(date about 1927)

- - - - - - -REMINISCENCES OF THE GOULD FAMILY

by One of Them (Horace Gould)

Little is known of the Gould Family prior to the Revolutionary War. Two brothers had come over to this Country about 1750 from York, England, and settled in Rome, New York. When hostilities threatened, one returned. The other, our Ancestor, moved to a place called Granville, in Massachusetts. When the war broke out, he united his fortunes with the Continental Army and was made Captain in a New Hampshire Regiment. The Captain was wounded in one of the fights, "Bemis Hill," near Saratoga. His son (The) Lieutenant was killed at "Bennington." The above was told me by my Father. History says, the Captain was severely wounded and never rejoined the Army. The presumption is, he died of his wounds as there is no record of him after the War. Grandfather was the oldest boy left at home; and as soon as old enough, assumed the care of the family, consisting of his Mother and eight younger children. When twelve years old, he said, one of his first duties every morning was to cut down a birch tree for the stock to feed on the buds. His next authenticated work was his employment by the Danish Government to survey a tract of land in New York State. He was afterwards employed to take charge of an outfit, to build a road from Rochester to Buffalo, New York. He finished late in the fall, and dismissing his men, he remained to care for the tools, etc. and spent the Winter where the city now stands. While there, he used some of his solitary hours catching the lake trout as they came up to a warm spring flowing into the lake.

While building the road, he was requested by the Government to make an estimate of the game he saw. The estimate was: 4 buffalo, 20 deer, and 100,000 wild pigeons per square mile.

The next event known is that he had bought a house in Bangor, Maine and moved the family there.

Grandfather came South early in 1800. In Charleston, S. C., or Savannah, Georgia, he met a Miss Harris, recently arrived with her brothers and sisters from Nassau, New Providence, and married her about 1802. His courtship began in a bit of romance. He was on the dock talking to a sailor, who told of the tempestuous voyage from Nassau, when at one time all hope of safety seemed gone. The sailor was loud in praise of a young lady, Miss Mary Jane Harris, who by word and deed cheered the other passengers and the crew to double exertion. Grandfather then formed the resolution to marry that girl if ever he found and could get her. Their marriage was a happy one. She died in Savannah, Georgia, about 1817, leaving four small children, Mary, James, Horace, and Jane. The last was still and infant. His sister-in-law, Aunt Caroline, took care of his children.

Our next record of him is in Florida, About 1802-03 on the St. Mary's River, in charge of a Logging industry. They shipped square timber to England. It was known as Ranging Timber, and I judge was an industry much followed at that time. The Indian War in Florida, early in the Nineteenth Century, broke them up. By prompt action, Grandfather saved himself and family. The circumstances were as follows: He had befriended an Indian, who came to him one morning, and said, "Quick! Take family in boat. Indian on War Path." He then disappeared. In less than half-an-hour, Grandfather, his family, and attendants, with their personal

effects, were in a large boat, or flat, going down the St. Mary's River. A few miles down was the house of a friend; the boat was brought to land, and telling all to keep their seats, Grandfather stepped ashore to warn his friend of the impending danger. Running up the bank, he saw the house bursting into flames and in front of the door was the mangled body of a mulatto servant. Hurrying back into the boat, they proceeded down the river, and on to Savannah, Georgia, where his wife's oldest sister lived. She had married a retired British Army Officer, Mr. Bunch, who afterwards became Captain of the Savannah Chatham Artillery.

Grandfather was next heard of as contractor in building a Lighthouse on St. Simon's Island about 1804. His getting the contract was the result of a scheme between himself and the friendly collector of the Port, whose duty it was to let it. He told his "Friend Gould" to put in a blank bid; and when he opened them, he filled it out $50.00 lower than the lowest bid, and so gave him the contract. Grandfather knew nothing of masonry, so he employed the most skillful mason he could get, but he had one failing -- he would go on periodical sprees whenever he was paid any money. As the work had to be done in a prescribed time, it was of importance that the head mason should be kept on the job to do so. Every Saturday night, Grandfather paid him off, gave him a bottle of whiskey, and locked him in his room. On Monday morning, he would find the bottle empty, but the man sober and ready for work. The Lighthouse was completed on time, and Grandfather became the keeper. In the meantime, he had acquired by purchase, or lease, the land adjoining, purchased slaves and engaged in cotton planting, at that time, in its infancy, and very lucrative. His slaves were bought at the numerous auctions held in Savannah, and were many of them recent importations from Africa. "Jack" seemed to have been a favourite name among them, and he had no less than three, being distinguished by prefixes. There was Lamper Jack, New Nigger Jack, and Killikadingo Jack. Lamper Jack had the care of the lamp in the Lighthouse; New Nigger Jack was a fresh importation; and Killikadingo Jack was said to have the name of his home in Africa. The last, as most of Grandfather's slaves were, was bought at auction, and he bore the reputation of being a great thief. As they drove towards St. Simon's, Grandfather utilized the time expatiating to Killikadingo how beneficial a good reputation was to a man, the slow growth of a good character, etc. They stopped that night at a way-side inn; in the morning, Killikadingo, my Grandfather's watch and purse, were gone. Killikadingo was easily traced to the shore of a large pond, and looking across the water, they saw his nose protruding, the rest of his body being under water. We have no further account of our Grandfather trying to improve Killikadingo's morals. On another occasion, after some vexatious act, he said, "Killikadingo, what in the world shall I do with you"? Killikadingo had a very glib way of speaking. "Well, Master," he said, "I tink you better put me in stocks." "Very well," said Grandfather, "Go and make yourself a pair." In a short time, Killikadingo returned and said, "Stocks ready, Sir." So Grandfather went with him around the barn and put them on him. After a short interval, he returned to see how Killikadingo was getting on. He found the pieces of the stocks, but Killikadingo was gone. He had concealed the saw nearby and had sawed himself free and left, as soon as Grandfather's back was turned.

Grandfather was keeping the Lighthouse in 1812. One morning

while seated on the piazza, a British Midshipman, with a body of men, walked up the steps and tendered him his sword, with the announcement that he and his men had surrendered and claimed the privilege of prisoners of war. Grandfather, in great astonishment, leaned the sword up against the wall, asked the young officer to be seated, and said that breakfast would be ready shortly. He then heard the following story: A small schooner had become the prize of an English war vessel. A prize crew was put aboard in command of the midshipman, with instructions to carry her to the Bahamas. The Captain of the Schooner, with his crew, remaining on board. On the way down, the Captain made himself very useful, navigating the vessel, taking observations, etc. One day, in taking an observation, he accidentally dropped the sextant overboard. He deplored the loss, but assured the young officer that it really made no difference, as he knew the way. When opposite the entrance to St. Simon's Sound, he advised running in, as he was not sure where he was. With a gentle wind, and last of an ebbing tide, he came in, ran the vessel on a mud bank, where the ebb tide speedily left her hard and fast. He then advised the young officer, as his best possible course, to take his men ashore, and surrender to the first man he saw. This he did, hence his visit to Grandfather. In due time, the flood tide made the vessel float, and the shrewd Captain sailed away about his business, leaving the young officer " a wiser, if not a happier man."

Hostilities continued, a blockader was stationed off the St. Simon's coast, and raids were made on the Island, negroes carried off, etc. When a boy, I was told by our old negroes of their experiences in hiding from the British. Old Mum Betty said she "crept under Miss Caroline's bed." Grandfather did not lose any slaves.

When peace was declared, a young midshipman came ashore and requested the loan of a saddle horse to carry the news to the Captain of the Vessel off the North end of the Island. Grandfather complied, but warned the young man that the horse was young, and had a trick of shying, thus throwing an inexperienced rider. The officer expressed confidence in his ability to stay on his back. When the horse was led around, he nimbly jumped on, but with his face the wrong way. "Hello," he said, "this is wrong." Jumping off, he whirled around and jumped back, facing right. After being again cautioned about the horse, he rode off. Having occasion soon after to walk out on the road taken by the young officer, Grandfather soon saw in the sand (made impressionable by a recent rain) the print of a man's body. The next day, when he returned, he asked him if he had not been thrown. "Yes," he replied, "I went over the bown nine times." "And did not the horse get away"? questioned Grandfather. "No, I hung onto the painter," replied the officer.

A tract of land on the Island had been the property of one St. Clair, a Tory. This land had been confiscated and sold by the State. It later came into the hands of the Planters Bank of Savannah. Grandfather bought the tract, which included "Black Banks"; and built his house and lived there the remainder of his life. My Aunts named the place "Rose Hill," but Islanders clung to the old name of "St. Clair."

Father attended Yale; and at the same time, Aunt Jane attended a boarding school for girls, the Moravian School, at Bethlehem, Penna.

Father was said to be the handsomest man in College, and Aunt Jane often spoke to me of the desire her girl friends had to accompany them in their walks. He was a member of the Class of 1832 that rebelled and left College before graduating. Father told me that, when a climax of the feeling that had been existing for some time previous between the faculty and the Southern members of the Class. was finally reached, he was ill and out of New Haven, so was not on hand to see the 119 students march out of the classrooms in a body. many years after the Civil War, when political feeling had died down, the actual graduates of the Class petitioned the Faculty to recognize those who had left, by conferring upon them the Honorary Degree of Master of Arts. So, in 1880, Father got his "Sheepskin," greatly to his surprise. The sudden break in his college life must have been quite a shock, for he seemed to find it hard to settle down after that. Grandfather told him to go to Savannah, Georgia, and read Law. (Uncle James was planting the Black Banks tract and living there and he was not needed at St. Clair.) He did not like Law, however, and finallythrew it over. In some way, he got the position of Purser on a Mississippi Steamboat, and his family knew little of him for several years. As those were exciting days in the history of the Mississippi River Packet trade, he must have had many queer experiences, but if so, his family never learned of them, for he always avoided speaking of that period.

Grandfather's increasing feebleness finally brought him back to the Island; and when Uncle James decided to give up Black Banks because of the intense desire of his wife (a Northern woman) to go back to her own home, Father bought out his interest in the place. He married Deborah Abbott in 1845, and they lived first at Black Banks, then for a few years on Blythe Island, where he planted, then on the Island at Harrington Hall, and then back to Black Banks, which he now owned, and where he spent the remainder of his days, save for a brief period during the Civil War. His daughter, Jessie, was born on Blythe Island; Lizzie, at Harrington Hall; the rest, at Black Banks, except for Ange and Joe, who were born at Burneyville during the Civil War.

I have said, Father married Deborah Abbott. She came with her parents from Dublin, Ireland, in her early childhood. Her Father, Richard, was one of two brothers. The brother, George, married Miss Mary Wright, and lived at a place near "Wright's Landing" on Dunbars Creek, known as "Mt. Pleasant." Mother's parents died when she was quite small. Her Mother died at Mt. Pleasant, in 1832; and her Father, in Darien, in 1836. She was raised to womanhood by "Aunt Abbott," (Mrs. George Abbott) and was lovingly cared for in her early childhood by the faithful nurse, Mary Dunn, who had accompanied the family from Dublin. Her Mother's name was Agnes, and her oldest child was named for Father's Mother, and hers, Jane Agnes. The Abbotts were lineal descendents of John Abbott, Bishop of Sussex, and brother of George the Primate, who, during the reign of the first James, headed the list from Oxford,* selected by King James, to revise the translation of the Holy Bible, which translation has never been surpassed for simplicity, beauty, and musicalness. *(The Oxford Committee was given the four Gospels, The Acts, and Revelations to translate.) Mother married quite young, being less than sixteen, Father being about thirty-four. She bore him ten children, all living to maturity. It was Mother's boast that she never had a doctor in the house until her children were grown.

Father engaged in growing Sea Island cotton until several years after the Civil War, when it no longer was profitable. I have heard it said of him that if you told him what date you planted, he would tell you what date your cotton would be ready for the market, and it would prove correct. He was strongly opposed to "Secession," and used both argument and "Voice" against it, but when the ordinance was passed, he entered heart and soul into the struggle. In the Spring of 1861, hearing that the Island was to be evacuated, he hurriedly removed his family to "Carterets Point," directly opposite, and placed them in a vacant house belonging to a Mrs. Huger, a rice planter. He then, as rapidly as possible, transferred his slaves, stock, furniture, first to Carterets Point, and then to a placed owned by a Mr. Burney, about 25 miles from the coast. There, "Burneyville," we all lived for the next four years, excepting the two oldest daughters, who spent part of the time at a boarding school kept by Madame La Coste, in Savannah, Georgia The others were taught by Mother as best she could, with her numerous other duties. We had had a Governess prior to the War, who taught us the rudiments; and I had learned to read very well for a child. Mother was well fitted to teach; her education, though limited as to range, having been thorough. Our Governess was a first cousin of Mother's, Cousin Anna Evens, fresh from Ireland and highly educated. It must have been a revelation to her, life in Dublin, and life on the Island, its primitive ways and its many slaves.

Dr. Wilson, on the Island, was employed by Mr. Pierce Butler to care for his slaves; and he had the privilege of attending urgent cases both white and colored. I remember Father once sent for him to attend to a young negro man, found unconcious in the fodder house. It developed, however, that he was only unconscious from indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, a practice still prevalent with some at the present time, andthe Doctor was very indignant at having had such a long trip unnecessarily. He was not popular on the Island, though a warm friend of Father's. The feeling against him was caused by a want of tact, for he would never go where he knew he could do no good, regardless of the urgency of the summons.

The Butler Estate comprised both cotton and rice plantations. The old women and children were kept at Butler's Point on St. Simon's, where the Doctor was located. The Rev. E. P. Brown was the Rector of our Church on the Island. He also had charge of St. David's, at Carterets, where he lived, going over to the Island on alternate Sundays. He preached in the morning to a mixed congregation of whites and colored. No attempt was made to have a Sunday School. Children were taught their Catachism at their homes. The Island at this time was practically all under cultivation, and the cotton fields on each side of the road, when in bloom, was like a vast garden. The planters vied with each other in keeping their fields clean and well drained.

Of our life at Burneyville, during the War, there is not much to tell. Grandfather had died when I was an infant, and Aunt Mary, to whom St. Clair had been left, with Aunt Caroline Harris (Grandfather's sister-in-law) lived there, calling it "Rose Hill." Aunt Jane had married in New York a Mr. Richardson. Just prior to the Civil War, she and her son, James, then a young man, had come to St. Simon's, and remained South during that conflict. The latter early entered the Confederate Army, fighting to the end with the armies of Generals Hood and Johnson. Father also went into the army,

and was made Captain of Militia, being too old for the Regulars. He told me that the Regulars made great fun of the Militia, calling them "Grandpaps" and "Mothers' Babies." He was at thesiege of Atlanta, his Company having charge of a Battery. On the retreat, they had to abandon their guns, so after that they served as Infantry. He narrowly escaped capture when Savannah was evacuated, being among the last to cross the bridge before its destruction. He was taken sick soon after, and was in a hospital in Milledgeville, when General Hardee surrendered. How he travelled back home, I don't remember, but we had no news of him until we heard through the negroes that he was "lying sick" at a neighbour's, about twelve miles away. I, being the only available "man," though only about thirteen years old, was at once sent in a cart for him. This was in the Spring of 1865,

The negroes, now free, finished the year by gathering in the crop. They then left, most of them for their old homes on the Island, where they suffered great privations, till Father went there in the Spring following. He and Uncle Orville Richardson then contracted with them to plant cotton. To do this, the two plantations, St. Clair and Black Banks, were mortgaged to Mr. Enoch Pratt of Baltimore. They were not successful; though Father paid off the mortgage on his place.

Most of the plantations on the Island were leased by the owners, after the war, to Northerners. But they all lost money, and left after a few years. The price of cotton declined, and there was a great deal of want, till Messrs. Dodge and Meigs began the manufacture, on a large scale, of lumber, thus furnishing employment to all, white and black, on the Island, who desired it.

Moving back to the coast was a tedious and laborious job. We had only one horse and cart, and two young oxen and cart. My brother-in-law, Lieut. Campbell, had returned after the surrender, and brought his horse, a mule and wagon. He had to take the wagon, and practically make it over new. We made the trip down to Carterets and return in three days, and we had many trips to make. After getting moved, we occupied Mr. Huger's house, which was still vacant; later, moving into a house owned by Mrs. Wright, where we lived until about April, when Father came for us in a flat from the Island. The tide suited early in the morning, so everything was hauled down to the landing the day before and packed on the flat. A deserted house was found close to the shore where we could get a room for the night, and all slept on mattresses on the floor, except me. I spent the night with a friend. For breakfast on the flat, we had raw bacon and crackers, having neither wood nor matches to build a fire. Mr. Campbell, with his wife, had gone to live in Brunswick, after helping us to move down to Carterets. He got employment with General J. B. Gordon, who was manufacturing lumber. But it was not a successful enterprise, and General Gordon soon gave it up, to plant rice. For a time, it was very dull in Brunswick, and unable to get any work, Mr. Campbell came late in the fall to Black Banks. He was a great hunter and there was an abundance of game; he and I had rare sport.

According to the terms of the contract with the Negroes, they had to be fed; and corn and bacon were given out every Saturday. The Negroes were looked after by the Government as wards; a Committee called "The Freedman's Bureau" had charge; and they kept an agent, named Eaton, who lived at the Kings' place, "Retreat." Any fancied wrong a Negro might receive, he posted down to tell "Marse Eaton." Eaton used to bluff a good deal, but I never heard of his doing anything.

Soon after our return to the Island, through the kind interest of devoted friends of Aunt Jane's in Baltimore, two of my sisters, Lizzie and Mary, were placed in a boarding school, St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey. Aunt Mary Gould did not return to the Island immediately after the War, as "Rose Hill" had been burned, and all her household goods and silver carried off by the Yankees, but went, as it was then spoken of, to the "North". Among other places she visited was Utica, New York, where a cousin, Mrs. Farwell, lived. Mr. Farwell was Vice-President of the Flint and Pere Marquette R.R., a "land grant" road, extending from Flint to Ludington on Lake Michigan. It was then being built. Through Aunt Mary's influence, Mrs. Farwell sent to my oldest sister and me an invitation to come to Utica, I, to attend the public school. We left home on the 27th of June, 1867, by steamer to New York from Savannah, then by train to Utica. I had become imbued with a fear of the Yankees, and on arrival in New York felt some doubt as to trusting myself among them; but on arrival at the train, I helped a gentleman on with his overcoat, and he turned, smiled, and thanked me - thus, greatly re-assured, I got on the train. We reached Utica about 3 A.M. and went to a hotel until it was daylight, then took a carriage to Mrs. Farwell's. It seemed to us a tremendously brave and expensive a procedure, but it was what Father had instructed us to do. I went to school in Utica for a year; and the following Fall Dr. Potter, who had married our cousin, Miss Farwell, and who was Secretary and Treasurer of the Pere Marquette R. R. invited me to go to Saginaw, Mich. to attend the public school there with his boys. This I did for two years, then went as rodman with the Engineering Corps, not going home from the time I left, for about five years. As rodman I received $27.00 a month and board. It was with them about four years, first surveying the Line, then in charge of construction work as Assistant Engineer. When the road was finished, I went as Leveler with a party to survey a branch line, but the panic of 1876 coming on, the party was recalled and I went to work in the Audit Office of the Railroad. Then it was, that I made my second visit home. It was in the midst of "Carpet-Bagism", and affairs were in bad shape. Aunt Caroline, Aunt Mary, Uncle Orville, and Mr. Campbell had all passed away. Aunt Jane had returned to Baltimore, and there were but few white families on the Island.

On my return to Saginaw, I took with me my youngest brother, then about eight years old, and put him in the Saginaw public school. I had been saving, intending to go to the University at Ann Arbor and study law, but what I saw at home changed my plans, and the following year, on receiving an offer from the Superintendant of the "Dodge Meigs Lumber Company" on St. Simon's, to keep their books, I accepted. We left a few days before Christmas, and I reported for duty January 1st. While in Saginaw, Joe, by his quaint remarks and original ways, was a source of considerable interest, and made plenty of friends. He called Mrs. Potter's house-maid, the "Silvery haired girl". She had red hair! On our return we had to spend part of a day in New York. It was Christmas. We went to Trinity, but could get only standing room. A Gentleman, sitting near, made room for Joe. The remainder of the day he spent riding up and down in the elevator of the hotel. The next Fall I was enabled through the kindness of our Cousin, Mrs. Bagg, who agreed to look after him, to send him to the same school I attended in Utica. He spent four years there, then came home. The next year, through Cousin Jimmy, I got him with the Pennsylvania Railroad and he worked his way for a special course through the University.