many travelers and it was good that he did.

We always tried to camp in a wooded place because it seemed safer. So that is where we were when we heard the guns at San Jacinto. Mercy! We were terrified as we huddled there listening. For the hundredth time I wondered where Papa was. I noticed my dear Grandpa

standing beside a pine tree with his wide brimmed hat pulled low over his forehead and his arms crossed across his chest. He was as still as the tree. I loved him so and knew he was so worried I went over to him and told him not to worry, us Texans were whipping the socks off those dam [sic] Mexicans. He sure laughed and put his arm around me. He promised he would not tell Mama that I said dam when I asked him to. When the guns stopped we just sat there real quiet until we heard a horse coming. Grandpa went to the edge of the thicket and called back that it was a Texian. We were afraid of what he might have to tell us but we hurried out anyway. We had to know. As he galloped past he called that the Mexicans had surrendered, we could go home! Just like we were one person we fell on our knees in the dirt and cried our thanks to God, even Grandpa.

Our family appreciated General Houston's leadership in winning the battle of San Jacinto but still they would not support him for president. They were still loyal to Mr. Austin and wanted him to have that office. They thought he was better qualified in spite of the General being governor of Tennessee. That was different. Mr. Austin knew about Texas and Mexico and he had done so much to build Texas. But of course the General was such a hero at the time he won the election. And poor Mr. Austin died before the year was over so it may have been as well, but he should have had that honor.

[missing] worried about his friends Senor de Zavala and the De Leons and all the Mexican Texians who had given as much as anybody else for Texas Independence. He was right to worry. Senor de Zavala died soon after he did so he was not mistreated but the De Leons had been our family friends since we first arrived in Texas. I am sure [missing]

When they had the anniversary ball in the new town of Houston the next year we went. I was going to my first ball and was so excited. My dress was blue and very beautiful. The fact that we had to go in wagons discouraged us not one bit. I danced with President Houston, never mind that Grandpa and Papa did not think too much of him. After all, he was the president and I held the event as something I would remember to tell my grandchildren just as I am doing. He was a commanding figure.

The President of Texas had to take second place. John [John Ross Kegans] was always something of a flirt with my older cousins and just teased me like I was a child so I didn't like him very well. But at the ball he kept asking me to dance and treated me like a grown lady. I decided to like him after all, really a lot to be honest, and he was very handsome. But oh my poor John was among those volunteers who went to chase the Mexicans out of Texas again and was taken prisoner at Mier. Of course that means he spent months in prison in Mexico. When he finally returned home barely alive it took him a long time to regain his strength and health. He has never to this day mentioned anything about that dreadful memory.

In,1854, John helped organize a Methodist church for us as well as a Masonic Lodge. Then he served as a county commissioner [Bell County?] hoping to get us some roads. There were only two. One went across the county east to west and the other north to south. I don't suppose Temple was even in anyone's imagination at that time.

[The following pertains to the period following the Civil War]

[missing] faced with another war! When John volunteered for the army I finally knew how

Mama had felt that day when Papa left to join the Texas army. But John got no farther than Louisiana, he was sent back because of his age. So he served as a captain in the Home Guard. Only a mother with sons understands the grief and anxiety of sending [remainder of page torn off]

[Missing] two stayed with us after they were free and John gave them a little tract of land for their own. Bad as the war years were the reconstruction time was worse. We had to contend with the Union soldiers in our midst watching every move we made and the poor ignorant freed slaves were misguided and taken advantage of by the soldiers and the dreadful carpetbeggars [sic].

When a carpet beggar went missing the army's heel was on everybody's back. I will never forget the day John got on his horse to ride to Belton to confess to treason and ask for pardon in order to regain his citizenship and be able to vote. It was the hardest thing he ever had to do in his life and the one thing he will never be able to forget.

John always put unhappy things out of his mind, that is why we have had so much laughter in our home. If an incident was not funny, when John told it he worked around the story until it was. He is a great story teller. He never was able to make anything funny out of that trip to Belton, though.

It was terrible for all Texans, that is why we were the last state to do what was necessary to vote. But they had to be able to vote. These men had fought for their independence and had a proud republic. John had not favored Texas joining the United States in the beginning. When they wanted out of the union they were forced to stay against their will. To be humiliated in such a degraded manner was almost more than they would endure but they had to if they were going to be able to vote. Times were terrifying. One day John remarked that if it didn't end soon there would be a Yankee buried in every cotton field from Red River to the gulf. There was no need for him to add that, many already were – secretly. John had not favored Texas joining the United States in the beginning”.