

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 1830, he went to Charles ... a business trip, and while out in the dock's ... he fell in ... old sailor ...

of you if you can get her," said the sailor. My Great-Grandfather not only 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 1866. At that time the City Cemetery, next to the Mission Elliot lot, where her stone still stands.

Great-Grandfather took his wife down to St. Mary's River where he had a plantation. There they lived until forced to abandon everything and flee to the United States, arriving early in 1807.

Caroline, a girl of about 12 years of age, was the only child of Jane and Great-Grandfather. She had to be a very brave and strong girl. Her mother the

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. Aunt 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 ~~was~~ was over all. A gentle breeze came stealing through the forest trees laden 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 disk-like 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) from their quarters. Clothing, provisions, etc. were packed in one boat and the negroes in the other. They were starting, being that the Indians were on both sides,

their boats were
with the

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 Auntie 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
still be secured from the U. S. Coast &
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 ran onto a sand bar where the ebb tide left her hard and pressed and anxiety, assuring the young officer that he would be pulled from the tower ahead, and advised that they should 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 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 devils" 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 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, Mary, James and George (my Grandfather), and in 1817, another daughter, Jane, whose health had been the cause of anxiety before that she could recover her strength. She was taken to the hospital 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 wax 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 heady 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 Georgian. It had four large, well-lighted rooms, on the basement floor, a parlor and wine room. Above, there were four rooms, two of which were very large. The house was surrounded by a 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 vipers, 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. Butter was churned and buttermilk sent to the negroes at ten o'clock, with their dinner. The field hands, who had had their breakfast daybreak to the call of the plantation bell, were at 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 gaiter 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.

My Aunt Alice had no domestic training in her life, and was a start. Uncle James fought a losing battle. He came home to New Haven for the hot months, and each

