

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 supply 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 happy ones, for on seeing the great oaks draped with moss, she burst into tears, exclaiming: "Poor Cousin Deborah! How terrifying to live under all those spiders and cobwebs." At first the children must have seemed like little demons, for they took delight in bringing in fiddlers and crabs, and to point out alligators lying in the mud across the river — all to her, frightening creatures.

Soon after her arrival she was taken down to the beach and there she had an experience that so frightened them, that it brought to a stop all 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 Elisabeth 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.

