

## MY ANSESTORS AND THEIR PROGENY.

BY

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My paternal Grandparents were John and Elizabeth (Betsy) Stephens Reynolds.

Grandpa John Reynolds was born in ~~1798~~ Goshen, Orange County, New York, in 1798. He died in Atlanta Georgia, Dec. 15, 1874. He used to play along the banks of the Schuylkill River in N. Y. as a boy. He was apprenticed to a Chair maker to learn the trade. He was raised on Staten Island N. Y.

The Reynolds family had two Coat of Arms; the Elk and the Renard ( French for Fox). His ~~father~~ father Silas Reynolds, had a brether, John Reynolds (for whom grandpa was named). Old Uncle John ~~was~~ was a pet of King George III of England and was appointed by him to be the first <sup>Colonial</sup> Provincial Governor of Georgia. The people did not like him and ~~made~~ ruled him out; and for his ~~own~~ loyalty to the crown King George issued him two land grants in America, one in N. Y. City on which Grace Church was erected; the other grant is in Philadelphia Penn. and one of the Trinity Churches is erected on it, whether the Catholic or Episcopalian I don't know. As old ~~Uncle~~ Uncle John was never married and had no heirs, he told his brothers, the first nephew he had to reach the age of 21 years of age and was named ~~for~~ John Reynolds for him, would inherit the grants. All the brothers named sons John, some named more than one but my grandpa who was named for him was the first to live to be 21 years old, but he was not there to claim it. When he was 15 years old, Robert Fulton, the inventor came to New York with his model steamboat to test it. He launched it and looked around for someone to propel it (grandpa said he thought Fulton was afraid of it.) He saw Grandpa playing around and asked him to hop in and try it out and if he did alright that he (Fulton) would give him a ride on a bigger boat when he built it. Ofcourse it ran alright and two years later Fulton kept his word. When Grandpa was 17, Robt. Fulton came back with his big Steamboat ( I think the Clermont) ready for his maiden voyage South. Grandpa ran away and came as far as Savannah Georgia and stayed, and his poor parents thought he was dead and died thinking so. He never went back to claim his inheritance. He went on up into North Georgia and met and married Miss Elizabeth (Betsy) Stephens. They settled in Athens Georgia and raised 7 boys and one girl.

Their children were Thomas, John, Silas, William, Joshua, Charles, Samuel and Eveline.

Uncle Thomas, married Mary King; their children ( four in number) were Martha who married Judge Edgar Orr, Gertrade who married Crawford Summers, Edwin (Eddie) who never married, Charlie B. (L.L.D.) who married Miss Willie Burts of Texas. they children were James, Gertrade, Marjorie and Thomas. Martha and Judge Orr, raised three girls and one boy, viz, Dorothy(Dollie), Nellie, Edgar and Mary Gertrade(Sing).

Uncle John Reynolds, was a Methodist Minister, He married Miss Caroline Wooldridge ~~REYNOLDS~~ of Athens, Georgia. They raised 7 children; Emma who married Sim Landrum, Tom who never married, Henry ( I've forgot his wife's name), Walter, Carrie, Paul and Eugene who was a Baptist Minister.

Uncle Silas Reynolds, married late in life to the widow Cantrell of Fairburn, Ga., She was Victoria Cantrell (Aunt Vick) who had one daughter Lula Cantrell. *T. son Dr*

Uncle William Reynolds married Miss Kate Robinson. They had 7 children, Martha Talulah(Iudie), Minnie Elizabeth, Ida Kate, Evie Shelby, Carrie Metcalf, Libbie and one boy Joe Robinson. Iudie married Judge Jerry Howard of Cartersville, Ga; Minnie married Chester Goldsmith of Atlanta, Ga.,; Ida married Walter Turner; Evie married Will Doster; Carrie first married Lucius Duncan and raised three boys, Lucias Gerdine, Earl, and Ludwig (Buster). Later she married a Mr. Dodd. Libbie never married. The only boy, Joe married Annie Waller.

*Just Land Cantrell*

Uncle Joshua Reynolds married Miss Calderwood Green Trent of Atlanta, Ga. They had only one child Alice who married James Wilbanks. ~~MEM~~ Of their children I remember, James Jr., Ruth, Lillian and Viola who married a Mr. Wilson.

Charles Wesley Reynolds, my father, married Miss Susan Mayne Jennings. They had only one child, yours truly, Mary Lee Reynolds.

Eveline King Reynolds, the only girl Grandma and Grandpa raised, never married but she mothered all the family.

Uncle Samuel (Sammie) the youngest was killed at Spottsylvania Court house, during the Civil War at the age of 16.

My Grandmother Betsey Reynolds had brothers and sisters. I personally knew only one sister, Mrs. Mary Ann(Stephens) Fellows. She married George Fellows. They had 6 girls and one boy. They ofcourse were my Father's first cousins, they were Frances (Frank), Mary, Georgia, Caroline, Almira, Ella, and ~~MMMM~~ one boy, Cyrus Stephens(Bud). Frances(Frank) married Columbus(Lum) Williamson, of their children I remember, George, Glen, Plunket, a daughter called Cis a boy called Frost and another girl (I can't remember her name). Mary married Christopher (Cris) Swann. They had three children, Henry Belle and Herschell. Henry and Herschell were never married but Belle married Jr. James Jarrett. Caroline married Sam Hunter, their children were Alexander( called Reb), Alice who married Gus Clark, Carrie who never married, Sam Jr. ( I don't know who he married), Howell who died young and Pearce, and Sidney who died young. Georgia married Adolfus Wambling, they had three daughters and one son, Julia, Frances(Frank), Ed, and Carrie who married Crawford Whitworth. Almira, married a Whitehead. Ella never married. Cyrus (Bud ) Fellows was the only son, He married Miss Sally Baker. They had several children. I remember, George, Bath, Charlie, Paul, Eugene and Annie Grace.

Grandma Betsy Reynolds had another sister, Aunt Emily Floyd. She was a widow and had several sons. They lived with Grandma. I can recall hearing the names of only two of them, Dred and Josh Floyd. Dred married Miss Beatrice Elder. Their children were Cleveland (Clevie) and Cuna.

When war was declared between the North and South, my father Charlie Reynolds, volunteered and joined the Athens Guards, 3rd Ga. Regiment Co. K. He fought during the whole four years and was wounded once in the great toe. My mother served too at home.

When my father came home on a furlough, his baby brother, Sannie insisted on returning to the army with him. Sannie was killed in his first battle(I think) at Spottsylvania Courthouse.

My Mother had 3 nephews, 3 brothers in law and 3 brothers in the war. One brother in law was killed, one died of fever, one nephew killed. I've heard her say her heart ached four years. Her sweetheart was in there too. My father and mother married right after the war. I was born Feb.7,1868, three years after the war, right into

Reconstruction Days and I'm still in them . When the Southern boys surrendered at Appomattox, they were not conquered, just outnumbered, overpowered, swindled and sacrificed. They came back to their country and homes, devastated, pilfered, robbed, burned, and abused, facing a dirty deal in the hands of a dishonest, relentless foe, who followed their tired trudge home to pick their lean bones and heap insult and sarcasm on broken and dispirited hearts; and that same spirit pervades their present generation. When the boys of '65 came home they had no allotment or governmental funds to boost their morale. They had not been trained to do hard labor, they were land poor, great acreages lying idle, no one to tend them, no money to hire help, if they could find it. The slaves set free to pilfer and steal; poor ignorammuses, drunk with supposed freedom, spurred on by false promises of their so called rescuers.

My Father like many others, North and South, went out West, a Virgin Country, but came back seeking a means of livelihood. He and a Cousin opened a General Store on Peachtree Street in Atlanta Ga., but my Mother's health failed and they decided to go back to Athens, Ga.

My Grandfather's plantation had not been divided and he stipified in his will, to keep it together, any of the children could select a portion for their use, but not to sell except for reinvestment. My father was city bred and knew nothing of farming, but was willing to learn, so they selected acreage and built them a house, and he was the butt of jokes and jibes, but took it all goodnatureedly and made <sup>one</sup> of the best farmers around. When he started he didn't know a hams string from a holding-back strap, or a turn plow from a ripper, but my Mother's nephews and brothers taught him and loved Uncle Charlie right on.

I am an ~~only~~ only child and lived very close to my parents; as I say my Fairy Tales were accounts of big battles and my lullabies were old Confederate War Songs and Toasts. I went through the Civil War by Proxy. My Mother and Father told me all about it. I learned the Songs. My Mother told me about the privations during the War and the substitutes they used, so I got her to fix me some to see what it tasted like. Imagine parching persimmon seed or wheat and grinding them for coffee, and sweetening it with Sorghum molasses, when they couldn't get sugar they used Sorghum.

Sugar was called short sweetnin' and Sorghum was long sweetnin'. Grandma Jennings raised a lot of honey, she would strain it and sweeten pies with it.

In reconstruction days there were few schools. I studied at home with my mother. Like Phoenix I rose from ashes; from the ashes of the Confederacy. I can't help feeling that every drop of blood in my veins is "Johnny Reb". I weep to see the Southern People regardless of Southern sentiment.

After the war the confederate money was depreciated to nothing. I have heard my Mother speak of paying \$100.00 for a calico dress.

Well I could write up reams of paper and gallons of ink, telling of my experiences during reconstruction days, and my growing up; but who in this generation would be interested in or understand about a house-raising, a log rolling, a corn shuck-  
ing, a fodder pulling, a thrashing, a sorghum syrup making, etc., and old fashion quilt-  
ing party or "Big Meeting time"; in laying by time, all day meetings with dinner on the  
ground. Even meeting at night, "early candle light" with the wooden candle holders on  
the walls for tallow candles; the all day singings, singing either fa- sol- la- or  
do- re- me's. They were "The good old Days". I've come up from torch lights and tallow  
candles to arc lights, flood lights, flash lights, Neon lights, MMM Fluorescent Lights,  
etc.

Most of my old relations and friends have been placed ,  
Under the sod and dew, waiting the Judgement day-- and,  
" When I remember all the friends so linked together  
MMM I'VE seen around me fall like leaves, in wintry weather,  
I feel like one who treads alone"; some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights have fled, and garlands dead, and all but he departed.

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Thus in the stilly night, e'er slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad "memory" brings the light of other days around me.

Now a little about education in early days. If anyone will read Miss Dorothy Orr's History of Education in Georgia during and after the war, they will see the hardships endured. The country was so impoverished, many gave little credence to the importance of education. They needed the childrens' help in the farms, especially to raise food. You find among other things, she mentions old field schools. They had no school houses, so they taught in churches or log cabins anywhere they found.

I attended one of that kind; as I said, my Mother taught me first, and my text book all through, was Webster's Blue Back Speller. I learned my a - b - c's, my a - b, abs, and when I got to the word Botany I was elated, and when I got to the word Boatswain I was "getting upstairs". Ofcourse at first she taught me to read small words.

When I was 4 years old, and old gentlemen, Mr. Rowe, who was highly educated and master of several languages, established a school at old Oak Grove School house, also known as old Mt. Zion Church, as we worshiped there. Mr Rowe had pupils aged from 4 to 20 and more. Being one of the youngest, I was a pet( as well as a Miss Smarty). One day Mr. Rowe came up and put his arm around me and started to kiss me and I proceeded to slap his face and read the riot act to him. I succeeded in that school, in forgetting all I had learned at home, and had to start over. The next school I attended was Mars Hill and was near the church of the same name.

Then when we moved to Athens Ga, I attended Ludy Cobb ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Institute, for three terms; then I attended Miss Ogleby Thurmond's private School. I finished up at dear old Home school, taught by Madam and Miss Sosnowski.

I would like to mention an experience I had in Athens, Ga., about 1886. The big earthquake, caused by a island <sup>Sinking</sup> near Charleston, S. C. It was a terrible experience. People were terrified, cows lowed, dogs howled, people screamed, the wind blew a gale; then a rumble sounded and the earth began to shake and houses trembled. My father and mother and I tried 3 times to get out of the house, but could not stay on our feet. This lasted for some time and recurred at intervals during the night and day. This continued for several days.

I must recall another amusing incident (that really happened ( I'm pretty sure) at Mar's Hill Church. In those days, as I have said, people traveled often on horse back; gentlemen rode saddles with one horn, but ladies' side saddles had two horns to fit a knee for support.

Now in those days, the Churches were not able to buy Hymn Books and if they did have them there were many who could not read them, so they chose a song leader who stood up and lined out the Hymns (Hymes) as they called them. One Sunday the leader was lining out the hymn-- "Jesus my all to Heaven is gone," at that time he glanced out the window and saw a gray horse with a side saddle on, which had broken loose from its fastening or hitching post, and was running away which would have involved a horseless rider. The leader who repeated:

"Jesus my all to Heaven has gone,  
Yonder goes a gray horse with a side saddle on."

Ofcourse all ran out to chase the horse.

Well when all is said and done, I have meandered down a long, long, trail, through a *Labyrinth* of experiences. I have known friends and relatives come and go. From my earliest recollection, the God of my fathers, has ~~meandered~~ held my hand.

"The Hand that has led me through scenes most severe, is kindly assisting me Home."

"Oh! Thou who changeth not, Abide with me".