The Goulds of St. Clair and Black Banks
From J. Bruce History collection
St. Simons Island, Georgia

Remembrances by Aunt Agnes Campbell (married to Alfred Lamar Hartridge)
Daughter of Jessie Caroline Gould and Wilson Campbell

About the year 1750, three brothers left York, England, with the intention of settling in the New World. Little is known of their family circumstances prior to that time save that their father, a Horace Gould, had contracted a second marriage. One of the brothers was James Gould, who became my Great-Great-Grandfather. Located at first in Rome, New York, he later settled in a small Massachusetts town known as Granville. The year of his marriage and the name of his wife have not been remembered by his descendants, but the Provincial Colonial records of New Hampshire record the marriage of a James Gould to Lucy Brooks in 1758. These were our ancestors.

By this marriage James had thirteen children, two of whom(twin girls) died in infancy, and one son was killed in an accident when quite young. Of the others, seven were boys (one of whom was my Great-Grandfather James), and three girls. Nothing has been known of the brothers who came out of England with Great-Great-Grandfather, except a vague understanding that they returned to their former home across the Sea at the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

In 1776 James Gould entered the Colonial Army, joining a New Hampshire Regiment as First Lieutenant. While serving as Captain of the same regiment under Colonel Cilley, he fought at the battles of Bennington and Bemis Heights. During the hard-fought victory at Bemis Heights, when General Burgoyne's troops were drawn back, he was shot "through the body, and never afterwards rejoined his regiment". (See Volume #3, New Hampshire Provincial Papers and Revolution War Roll). How long he survived his wounds, was not definitely known by his Grandson, Horace Gould, from whom much of this family record has so far come to me, but he believed it was only a few years.

The oldest son, William, a lad of seventeen, joined the 8th Massachusetts Regiment, and was killed a few months later at the battle of Bennington. When his Father and brother entered the Continental Army, Great-Grandfather James was only ten years old. All the able men of the village were in the Army by that time, and he and the other small boys of the community were in charge of all the women and children. He used to tell of the suffering and hardship of those days. In the summer months fields had to be cultivated and planted, and in the winter months when snow would be up to their knees, the boys would rise as soon as daylight came to go out into the woods and cut young beech boughs for feeding the cattle -- afterwards going from house to house digging paths through the snow from back doors to barns so that the village women could milk the cows.

For several years following the death of his Father we know nothing of the family, for Great-Grandfather James Gould was always a reserved man and seldom spoke of that period to his children. While he was quite young he persuaded his Mother to move to Bangor, Maine. There he was able to attend school and to secure training in Civil Engineering.

At that time the family consisted of the three girls and two younger brothers, Horace and William II. One of the sons had gone to England to the relatives there, and two had secured positions in Philadelphia, and of their further history no record has been kept, except that one of the brothers died shortly after reaching Philadelphia.

The first of Great-Grandfather's engineering work that is known was when he received a contract from the State of new York to Survey a proposed Railroad from Rochester to Buffalo. The work was not completed when winter set in, and his men became so discouraged by cold and hardships that they deserted him in a body. The Indians in that country were friendly and he succeeded in securing their help in finishing his survey by early spring. Having been requested by the State Department to make an estimate of game in that locality, he sent in the following report: "Four buffalo, twenty deer, and one hundred thousand pigeons to each square mile."

About 1796 he secured a Government contract for surveying certain large timber tracts in Florida. By this time his family responsibilities had been greatly reduced through the marriages of his three sisters and their removal to Utica, new York. Horace had also married, and he and his wife lived with Great-Great-Grandmother in a comfortable home which Great-Grandfather had bought for her.

William had gone to Connecticut and of him we have no further record. The oldest girl, Rachel, had married a Trowbridge of Utica, and through her descendants (for many generations), a warm family interest and connection was kept up with the Georgia Goulds. Especially after the Civil War period they gave not only warm interest but material aid in helping with the education of some of Grandfather's younger children. The Utica relatives have all passed away now, but we have cousins in Cincinnati under the name of Gaylord and in Saginaw, Michigan, by the name of Potter. One of them, William Potter, now dead, was at one time President of the New York-Long Island Railroad.

Horace's marriage broke up a romance that Great-Grandfather had been cherishing, for he was in love with a certain Scotch girl in Bangor named Jessie, whom he had hoped to marry. This was never learned by any of his children, but was confided to my Grandmother, coupled with the request that the new baby (my Mother) should be named "Jessie".

In his acceptance of the government contract which would take him far South, I think he was glad to get so far away from Bangor. After the surveying contract had been completed he decided to remain in Florida, on the St. Mary's River, and to take charge of the logging and milling industry which shipped square timber to England. The news of his Mothers death reached him, and as he liked the South, there seemed no further necessity for returning North.

About 1804 he went to Charleston on a business trip, and while out on the docks one morning he fell into conversation with an old sailor opening oysters. The sailor told of a dreadful experience he had lately passed through on a voyage from Nassau, New Providence. The vessel had encountered a tropical storm and at one time there seemed no hope of saving her. Among the passengers was a young woman who kept up everyone's courage by her own brave spirits and her insistence that they would all be saved. "If I ever meet that young lady, I am going to marry her," said my Great-Grandfather. "My blessing on the both of you if you can get her," said the sailor. My Great-Grandfather not only met Jane Harris, the heroine of the tale, but falling love with here and induced her to marry him.

Jane Harris was of English parentage. Her Father, a retired Army Officer, located in New Providence about 1785. On the death of the parents, Jane and two younger sisters, Caroline and Mary Jane, and a brother Stephen, were left to the guardianship of an older sister. This sister, Elizabeth, born in England about 1781. had married Samuel Bunch of Nassau in 1799. The ceremony was performed in St. Margaret's Chapel, London.

Captain Bunch, as he was known to our family, had extensive cotton plantations and was considered to be a very successful planter. But the invasion of the minute red spider which could not be controlled became such a scourge on New Providence, destroying all cotton while still in

bud, that the planting was finally abandoned. He had a brother operating a cotton shipping business in Charleston, so he sold out his plantations with the intention of settling either here or in Savannah. And he and his family were passengers on the vessel during the storm the sailor had told of. He finally decided to settle in Savannah and Jane and Great-Grandfather were married there. "Uncle Bunch" became a successful and popular cotton merchant and on his death was buried in the City Cemetery(now known as Colonial Park). His stone is still in good preservation and will be found close to the Abercorn Street entrance. Aunt Bunch survived him by many years, dying during the Civil War period in 1866. At that time the City Cemetery, next to the Bishop Elliot log, where her stone still stands.

Great-Grandfather took his wife down to St. Mary's River where he had built her a home. There they lived until forced to abandon everything and flee for their lives because of an Indian uprising early in 1807.

One of Great-Grandmother's sisters lived with them. Caroline, a girl of fourteen, who was always much beloved by the family. She lived to be a very old woman and her sisters' grandchildren never tired of hearing from her the description of that early home and events connected with the hurried flight from the Indians. My Mother was her God-Daughter and also was named for her, Jessie Caroline. After her Aunt Caroline's death, she wrote down her remembrance of the story as told to her. The description of the home and subsequent events, I am quoting from my Mother's papers.

They had a lovely, happy home. To please his wife, Grandfather imported beautiful trees and shrubs through the ships sent across the ocean loaded with lumber. Aunty dwelt especially upon the beauties of the rose garden. By this means he , no doubt, hoped to reconcile her to the isolation, for the nearest neighbors, an English family who owned and lived on an indigo plantations, were ten miles away.

In those days there were no settlements except along the river, and all traffic and visiting was by water. Great-Grandfather owned two large boats and well-trained oars-men. To this fact he doubtless owed the life of himself and family.

One warm, still Sunday afternoon in September, 1807, the family was seated on the wide piazza. Their English friends had recently left, and the Holy Sabbath stillness was over all. A gentle breeze came stealing through the forest trees ladened with the fragrance of flowering shrubs. The twittering of the birds seeking their roosts and the occasional rippling splash of the river, were all the sounds that broke the stillness. Suddenly, a dusky form was seen to glide from among the trees, whom Great-Grandfather recognized as "Comichichi", an Indian friend and frequent guide on hunting trips. He rapidly approached and waved his arms in the direction of the river and said: "Get boats, take squaw, papoose, quick. Braves on war path." Then quickly disappeared into the forest.

All was now rush and excitement. The mill bell was rung (for the last time) to call the slaves from their quarters. Clothing, provisions, etc. were gathered. The family embarked in one boat and the Negroes in the other. They kept in the middle of the river, fearing that the Indians were on both sides, and rowed with muffled oars. The tide was against them and the boats were heavily loaded, so that day was breaking when they reached the Englishman's landing.

Fearing an ambush they approached cautiously, but all seemed as usual. Great-Grandfather stepped ashore and watchfully climbed the bluff to find a few feet from the edge, the mutilated form of a mulatto boy, and further on, that of his friend and all of his family.

The story would always end here, for Aunty would be so overcome by the memory of the tragedy that she could not proceed and we always wanted her to begin at the beginning when

telling it. All she would ever add was that the baby was only three weeks old and that his face was so burned that it peeled before reaching Savannah two days later. Also, that my Grandmother, sitting at a window opening on the street in Savannah, saw a shadow fall across the book she was reading. She looked to see an Indian brave looking at her and she fainted dead away.

Great-Grandfather learned that the Government was accepting bids for the construction of a lighthouse on St. Simons Island. He put in his proposal which was accepted. He immediately secured a good mason and started construction. A government report on the work states that the contract was for $13,775 and called for a tower and a one-story dwelling and kitchen. The tower built of lime and brick, made from oyster shells, rested upon an eight-foot stone foundation and was seventy-five feet high, exclusive of the lantern. It had the shape of an octagonal pyramid, twenty-five feet in diameter at the base and ten feet at the top. The iron lantern, octagon in form, was ten feet in height and contained oil lamps suspended on chains. It was located on a point at the Southern end of the Island that overlooked the Bar, and in 1810 was accepted by the government and President Madison appointed James Gould, the builder, to be the first keeper of the light. Photographs of the tower with full accounts of the building may still be secured from the U.S. Coast & Geodetic Survey Bureau in Washington. In 1862 it was found to be serving as a beacon light to the Federal gun boats, and was destroyed by shelling from a Confederate gunboat.

After the burning of his home on the St. Mary's River, Great-Grandfather decided to locate permanently on St. Simons. His family was temporarily housed in the Light-House cottage and he rented adjacent lands so that the Negroes could be put to work. He was still located there during the War of 1812 and the amusing story is told of him just after peace had been declared.

Early one morning he was on the cottage piazza when he saw a boat being landed on the beach below, which had evidently come from a schooner anchored across the Bar. A young British Midshipman, with several sailors, walked up to the garden path and at the foot of the steps, unbuckled his sword and handed it to Great-Grandfather with the announcement that he was surrendering and would claim for himself and his men the courtesy due prisoners of war. Great-Grandfather was greatly astonished, but gravely received the sword and leaned it up against the wall. Breakfast being announced, he invited the young officer in to join him and sent the sailors to the kitchen. Over the breakfast table he learned the reason for the surrender. A Maine schooner had become the prize of a British man-of-war. A crew was put on board under the inexperienced officer with sailing orders to proceed to the Bahamas.

The New England Captain and crew, while normally prisoners, were allowed the freedom of the ship. The Captain soon proved to be a most skilled Navigator and was permitted by his captor to take all observations. One day the Sextant was accidentally(?) dropped overboard, but the Midshipman was assured it would make no difference as he, the Captain, knew the course by heart. When opposite the entrance to St. Simons he advised running in as he confessed he was not sure where he was. With a gentle wind and the last of the ebbing tide, the schooner was skillfully maneuvered onto a sand bar where the ebb tide left her hard and fast. The captain showed great distress and anxiety, assuring the young officer they were in great danger of being killed from the tower ahead, and advised that he and his men go ashore at once and surrender to the first man they saw.

In due time the tide changed. the schooner was afloat and the shrewd Captain sailed away, minus the Midshipman and his crew.

In 1812, hostilities continued even after peace was declared. Blockaders anchored in the sound and raiding parties landed on the Island, carrying off Negroes, cotton, and food. The Negroes had thrilling experiences to tell of days spent hiding in the woods and one old slave, Mam

Betting, who was still living when my Mother was a child, used to tell how she had hidden under "Miss Caroline's bed" for a day with "nuttin" to go in her "mouf" and "dat Massa" and Missis tought de red debils" had gotten her "for sho".

As soon as conditions were once more normal, Great-Grandfather bought a large tract located in the middle of the island, known as "St. Clair", the name of it's original Tory owner. The property had been taken over by the Commissioners of Confiscated Estates after the Revolution, and had eventually fallen into the hands of a Savannah Bank. A large, brick and tabby house was built with numerous rooms and spacious halls, beautiful inside woodwork and paneling of oak and cedar. The house was burned by Yankee troops during their occupancy of the Island, but the walls were still standing when I was a child. My young aunts used to allowed me to go to St. Clair with them when they went to get roses that still bloomed in the old garden, or to gather plums and pomegranates from the straggling orchard trees. My greatest joy then was to be allowed to go through the first floor rooms and run up and down the wide cross halls.

Great-Grandfather had the fields cleared for Sea Island cotton and commenced a prosperous and quiet plantation life which was to continue for the rest of his days. Prior to that time three children had been born to him. Mary, James, and Horace (my Grandfather), and in 1817, another daughter, Jane, came. Great-Grandmother's health had been the cause of anxiety before that event and afterwards she did not recover her strength. She was taken to Savannah to have medical advice and was left there for some months under the care of her sister, Aunt Bunch. No improvement followed and what seemed to be a slight cold developed into pneumonia. She died before Great-Grandfather could receive the news of an acute condition. Burial was in the Savannah cemetery. My Mother remembered, when a schoolgirl in Savannah, being taken to her grave -- marked by a marble slab -- but I have never been able to locate it.

Great-Grandmother must have been a woman of unusual firmness and sweetness of character, as well as loveliness in appearance. The silhouette which has come down to me, shows her to have had a lovely straight nose, well-shaped chin and a long, slim neck on which her head seemed proudly borne. She had very white skin, chestnut-color hair and blue eyes -- a coloring which Negroes always adored and for years after her death they spoke of her as that "Angel Miss".

Aunt Caroline remained a member of the household, caring for the children and taking charge of the housekeeping until Great-Grandfather died.

James, the oldest son, graduated from Yale when twenty-one and, greatly to his Father's disappointment, married a New Haven girl almost immediately after. Her Father owned and ran a hotel there and as the young wife dreaded the idea of going South to live, an effort was made to induce James to go into the hotel business also. As a counter inducement, Great-Grandfather offered to give him ninety acres adjoining the St. Clair Plantation on the West and South, which he had also been able to secure from the Savannah Bank. The tract known as Black Banks, had originally belonged to a Colonel Graham, one of General Oglethorpe's officers, and had been classed also as "Confiscated Estates".

The condition which accompanied the offer was that James was to build his home and live there, going in with his Father in the planting of cotton. Uncle James accepted and the Black Banks house was built about 1832-3.

Built of tabby, with thick walls, it was in the style then known as Colonial-Georgian, with four large, well-lighted rooms, on the basement floor, to be used as kitchen, dairy, store room and wine room. Above, there were four large square rooms, and a half-story above that had two rooms. The house was surrounded on the four sides by a broad continuous piazza on which all of the

rooms on the second floor opened, and was supported by heavy tabby columns placed about fifteen feet apart.

The location, on the Black Banks River, and in a grove of wonderful old oaks, was ideally beautiful and with the money which his wife's Father had generously given, the house was well furnished. A sufficient number of Negroes were secured to start promptly with the cleaning and planting. Unfortunately, his wife could never adapt herself to Southern plantation life. She disliked having Negro servants and was always afraid of them. She hated the isolation and loneliness of a large plantation. life in those days was almost feudal, for all the requirements and necessities of everyday life for the Negroes had to be secured through the use of home material. With the exception of flour, white sugar, tea, coffee, spices and rice, everything in the way of food the plantation had to provide. Many barrels of brown sugar and syrup were put up yearly. Corn was grown and ground up to supply the hominy and cornbread. Pork and fresh beef was to be had in abundance, but had to be cured as soon as killed for ice was unknown. Game, fish, crab, shrimp and oysters could be had at any season of the year. The vegetable garden had to be extensive, with plenty of sweet potatoes and turnip tops for the Negroes, two articles of food which they considered necessary for every meal. Turkey, geese, ducks and chickens swarmed in the poultry yard, but required constant and unceasing care, for wire netting was unknown, and minks, possum and chicken snakes were never failing in their hungry alertness. In the spring wild plums, blackberries and huckleberries were bearing in the woods, ready to be turned into delicious jams and jellies, and in the fall there were persimmons, oranges and wild grapes.

The dairy had to be kept immaculately clean and cool to receive the pails of milk brought in twice daily, by the young Negroes, from the cowpen. Butter was churned and buttermilk sent to the Negroes at ten o'clock, with their cornbread, the regular routine for the field hands, who had had their breakfast at five A.M., getting up before daybreak to the call of the plantation bell. All workers knocked off at twelve noon, and from then until one P.M. was the rest period. Then the bell would again sound and work resumed until six. Weekly rations for each family were weighed and measured out each Saturday morning. The women coming up to the house to receive the supply with baskets and buckets, the amount due each family varying in proportion to the number of children in each cabin.

Cotton was ginned, baled and shipped to Savannah to the cotton factors there. They acted as purchasing agents for all leading supplies, and once a year would send down bolts of unbleached cotton goods which was dyed and made up into garments for the Negroes. The men made shoes from cured hides and hats were woven from stripped palmetto leaves. Then the time would come for plucking the geese and pillows and feather beds and quilts were made up. Even in my day, though conditions were very different from what they had been before the war, my Grandmother, Deborah Gould, still had her geese plucked regularly and with no little Negroes on hand to help, it meant a day of joyous fun and excitement on the part of the children of the household, for the geese could never be made to understand that they must not fight and bite during the operation. All this had been given in detail to show how responsible and strenuous the life of the plantation mistress had to be in those days, when every department had to be daily inspected and constantly supervised.

The slaves were usually bought at the Savannah auction sales and were frequently recent African importations who knew only a few English words and nothing of civilized living. The women had to be trained for cooking and housework. The most trustworthy and capable ones were weeded out to be put in charge of the poultry yards, and the sewing room. Those who were

responsible for new ways, became proficient and loyal house servants and devoted and trusted "Mammies" for babies and young children.

Aunt Alice had never had any domestic training in her life, and was incapable and helpless from the start. Uncle James fought a losing battle. Each summer she had to be sent home to New Haven for the hot months, and each winter she returned more and more reluctantly. When their son, another James, was about six years old, she definitely decided upon a separation, which was later legalized. Uncle James decided to give up Black Banks and finally located in Texas where he married again and lived for the rest of his life. He never returned to the Island or saw any of his family, with the exception of one niece, Janie McIntire, who saw him twice when he was an old man. He had been an invalid for several years then and was too feeble to take much interest in seeing her. The great grief in his life had been the death of young James, his only son, for there were only girls by his second marriage.

Early in the days of the War between the States, a striking-looking young man appeared at Black Banks, dressed in Confederate Uniform. It was young James, then a Lieutenant, who had obtained a furlough in order to spend a few days in his childhood home which he had never forgotten. My Grandmother told me it was pathetic to see his joy in locating remembered rooms and finding the old oak, between whose roots he could remember having a "pen" for his bullfrogs.

After his mother's second marriage he had lived with his father in Texas, whom he reported as being a partner in a cotton shipping firm in Fort Worth, and doing well. After rejoining his regiment young James wrote to my Grandmother several times. The last letter, written on the evening before one of the battles in Virginia, reached her with the notice that he had been killed in that engagement.

Great-Grandfather James continued the management of his St. Clair plantation with prosperity until the close of his long life in 1852. He was a man whose ability and dignity of character made a strong impression upon the Island life of that period. In 1820 when the Island had acquired its first church building, he was appointed as one of the wardens, and gave it his financial support, as well as warm interest. In 1843 when the newly consecrated Bishop of Georgia, the Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, came down to consecrate the Church, he was a guest of the St. Clair home during his stay. Very few intimate with Great-Grandfather, but his advice and friendship were prized and his plantation was known as one that produced to the fullest extent, owing to his systematic oversight and careful study of soil conditions and needs. An old Negro woman, not now living, Phoebe Murphy, was born at St. Clair, her mother being Great-Grandfather's valued cook and her father the plantation overseer, or driver, as the head Negro was known in those days. In her early girlhood, "Aunt Phoebe" was loaned to my grandparents at Black Banks, to act as nursemaid and companion for my mother, then about two years old. My Mother's affection and friendship for the old woman was passed on to me at her death, and until old Phoebe became too deaf to make conversation possible, she often talked of "before de war days". To her, the abundance and ease of life at St. Clair made the memory linger still in her mind as having been one of great happiness. She declared there was never known a "whipping" on the place. That when "menfolks" didn't want to do what "de drivers tol um" and wouldn't use "de hoes when put in de field", Massa James would say, "Alright, give him a rest, " then the man would be put in the lockup where he had a bed and plenty to eat, but no one to talk with. Solitude was evidently something they couldn't stand, for in a few days the Culprit would beg for his hoe again, and all would proceed as usual. Down at the "quarters" each cabin had its chicken yard and vegetable garden, and when a "shouting party" was desired., Great-Grandfather would allow a hog to be killed and barbecued for the supper. He never sold his slaves willingly and

families were not broken up or separated. Sometimes the young ones were sold or separated at their own request in order to marry one of the slaves living on another plantation. Fighting and quarreling in the quarters he would never tolerate, and a threat to sell the offender was usually all that was necessary to bring about peace. But "Aunt "Phoebe" remembered one slave that was so bad he couldn't get along with "Nobody, no how", and he was sent up to Savannah Auction, as Great-Grandfather said he "too bad a nigger'" for any of the Island Plantations to own.

After the day's work was over, the Negroes could go hunting and fishing, for St. Clair extended some distance along the Black Banks River on the East.
Coon dogs were always raised in the "quarters". Those slaves who wanted to visit some neighboring place were given passes from the Big House and allowed to be absent until ten o'clock. After that hour the driver was held responsible for seeing that all passes had been turned in.

At that period the Island was practically all under cultivation. Uncle Horace told me that even at the late period of his boyhood he could remember how beautiful the cotton fields were, extending on each side of the main road of the Island from North to South, and as far to the East and West as eye could reach the fields were colored white, pink and red from the changing color of the blooms. Land owners took great pride in keeping all plantations clear of weeds and as cotton required constant cultivation, hoeing went on from the time of planting until the bolls were ready for picking. No machinery had been invented for that slow work, and it was done by hand, by women and children as well as the men. Ox-carts were ready in the field to receive the sacks as they were filled, and on reaching the "gin-house" the cotton was spread out on the scaffolding to be thoroughly dried before going through the gin. The Negroes always loved cotton-picking time, and as there was a gift given to the best man, woman and child picker when the fields were cleared -- count being kept of the number of sacks which each picker turned in -- there was always spirited rivalry.

Great-Grandfather sent all of his children to Northern schools, the boys going eventually to Yale after a Prep school near New Haven. The two girls were placed in the Moravian Seminary in Bethlehem, Pa., which in those days, was considered one of the best schools in the country. When at school myself at Bishopthorpe, Bethlehem, I persuaded one of the teachers to take me to the Seminary, still in existence under one of the Moravian Sisters, so that I could sit in one of the old class rooms and walk through the lovely old walled garden, picturing my great-aunts, Mary and Jane, as school girls there.

All during his life on the Island, Great-Grandfather made occasional trips to New York by carriage, over a well-kept stage road maintained between Savannah and New York City. The trip was a long one and always ended with baths at the warm Saratoga Springs, which he felt greatly helped the Rheumatic Gout from which he suffered greatly in his latter years.

During these trips he carried and used what was known in those days as a carriage desk. A Mahogany case, heavily bound in brass, with a sloping lid and the inside fitted up for writing material and papers. It was the property of my Grandfather when I was a child, and I never tired of seeing the secret drawer opened where Great-Grandfather put his gold during the trips. This desk is now owned by James Dunn Gould, a great-grandson.

On one of his trips to New York, Great-Grandfather, in order to please his children, had his portrait painted and later on two copies were made. One to be hung in the Black Banks home and one to go to his sister in Utica, Mary Gould Gaylord, of whom he was very fond, always seeing her when North. The original was hung in the St. Clair home. The tradition that has come down through the family, is to the effect that it was painted by Stuart, an artist of great fame at that period,

but as it was stolen by Yankee Soldiers, that belief will never be proven unless a descendant sees it hanging in some museum or gallery.

My Grandmother, Deborah Abbott Gould, greatly loved and respected her husband's father, and would often talk of his gentleness, kindness and consideration to her when she became a member of the family while still a young girl, for she married when only fifteen. One of the stories she always told me with much enjoyment, was of the time he made his return from New York in a new coach. It must have been a very gorgeous affair, painted yellow, for the first intimation the family had of his long expected arrival was the appearance of one of the old servants of the St. Clair household in a state of great excitement: "Massa and Missus just git home! Got carriage two-story high, bottom for de white folks, top for de niggers, all 'gilsy gold'."

At his death, Great-Grandfather left all of his property, known as St. Clair, to Mary, the oldest daughter, which the family felt to be the right thing. The other children were provided for as my Grandfather had bought the Black Banks plantation when James gave it up, and Jane, the other daughter, had several years before married a Baltimore merchant and had her home there.

Great-Aunt Mary, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, had refused all offers of marriage in her younger days in order to remain her Father's close companion and housekeeper, and was then forty-three years old. In his will he lovingly mentioned her loyalty and devotion with the decision to thus provide for her. She lived to be an old woman and developed a strength of character and an executive ability which enabled her to compete with the other planters with her production of cotton and her wise management of a big estate. But there were sorrows ahead, for early in the War period she was forced to leave here home on a few hours' notice. Her silver, china and glass, were buried at the night with the aid of what she considered to be a trusted Negro foreman, before the house was closed. On her return, after peace was declared, it was to find only the walls of the house standing, the Negroes gone and their cabins and outbuildings in ruins. She was told, by one of the old servants, that the Union Soldiers had carried out all of the household furniture that they wanted before firing the house, and that on the promise of a bribe, the foreman had shown them where the silver had been buried. Her cotton in the Savannah house had been confiscated and the depreciation in Confederate currency had left her almost penniless. Her brother -in-law, Orville Richardson, was very generous in the help he gave, and she decided not to attempt the struggle of reconstruction days. Going North to her Utica relatives, she spent most of her remaining years there, returning to the Island only for occasional visits. While on one of these visits in 1872, she died after a short illness and was buried in the family lot at Frederica. The older island residents of today still recall tales connected with her beauty and charm, especially the one of the dual fought for her favor which resulted in the death of one of the participants and a bitter feud from then on between the families of the two young men. The St. Clair home was never rebuilt, and though the land was frequently leased and eventually sold, no attempt at cultivation was ever successful, and today it is as overgrown and desolate in appearance as it must have seemed to Grand-Aunt Mary's eyes in 1866.

Great-Aunt Carolina Harris, who lived until 1870, was a delightful person, and one much beloved by her Black Banks nieces who delighted in her tales of her childhood life in Nassau. My Mother was her God-Daughter and namesake, and to her she left her bedroom furniture of old St. Domingo mahogany. Only two pieces survived the war of 1860-65, and those I now have. The fate of the old four-poster was particularly sad, for the raft, with other household furniture which was being carried to the mainland, sank in midstream.

My Grandfather, Horace Bunch Gould, was a member of the Yale 1832 Class. Even at that time there was a great antagonism shown and keenly felt towards students from the "Cotton

States". The faculty, mostly composed of New England men strong in political adherence, frequently gave great offense to some of the students through freely expressed opinions. The climax came when one of the teachers one day made sweeping, and to the Southern students, insulting comments on South Carolina's proposed nullification, comparing the act as an open rebellion against the Union. The Southern students rose and left the classroom. They went to the faculty and demanded an apology which was refused. One hundred and nineteen surviving graduates of 1832 petitioned the college to recognize those who had left, by conferring upon them the honorary degree of Master of Arts. In 1880 Grandfather, much to his surprise, had he "sheepskin" sent him, with a request for a statement regarding his life since 1832.

That statement was included in the Class Year Book, a copy sent to Grandfather, and one now is still to be seen in the Yale Library Class Book files.

The sudden breaking off from his college life left Grandfather restless and dissatisfied, and unwilling to return home. His father was kind and sympathetic, but Grandfather knew he was disappointed over his lost diploma, as he had planned after that was secured, to have him study law. His Father wrote to him to go to Savannah where he had secured a position for him with a cotton shipping firm. Grandfather obeyed, but retained the position only for a short time. The routine business details did not interest him, and on being sent to New Orleans to trace a lost shipment, he sent in his resignation as soon as the cotton was located. For some eight or nine years afterwards his family gathered, from his occasional letters, very little about his life. But when his brother and sister, Mary, wrote of his Father's need of him, because of increased rheumatic condition which hampered plantation supervision and care, Grandfather returned home. Grand-Aunt Jane(Mrs. James Orville Richardson) who used to spend much time with Aunt Jennie MacIntyre at the Black Banks cottage when I was a child, told me that on her brother's return to St. Simons he did tell his family that he had spent some time as purser on a Mississippi River passenger boat. As those boats were notorious for gambling, drinking and fighting crowds, they were horrified, and watched him anxiously for some time, fearing evidence of lawless habits he may have acquired. But, with a smile, she added, "He settled down so quietly that we had no opportunity to see any." Great-Grandfather never recovered his activity and Grandfather and Great-Aunt Mary had entire charge of plantation work. In a few years Grandfather's methods of judging the qualities of seed and the planting and after-care given his cotton, were asked for by other planters. One of these, on Blythe Island, secured his services as supervisor of his fields. Later he undertook the same work for Mrs. Alexander Wylly, a widow living on the East side of the Island, near the old village property.

It was on one of his early rides down the Frederica Road, that he first saw and fell in love at once with his future wife whom, he used to tell us, was hanging over her home fence in order to see him pass by. Deborah Abbott, a lovely girl of fifteen, lived with her Aunt, Mrs. George Abbott, at Mt. Pleasant. The plantation fields ended on a high hedge along the West side of the main road, and it was Mrs. Abbott's rule that every morning after breakfast, Deborah should take her little sister Annie out for a walk before her teacher arrived at 9:00 A.M. And that special morning, Grandmother admitted long afterwards to her daughter, she had looked over the hedge with the hope of seeing that "handsome Mr. Gould". Deborah had been born in Dublin, Ireland, and had been brought over by her parents, Richard and Agnes Dunn Abbott, when very young.

George Abbott, Richard's older brother, had left Ireland for Savannah, Georgia, early in 1800 in order to open a merchandise business with a friend. In 1808 he married Mary Wright, daughter of Major Samuel Wright of St. Simons, and later bought land adjoining the Wright Estate and settled there. He and his wife lost several children in early childhood. At the time of his death

in 1825, the only surviving children were two girls, Mary and the baby, Ellen. In her loneliness and need of help in her plantation affairs, Mrs. Abbott wrote to the Irish relatives asking that Richard and his family come to her. At that time the Abbott family consisted of Richard and his five sisters, two of whom were then living in Canada, Marcella and Elizabeth Evans (married brothers), and Anne, Celia, and Dorinda living in either England or Ireland. Richard had married Agnes Dunn of Whithaven, England, and his father's death shortly before the request form Mrs. Abbott reached him, influenced his decision to go to St. Simons. He was young and ambitious, and with his small inheritance from his father, he felt he might eventually buy a share in some profitable business, as his brother had done. He, with his wife and small daughter, accompanied by a faithful Irish nursemaid, reached St. Simons about 1829. It proved to have been an unfortunate decision, as after the birth of her second child(Ann) about three years later, both Agnes Dunn Abbott and the nursemaid, Mary Dunne, died of malaria fever. Following that period, Richard spent much time in Darien where he established a small business, the nature of which was not remembered by our Grandmother. She could recall, however, that he frequently returned to the Island and that in the evenings she would sit on his knee while he carved out wooden clock wheels for a clock he would have on the table. He died in Darien about 1836, and was buried there.

By his will Mrs. Abbott was made guardian of his children, and she most faithfully fulfilled that trust, giving them the loving care of a mother and a most happy home life.

Grandfather's courtship days were difficult as Deborah's shyness made her often hide when she knew he had called, and Mrs. Abbott did not realize that it was Deborah whom he was hoping to see. When he asked for her consent to the marriage, she exclaimed, "Why she is only a child!" On finally consenting, it was on the condition that the marriage be delayed for some months, at least until "Deborah had been given a systematic course in cooking and housekeeping," all of which, being only fifteen years old, she knew nothing. So for some five months Deborah worked under Mrs. Abbott's personal supervision until considered capable of managing a house of her own. Probably very impatient at the time, but later on felt very grateful for the wise forethought which had prepared her for future responsibilities. Horace and Deborah were married in 1845, and Mrs. Abbott, "Aunt Abbott", as Grandmother always called her, died in 1848 at the age of fifty-six.

The Abbott family tradition reaches back to Maurice Abbott, 1520-1606, and his wife Alice, 1526-1606, of Guildford, England. They had six sons, two of whom, famous scholars and Ecclesiastics, became noted Bishops of the English Church. George, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert, Bishop of Salisbury.

Still another son, Maurice, became a Director of the East India Company, Lord Mayor of London and a member of Parliament. He was Knighted by Charles I, in 1526, and given his Coat-of-Arms in 1638, which the other members of the Abbott family were allowed to share.

Through the kindness of one of our Canadian Abbott cousins, the Rev. Canon George Abbott-Smith, (late Chancellor of the Canadian Theological Seminary, and who received a degree from McGill University on his retirement a few days ago), I have learned that as a lineal descendant of the Irish line, and his Grandmother, Marcella, having been a younger sister of Richard's, who married Samuel Evans of Canada, his interest in family history took him to Guildford, Surrey county, England, where he secured much information regarding the Abbott line there, which included the sight in Holy Trinity Parish Church of a large bronze tablet erected over the Abbott pew, showing the tomb of Maurice and Alice with their six little sons kneeling around it, two of whom, George and Robert, were wearing Academic Gowns.

George, after serving in many high offices, including vice-chancellor of Oxford, Bishop of London and Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of the eight Divines who translated the Bible under orders of James the Primate. He translated St. Luke and the Acts. He was never married, and died in 1633, being buried at Guildford under Trinity Cathedral which he had built. Our cousin George's greatest interest was in the brother Robert, Bishop of Salisbury, born in 1560 and dying in 1617, as it was through him that the Irish line supposedly descended. Tradition stating that Robert sent his only son into Ireland to there establish the Church of England. But Cousin George's investigation definitely proved that Robert's only son had died, unmarried, in Guildford, leaving by his will his sister, Mary, his sole heir. The conclusion, therefore, must be that our descent must be through one of the less known brothers. In his effort to discover what was the missing link in the family tradition, he wrote to the parishes in Galway to find if records of that early day were in existence, and was told that having been stored in the County Court of Laws, they had been destroyed in one of the Irish uprisings. So now the only definite proof of the Guildford Abbott descent consists of a Bible bearing the Abbott crest and given to Elizabeth Abbott Evans (cousin Anne Evan's Mother), by her Father, Thomas Abbott, and bearing the inscription: "Given to me by my Grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Abbott". I should, perhaps, have explained sooner that the second "T" in the Abbott name was added by our Great-Great-Grandfather(Richard Abbott's Father, Thomas), for reasons not known.

The Rev. Thomas Abbott, Rector of Angheart and Maylaugh, Galway, as present records prove, was the only son of our supposed Guildford first Irish ancestors of whom tradition has stated had six daughters and one son. This is borne out by an amusing legend concerning his arrival in Ireland, which Grandmother Gould used to relate to us and of which the Canadian cousins also knew.

When the George Abbot's of Guildford arrived in Ireland, he attached a raw country boy to his household as a servant. Sent one morning on an errand, he failed to return after a reasonable lapse of time, and George, knowing the boy had never before been in a large town, leaned out of the window to look up and down the street, and this is what he heard: "I am Tams. I gets my bed and my feedings from his Reverence, the Abbott who has six girls and one puny bye. Tell my where he lives." George's "Puny Bye" was later the Rev. Thomas, who held the position of Rector for his two parishes up to the time of his death. He had two sons and nine daughters. The oldest son, George, married a Miss Hetterville, niece of Lord Hetterville and a cousin of Lord Rose. There were four sons by their marriage; Thomas, George, Patrick and Samuel.

Thomas married Deborah Wakely, and through that marriage their descendants were connected with those of Richard Talbert, Earl of Tyrone, Ireland. They had many children, several dying in infancy, and five daughters and two sons surviving. These sons, George and Richard, emigrated to St. Simons Island, and Richard became our Great-Grandfather.

Thomas Abbott was a man of note, who held the crown position of Justice of Peace for County Galway. He was born in 1759 and died in 1829. I have a photographic copy of a miniature in the possession of the Atlanta Gowens (descendants of Mary Wright Abbott), which shows him to have been a most distinguished and lovable looking man.

It also may be of interest to know that after Grandmother Gould's death, I found among the pages of an old notebook which she had used to record housekeeping recipes, the following statement which she had written and signed:

"In 1683 the Governor of New York was Thomas Dougan, youngest son
of Sir John Dougan, an Irish Baronet and a nephew of Richard Talbott,
Earl of Tyrone. An ancestor of mine."

(Signed) D.A. Gould

Cousin George Abbott-Smith has a miniature of Deborah Wakely, and the other Canadian cousins hold silhouettes and miniatures of Thomas and Deborah Wakely Abbott's large family, brothers and sister of our Great-Grandfather Richard.

Grandmother Gould knew little about her Mother's family, and had no remembrance of her as she had died so soon after her arrival. But she learned from "Aunt Abbott", who used to rebuke her when in childish tantrums, exclaiming: "Why can't you be sweet and gentle like your Mother!" The following facts:

Born in Whitehaven, Cumberland County, England, Agnes lost her parents at an early date, and had been raised in the family of her Father's brother, Captain Dunn, an officer of the English Merchant service. At the time of Richard Abbott's death he was notified, and both he and his wife wrote to Mrs. George Abbott offering to take the two children. The offer was refused, but his interest in his niece's children was shown by his occasional letters, in one of which he told of his wife's death. He died soon after Grandmother's marriage, leaving her a legacy of a thousand pounds. The Gould McIntires own a small oil painting, which was Aunt Jennie's, but of which they have no history. A photograph has been sent me and I believe it to have been a portrait of either Agnes Dunn's Father or that of Captain Dunn, and given to Aunt Jennie by Grandmother. It represents a man of fine and dignified appearance, dressed in the fashion period of his day, which evidently was that of the early 19th Century. I much regret that I did not know of the portrait at an earlier date, as my mother would probably have been able to identify it.

After their marriage, my grandparents first lived at Black Banks with Uncle James, and there Jane(Jennie) was born in 1846. Then, on being offered the use of the plantation home house on Blythe Island where he was still carrying on the plantation supervision, Grandfather decided to move there. The birth of their second child, Jessie Caroline, was in 1848, and they remained there only tow years after, for in 1850 Grandfather returned to St. Simons in response to an urgent call from Mrs. Caroline Armstrong of Harrington Hall, to take over her plantation with full control. Elizabeth Frazer(Lizzie) was born there in 1850. The family stay at the Hall was short, for Uncle James, alone in the Black Banks house, begged for a return, insisting that control of Harrington could still be managed without residence there. Induced also by Great-Grandfather's wish to have him nearer because of his almost complete invalidism, Grandfather returned in time for his first son, Horace Abbott, to be born there. This was in 1852. Uncle James, satisfied that his wife would never return to the Island, lost all interest in the plantation, frequently going up to New Haven and turning over more and more the plantation supervision and control to Grandfather. The Harrington responsibility had ended with Mrs. Armstrong's death in 1855, so when Uncle James decided to sell the Black Banks property for $2,200 in 1859, the business was concluded, though the deed was not recorded until 1856, in the Brunswick Court House records. Subsequent to the move back to lack Banks, there was happiness and prosperity until the onset of the War Between the States, marred only by the sorrow occasioned by Great-Grandfather's death. Four more children were born during that interval; Mary Frances, 1854; Anne Deborah, 1857; James Dunn, 1859; and Helen Richardson, 1861. Later on there was to be another daughter and son, making them ten children that my Grandparents successfully carried through to maturity, and with such sound conditions as enabled all but one to live until well into the "old-age" period. Considering the Island's lack of medical facilities and skill and the prevailing ignorance as to the cause of malarial fever, it was truly a marvelous accomplishment which cannot be credited to good luck only. Due credit must be given to the good judgment, sound sense, and never failing care of the parents.

Before and during that early period, our Churchyard proves that most Island families lost children at early stages. Some families losing three or four.

Grandfather, even in old age, had such an erect and fine figure, and a face of such mingled refinement, strength and sweetness, that even as a child I could understand how Grandmother's heart was given to him at first sight. In his later years he wore a close-clipped beard and was then so much like General Robert E. Lee in appearance that he was frequently asked as to the relationship. His dignity and integrity of character, combined with a keen sense of justice and consideration for others, won for him the confidence, respect and friendship of all who knew him. In his private life he was a tender, and devoted husband, and to his children a wise, patient and most loving father. Always giving time to listen to troubles, or reasons for wrongdoing. He made few rules for the guidance of the household, believing that to be Grandmother's responsibility, but a rule once made, his children knew it must be implicitly obeyed. To his slaves he was a strict but kind master who considered their welfare and working conditions from a human point of view. That they respected and loved him was proved by their anxiety to return to Black Banks after their freedom had been gained.

Grandfather died suddenly from a brain hemorrhage, 1881, at the age of 68 years. He had gone down to fishing-ground for a catch of whiting, and was found dead on the river bank with his rod in his hand.

Grandmother, with her large, black-fringed, gray eyes, her rippling black hair, good complexion, and sweet generous mouth, must have been a lovely young woman, and certainly was a sweet-looking one in old age. But it was the intensity of her love, her warm, generous heart and unfailing kindness to all, as well as her almost childish faith in the inherited goodness of human nature, especially in the members of her family, that won for her the undying love, admiration and respect given to her by her husband and children. In spite of her graciousness and charm of manner, she was a shy woman. one who was never known to call her husband anything but Mr. Gould, and who shrank from meeting strangers; finding her greatest happiness within the family circle.

Mrs. Abbott had always been able to secure tutors for the girls through the service of various parish rectors, who had been glad to supplement their small incomes in that way. And while it had mostly centered on English(written and spoken), history and the Classics, it had developed a retentive memory, a great love of poetry, and a discriminating taste for good literature. I can remember that whenever there was a discussion in the family as to a correct phrasing of a sentence, the spelling of a word, or a quotation or date required, it was Grandmother who was consulted as an authority. Her last tutor was the Rev. T.B. Bartow, who had married Isabella, daughter of Mr. John Couper of St. Simons, and was a Chaplain in the U.S. Navy. Serving also as Rector of St. Davids on the mainland. Grandmother developed early in her married life great capacity in the management of her household and care given her children. One of her wedding presents had been a copy of the "Household Doctor", and that she studied so carefully that she became in the course of time to be considered as an excellent emergency doctor by both Grandfather and her friends. In a locked closet in her bedroom she always kept on hand a supply of the various drugs advised by her book. The only resident physician on the Island was employed by Major Butler, at Butler's Point, who refused calls over the Island unless convinced it was a case of great necessity, with the result that the sufferer would be in a dying condition before seen. It was not until the lumber mill was in operation that there was a doctor for private practice. Fortunately, the Island's isolation greatly eliminated the usual infections of childhood, but Grandmother did have malaria to contend with. That it was a mosquito-borne disease was undreamed of, and the only known remedy was Peruvian Bark given in large doses. Grandfather had a theory that it was

spread by river mists at night as he had noticed that the first of his Negroes to have “de chill and de fever” in the early summer were those who had been on the river at night casting for mullet. While his children were still small he made the rule that they were never to be out of the house after sundown during the summer months, and Grandmother supplemented that precaution by seeing that each child swallowed a spoonful of Peruvian Bark tonic before leaving the house in the morning. Another household custom was “early to bed and early to rise”. To avoid a restless evening from mosquitoes in summer, very few lamps were lighted until bedtime, the family sitting out on the broad southern piazza where an ocean breeze would usually be enjoyed, and when lacking, a “small pot” filled with dry leaves and chips was lighted and placed in the corner to drive away flying insects. During my childhood the hours spent in that way have furnished some of my happiest recollections, for Grandmother, with her sweet voice, dramatic ability, and keen sense of humor, had the Irish gift of being able to relate stories in a most thrilling way. Stories of “We Folk” of Old Ireland told her by her father; stories of Colonial days, and of her childhood, and of course, Fairy stories,. We always gathered around during those evenings, when she never failed to oblige our pleadings.

The precautions of those early days, whether against the settling marsh mist, or against mosquito nuisance, certainly served to keep her children free from serious malarial attacks, and there was but one time that she could remember when a doctor seemed urgently needed. That was when her two oldest girls, Jennie and Jessie, had scarlet fever. Going down to the Negro cabins one morning, when they were for and six years of age, she noticed several of the little Negro children were pulling strips of skin from their hands -- she asked about it and was told that the children had had “de fever for two days”, and then the “itchen and peelin” commenced. Scarlet fever flashed at once into Grandmother’s mind, and she dashed back to the house to look it up in her Doctor’s book. Fears were confirmed by the symptoms it mentioned. She at once tried to consider how she could protect her girls, who she knew were frequently down at the cabins. Grandfather could not be consulted as he was off on his daily supervision of the cotton fields. She had to act at once on her own judgment. Getting castor oil ready and turpentine throat swabs, she called the girls and explained the situation, offering as bribes for the intended treatment, a green silk parasol that Jennie had always coveted, and a red bead bracelet to Jessie, who had been equally desirous for its possession. The girls opened their mouths; their throats were scrubbed with turpentine, and the castor oil bravely swallowed. When Grandfather returned he was told what had happened by a tearful wife, but who immediately became a furious one, when he burst into a laugh and exclaimed, “Good Heavens! Deborah, if your dosing doesn’t kill them, they are certainly tough enough to get away with even scarlet fever.” They had it, but in a form which Grandmother could successfully care for with her herb teas to reduce the fever, and the turpentine swabs for the bad throats, and warm goosefat on the itching skin. All Grandmother’s children were brought into the world without the aid of a doctor. While on the Island, Grandfather, at the first notice of the impending event, would at once start two of his oarsmen in a boat to Brunswick, for a doctor. The trip there and back required twenty-four hours, and by the time the doctor arrived, Grandmother would be found propped up in bed with the new baby in her arms. During her stay in Burneyville, (‘62 to ‘66), where her two last children were born, she refused to call in the medical help there because he was an old man, and she didn’t want to “bother”.

Grandmother’s aunts in Canada, Elizabeth and Marcella Evans, (they had married brothers), had kept in touch with her through their occasional letters, and when Aunt Elizabeth wrote that her daughter, Anna, was anxious to visit the Island, a warm invitation was sent with the offer of traveling expenses. I imagine not without guile on Grandmother’s part, for she hoped that

Anna would be so happy with the family, she would decide to remain indefinitely as governess to the children. Cousin Anna's impressions of Black Banks were not happy ones, for on seeing the great oaks draped with moss, she burst into tears, exclaiming: "Poor Cousin Deborah! How terrifying to live under all those spiders and cobwebs." At first the children must have seemed like little demons, for they took delight in bringing in fiddlers and crabs, and to point out alligators lying in the mud across the river -- all to her, frightening creatures.

Soon after her arrival she was taken down to the beach and there she had an experience that so frightened them, that it brought to a stop all teasing. Walking along the beach, a sandcrab seeking safety in her shadow, followed closely. Much alarmed she tried to evade it, but without success. Overcome by fear she suddenly fell to the sand in a faint. Once convinced of the safety of Black Banks, life for Cousin Anna settled down happily for six years as a beloved family member and a governess for the older children, returning to Canada only on the insistence of Grandfather, in 1860. Foreseeing the onset of a War Between the States, he was anxious to have her safely home before the commencement of hostilities. Aunt Jennie MacIntire had been her favorite pupil, and a correspondence between them was kept up for many years. She married an ArchDeacon of the Montreal Cathedral. Aunt Jennie visited her after her own marriage, and enjoyed very much the meeting with various members of the Evans family.

Following Cousin Anna's departure, Grandfather sent the two oldest girls to Savannah to enter Madame La Coste's Boarding School, where they remained until the safety of the City was threatened.

The Mrs. Randals, who visited the Island a few years ago, was a Great-Granddaughter of Elizabeth Evans, and had heard anecdotes of Anna's first fears. Knowing my interest in family history, it was through her kindness that I have been furnished with much important Abbott data held by members of her family.

Grandfather did not approve of the demands for secession on the part of Federated States, but when war seemed inevitable, he applied for service. Because of his age of forty-eight years, he was rejected by the Regulars. Later on a State Militia was formed under Major G.T. Smith, and he was accepted and placed in a regiment formed of "over-age" members, affectionately known as "The Babies" which fought around both Savannah and Atlanta.

In order to make the move to the mainland and then on to Burneyville, when Island evacuation was ordered, Grandfather rented two flatboats from a nearby rice plantation which were used in carrying our livestock, household goods and then Negroes. The transportation difficulties forced a decision that much of the furniture must be left behind. Grandmother told me that she was not greatly distressed on learning that all that was to be moved were the articles absolutely essential for comfort, and that her anxiety then was to make a wide selection as to what should go and what could be left behind, as she was so confident it would "all be over" in a few months. So from the beautiful old mahogany parlor set only a sofa, an armchair and drop-leaf table were selected. The dining room chairs, bedsteads and bureaus, bedding, china, kitchen furniture, and Great-Aunt Caroline's commode and four-poster bed, wardrobe, dresser and table, about completed the list. At the last the girls so begged for the piano that it was added. As previously mentioned, the flatboat with Great-Aunt Caroline's bed was sunk between Jekyll and St. Simons. It also carried hogs, all of which were supposedly drowned. But on Grandfather's return, after the war, he found an old boar bearing his mark, running around in the woods, and which he remembered as having been a passenger on the flat.

Great-Aunt Jane Richardson, whose son had joined the Confederate Army in Maryland, had come to St. Clair to spend the duration with her sister. Great-Aunt Mary was stubborn in her

belief that she might be allowed to remain at St. Clair undisturbed, even if the Island was occupied by Federal troops. But Grandfather insisted upon his sister's leaving, and he secured a small, furnished house for them in Blackshear, as they refused to move any of their furniture; Great-Aunt Mary contenting herself with the burial of her silver and a Royal Worcester dinner service (one of the Harris heirlooms), and leaving all in charge of a slave whom she believed to be thoroughly trustworthy.

At the time Grandfather joined the State Militia, enlistment was voluntary, and the command was comparatively small. But in 1864 Governor Brown issued a proclamation requiring enlistment of all men between sixteen and fifty-five years of age, if physically fit, which enabled the command, through increased divisions, to do such heroic and praiseworthy defense work at the Siege of Savannah, as to be given a vote of grateful thanks from the State Legislature. At the Atlanta Siege, Grandfather served as Captain of the Infantry. When retreat was ordered by way of Milledgeville, Grandfather was considered too ill from army dysentery to keep up with his command and was placed in the hastily arranged Milledgeville Hospital with orders to rejoin his command when possible. The hospital, having lately been a hall, had no sanitary conveniences and was without kitchen equipment, also could furnish no nursing care and very little medical aid. Ladies of the town cooked in their own homes all good food they could for the sick and wounded soldiers, but otherwise, could do little more than wash faces and hands, bring fresh flowers to overcome the sickening odor of infected wounds and disinfectants, and read to those able to listen. Grandfather, realizing he was getting no better, made up his mind to attempt the hard and long trip home. He knew his command would try to keep in advance of Sherman's Army by going South, and that when better he would be able to regain it more easily from Burneyville than from Milledgeville. With only a dollar in his pocket (his last Army pay), he set out in his weakened condition over the denuded country, and only through his courage and determination to keep going could such an effort have succeeded.

All railroads had been destroyed, horses and cattle carried off and killed, farms ravaged, and he found hunger and despair existing all along his road. One morning, months later, Grandmother received a message by a Negro boy, from a farm house some miles away, to the effect that Mr. Gould was lying there too ill to travel any further. An old wagon and mule were secured – everything better having been given over to the Army – a mattress, pillows, and quilt covered the wagon bed, and Uncle Horace, then the man of the family although only about thirteen, was perched up on the plank seat and started off for his Father.

Grandmother's eyes used to fill with tears whenever we induced her to speak of that return, which was not until the following day. She had gotten up early in the morning, too restless to remain in the house, and had walked several miles down the road before she saw the wagon approaching. She ran to meet it. Uncle Horace stopped the old mule, and she saw Grandfather lying on the mattress, eyes closed and so motionless and white she was sure he was dead. For a moment her heart stopped beating, and everything went black before her eyes. Slowly and always reverently, she would add: "I shall never forget the happiness of hearing him say, 'Thank God! I have reached you at last, Deborah.'" Under the careful nursing that followed, Grandfather was in fit condition to join his command near Savannah, and on its order to evacuate, was with the last men to cross the river before the pontoon bridge was destroyed.

The life of Burneyville, which lasted almost four years, was hard for Grandmother. Living conditions were crude, food scarce for the family as well as for the Negroes, in spite of the crops that were made each year. With her two oldest girls in Savannah, the regular teaching of the younger children devolved upon her, in addition to many household cares. But it seems to have

been a happy time for the children, for they had companions and playmates which the Island life had lacked. There was no sickness, and Grandmother kept concealed her continued anxiety as to Grandfather's safety. Then early in 1864 came the news that the Boarding School of Madame La Coste must be closed, on General Beauregard's orders. The girls, Jessie (my mother) and Jennie, had been so happy in their school life and so fond of Madame, that they had begged that the new little sister, born in Burneyville, be named Angela La Coste. Grandmother, unable to send for her daughters, was greatly disturbed. Madame wrote she would arrange their return and applied to the Garrison for help. General Beauregard, who was an old friend, and who also knew her pupils from the many times he had dined at the school, settled Madame's anxiety by at once detailing two of his young cavalry officers, William and Wilson Campbell, to act as escorts, and a horse and buggy for the use of the girls. The trip seems to have been a happy one, for the officers explained that they had been brought up on their father's cotton plantation in South Georgia, and had a married sister living in Blackshear who knew their Aunts, Mary and Jane, then staying there. Well! The ice was soon broken, and the girls always afterwards claimed that it had seemed a very short trip. During the following months Lieutenant Wilson must have secured many other details that took him to Burneyville, for in 1864 he and my mother married. The former Rector of Christ Church, St. Simons, the Rev. E. Brown, then living at Carterits (refusing to go back to his Northern home) in order to keep in touch with his old parishioners, performed the ceremony. In the following January, Uncle Joe was born, Grandmother's last child, named for General Joseph Edward Johnston, her favorite General.

The Negroes were freed early that year, but many of the elder ones refused to leave, and all begged to be kept on until their spring crops were finished, before trying to make their way back to the Island. Those who finally left were so dazed by their freedom as to have no conception of the hungry, homeless days ahead.

Grandfather arranged to move back in early fall. He had learned that the Black Banks Home had not been destroyed by Federal troops when stationed on the Island, but that they had occupied it, so he had little hope as to its still livable condition. My father had joined the family, bringing with him his beloved horse, Amo, and an old mule and wagon. The wagon was in such bad condition that it had to be practically rebuilt before it could be used. Grandfather had an ox-cart and two oxen, and with such limited hauling facilities, many troops were required backwards and forwards before the family and the build of the furniture reached Carterits where he had been able to secure from Mrs. C. Wright an empty house. There he left them until he could find aut actual Island conditions. General Gordon, a friend of my Father's was attempting a sawmill industry just outside of Brunswick, and had offered my father work. So he and my mother left the family to go into Brunswick. Uncle Joe was still almost a baby and conditions at Carterits were even worse than they had been in Burneyville and they all spent a wretched winter – cold, and even at times hungry. Some of their already small amount of furniture had to be given to neighbors in Burneyville,, as Grandfather realized he could not get all of it back to the Island. Some of the bedsteads and tables were left, which added much to the discomforts of the family.

In her latter years Grandmother, in telling me of incidents connected with that period of her life, said it was a winter unrelieved of sadness and depression, for Grandfather had not been able to make Black Banks fit for their move until April. He had written that he had found a Negro family(mainland Negroes) living in the house who had refused to allow his approach, threatening him with a shotgun and setting three dogs on him. A. M. Eagen had already been established at Retreat by the Government, as guardian and friend of the Negroes. At Grandfather's demand that the Negroes be put out, he questioned his right to the property on the grounds that as the house had

been abandoned by the owner for over four years, the legal claim no longer held; but he did eventually force their removal. The house was found to be in a terrible condition. Broken windows, fallen plaster, unspeakable filth, and absolutely bare of furniture. The parlor flooring had been so charred and burned, evidently from long logs extending beyond the fireplace, that much of the flooring had to be replaced. An old Negro who had seen it after the Federal troops had occupied it, told Grandfather: "de sojers dun dat and day dun tuck off all de tings". The repairs absolutely necessary meant months of slow work, much of which Grandfather had to do himself and without proper tools. He had found the Negroes living at Harrington were much in need of food. Confederate currency, though greatly depreciated in value, could still be used, and Grandfather's old slaves were only too willing to work for him for food alone. But Eagen insisted they must have both food and pay. Finally Grandfather felt that he had accomplished all that was possible, and with a flatboat for their convenience, went over to the mainland for his family. Uncle Horace Gould had told in his "memoirs" something of that trip…. That as the tide suited in the early morning, the boat had to be loaded overnight, and the family moved down to a vacant house standing close by the river. That night they all had to sleep on mattresses on the floor, and having no way of cooking, their breakfast consisted of crackers and raw bacon, eaten on the beat. They reached Frederica in the late afternoon, and again spent the night in an empty house, but were able to set up the stove and have a hot meal. On reaching the beloved home at last, Grandmother said her previous sadness and fears were entirely dissipated by the overwhelming rush of thankfulness that the house still stood to receive them. After that she never let herself be discouraged, not even over the sight of her once lovely parlor, then presenting only bare walls except for the portraits of Great-Grandfather and of Uncle Bunch which were still hanging, though the latter had a bayonet wound through one eye – the uniform of an English officer having seemingly given offense. This portrait is now owned by Mrs. Douglas Taylor of St. Simons Island.

Grandfather's next endeavor was to have his fields put in shape for again planting cotton. Fortunately the gin-house was still standing and the machinery could be repaired. But in order to secure the means for recovery he was forced to borrow a flat sum. Though he held receipts from Habersham & Sons, cotton factor in Savannah, for 600 bales of cotton, it had been confiscated by the Government and the receipts were worthless. By that time Aunt Jane Richardson had returned to her home in Baltimore and her husband, Orville Richardson, through a close and wealthy friend, Mr. Enoch Pratt, (who later on was the donor of the Enoch Free Library to the City of Baltimore) secured the offer of a loan for Grandfather, the loan to be for whatever sum would be considered necessary. Mr. Pratt refused to require either interest or security, but Grandfather insisted upon both, and gave a mortgage and a pledge for the regular rate of interest.

My Father soon found that the lumber business in Brunswick would not be a success, and as Grandfather needed help, he and my mother moved to the Island. He had had several years of service in the U.S. Cavalry in the West, resigning with a Sergeant's rank at the outbreak of the war, and possessed both initiative and executive ability. As his boyhood had been passed on his own Father's cotton plantation near Blackshear, he understood Negro characteristics and as overseer for field work proved to be of valuable assistance. The house proved too small for the enlarged family and he and Grandfather added extra space through converting the north piazza into a bedroom, and also added two small rooms at the Northwest and East ends. My Grandparents regarded him as their eldest son, and the children of the family affectionately called him brother. In the fall of 1868 he contracted what was then known as malignant malaria and although medical attention was secured, death followed an illness of only a week.

I was only two months old at the time and most of my life until I was twelve years old was spent at Black Banks. During those years my Mother was often absent because of her work in Savannah, and I regarded my Grandparents as belonging to me as much as they did to their own children, calling them Papa and Mamma and my Mother "Sister", as the others did. The years were harder for Grandfather after my Father's death, but Grandmother said he felt that he had been helped over the worst of reconstruction which enabled him to take up his mortgage through full payment and interest within a few years.

He continued his cotton planting until about 1876. I can recall that as a special treat on my sixth birthday, I was allowed to stand in front of the "gin-table" and to run through some of the cotton by myself. But by that time, Grandfather's increasing handicaps from rheumatism and the very low price on Sea Island Cotton made him decide to give it up. After that some of the fields were put in corn and the others abandoned to grass and weeds and forest growth. He then raised cattle and hogs for the Brunswick market. The cattle were kept mostly on Little Rainbow, which he owned, where they lived almost entirely on marsh grass and the hogs roamed the woods, being called up for a feed of corn occasionally (in order to keep them from growing too wild) by a loud and penetrating call of "Pigee - Pigee" which they always seemed to hear. During that time Grandfather had the comfort of being able to keep one of his ex-slaves with him – the original July Hunter, who was so capable and reliable and so devoted to the family that his memory was retained with much affection long after his death. Grandmother's old cook, Ca, and her granddaughter, Nancy, our devoted nurse, had refused to leave her and many of the Negroes, born at Black Banks and considering it still "home", occupied their old cabins throughout my childhood. Those whom I affectionately remember: Lymus, Adam, Trim, Mary, Judy and Eve. The women worked in the fields, or in the house as Grandfather directed.

Learning of the destruction of her home, St. Clair, Great-Aunt Mary had no wish to return to the Island, but Great-Aunt Caroline Harris returned with my Grandparents and afterwards lived at Black Banks.

Aunt Mary visited the Utica relatives, whom she knew well from her former visits there with her Father, and succeeded in interesting them very much in regard to the great need for school advantages for the older Gould children. An invitation was sent to Grandfather by one of the cousins, a Mrs. Farwell, inviting Jennie and Horace on for a visit, it being explained that Horace could then attend public school and Jennie also could have educational advantages. It was gratefully accepted and they went on to Utica in about 1867. At the end of his first school year another relative by marriage, a Dr. Potter, who had married a Miss Furwell, asked Horace to come to Saginaw, Michigan, as a member of his family so he could attend school with his own boys. Horace accepted and much loved the Potter family during his stay of several years with them. Dr. Potter was Treasurer and Secretary of a New Michigan Railroad, the Pere Marquette, and so was enabled to secure work for Horace with the Company during vacation periods. He finally held the position of Assistant Engineer of Construction when the railroad was finished.

Jennie remained in Utica about two years, during which time she had school work that would prepare her to teach her younger sisters and brothers. At that time Aunt Jane was endeavoring to help the next two younger sisters and finally it was arranged by her Baltimore friends to have Lizzie and May enter a Church School, St. Mary's in Burlington, New Jersey, where they remained until graduation. Aunt May was asked then to remain on as a teacher, which she did for another year, and the school secured a teaching position for Aunt Lizzie in South Carolina, where she remained until her marriage to Mr. John Perry in 1873.

While working in Saginaw, Uncle Horace's ambition had been to eventually enter Ann Arbor University, but on a visit back home he found the outlook so bad for his parents, because of Grandfather's increasing rheumatic condition, that he felt his plan must be abandoned. On his return he took Joe, then a boy of nine, back with him and entered him at the public school, paying for his living expenses. Up to that time there had been no possible work for Uncle Horace on the Island, but a year or so later the Dodge Meigs Sawmill Corporation built a mill at the old Hamilton plantation site on Frederica River. He was offered a position as bookkeeper and accountant, which he accepted. Through the interest and kindness of another Utica cousin, a Mrs. Bagg, who offered to care for Joe, he was sent there where he remained for four years. Then Cousin Jimmie Richardson secured a position for him with the Pennsylvania Railroad, which eventually fitted him to graduate from the Ohio State University, in Mechanical Engineering.

Very few of the old landowners returned to the Island, although several of the old plantations had been rented to Northerners for planting. All during my own Black Banks days, our only neighbors were the Kings at Retreat, the Postels at Kelvyn Grove, the Stevens at Frederica, and an English family who had rented West Point from the Hazzards. Their belief that peaches could be successfully grown there proved a great mistake, and in a few years gave it up.

Mr. Richardson's death resulted in Great-Aunt Mary's return to the Island. He had been most kind and generous in the aid he had been giving, and without that help she could no longer remain North. Refusing to live at Black Banks, she repaired two of the old slave cabins at St. Clair, and with one of her old servants, spent her last years there. My Grandmother and Aunts would often walk over to see her, using the old road through the fields. Occasionally I would be taken, and though very young at the time, I still retain a faint memory of a warm greeting from a large person dressed in black, who had a sweet face under a cap that tied beneath her chin. I believe she lived only two years after her return, dying in 1872.

In 1873 the first excitement in my life was the weddings of the oldest aunts, Jennie and Lizzie. They took place in the parlor, and as no minister could be had, Grandfather, then Justice of the Peace, performed the ceremonies. I was their only attendant and as flower girl, I was dressed in white, a wreath on my head, and a bunch of home-grown roses clutched in my hot little hands.

On Aunt May's return from St. Mary's, she taught us for several years, showing such gentle kindness and patience, that she was devotedly loved. After her sisters were well in their teens and Jimmie, in his great desire for adventure, had shipped on a vessel sailing to South America, she felt herself to be no longer needed – especially as my Father's sister wanted to send me to a Northern boarding school. So Aunt May undertook a position as governess in a Darien house hold. For some time she had retained a strong desire to devote her life to Church work, and two years later she went to Atlanta to study and work under Bishop Nelson of the Georgia Diocese. After her ordination as Deaconess she was placed as teacher in the Episcopal Orphanage in Macon, where she remained for three years. A change in school location then made it possible to send the pupils to the public school, and her services were no longer needed.

Learning of a small religious order doing mission and settlement work in Memphis, Tennessee, she applied for admission and worked there until the death of the combined Founder and Mother Superior broke up the community work. Then, realizing that cloistered community life was what she most wanted, she joined the Sisters of the Tabernacle in Glendale, Ohio, being accepted under the name of Sister Mary Joseph, in 1917. There she spent the remaining years of her life, dying in 1937, and was buried in the Community grounds.

Aunt Jennie had married an officer in the U. S. Coast Guard Service, Lieutenant Benjamin F. MacIntire. Mr. MacIntire's services required two years of sea duty, alternating with one of land

duty. Aunt Jennie wanted to be near her parents during his long absences, so Grandfather gave her several acres fronting the Black Banks house. There Mr. MacIntire built her an attractive little cottage where she and her two boys afterwards spent much time. Built in 1876, the house is still in fairly good condition, serving as a quiet witness of passing lives and events in Black Banks' history during the last seventy years.

Uncle Horace's return to the Island, and his employment in the office of the lumber mill, brought changes for the better in conditions at Black Banks. But his family always greatly regretted the necessity for the sacrifice of his hoped-for college work.

When timber shortage finally closed the mill, Uncle Horace felt that in order to continue in close touch with his parents, he had to take up farming. Great-Aunt Jane then owned St. Clair which she was anxious to sell, so she let him have it on long-term payments. He did not attempt cotton, but planted grain crops, cow peas and both sweet and Irish potatoes, for all of which there was a ready market. He built a small two-story house before his marriage to Miss Alberta Telfair Wetter about 1883, and they lived there for several years. His farming was never a failure, but it resulted each year in only a small profit. He finally decided to accept an offer made by Mr. William Nightingale to buy St. Clair, and to move to Augusta where a position had been promised him in a wholesale grocery business. He was not altogether satisfied with his Augusta work, and eventually secured a railroad position in Florida, which he held until his retirement. He died in 1929.

Aunt Jane had died in 1883, so was spared the grief of seeing her beloved childhood home no longer owned by a Gould. A woman of great charm, both in character and looks, and of a sparkling wit, she had occupied a brilliant position in the Baltimore society of her day, and left many friends to grieve her passing. In the miniature made of her in her early married life she is shown as a beautiful woman, but it did not portray the charm and grace of manner and figure which were hers even in old age. She was always regarded by my young aunts and myself as the Fairy Godmother of the family, for she so constantly sent down boxes containing lovely dress materials, gloves, stockings and hats, a barrel of apples at Christmas time, and always presents for each one of us. Apples, considered as a great luxury at that period because so rarely found even in Savannah stores, were always especially appreciated. In speaking of her I heard Grandfather remark: "Jane never had an unkind or selfish thought", and I saw Grandmother nod her head in agreement.

About 1884 Uncle Jimmie married Miss of Augusta. He and Aunt Mamie lived at Black Banks until an increasing family made their own home a necessity. Grandmother deeded to him land for that purpose on the western side of her property, and in the house then built, they raised their large family, consisting of four sons and four daughters.

Uncle Jimmie farmed for some years, but when a postal route was secured for the Island, he accepted the position of Rural Postman, which he retained even after the retiring age. Until automobiles and paved roads were introduced, it meant a horse and buggy trip twice daily over sandy roads and in all weather conditions, but he knew his boxholders were depending upon him, so never willingly failed them. Like his father before him, he also became the Island's Justice of the Peace from popular demand and not solicitation. The continued quarrels leading to fights among the Negroes made it an important office, and it was felt that he was the man to fill the position as he was so generally known and so fully respected. That office he filled most satisfactorily for many years. His rulings, tempered by kindness and patience, were always legally sound, and many an angry man carrying a "chip on his shoulder" would forget his wrath under the influence of Uncle Jimmie's scund reasoning, keen wit and strong sense of humor. His great grief came in 1924 when Aunt Mamie, his beloved wife, passed away suddenly. By that time his

children were grown and his responsibilities much lessened, but his sadness and great loneliness induced a second marriage which brought no happiness. He died in 1934.

Joe, the youngest member of the Gould Family, left his school days in Utica at the age of fifteen, in order to commence the railroad work he was to follow for many years. Cousin Jimmie Richardson had secured an apprenticeship for him in the shops of the Pennsylvania and St. Louis System at Dennison, Ohio. During his apprentice days he forced himself to live so frugally that when completed, by his unaided efforts, he was able to apply at the state university for a three-year course in mechanical engineering. It was a long and hard pull for him, but by working each summer, he successfully completed the course. Next he worked for a year in the Motive Power drafting room at the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, which eventually led to his appointment as Master Mechanic in 1900. Later on he was made Superintendent of Motive Power for the Norfolk and Western Road, and held that position and on other Southern roads until his retirement in 1922. During his university days he had met and fallen in love with one of his fellow students, a Miss Jessie Wilcox, whose parents lived on a large farm twelve miles out of Columbus, where Joe became a frequent visitor. He and Jessie agreed in their belief that they could live on one hundred dollars a month, and as soon as Joe was making that amount they were married. Like most of the Goulds, he had inherited a modest reticence which prevented his writing or talking much of personal feelings or affairs. But in his early apprenticeship he did write home of an embarrassing experience connected with his first payment, which he could afterwards laugh over. He had commenced working on a payday, and that afternoon the workmen lined up in front of the pay-car to receive their envelopes which, after a call of the name and amount due, were handed out. As J. Gould, $1.00, was called, a roar of laughter came from all sides. The men, understanding his name to be "Jay" Gould (owner of most of the railroads in this country), considered it a great joke that Jay Gould's pay was only $1.00.

Joe had always had a great love for birds, and even as a small boy he knew the names, appearance and habits of Island birds, and already had a collection of eggs, one of which was an eagle's egg, secured with great danger of life and limb from the next in an old pine tree at Fishing Ground. That interest and close observation continued throughout his life, and the knowledge he gained of the habits and varieties of birds of various States, as well as his egg collection, was considered most valuable by other ornithologists.

His death in 1945, his wife being the sole survivor, marked the passing of the last of the Black Banks Goulds.

In 1884, Ange was married to Mr. William Frederick Steuart of Brunswick. Mr. Steuart, a Marylander by birth, was descended from Dr. David Steuart, one of the commissioners who planned and laid out the City of Washington. His wife, Eleander Calvert Curtis, was a niece of the last Lord Baltimore, whose first husband had been John Parks Curtis, Martha Washington's son. Mr. Steuart served the Conferderacy as a secret agent, but as his enrollment was in Baltimore, Ange could secure no pension when he died in 1899, leaving her with five small children.

In 1886 Helen married Colonel Cantwell, a South Carolinian and a man much older than she. A veteran of two wars (Mexican and the War Between the States), Colonel was well known for his scholarly attainments, and as a man of much personal charm. He served for some years before their marriage as instructor of military tactics at the Porter Military Academy(Charleston), and afterward held the same position in the Military Academy in Savannah until his health failed. He survived his marriage only about six years, and on his death Helen and her three children lived with Grandmother until Mr. Steuart's death made it possible for Ange and her family to move there.

In 1890, Anna married the Reverend Anson G. P. Dodge, Rector of Christ Church. Mr. Dodge, son of the partner of Dodge-Meigs Company, had visited the Island during his college days and was well known to the family. At that early period he had been greatly impressed on seeing the ruins of the old Church, brought about by Federal Troops during their Island occupancy. Having decided to study for the ministry, he promised himself to return some day to rebuild the Church and serve at its Rector.

An early marriage, followed by a devoted care of of an invalid wife, delayed that desire for many years. But the promise was fulfilled after his wife's death, by his erection of the present Christ Church in 1885.

A few years after their marriage, Mr. Dodge and Anna had a heartbreaking loss through the death of their little three-year old son, their only child. In their unselfish grief they decided to devote themselves and their home to the care of homeless, orphaned boys, and the Anson Dodge Home was founded as a memorial to their little Anson. Mr. Dodge died in 1889, and Anna devoted the remainder of her life to the needs of young people, in service to the Home, and in trying to give help to all who applied to her for aid. She died in 1927. Today, there stands not far from her grave, a building erected to the memory Anna Deborah Gould Dodge, to serve as a combined Church School and Parish House, and made possible through the appreciation and love of Sister Mary Joseph.

About 1900, Cousin James Richardson of Baltimore, having lost his wife, Felicite Young, decided to close out his business and spend his last years on the Island. Grandmother gladly welcomed him to Black Banks and he spent a number of years there. He was essentially a city man, and the boys of the household at that time: Herbert Cantwell, Frederick and Calvert Steuart, enjoyed very much his ignorance of the activities they knew so well, namely: hunting and fishing, and while serving as instructors, played many a joke on him. But when his health failed and he could no longer keep up his favorite occupation of fishing, Jimmie and Mamie, knowing his presence in the household if continued longer might prove a problem to his mother and sisters, invited him to their home, where he lived until his death.

For many years Joe sent his Mother a regular allowance only sufficient to keep her taxes at first, but gradually increased in proportion to his own income, thus providing her with comforts she might not otherwise have had. Grandmother's love and loyalty to her home made the question of its disposition after her death an anxious one in her mind. If she left no will , the estate would have to be sold to satisfy the claims of many heirs, and that anyone save a Gould either by birth or descent, should be the owner, was an intolerable thought.

Joe was the only one of her children whom she felt might possibly afford to live there after his retirement from railroad work and as he and Jessie had no children (the only one had died in infancy), there would be no conflicting interests. So with that hope in her heart, the place was deeded to him. That was how she explained it to me, but I could also gather that her warm appreciative heart was also influenced by a desire to make a return for all he had done for her.

In 1902 Grandmother received news of the death of Lizzie, her third daughter. Lizzie, the beauty of the family as her sisters claimed, had never kept in very close touch with the family, as after her marriage she lived in either South Carolina or in North Georgia. After the birth of her two girls, it was known that she and Mr. Perry had secured a legal separation and that she was again teaching. Several years later she made a second marriage which also seemed to have been a mistake, and on her last visit to Black Banks about a year before her death, she seemed to be in such bad health that the news of her passing was not the shock it would have been had there not been that preparation.

After Grandfather's passing, Grandmother would probably have lost hope and interest in life had it not been for new interests and demands on her time and attention through the grandchildren, all of whom she loved dearly and was happy in having them around her. While they, in turn, regarded her with the same devotion, respect and admiration that her own children always felt. So when in about 1889, Alberta decided upon a summer trip to Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, with Mildred, her small daughter, and invited Grandmother to go with them, she was still so young in both body and spirit that she eagerly welcomed the prospect of being able to see a part of the country she knew only through pictures and books, for in her circumscribed life, she had been no farther North than Savannah. The trip proved to be as enjoyable as her anticipations, and even the heat and other discomforts of travel at that season failed to ruffle her serenity, or to interfere with her interest in seeing all that was possible from her car window. And, as the years went on, she was easily persuaded into making other trips, to Atlanta to be with Aunt May; to Augusta to visit Uncle Horace and Alberta, to Ohio to see Joe and Jessie, and to me at my home near Savannah where she then had two great-grandsons. The last time she left the Island was to spend some months with Jennie in Boston. Mr. MacIntire had selected Boston as a permanent home on his retirement, and after his death Jennie had remained there in order that her two sons might become students at M.I.T. It was a happy time there, for her two grandsons acted as interested escorts in showing her the city, the only really big one she had even seen. It may have meant too much strain, for towards the end of the stay she had her first stroke, not a very severe one, but attended by some loss of motion in the left arm and leg, from which she never recovered and which prevented her walking without help. After her return home it was found hard to convince her that walking must not be attempted when alone.

Helen and Ange were then both living at Black Banks, but they each had young children to look after, as Anna had sent the older ones off to boarding school. Understanding how hard it was for Grandmother to be dependent upon her busy daughters for all her little, as well as important, needs, Anna secured the services of a Miss Jenie Doyle to be with her as an attendant and companion. Miss Jenie was well known, as she had at the one time been housekeeper for Mr. Dodge's father during the time he had lived on the Island, and the family both respected and liked her. It proved an ideal arrangement, one that not only kept Grandmother contented and mentally occupied, but also enabled her to move around the house and sometimes down to the river bank when she felt like it, as Miss Jenie's helping arm was always ready. Grandmother could no longer hold a book or magazine for reading, but Miss Jenie filled that need by reading aloud for hours at a time and it was my special pleasure to keep them supplied with interesting reading material. Two years later, there was another stroke, necessitating the use of a wheel chair. But her mentality was still keen, and there was never any self-pity or bitterness shown because of her increasing infirmities. Miss Jenie was still with her when the end came in 1906, and during nearly four years of most faithful service had never faltered in the gentle and loving care she had given, for which we all felt a deep sense of gratitude.

For a few years after Grandmother's death, the home was still occupied, and the other grandchildren returned each summer during the vacation periods, for the happy times they always found there. But the final closing came when Helen moved North, and Ange moved to Brunswick to live with Deborah Marlin, her married daughter.

For many years the old place was left silent and abandoned, guarded only by the ancient oaks which for so many years had been witnesses of both joys and sorrows. After his retirement Joe had met with serious financial losses, and was then unable to keep up the place or to consider it as a future home. The house at that time needed many repairs, and with no member of the family in

a position to make them, or to live there, he decided to sell, even though the sum offered was very little in excess of what Grandfather had paid in his deed with his brother, James. Island acreage had small value at that time, and new comers had little appreciation of the historical background and great scenic loveliness of unproductive old plantations.

So now, in my own old age, I look back upon all those Gould forebearers of ours with an overwhelming sense of reverence and respect for the courage, integrity and dignity of character which so guided their lives. Great-Grandfather was appointed Warden of what is now known as the Old Church(Episcopal) in 1941, and his two sons, James F. And Horace B., served as Vestrymen for many years. In 1866 Grandfather was appointed by this Bishop as Lay-reader for the Parish of St. James, which was then without a Church building, old Christ Church having been reduced to ruins by Federal troops. From then until 1875 the Church Service was read by him every Sunday afternoon at Black Banks for the benefit of Parish members. When they came, necessarily bringing their children with them, Grandmother would take the small ones around to the quiet of the dining room or the East piazza, and tell them Bible stories. All her own children were thoroughly instructed in our Prayer Book Catechism, and were taught to consider it as the rules for Christian living: “Duty to God” and “Duty towards my neighbors”. And that was the keynote in the lives of our Grandparents, as I knew them. There was never any bitterness or seeming rebellion to the change in their way of living that had been brought about through conditions existing after the war, only an earnest and devout desire to do their full duty to all.