

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 know.

When the George Abbotts 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 an Thomas. I gets my bed and my feedings from his Rivrance, the Abbott who has six girls and only one puny bye. Tell me 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 Hatterville, niece of Lord Hatterville and a cousin of Lord Ross. 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 Talbot, 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 Misses 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 house-keeping 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,
nephew of Richard Talbot, 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, she 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 Mythe 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 two years after, for in 1850 Grandfather returned to St. Simons in response to an old call from Mrs. Caroli Armstrong of Harrington Hall, to take over

plantation with full control. Elisabeth Fraser (142,30) 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 Lew 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 Bank 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 Black 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 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. The credit must be given to the good management, sound sense, and never failing care of the parents. Before and during that early period, our Churchyard proves that most of the children 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 I could understand how Grandmother's heart was drawn to him.

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 writing, 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 My. 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

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. Bertow, 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 rule was "early to bed and early to rise". To avoid a restless evening in summer, very few lamps were lighted up

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 a 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 four 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

had happened by a tearful wife, but who immediately became a furious one, when he burst into a laugh and exclaimed, "Good Heavens! if your dosing doesn't kill them, they are certainly tough enough to get away with even Scarlett 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 in her service to the children. Cousin Anna's impressions of Black Banks were not here 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 the sea. Walking along the beach, a sandcrab seeking

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 Arch Deacon 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 composed 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 Barneyville, when Island evacuation was ordered, Grandfather rented two flatboats from a nearby rice plantation which were used in carrying our livestock, household goods and the negroes. The transportation difficulties forced a decision that much of the furniture must be left behind. Mother told me that she was not greatly distressed on learning that all the furniture was to be left behind.

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 a drop-leaf table were selected. The dining room chairs, bedsteads and bureaus, bedding, china, kitchen furniture, and Great-Aunt Caroline's commode and fourposter 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 bear 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 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 one of the Infantry. He was ordered by way of Milledgeville, Grandfather's safety

dysentery to keep up with his command and was placed in the hastily arranged Milledgeville Hospital with order 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 desolated 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 the road. One morning, months later, Grandmother received a message by a boy, from a farm house some miles away, to the effect that Mr. Gould was 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, pillow, 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 rest in her house, and had walked several miles down the road before she saw the wagon approaching. She went to meet it. Uncle Horace stopped the old mule

the mattress, eyes closed and so motionless and white she was sure he was dead. For a moment, her hear stopped jumping 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 Barneyville, 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 eldest 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 by General Beauregard's orders. The girls, Jessie (my mother) and Jennie were so happy in their school life and so fond of Madame, that they left the new little sister, born in Barneyville, to be named Angela La Coste. Grandmother, unable to send for her daughters, was greatly disturbed. Madame would arrange their return and applied to the Garrison for help. General Sherman who was an old friend, and who also knew her pupils from the many times he 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 sister living in the same place who knew their Aunts, Mary and Jane, then broken, and the girls always afterwards on a trip. During the following months

details that took him to Burneyville, for in 1861 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 older 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 House had not been destroyed by Federal troops when stationed on the Island, but that they had occupied it, so he had little hope of its still livable condition. My father had joined the family, bringing with him his beloved horse, Amos, and an old mule and wagon. The wagon was in such a condition that it had to be practically rebuilt before it was used. Grandfather had an ox-cart and two oxen, and with such limited facilities, many trips were required backwards and forwards before the furniture and the bulk of the furniture reached Carterits where he had been able to secure Laurence C. Wright an empty house. There he left them until he could find out the 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 much worse than they had been in Burneyville and they all spent a wretched winter - cold, and hungry. Some of their already small and playin neighbors in Burneyville, as Grandfather gained back to the Island. Some of the beds had been

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 (main-land 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 behind the fireplace, that much of the flooring had to be replaced. An old negro who had been with the Federal troops had occupied it, told Grandfather: "De sojournin' folks dun tack off all de tings." The repairs absolutely necessary were a matter of slow work, much of which Grandfather had to do himself and with few 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 Black Banks for his family. Uncle Horace Gould had told in his letter that as the tide suited in the early morning, and the family moved down to a vacant boat. That night they all had to sleep on mats.

way of cooking, their breakfast consisted of crackers and raw bacon, eaten on the boat. 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 Runch 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 Is.

Grandfather's next endeavor was to have his fields put in shape for planting cotton. Fortunately the gin-house was still standing and the machinery could be repaired. But in order to secure the means for this he was forced to borrow a flat sum. Though he held receipts for 600 bales of cotton confiscated by the Government and the receipts were worth a great deal of money, Aunt Jane Richardson had returned to her home in Baltimore, Md. Orville Richardson, through a close and wealthy friend, Mr. E. Pratt, later on was the donor of the Runch Free Library to the City of Savannah, secured the offer of a loan for Grandfather, the loan to be for a sum which would be considered necessary. Mr. Pratt refused to require either collateral or security, but Grandfather insisted upon both, and gave a mortgage for the regular rate of interest.

My Father soon found that the lumber business would be a success, and as Grandfather needed help he went to St. Simons Island. He had had several years of army experience, resigning with a Sergeant's rank at the age of 25, and he had both initiative and executive ability.

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 1863 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 Mama and my Mother "Sister", as the others called her "Sister" harder for Grandfather after my Father's death, but Grandfather was the one that he had been helped over the worst of reconstruction to take up his mortgage through full payment and interest.

He continued his cotton planting until about 1876. I remember as a special treat on my sixth birthday, I was allowed to run through the "gin-table" and to run through some of the cotton by myself. At that time, Grandfather's increasing handicaps from rheumatism and the low price on Sea Island cotton made him decide to give it up. After that time the fields were put in corn and the others abandoned to grass and forest growth. He then raised cattle and hogs for the market. The cattle were kept mostly on Little Rainbow, which he called "Little Rainbow" almost entirely on marsh grass and the hogs were kept on the marsh for a feed of corn occasionally (in oxen) and were called by a loud and penetrating call of "Pig". During that time Grandfather had several slaves with him -- the original

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 Lynn, Ann, Trin, Mary, Judy and Eva. 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 remained with my Grandparents and afterwards lived at Black Banks.

Aunt Mary visited the Utica relatives, whom she had visited on her former visits there with her Father, and succeeded in procuring much in regard to the great need for school advantages for the children. An invitation was sent to Grandfather by Mrs. Farwell, inviting Jennie and Horace on for a visit, so that Horace could then attend public school and Jennie enjoy the advantages. It was gratefully accepted and they went on. At the end of his first school year another relative by name Dr. Potter who had married a Miss Farwell, asked Horace to come to Sag Harbor as a member of his family so he could attend school with his own family. Horace accepted and much loved the Potter family during his stay with them. Dr. Potter was Treasurer and Secretary of a New York Society for the Free Emancipation, and so was enabled to secure work for Horace during vacation periods. He held the position of Superintendent of Construction when the railroad was built.

Jennie remained in Utica for two years, working that would prepare her to teach her own children. At the same time Aunt Jane was endeavoring to help her. It was arranged by her Baltimore friend

School, St. Mary's in Burlington, New Jersey, where they remained until graduation. Aunt May was asked to remain on as a teacher, which she did for another year, and the school secured a teacher 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 work so bad for his parents, because of Grandfather's increasing rheumatic condition, that he felt his plan must be abandoned. On his return Joe, then a boy of nine, came back with him and entered the school, the family paying for his living expenses. Up to that time they had been working for Uncle Horace on the Island, but a year or so after the Sawmill Corporation built a mill at the old Hamilton place on the Frederica River. He was offered a position as bookkeeper, which he accepted. Through the interest and kindness of a Mrs. Bagg, who offered to care for Joe, he was sent to school for four years. Then Cousin Jimmie Richardson secured a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, which eventually fitted him for the Ohio State University, in Mechanical Engineering.

Very few of the old landowners returned to the Island, although the old plantations had been rented to Northerners for planting, even Black Banks days, and the Kings at that time lived at Melvyn Grove, the State of Georgia, and the Kings at West Point from the Island. The ground there proved a good one.

Mr. Richardson's death.

He had been most kind and generous in his help and the help she could no longer receive. He repaired two of the old slaves.

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her life, dying in

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 as its Pastor.

An early marriage, followed by a devoted care 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 1835.

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 orphans, and the Anson Dodge Home was founded as a memorial to their little son. Mr. Dodge died in 1839, and Anna devoted the remainder of her life to the care of young people, in service to the Home, and in trying to give them a home of her own for aid. She died in 1927. Today, there stands a beautiful building erected to the memory of Anna Deborah Gould Dodge, a combined Church School and Parish House, and made possible through the cooperation and love of Sister Mary Joseph.

About 1900, Cousin James Anderson of Baltimore, having lost his wife, Felicite Young, decided to close his business and spend his last years on the Island. Grandfather gladly received him to Mack Banks and he spent a number of years there. He was especially a city man, and the boys of the household at that time, Herbert & William Wick and Calvert Stewart, enjoyed very much his ignorance of the sea and fishing, and while serving as a nurse, he knew so well, usually hunting and fishing, and while serving as a nurse, he pulled many a joke on him. But when his health failed and he could no longer keep up his favorite occupation of fishing, Jyde and Marie, had a great deal of fun in the household if continued longer might prove a problem to the household. He was invited 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. Grandfather'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 child 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 decided to him. That was how she explained it to me. I could also gather that her warm appreciative heart was also inclined to wish to make a return for all he had done for her.

In 1902 she learned of the death of Lizzie, her third daughter. Lizzie, the beauty whom her sisters claimed, had never kept in very close touch with the family. 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 a state of mind that the news of her passing was not the shock it would have been had she been that procreation.

After Grandfather's passing, she would probably have lost hope and interest in life had it not been for the attention and affection of those of whom she loved dearly and was in turn, regarded her with the same devotion, respect and admiration which her own children always felt. So when in about 1889, Alberta decided on a 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 in 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, and her grandsons acted as interested escorts in showing her the city, the only one she had ever seen. It may have meant too much strain, for toward the end of the stay she had her first stroke, not a very severe one, but attended with some loss of motion in the left arm and leg, from which she never recovered a full amount, 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 usual, and sent the older ones off to boarding school. Understanding how hard it would be for Grandmother to be dependent upon her busy daughters for all her life's important needs, Anna secured the services of a Miss Jennie Doyle to attend to her as an attendant and companion. Miss Jennie was well known, as she had long 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 Grandfather's death, the home was still occupied, and the other grandchildren would come for a week or so each summer during the vacation periods, for the happy times they had spent there. But the final closing came when Helen moved North, and the house was left to her married daughter.

For many years the old house was left silent and abandoned, guarded only by the ancient oaks which had seen 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 far in excess of what Grandfather had paid in his deed with his brother, James. The land acreage had small value at that time, and newcomers had little appreciation of the historical background and old plantations.

So now, in my own old age, I look upon all those Good forebearers or ours with an overwhelming sense of pride and respect for the courage,

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 nest 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, were considered most valuable by other ornithologists.

His death in 1893, his wife being the sole survivor, marked the passing of the last of the Jay Goulds.

At Ann Arbor he was married to Mr. Elliot Frederick Stewart of Brunswick. By birth, was descended from Dr. David Stewart, one of the founders of the City of Washington. His wife, was a niece of the 1st Lord Baltimore, whose first wife, Martha Washington's son. Mr. Stewart served in the army, but as his enrollment was in Baltimore, Anne Arundel County, he was discharged in 1809, leaving her with six children. He was a member of the South Carolina Society, and was a man of great scholarship. He was an instructor in the University of Maryland, and afterward in the University of Virginia, and on his death Helen Stewart's death made it a matter of course that the University of Christ Church, had visited the