



NEWSLETTER

BRUNSWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
BOX 874, SHALLOTTE, NC 28459

VOLUME XLIV

FEBRUARY, 2004

NUMBER 1

FEBRUARY MEETING TO BE HELD AT BEMC IN SUPPLY, NC
FEBRUARY 9, 2004 7:30 P.M.

The next meeting of the Brunswick County Historical Society will be held at the Brunswick Electric Membership Corporation building, 795 Ocean Highway West, Supply, NC. The genealogy group will meet at 6:30, one hour prior to the general meeting.

The genealogy group meeting will be an informal meeting to determine the direction it will take. Come prepared with questions, topics you would like to discuss, areas of concerns, etc.

The speaker will be Glenn Kye, past Commander of Camp #5 SCV and current Adjutant of Camp #5 SCV. He will speak on the War Between the States. Kye will relate stories about individuals who served from Brunswick County, name resources available to find information on soldiers, and create an interest and awareness of the many way Brunswick County contributed to the conflict.

DUES!! DUES!! DUES!!...It's that time of year. Come prepared to pay or send a check for \$10.00 to the Treasurer at the above address. On the next page you'll find a list of lifetime members and those who have already paid (early birds!) Consider becoming a lifetime member.

Thanks to Jarvis Balllargeon for consenting to become our Publicity Chairman. He will contact the various media outlets in our county and neighboring counties to publicize our meetings.

A special thanks to our Vice President, Bertha Grohman, for the excellent speakers she has provided for our meetings. Please let her know of prospective speakers or if you are willing to present a program. Our programs relate to Brunswick County and the Cape Fear area. Contact her by phone, at the meeting or at the address above.

SOCIETY OFFICERS 2004-2006

President: Joe Carter
Vice President: Bertha Grohman
Secretary: Kay Kye
Treasurer: Gwen Causey
Directors: Hulaine Holden, Don Jenrette
Newsletter: Gwen Causey
Refreshments: Janice Pigott
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MEMBERSHIP LIST 2004

1. Johnsie Holden, Life Member
2. Judy Holden, Life Member
3. Sheldon & Janice Pigott, Life Member
4. Tammi Cooke, Life Member
5. Mary Mintz, Life Member
6. Sherry Cornwell, Life Member
7. Brunswicktown State Historic Site
8. Brunswick Community College Library
9. New Hanover County Library
10. NC Collection, UNCW
11. Columbus County Library
12. Ft. Wayne Public Library
13. Anne Neroni & 2005
14. Warren Phelps
15. Roberta Brady & 2005
16. Carl E. Swain
17. Charles Harper
18. Lillian Batson
19. Henry Williams
20. Connie Schutte
21. Glenn & Kay Kye
22. Eddie & Carol Beauvais
23. M. L. Sellers
24. Barbara Wilson
25. Muzette Steck
26. Dorothy West
27. Susie Carson

Reverend Alexander D. Betts

Rev. Alexander D. Betts was assigned to the Smithville Methodist Circuit for 1859-60. Again, in 1861 he was reassigned to the same position.

In April, 1861 he wrote in his diary: "One of the saddest days of my life was in April, 1861, when the news reached me at my parsonage home in Smithville, that President Lincoln had called upon state troops to bring back seceding states to the Union. I loved the Union and prayed for its preservation, but now war could not be averted, it seemed. That day I walked up and down my porch in Smithville and wept and suffered and prayed for the South. The drum and fife was soon heard in the village. The governor organized troops and soon many of the units were sent to Smithville. The soldiers were encamped on the then outskirts of the town, and Fort Johnston." Brunswick County had formed Company G, of the 10th Regiment, N. C. Volunteers, and Dr. Betts knew most of them, many of them were his parishioners. "He prayed at sunrise at the Smithville church for the Brunswick Volunteers." On October 25, Governor Clark sent a commission to Reverend A. D. Betts as chaplain. "After deliberation and prayer," Dr. Betts sent his acceptance and was ordered to report for duty at Smithville, and later to Richmond.

Editor's Note: To find out more about Rev. A. D. Betts, check out the book, *Experiences of A Confederate Chaplain 1861-1865* from a local library.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FOR 2004

_____ Individual (1 membership, 4 NEWSLETTERS) \$10.00

_____ Life Member (1 membership for life) \$100.00

Name and mailing address: _____

Please return a copy of this form with payment to: Brunswick County Historical Society
PO Box 874
Shallotte, NC 28459

Gause Landing Has History

By: Eugene Fallon
State Port Pilot, February 14, 1962

Editor's Note: This article was written solely for reading pleasure. It is not historically correct nor have the facts been researched and documented. There are some grains of truth scattered about in the article.

**"Why am I sorry, Chloe? Because the moon is far
And, however I scheme and plot,
I cannot find a ferry to the land where I am not."**

Ernest Cristopher Dowson

The story of Gause Landing is the story of a family once numerous and rich; a family who came to what is surely one of the most fascinating parcels of real estate anywhere along the South Atlantic coast, to flourish mightily for two-hundred years, only to vanish as mysteriously as they had arrived.

And if the Gauses built a two-story manor house atop a high hill overlooking a channel separated from the Atlantic only by a few hundred feet of marshland, and employed many slaves to cultivate their several thousand acres of land, time laid its inexorable hand on the clan one-by-one, until today not a single one of the original Gause family walk the earth.

As to the origins of this remarkable family, there is little recorded. One story has it that they migrated northward from the South Carolina Lowcountry; another that they came to Brunswick County from the midlands of Georgia. Exactly when the first Gause arrived is also somewhat dim. A manuscript at hand states: "Gause Landing was settled by William Gause, Sr., a former innkeeper of Prince George Parish, SC. He is said to have purchased land in Brunswick County in 1751. There were five sons: William, Jr., John, Needham, Charles and Benjamin Gause. Charles settled in Smithville (now Southport) in the spring of 1790 and was one of the founders of this city. William Gause, Jr., John and Charles Gause all fought in the Revolutionary War in which William lost a leg."

A second manuscript studied by the writer generally agrees with the above, except that it states: "The Gause family, fairly well-to-do farmers, departed from Woodbine in Central Georgia rather suddenly in 1749. So hurried was their departure it was said that they left some furniture and household belongs in a barn on the family farm and never reclaimed those possessions. No reason was ever given for the move, although the family who settled along the lower North Carolina Coast, were said to have "waxed rich in their new surroundings."

So much for the origins. Now as to the disappearance of the fine old family.

The writer spent two days down on the Landing recently, during which he probed, talked and wandered about the old empire of the Gauses. This led eventually to a rather pathetic and tangled woodland cemetery on sloping hills leading down to Hales Swamp. Escorted by a young native of the vicinity, I stood finally in front of a huge and rounded crypt. It was a full 30-feet in circumference, this bricked vault, or tomb. Under it lay the dust of many Gauses. There is no entranceway. The brick rises almost three feet above the earth; and there is a jagged hole torn through the thick tomb, a hole just large enough to admit a grown person.

I lay on the ground and played the beam of a flashlight through the hole. The debris of a century meets the eye. The vault is perhaps seven feet below the earth level. Once the floor too was

bricked, and although it is still dry down there and the air quite musty, vandalism has heaped brick pell mell upon the flooring. I did not venture through the hole. Last year a man was said to have killed several rattlesnakes inside the tomb.

I walked about the crypt looking for some sort of inscription. If ever there had been such it is now gone. Near the back of the ruined mound and situated _____ is a hole _____ of almost two feet. What purpose are these two holes—one through brick and the other into earth—at this lonesome forest vault?

My guide said that the earthen hole had been dug many years before; dug by unknown persons hunting the gold and currency tradition says was buried with the early Gauses.

The hole blasted through the brick itself is even a more sordid story. Twice in fifty years the vault has been violated by men to whom human corpses are as nothing compared to jewelry and other valuables. Again tradition says that the first grave-robbers found and took away a quantity of jewelry and money. These did not, at least, bother the mortal remains.

But the second nocturnal visitors, after blasting through the thick walls of the tomb, entered and tore crumbling skeletons aside, perhaps for rings on the finger-bones, and delving like the human vampires they were, beneath the bones for valuables. Enraged, perhaps, with the scarcity of plunder, or maybe frightened of apprehension, the man or men snatched skulls and skeletons along with them on their flight, scattering the remains along the woods path.

Neither party of ghouls was apprehended. Relatives of the Gauses came from a distant point—some say Georgia, others, Alabama—to mend the broken vault following the first outrage. No one had come to patch the last violation. The Gauses, like all things of flesh and blood, approach dissolution swiftly.

Standing there in the soft winter afternoon I was reminded of a couple of lines penned long ago by the incomparable Percy Bysshe Shelley: **"Look on my works ye mighty, And despair!"**

Scattered through the thick woods within a couple-of-hundred yard radius of the vault are an unnumbered legion of graves. Most of them bear markers, some of marble, some of cypress. The markers sag and some have rotted through at the ground and lie flat. All the marble, too, are flat upon the ground. This combined, with the fallen leaves, branches, moss and earth, make them very hard to discover. Had it not been for my young guide, I might never have found the first one.

Three families have used the secluded graveyard—situated some two miles from Gause Landing proper, and a good one-eighth mile from a dirt road in the woods—to bury their dead. They are the Gauses, the Randalls and the Russ families. The oldest grave uncovered with inscribed date proved to be that of one Samuel Russ, who was born in Charleston, S. C., July 7, 1790, and who died, presumably at Gause Landing, on August 13, 1829.

Other graves discovered were those of Anson Randall, "aged four years." No date was to be found on the cypress marker. The graves of S. B. B. Gause, "born August, 1877, died October 1885" and that of "Mon Gause, born 1865, died 1868," were all that were discovered still bearing inscriptions upon the markers.

Presumably the remains of William, Charles, Benjamin, John and Needham Gause were interred in the great bricked vault. So much for the Gauses in death; now to the thin ribbons of information which link them to life on the Landing named for them.

Bishop Francis Asbury, circuit-riding Methodist preacher who wrote his way to fame in the pages of diary kept, wrote that he had "preached at William Gause's manor house in 1801." The Bishop goes on to say: "at the great house, most pleasantly situated on the Brunswick coast at Gause Town, where I had looked forward to again greeting my once dear friend, William, death had stolen a march on me."

Several years later the indefatigable Bishop came back to "Gause Manor" where he writes: "I lodged at John Gause's. Our host is a local minister, and, I trust, a dear child of God."

In yet another reference to the Clan Gause, the good Bishop wrote: "We came off to Town Creek and housed with Charles Gause."

But even before those visits, another great figure was sleeping at the manor house on the Landing. This time it was George Washington, surely one of the greatest sleepers in early American history. George also kept a diary. In it he records: "Breakfasted at Wm. Gause's, a little out of the direct road 14 miles." This entry was dated "Wednesday, April 27, 1791" and was written on one of Washington's Southern tours via horseback.

Gause Landing is located some six miles east of Shallotte. A paved road runs between some of the largest and most beautiful oak trees in the country. Moss falls like a benediction from the great branches of these trees nad trails almost to the ground.

At the first house one reaches lives the Porter Parkers. Porter, who admits to 63 years, was born at Gause Landing. His wife, Lily Ludlum, has lived in the same house for 52 years.

Porter drove us down to the end of the road. On a hill he pointed out where the old Gause home had been situated. Burned down before he (Porter Parker) had been born, he said. Many years before.

"So far as I heard," said Mr. Parker, "the last survivors of the original family down here were Julius Gause, his wife, Edie, and Mack Gause. All of them have been dead for a hundred years."

Until fairly recent years Parker said that flowers, crepe myrtle trees and the remnants of grape arbors, all planted by the Gause, grew atop the hill where the house had stood. Parker said the old house itself had been described to him as a boy and by old heads, as "a great and solid two-story affair, built entirely of heart lumber."

He spoke of how the Gauses haunted their old stamping grounds on the hill for many, many years after the inhabitants had gone to rest. "Folks told of hearing violin music, guitars, even a bugle," says Parker seriously, "and the singing of the departed Gauses."

According to Parker the family were by way of being accomplished singers and musicians in life. They held a mighty reputation as sea-minstrels, although they were popularly supposed to be a "close-knit bunch, who rarely entertained local visitors."

There are people living today on Gause Landing who will tell you they have heard the ghostly concerts "on more than one occasion and with my own ears." Two Landing ladies, who preferred to remain anonymous, told this writer an interesting tale.

They said that a Southport lawyer, now deceased, "had come to the landing to make a political speech." Speaking to a fairly large gathering congregated inside the store, operated some 45 years ago by a man named Warren Pigott, the speaker was holding forth in great style, when the two ladies, then thirty or under, went down together to hear and not be seen.

"We didn't want to intrude on what was then a man's game," they said, "and so we came up on the old Gause hill, where we would not be detected. "All at once we heard the crying of a baby! It came from in back of us—up the hill, where the old house had stood! We ran back home as fast as we could...no one had lived on that hill for years and years."

Warren Pigott left a number of sons, several of whom still reside on the Landing, and there are numerous newer Pigott progeny.

One of the eldest, a widow, lives between the Parker home and the Landing proper. Going on eighty, Mrs. Pigott recalled that the last direct descendant of the original Gause family was Anna Gause, she whom married Frank Leonard, and who succumbed about 30 years ago. Mrs. Pigott did not know if Anna Gause Leonard had been buried at Hales Swamp, or not.

They are all gone now, along with the old manor house. Even the ghostly music has ceased coming from the hill which faces the sea. The Latins had a phrase "Memento Mori," meaning remembrance of death. But the old Gause family have conquered time and that mournful memory. In death they are remembered as living beings, a family circle proud and haughty. A clan who carved an empire along the ocean; an empire almost four miles long. And today, with the last of that clan vanished from view, this lovely and sprawling place, swept by cooling breezes in the summer, caressed by sunshine in the short and painless winters, bears their name still.

Editor's Note: *Following is a page from the book, "LOWER CAPE FEAR GRAVE STONE RECORDS" collected by R. V. Asbury, Jr., Jeannette Cox St. Amand and Ida Brooks Kellam. It was compiled and mimeographed by Ida Brooks Kellam of Wilmington, NC in 1959.*

GAUSE CEMETERY

Family records say that JOHN JULIUS GAUSE was born 1774, died 1836, on his plantation stock farm—LAUREL GROVE—in Brunswick County. He was a member of the North Carolina Legislature 1825-1829. He married three times, first to his first cousin, ELIZABETH BACON GAUSE; second to MARIAH THERESA BRUARD; and third to EMILY R. MILLER, a daughter of FREDERICK MILLER of Bladen County, NC, who dated his will April 4, 1834 and named his daughter EMILY GAUSE and his son-in-law J.J. GAUSE.

In the will of JOHN JULIUS GAUSE he arranged for a vault to be built and that his body be placed in the vault with his two deceased wives and his children whose bodies are to be removed from the plantation of SAMUEL GAUSE, deceased, and placed in the vault with him.

A look at the vault seems to tell us that his wishes were carried out. The vault is large, and shows that it has been repaired, but still bears evidence of damage of storms and vandalism. The cemetery surrounding the vault is covered with an almost impenetrable growth of briars, trees and other woods plants. Several wooden grave markers are slightly readable. Records listed below come from the few wooden markers found.

McN. GAUSE born March 10, 1863, died Sept. 15, 1863
S.B.B. GAUSE born Aug. 19, 1877, died Oct. 26, 1885
MARGARET died Sept. 20, 18__, age 45 years
DUNCAN M. GAUSE died __17, 1808, age 10 years
THOMAS FRINK (GAUSE) ____ Aug. 27, 1802

Two marble markers were found on the ground. They read:

ELIZABETH FRIERSON wife of DANIEL P. RUSS, born Charleston, SC July 7, 1799, died Aug. 13, 1829
ANSON RANDAL ____ age 4 years

BACK THEN / 100 and 50 years ago
By: Leslie Gruber

Wilmington Morning Star

March 14, 1899: A huge supply of clams arrived here yesterday. The cargoes of the little steamers, *Argyle*, *Samuel*, *Spray*, *Etta*, and the sharpies (sailing craft), *Mystery*, *Annie*, *Col. Bogus*, and *Robert E. Lee*, arrived from Shallotte, Lockwood's Folly and other points down the river when loaded out filled six freight cars with 500 bushels each. They will net the shipper \$1 to \$1.25 per peck.

July 4, 1899: The steamer, *Driver*, cleared on her usual trip for Fayetteville at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The steamer, *Seabright*, will clear early this morning for Shallotte and Little River, SC.

August 27, 1899: F. P. White, formerly of Brunswick County, now of Wilmington, was granted a patent for a self-lubricating axle and wheel hub, "said to be a bonanza for vehicle owners. He will organize a company for its manufacture."

September 12, 1899: The rice fields along the Cape Fear River are now teeming with almost countless thousands of rice birds...a little unwelcome by the planters, perhaps, they are, never-the-less hailed with delight by the sportsmen and many of them (the birds) have been bagged and sent to market where they are finding ready sale at from forty to fifty cents per dozen. It is worth a trip down the river to witness the undulating swarms of the little pests as they glide along just above the heads of the ripening grain.

September 13, 1899: It will be no surprise to the *Star* if, three years hence over half the land along the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, now devoted to strawberries is planted to tobacco.

September 14, 1899: The catch of mullet is very slim. Those caught are selling at good prices to the packers. Yesterday the catch was bringing three and one-half to three and three-quarters cents a pound. Dealers receive four and one-quarter to four and one-half cents a pound after fish are packed for shipment.

November 12, 1899: The huge October 31 hurricane damaged Fort Caswell to the extent restoration work and storm protection will cost the government \$200,000. Most of the expense will be for a protective breakwater around the island.

November 24, 1899: Steamboat men are complaining of what the recent storm has done for the mouth of Town Creek, up which of course, there is considerable shipping traffic in rice and naval stores.

December 16, 1899: Large quantities of holly and mistletoe are now being shipped North for Christmas decorations. Several boat loads were brought over from the Brunswick side of the river yesterday for shipment.

December 23, 1899: The American schooner *Percy & Lilly* of New York was towed into Southport yesterday "in a badly leaking condition." It sprang a leak while about 50 miles east-southeast of Frying Pan lightship. The ship of 470 tons burthen was bound for New York from Georgetown, S.C. with 340,000 feet of railroad ties.

January 13, 1900: Alexander Sprunt and Son loaded out the steamer *Aquilla* with 8,052 bales of cotton compressed into standard 24-by-54 inch bales.

January 21, 1900: Official measurement for registration of a two-masted, 37-foot long, 10-foot wide boat built by Capt. W. H. Varnam of Lockwood's Folly is being made at the government dock. Mr. Varnam named the new vessel *Lillie V.*

January 24, 1900: The Leland school has 18 pupils with Miss Hyacinth Peterson of Point Caswell as teacher.

January 30, 1900: The barge *Houseman* foundered off Frying Pan Shoals with loss of two crewmen. One of the three barges being towed by the barge *Protector*, it broke free during a storm. The tow was en route to Charleston from Norfolk.

February 2, 1900: Federal funds for river and harbor improvements include \$ 3, 913.80 for Town Creek in Brunswick County.

February 8, 1900: Fire destroyed the steam grist mill and store of B. F. Penny of Leland. The property is about one mile this side of the village.

February 20, 1900: Mr. Charles Baskerville, assistant professor of chemistry at the North Carolina University, arrived in the city Sunday (Feb. 18) to visit Navassa guano factory as an expert to ascertain if the fumes from this factory are such as to injure growing crops in the vicinity. F. M. Moore filed a suit against the factory charging that its sulphuric fumes damaged his rice field and soil and forest on his property.

February 20, 1900: Colonial Dames of North Carolina is working toward restoration of St. Philip's Church on the west side of the river in Brunswick County.

February 22, 1900: The steamer *Seabright* very narrowly escaped being "swallowed up by the sea yesterday while on her way up from Little River." As she came into the sea from the river she ran into high seas driven by a storm. Seas broke over the vessel, sweeping much of her deck cargo into the ocean. The vessel "staggered" under the lee of Fort Caswell. The tug *Alexander Jones* accompanied her from there to Southport, where necessary repairs enabled the vessel to come on to Wilmington about 10 p.m. last night.

May 1, 1900: Marking the 175th anniversary of Old St. Philips Church on the west side of the Cape Fear River at Old Brunswick today will be a pilgrimage excursion to the site under the auspices of North Carolina Society of Colonial Dames.

July 24, 1900: Forest fires have been raging in Brunswick County for two days. The report yesterday morning that Southport had been fireswept is untrue.

July 27, 1900: It is said that a company of one hundred Red Shirts will have a picnic at some point in Brunswick County on election day (Aug. 2).

August 5, 1900: Brunswick County voters, by a small margin favored the Fusion ticket and opposed the amendment to the state constitution which passed in the state by a majority more than 50,000.

October 25, 1900: A new flat (boat) is being built for the Brunswick Bridge and Ferry Company across the river opposite Dock Street. It will be put in service in a few days.

December 1, 1900: A swell dinner, noted for its chrysanthemums and "spike-tail coats" was given by Mr. E. W. Sawyer of Brunswick County on Thanksgiving in complement to a few of his Wilmington friends.

December 15, 1900: The steamer *Wilmington* carried a large cargo of slate to Southport for covering the new buildings at Fort Caswell. The slate came to Wilmington on the Atlantic Coast Line from Staton, Pa.

December 23, 1900: All the incoming trains were crowded yesterday with people coming to Wilmington for Christmas shopping. A large number of Southport people came to the city on the steamer *Wilmington* for Christmas shopping.

May 16, 1900: Pupils of Misses Hart and Brown's school were given a delightful outing yesterday which consisted of an excursion on the steamer *Wilmington* and a picnic at Old Brunswick.

December 17, 1948: Five tug boats freed the 3,500-ton freighter *Arkansan* from aground on Frying Pan Shoals at the mouth of the Cape Fear River after two and one-half days of efforts.

May 18, 1949: Shallotte high School students are protesting the firing of Henry Stone, principal for 14 years. School board and students representatives are slated to meet today to go over the problem.

May 28, 1949: Brunswick Electric Membership Corp. will add 700 rural electric customers in Brunswick, and Columbus counties as a result of a \$225,000 Rural Electric Administration allocation. The corporation now numbers 3, 850 customers.

July 5, 1949: Sam P. Bennett, Brunswick County Superior Court clerk, his brother G. L. Bennett of Wilmington and two others were heading from Southport to Baldhead Island for fishing when waves from a passing tanker capsized their 16-foot skiff not far from Fort Caswell. They were rescued while drifting out into the Atlantic by Marshall Hill, boat builder and shrimper of Southport.

July 20, 1949: The North Carolina Baptist Convention yesterday bought the historic, 300-acre Fort Caswell from the War Assets Administration for \$86,000. The Baptists plan to use the site for summer recreation and will establish a summer school for ministers and lay workers where refresher courses will be taught. The operation will be an enlargement of the program now at Seaside Assembly, Fort Fisher.

December 22, 1949: Yesterday, the first official day of winter, brought one of the warmest December 21st on record here with a high of 71 degrees--- equaled only on December 21, 1923 and 1926, since records have been kept starting in 1871.

January 9, 1950: R. D. White, Sr. is being proclaimed as the champion checker player in Brunswick County. But our good friend, Bill Keziah, who turns out that fine weekly column for the *State Port Pilot*, wants the crown wrested from him. He offers a year's subscription to his paper for anyone who defeats the champion.

January 30, 1950: A "flying saucer" was reported appearing in the sky about 5:15 p.m. Jan 23 near Bolivia in Brunswick County.

January 30, 1900: Brunswick County has a new checkers champion, Jesse A. Purvis of Leland who defeated longtime champion R. D. White of Shallotte.

February 5, 1950: The erection of a winter lodge at Camp Pretty Pond (in Brunswick County) was considered the high point of the year for the Girl Scouts of the Cape Fear.

February 24, 1900: Leland Lions Club will hold its annual fiddlers competition tonight in the school auditorium. Prizes of \$10 and \$5 will go to the best and runner-up fiddlers, \$10 and \$5 to best and runner-up string bands, \$5 and \$2.50 to best and second best quartets and banjoists and \$5 to best vocal quartet.

April 1, 1900: The New Hanover County Democratic convention yesterday endorsed the primaries' nomination of Capt. George L. Morton for the state Senate and so ordered its delegates to the 10th senate district convention covering New Hanover and Brunswick counties. Brunswick delegates have been directed to vote 3-1 for Iredell Meares, also of Wilmington.

July 16, 1950: Merchant ships in the reserve fleet lay-up basin at Wilmington and elsewhere are apparently going to be put in tip-top shape for ocean-going service again as a result of the war with Korea. The fleet in the Brunswick River basin numbers 424 ships.

SOME MEMORIES OF MY LIFE

By: Colonel Alfred Moore Waddell

Editor's note: The following excerpt is pages 85-88 of Colonel Waddell's book. The events happened during the later part of 1862 and 1863.

Happening to be going from Richmond, Va., to Augusta, Georgia, and stopping for a day or two in Wilmington, just before the fever broke out, and hearing that a poor fellow named "Swarzman," a young German, was sick and alone, I called at his room, sat by his bedside and tried to cheer him, holding his hand in the meantime. I observed that he has a yellow appearance and supposed he had jaundice. After sitting some time, I bade him goodbye, and a few hours later left the City for Augusta. He died with black vomit within forty-eight hours, and his was the first case of the dreadful scourge, or at least it was the first recognized case.....

Among the blockade-runners in 1863 was a steamer called the MARY CELESTE. Her pilot was John William Anderson, of Smithville, and he, like all the best pilots, was as familiar with channels and bars, both at New Inlet (where Fort Fisher stood and which is now closed) and the mouth of the river, as a farmer is with the roads over his land. One night, in the month of August, 1863, Anderson took the MARY CELESTE out over New Inlet Bar, and gliding past the blockading fleet, which was always watching for such valuable prizes, escaped under cover of darkness and reached Nassau in safety. He only escaped one danger to run into a more fearful one. Yellow fever was raging there, and the victims of that scourge were most numerous among the sailors and other non-residents. Anderson was stricken with the fever just before the MARY CELESTE weighed anchor for her return voyage, and by the time she neared the North Carolina coast it was evident he must die.

An entrance through the blockading fleet could, of course, only be made between sunset and sunrise, and as Anderson was the only Cape Fear pilot on board, great anxiety prevailed as to the safety of the ship. At last the critical hour arrived when in the uncertain light of dawn, they found that they had run near a blockader and had been seen by her. The blockader opened fire on the MARY CELESTE and pursued her. Like a scared greyhound she made straight for New Inlet Bar, then visible several miles away, and after her steamed the blockader, from whose bow gun every few minutes would leap a flame followed by a shell which would pass over or through her rigging and burst in the air, or striking the sea would flash a great column of spray toward the sky. By this time poor Anderson was dying below in his berth, and the officers of the ship began to realize the terrible situation in which they found themselves, with the enemy in pursuit and before them a bar over which it was almost certain destruction for any aboard except Anderson, to attempt to steer the MARY CELESTE. Anderson heard the firing and knew what it meant before they told him. He knew, too, that he was dying and had no further interest in the world's affairs, but a sense of duty asserted itself even in the presence of death.

He was too weak to get up, but he demanded to be taken on deck and carried to the man at the wheel. The strong sailors lifted him and carried him up to the wheelhouse. They stood him on his feet and supported him on either side. His face was as yellow as gold, and his eyes shone like stars. He fixed his unearthly gaze upon a long line of breakers ahead, then took up the dim line of pines that stood higher than the surrounding forest, then at the compass for a moment, and said calmly, "Hard starboard!" Quick revolved the wheel under the hands of the helmsman; slowly veered the stern of the rushing steamer, and a shell hurtled over the pilothouse and went singing toward the beach.

Anderson kept his gaze upon the breakers, and in the same calm tone said, "Steady." On ploughed the steamer straight for her goal, while men in the pilothouse stood in profound silence, but fairly quivering with suppressed excitement. The blockader, now seeing that it was impossible to overtake her and not desiring to come within range of the big guns of Fort Fisher, abandoned the chase with a farewell shot, and the MARY CELESTE, now nearly on the bar, slackened her pace a little, and nothing but the swash of the sea and the trembling thud of her engine could be heard. The dying pilot, though failing fast, continued in the same calm tone to give his directions. They were now crossing the bar but had passed the most dangerous point, when he bent his head as though to cough, and the horrified men saw the last fatal symptom which immediately preceded dissolution—black vomit—and knew that the end was very near. He knew it, too, but gave no sign of fear and continued at his post. His earthly home was now visible to his natural eye—he was almost where his loved ones awaited his coming—but nearer still his spiritual vision was the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. At last the bar was safely crossed, smooth water was reached, the engine slowed down, the MARY CELESTE glided silently into the harbor, stopped her headway gradually, lay still, loosed the anchor chains, dropped her anchor, and as the last loud rattle of her cable ceased, the soul of John William Anderson took its flight to the undiscovered country.

George W. Swain Dies May 4, 1890

From *Raleigh Christian Advocate*
June 4, 1890

George W. Swain was born August 22nd, 1814* and died May 4th, 1890. Brother Swain was born and reared in Brunswick County about two and a half miles from Southport. On December 25th, 1840, he was happily married to Miss Annie E. Galloway, who joyfully shared life's joys and sorrows with him for 49 years and still lives to mourn her loss. To them were born 14 children, 6 of them preceded their father to the grave, 8 remain as companions of their mother in sorrow. There are 18 grandchildren still living and a host of friends who will hold the name of George W. Swain in blessed remembrance. Bro. Swain was a modest retiring man, preferring [sic] the quiet of his home to any other place. He began life as a farmer which vocation he never gave up. He was always patient and forbearing, possessing a quiet mind and fixed determination of purpose. His well established rules for self control were rarely ever violated. In the year 1884, under the ministry of Rev. Z. T. Harrison, he professed religion and joined the Methodist E. Church, South, of which he was an acceptable member at his death. In the death of Bro. Swain the community has lost a valuable citizen, the church a useful member, the family a devoted husband and kind father. May the God who is a father to the orphan and a husband to the widow comfort the bereaved ones and help them to sorrow not as those who have no hope. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

J. M. Ashby

* In her book, *The Cemeteries of Southport (Smithville) and Surrounding Area*, Dorcas W. Schmidt lists George W. Swain as being buried in Dutchman Creek (Swain) Cemetery. The dates on his tombstone are born January 26, 1815 and died May 4, 1890.