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 Mother's death reached him, and as he liked the South, there seemed no further necessity for returning North.

About [illegible] he went to Charles[illegible] a business trip, and while out on the docks [illegible] morning he fell [illegible] tuition [illegible] old sailor [illegible]

[illegible] ers [illegible]

or [illegible]

of you if you can get her," said the sailor. My Great-Grandfather met Jane Harris, the heroine of the tale, but fell in love with her 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 a 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 1863. At that time the City Cemetery, next to the Bishop Elliot lot, where her stone still stands.

Great-Grandfather took his family down to St. Mary's River where he had [illegible] There they lived until forced to abandon everything and flee [illegible] leaving early in 1807.

[illegible] then. Caroline, a girl [illegible]. She lived to be a very [illegible] further the [illegible]

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 plantation, 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 xxxx 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 "Conichichi", 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 hurry and excitement. The mill bell was rung (for the last time) for their quarters. Clothing, provisions, etc. were [illegible] one boat and the negroes in the other. They [illegible]ing that the Indians were on both sides,

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 that 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 up 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. Simon's 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 keeper of the light. Photographs of the tower with [illegible] still be secured from the U. S. Coast & [illegible] In 1862 it was found to be serving as a

beacon light to 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 [illegible] onto a sand bar where the ebb tide left her hard and [illegible]ress and anxiety, assuring the young officer [illegible]illed from the tower ahead, and advised that [illegible]render 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, Nan Betty, 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 panneling 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 allow 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. Henry, James and Horace (my Grandfather), and in 1817, another daughter, Jane, [illegible] health had been the cause of anxiety before that [illegible] recover her strength. She was taken to [illegible] 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 women of unusual firmness and sweet - ness of character, as well as loveliness in appearance. The ~~xxx~~ 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 [illegible] Georgia, [illegible] large, well-lighted rooms, on the basement floor, [illegible] re room and wine room. Above, there were four [illegible] ry above that had two rooms. The house was [illegible] ad 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 many pails of milk brought in twice daily, by the young negroes, from the cowpen. [illegible] was churned, [illegible] buttermilk sent to the negroes at ten o'clock, with their [illegible] the [illegible] for the field hands, who had had their breakfast [illegible] daybreak to the call of the plantation bell. [illegible] 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 has 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.

[illegible] had any domestic training in her life, and was [illegible] start. Uncle James fought a losing battle. [illegible] here 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 "pen" for his bullfrogs.

After his mother's second marriage he had lived with his father in Texas, where 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[illegible] support, as well as warm [illegible]. In 1843 when the newly consecrated Bishop of Georgia, [illegible] Right Rever[illegible]diott, came down to consecrate the Church, he was a [illegible]ring his stay. Very few intimate with Great-[illegible] 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 negroe 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 these 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. Solitute 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 musual. 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 apparated. 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 quarrelling 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 was "too bad a nigger" for any of the Island Plantations to own.

After the day's [illegible] was over, the negroes could go hunting and fishing, for St. Clair [illegible] distance along the Black Banks River on the East. [illegible] always [illegible] 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 on 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 [illegible] 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, forthe 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, an' 'gilsy gold'."

At his death, Great-Grandfather left all of his property, known as St.Clair [illegible] eldest 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 her home on a few hours' notice. Her silver, china and glass, were buried at 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 warehouse 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 yearsthere, 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 duel fought for her favor which resulted in the death of one of the [illegible] and a bitter feud from then on between the families of the two

young man. 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 Caroline 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 these I now have. The fate of the old fourposter 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 students, Grandfather being among them, turned their backs on Yale. In 1878 the 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 his "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.

This 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 [illegible] 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 Whitehaven, England, and his Father's death shortly before the request from 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 but 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 Maruice 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 kindnessof one of our Canadian Abbott cousins, the Rev. Canon George Abbott-Smith, (late Chancellor of the Canadian Theological Seminary, ...ceived a degree from McGill University on his retirement a few days ...d 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, Surry 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 that 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 [illegible] Abbott's Father, Thomas), for reasons not known.

[illegible]omas Abbott, Rector of Angheart and Maylaugh, Galway, as