



NEWSLETTER

BRUNSWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PO BOX 874, SHALLOTTE, NC 28459

VOLUME XLVI

MAY, 2006

NUMBER 2

MAY MEETING TO BE HELD AT BEMC IN SUPPLY, NC MAY 8, 2006 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 meeting begins at 7:30 P. M. Refreshments will be served at 7:15 P. M. We always meet the 2nd Monday in February, May, August and November.

The speaker will be Dennis J. Mardis, a Methodist minister, who will speak about Francis Asbury, America's first Methodist Bishop. He will speak in first person as Jesse Lee, who was one of Asbury's riding companions during early travels. Rev. Mardis will share some anecdotes from Jesse Lee's adventures that reference life during the late 1780's. He will also bring documented reproductions of everyday items from Lee's period. Feel free to announce this at meetings you attend and at church services. We would like to have a large attendance.

Recently the Society's Charter was found and returned to us. It will be on display at the meeting.

The 1904 Family Life Room exhibit at the Old Jail in Southport is being completed. Call or e-mail Beverly Wyckoff, 457-5599 or beverlywyckoff@bellsouth.net to donate items, serve as a docent, add to the law enforcement exhibit, help with ticking mattresses for the cells or volunteer your time. A Wish List is found on page 2.

The Treasurer reports a bank balance of \$968.94. This bank balance is as of April 31, 2006. Total membership stands at 78. This includes 9 Life Memberships. Newsletters are sent to 5 libraries, 1 historical society and 1 historic site. For \$100 one can become a life member and never have to worry about dues again. Today, this is truly a bargain. Talk with your friends and invite them to the next meeting. Don't assume they know about the society. We are receiving good publicity due to Jarvis Baillargeon and the meeting notices he places in area newspapers.

DUES! DUES! DUES! Look at the list on page 2 and check your membership status. Are your dues paid?

Society Officers 2004-2006

President: Joe Carter
Vice-President: Bertha Grohman
Secretary: Tammy Sellers
Treasurer: Gwen Causey
Directors: Hulaine Holden, Donald Jenrette
Newsletter Editor: Gwen Causey
Refreshments: Janice Pigott
Publicity: Jarvis Baillargeon

MEMBERSHIP LIST 2006

1. Judy Holden, Life Member
2. Sheldon & Janice Pigott, Life Member
3. Tammi Cooke, Life Member
4. Mary Mintz, Life Member
5. Sherry Cornwell, Life Member
6. Albert Parker, Life Member
7. Joe & Clara Carter, Life Member
8. Bobby V. Inman, Life Member
9. Donald Hickman, Life Member
10. Brunswicktown State Historic Site
11. Brunswick Community College Library
12. New Hanover County Library
13. NC Collection, UNC
14. Columbus County Library
15. Ft. Wayne Public Library
16. Southport Historical Society
17. Anne Neroni
18. Warren Phelps 2006
19. Roberta Brady 2006 & 2007 & 2008
20. Carl E. Swain 2006
21. Lillian Batson 2006
22. Connie Schutte 2006
23. Glenn & Kay Kye 2006
24. M. L. Sellers
25. Barbara Wilson
26. Muzette Steck
27. Dorothy West 2006
28. Susie Carson 2006
29. Sarah McNeil 2006
30. Larry Maisel
31. Pat Kirkman
32. Harvard & Hulaine Holden
33. Grover Holden 2006
34. Jarvis Baillargeon
35. Helen Taylor 2006
36. Floyd Phelps 2006
37. Mildred Mercer
38. Ernestine Mercer
39. Doreen Holtz 2006
40. Janie Parker
41. Tammy Sellers
42. James Green
43. Ouida Hewett
44. Crystal Meares
45. Elmer Sellers
46. Wanda Porter
47. Beverly Pearson
48. Don Sellers 2006
49. Teresa Anderson 2006
50. Susan Hughes
51. Randy Jones
52. James D. Green
53. Earleen Shorey
54. Alex Moskowitz
55. Donald Jenrette 2006
56. Rose Hadnot
57. Dave Lewis 2006
58. Nellie Sue Creech
59. Eloise Gibson
60. Richard Eisenman
61. Bertha Grohman 2006
62. Betty Sullivan
63. Jim Marlowe
64. Charles Clemmons 2006
65. Eddie & Carol Beauvais 2006
66. Noel Chisholm & Jackie Slocett 2006
67. Joseph Scott 2006
68. Annie Ruth Bracken 2006
69. Clara Robinson 2006
70. Mary Lou White 2006
71. James Herbert Robinson 2006
72. Martha Loughlin 2006
73. Nancy Heilhecker 2006
74. Gerald Kirby 2006
75. K. A. Clagett 2006
76. Les Mikalson 2006
77. David Holden 2006
78. Billy Wade Russ 2006

*** * * Those with 2006 beside their name have paid their dues for the coming year. Others can either pay at the meeting or send a check for \$10 to the Treasurer at PO Box 874, Shallotte, NC 28459.**

WISH LIST For The "1904 Family Life Room" at the Old Jail in Southport, NC...

- ..wash board**
- ..dishpan**
- ..rolling pin**
- ..dough bowl**
- ..flat iron**
- ..cups, mugs, glasses**
- ..flatware**
- ..flour sacks**
- ..rug beater**
- ..coffee grinder**
- ..small pie safe**
- ..small wash stand**
- ..small bed**
- ..2 wooden chairs**



NEWSLETTER

BRUNSWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
P. O. BOX 22, WINNABOW, NORTH CAROLINA

Vol. IX, No. 2

May, 1969

FRANCIS ASBURY IN BRUNSWICK COUNTY

Francis Asbury was the first bishop of American Methodism. Born in England in 1745, nineteen years before Brunswick County was created, he came to America in 1771. During the next almost half century it has been estimated that he traveled 270,000 miles, preached 16,425 sermons, presided over 244 conferences and ordained 4,000 ministers. During this time he kept a *journal*, and though long neglected, it has been made available. Asbury visited North Carolina seventy-two times, though no mention is made of his last visit, and included in these visits were nine to Brunswick County. No attempt will be made here to relate his travels in our county as this is covered elsewhere in the Newsletter. However, I will try to set the stage somewhat, by commenting on the man and his times.

North Carolina is a great state, rich in history, heritage and culture, as well as having a large geographical area within its boundaries. The distance from the Atlantic Ocean to the western boundary is 503 miles and the average north-south distance is 143 miles. Of the present 100 counties, Brunswick County is the fifth largest in area, having 873 square miles. These are the same miles that Asbury traveled almost 200 years ago. Brunswick lies in the coastal region and the other two geographical regions of the state are the Piedmont and mountains.

The Anglican Church, established by law in the early eighteenth century, did not flourish, mainly because there was never an Anglican Bishop in America. Ministers were few and when Royal Governor Arthur Dobbs died in 1765, while residing at Russellborough, adjacent to the port of Brunswick, there was not a minister within one hundred miles and his funeral was preached by a Justice of the Peace. There were established "dissenting groups," which Asbury mentions, including Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Moravians, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and German Reformed. From most accounts relating to religion in those times, most persons were apathetic toward worship and very unfeeling.

Francis Asbury was not a highly educated man compared to other great religious figures, but he did read constantly and often noted in his journal what the subject was and made comments as to whether he agreed with the writer or not.

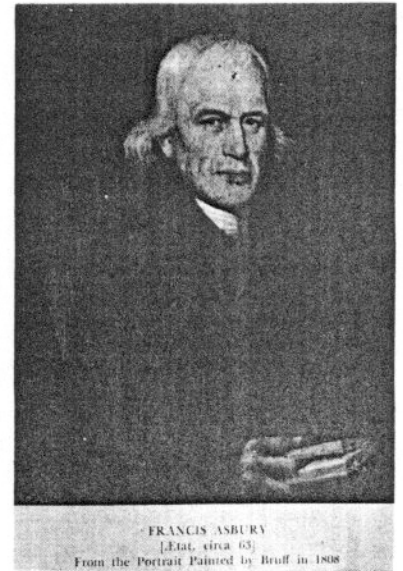
Asbury preached from a variety of unusual places; "a barren place," taverns, school rooms, dining halls, underneath a courthouse, and at "New-Begun Church." Hearers ranged from very small groups to very large crowds, once to an assemblage of from 1,500 - 2,000 persons. He lists some of the texts for sermons and several times used 2 Corinthians, Chapter 4, verse 5. This is the text used when he preached at Brunswick in 1804. Other texts were used more than once. He preached at various times of the day, mornings, afternoons and often by candlelight.

He was a keen observer of nature, beauty and personality traits of persons he met while traveling. While in Brunswick County he gives a beautiful description of his impression of the sea and also relates how the sea gulls break clams by dropping them from the air. Asbury was not a healthy man. He lists several ailments from which he suffered, ranging from influenza to "constant dysentery and cough." He entertained a more than passive interest in medicine. Physicians were few and cures prescribed by them were not at all effective in the treatment of ills. The mainstay of medicine in this period was "bleeding" and Asbury was bled in the arm and tongue. Mention is made in the *journal* that at times he prescribed remedies for some persons that he visited.

Consider for a moment travel accommodations of his time and the mode of travel. Most of his travel was on horseback and by "wheeled contrivances - carriages," wagons, gigs and chaise but no mention was ever made of being a passenger on a stagecoach. Mention is made that he and a traveling companion made the trip from Lumberton to Wilmington in the daylight of two days, a distance of about ninety miles or an average of forty-five miles per day. Travel was in all sorts of weather, rain, thunder and lightening, fierce winds, snow, sleet and hailstorms. He stated that the boundary line between North Carolina and South Carolina was almost impassable from the coast to almost one hundred miles inland. Often he stayed with friends accumulated over the years but quite often lodged with strangers and noted in his *journal* their circumstances, which generally were not the best. He often visited the Manor of William Gause and once was entertained by Benjamin Smith at his residence. He visited Shallotte (Charlotte, or Shallot) and preached at "Charlotte Meeting House." He mentions many places in the county that are still known today by the same names. He preached at Supply, Smithville and Brunswick. Many family names that he mentions are still in the area today.

Many historically significant events transpired during the time that Asbury was traveling and preaching in North Carolina and Brunswick County and one need only to pause a moment and reflect the general condition of the times to appreciate the circumstances of Asbury and be thankful that this man of God exerted his energies and influence on the persons of his time. He was truly a dedicated man to the cause of preaching and stated that when he was no longer able to travel and preach he was ready to die. Asbury preached his last sermon in Richmond, Virginia and died near Fredericksburg on Sunday, March 31, 1816, and religion had lost a great man.

We are all indebted to Mr. Grady L. E. Carroll of Raleigh for his introductory remarks in the publication, "FRANCIS ASBURY IN NORTH CAROLINA." I urge all readers of this newsletter to secure a copy and read it in its entirety.



FRANCIS ASBURY
[Etal. circa 65]
From the Portrait Painted by Bruff in 1808

Wm. G. Faulk, Jr.
Historic Site Manager
Brunswick Town State Historic Site
N. C. State Dept. of Archives & History

Capt. John and the Ferry, *John Knox*

By Leslie S. Bright

At the age of 48, Captain John H. Bowen had spent most of his life as a Cape Fear River pilot and navigating sea tugs, coasting the waters between Wilmington, NC, and Baltimore, Maryland. Born July 15, 1872, and raised along the Cape Fear, Capt. John Bowen, son of a Cape Fear River pilot, was widely known for his abilities and his dependability during the peak period in marine shipping and water transportation in our history. Tough and versatile, he experienced the transition period from sail to steam and then oil and gas propulsion for marine vessels and adjusted to the technology.

In June, 1920, John Bowen, known widely as "Capt. John," was chosen to captain a brand new ferry boat across the Cape Fear River between Wilmington and Brunswick County, through a 2.10 mile causeway across Eagles Island. The modern ferry boat, named *John Knox* in honor of the Chairman of the Brunswick Board of County Commissioners, was equipped as a "double ender" with propellers on either end. The 79.8' long vessel was powered by a 100 horsepower gasoline engine and could operate without turning around from a pilot house on either end. The new ferry was capable of transporting 10 automobiles and 50 passengers from shore to shore in approximately 15 minutes. Previously (since 1906), "flats carrying three to four vehicles were steered to the opposite shore by launches locked along the flats side." Crossing time was slow and even slower during inclement weather.

When Brunswick and New Hanover Counties acquired the old ferry company in October 1919, they left the management of the new ferry service to O. A. Durant, who had managed the old service for 19 years. Durant managed the business, setting the schedule and rates for the service. Charges were "automobile and driver, 25 cents, and 5 cents for each additional occupant; one-ton trucks, 35 cents; over one-ton, 50 cents; horse & cart, 20 cents, driver included; horse & buggy, 25 cents; 2-horse wagon, 35 cents."

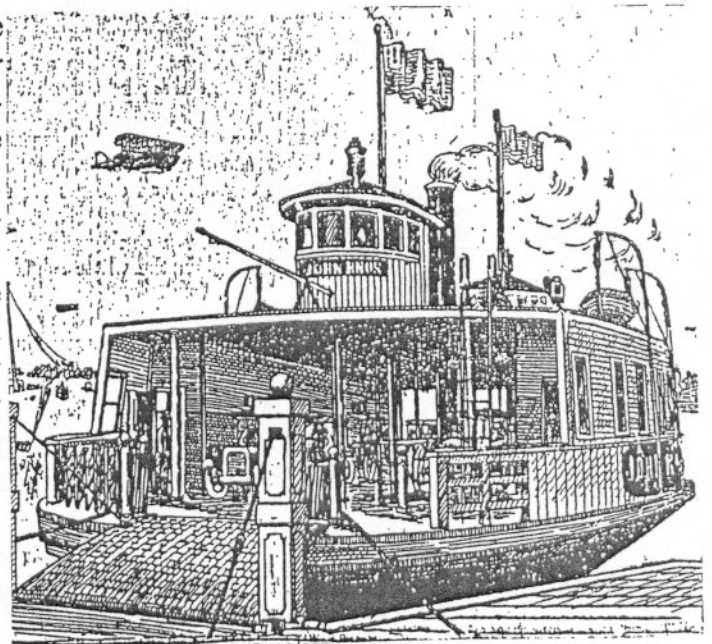
Capt. John continued to operate the ferry boat, *John Knox*, without speakable incident, except for routine maintenance layovers, until February 6, 1935. During these 15 years, Capt. John saw traffic crossing the Cape Fear River ever increasing. In March, 1924, the New Hanover-Brunswick Ferry Commission bought a second ferry, the steamer *Menantie*, capable of carrying 18 vehicles. Eventually, ferry service across the river was extended to 24 hours to accommodate the increased need.

At 57 years old, in 1929, Capt. John witnessed the completion of two toll bridges across the Cape Fear and North East Cape Fear Rivers and its impact on the ferry service. From the first opening of the bridges, December 10, 1930, ferry receipts were cut in half, alleviating the need for the *Menantie*, which was sold shortly after. Capt. John continued to operate the *John Knox* until February 5, 1935, when bridge tolls were lifted by the State. Capt. John and the *John Knox* both were out of work and retired from the ferry service the next day. *John Knox* was purchased by Stone Towing Co. of Wilmington and towed to Stone's boat yard across the river from Wilmington where in June 1937 "was caught on a piling and sank."

At 63, Capt. John Bowen went about his business living to be one of the oldest river pilots on the Cape Fear River. No public ferry operated on the Cape Fear River at or below Wilmington until 1965. When the Southport-Fort Fisher ferry was dedicated, Capt. John was present and shared stories with the new ferry captain.

Capt. John Bowen lived to the ripe old age of 101. His family still recalls and takes pride in the life and legacy of this one old, tough river captain. He was great grandfather to one of our Society members, Captain Mike Coleman.

(Note: References for this article provided by Mike Coleman, *Wilmington Star News*, and Underwater Archaeology Branch).



The Long Day of Dunbar Davis -- 1893

Part 1 of 2

(From "Graveyard of the Atlantic, Shipwrecks of North Carolina" By David Stick).

IT WAS ALMOST like a vacation with pay for Dunbar Davis and his family during those summer months of 1893. They had free run of the big house the government had built four years earlier on the wide sandy beach near old Fort Caswell. They could bathe in the surf if they chose, or swim in the still waters at the mouth of the river just back of the house, or visit the old fort and look for Civil War souvenirs, or fish, or crab, or sail, or just loll in the sun and take it easy.

The cool summer breezes coming in off the ocean made it more pleasant there than at Southport, two miles to the north, or at Wilmington, twenty miles up the Cape Fear River. If they got lonesome, Dunbar and his wife and five children could visit with the keeper of the near-by lighthouse and his family, or have friends over from the mainland, or even get around to see some folks in Southport on Saturday evenings when they went for supplies.

The only thing was, sometimes they wished they could take off for longer - the way they used to when Dunbar was sailing his charter sloop along the coast - but now he had to stay on the island for the full four months and keep a watch out for ships in distress; for Dunbar Davis was keeper of the Oak Island Lifesaving Station, and his seven-man crew was relieved of duty from the end of April until September first.

Some folks had said that it was a waste of money putting a life-saving station there on the west side of the entrance to the river when there was one already at Smiths Island on the other side. Dunbar did not think so, for he had served earlier as keeper of that other station, and he knew that Keeper Watts, who had relieved him there, had all he could do patrolling the long open beach to the north and east of Cape Fear and keeping a lookout for trouble on Frying Pan Shoals. Watts had no time to do anything about shipwrecks to the west - Lockwoods Folly, or Shallotte Inlet, or Tubbs Inlet, or down along the South Carolina border. And there were times, too, when more than one crew was needed to assist the wrecked vessels and their crews, for Cape Fear and Frying Pan Shoals had taken a huge toll of shipping in times past and there was no prospect of a let-up.

Had Dunbar Davis been a student of history he could have borne out this argument with a quotation from the diary of the colonizing expedition sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1585, the group which went on north to Roanoke Island and established there the first English settlement in America. The first mention of the North Carolina coast in that diary was a portent of things to come: "The 23rd (of June)," the account stated, "we were in great danger of a wreck on a breach called the Cape of Fear."

Three hundred and eight years had passed, and in 1893 there was still that same danger for any mariner sailing past Cape Fear. But visitors that summer would have wondered about all the talk of danger, for there had been no shipwrecks there in 1893, no lives, not even so much as a skiff overturned in the river so far as the official record showed. And late in August, as Dunbar Davis and his family prepared for the return of the full station crew to Oak Island, it still had the appearance of a vacation spot - uncrowded, cool, and quiet.

In retrospect, that most certainly would have seemed an ominous quiet. For disaster, full-fledged, unpredictable, wanton disaster, struck the Carolina coast that last week in August, 1893.

In the Cape Verde Islands, two thousand miles east of the Caribbean, a storm blew up on August 17. It gained in intensity as it headed westward, became a lusty, full-grown hurricane on August 18, picked up speed and force August 19, 20, 21, and 22, pushed north of Haiti on August 23 and 24, and passed between Cuba and Bermuda on August 25 and 26. It followed a gentle arc as it sped westward, moving faster than do most hurricanes, and apparently knowing all along, so gently did it curve, just where it was headed.

Its destination was the city of Charleston, South Carolina, and it struck there in the heat of the late summer at a time when vacationists had flocked to the near-by beaches, inflicting property damage estimated at ten million dollars and taking hundreds of lives.

So sudden and unexpected was the hurricane's appearance that most ships in the vicinity had no warning of its presence until the terrific winds actually struck

The 335-ton schooner *Roger Moore* had passed by Oak Island shortly before, en route from Wilmington to Ponce, Puerto Rico, with a cargo of lumber. She was caught on the fringe of the storm, and before it was over lost part of her sails and deck cargo, and one of her eight crewmen was washed overboard. But the *Roger Moore* was lucky.

The schooner *Mary J. Cook*, 436 tons, was bound from Port Royal, South Carolina, to Boston with a cargo of lumber and carried one passenger in addition to her crew of seven; the schooner *L. A. Burnham*, 389 tons, bound from Savannah to Portland, Maine, carried lumber and a crew of seven; the schooner *A. R. Weeks*, 445 tons, from Satilla Bluffs, Georgia, to Elizabethport, New Jersey, carried lumber and a crew of eight; the schooner *George W. Fenimore*, 673 tons, from Brunswick, Georgia, to Philadelphia, had lumber and a crew of eight; the schooner *Oliver H. Booth*, 247 tons, from Brunswick to Washington, D. C., had lumber and a crew of six; the schooner *Gertie M. Rickerson*, 219 tons, from New York to Caibarien, Cuba, had a general cargo and a crew of seven; the schooner *John S. Case*, 198 tons, from Jonesport, Maine, to Puerton Plata, Santo Domingo, had lumber and a crew of six; and the schooner *Lizzie May*, 201 tons, was enroute from New York to Fernandina, Florida, in ballast with a crew of six.

None of these eight ships was ever seen again; no trace of them or their crews was ever found. They just disappeared, swallowed up in the center of the hurricane, battered to pieces, turned over, sunk in the middle of no where. Fifty-five crewmen, one passenger, and 2,808 tons of shipping lost, before the hurricane even reached the coast. *Mary J. Cook*, *L. A. Burnham*, *A. R. Weeks*, *George W. Fenimore*, *Oliver H. Booth*, *Gertie M. Rickerson*, *John S. Case*, *Lizzie May*. Eight names, eight ships; no details; just dull, lifeless statistics, typical of countless similar losses in other hurricanes which have struck the Carolina coast.

The Cape Fear area, though escaping the direct fury of that August hurricane of 1893, got its share of winds, tides, and trouble, and the summer vacation ended a week early for Dunbar Davis and his family at the Oak Island Lifesaving Station.

At midnight on August 27 the three masted schooner *Three Sisters*, of Philadelphia, fully loaded with pine lumber she had picked up in Savannah, was off Frying Pan Shoals Lightship. By 1 a.m. of August 28 the wind had reached hurricane force, and within an hour the sails and mizzenmast had been lost, and both master and mate washed overboard and drowned. This left the cook in charge of the five-man crew, and though the cook may have been a good man with a skillet of eggs and a pot of coffee, he was strictly out of his element when it came to handling a 286-ton schooner, especially one without mizzenmast or sails.

Throughout that day the vessel drifted, wallowing in the rough seas, shipping large quantities of water, and slowly being driven toward the Carolina coast. She was spotted at two o'clock that afternoon from the watchtower of Cape Fear Station by Keeper J. L. Watts and shortly afterwards by Dunbar Davis at Oak Island. The apparent intention of the cook was to run her ashore, but Watts and Davis knew that such action in the tremendous seas then breaking northeast of the cape would be fatal to both vessel and crew, and Watts managed to signal the schooner to anchor there and await assistance.

That was the easiest part for the lifesavers. The real job would be in providing the assistance that had been promised.

The schooner, by then, was so close to shore opposite Smiths Island that Davis could see only her masts above the beach; so he got out a small boat, kissed his wife goodbye, and poled out into the mouth of the river in an attempt to cross over to the island. Meanwhile, Watts had returned to the Cape Fear Lighthouse, where he had borrowed a boat and hired a young man to help him row the five miles to Southport. En route he met Dunbar Davis and quickly outlined the situation. The two keepers decided it would be best for Davis to return to his station and make his surfboat ready for sea duty, while Watts went on to Southport for a crew of volunteers. Both were successful in carrying out their respective tasks and at 8:30 that night Dunbar Davis left Oak Island again, this time in his surfboat with Keeper Watts and nine volunteers: J. E. Price, Samuel Brinkman, Samuel Newton, Tommy St. George, Wesley Smith, Crawford Watts, Robert Weeks, Joe Newton, and Moses Stepney.

It took them better than an hour to cross the narrow river mouth, so strong was the wind and tide, and two more to proceed along the back of the beach to a point opposite the place where the schooner had been anchored. They found her there, riding easily and holding her position. The wind had died down, but the surf was as strong as ever, and the vessel was too far from shore to use the Lyle gun and breeches buoy. So, the two keepers decided to leave Davis' boat and walk back along the beach to Cape Fear Station, where Watts' surfboat was anchored.

They reached the station about 1 a.m., eleven hours after the schooner was first sighted and waited until daylight to attempt to take the surfboat out through the channel into the open sea.

Before dawn the eleven men shoved off, rounded the cape without accident, and reached the schooner soon after sunrise. Despite the heavy seas, it was a comparatively simple matter to take off the five crewmen and return with them to Southport where medical attention could be had. As for the *Three Sisters*, she was left there at anchor, to be towed into the harbor for repairs when the storm subsided.

So far, except for loss of sleep, tired muscles, and a thorough soaking from the spray, Dunbar Davis had not fared so badly, though he was anxious to get back to Oak Island, dig into one of his wife's midday dinners, and then catch up on his sleep. But it would be many an hour before Dunbar Davis could sleep again....

GOOSE MARSH PLANTATION

By: Erla Swain Stone (Mrs. R. R.)

August 11, 1962

This plantation is located on the old Smithville (now Southport) and Georgetown, South Carolina road. It is fifteen miles from Southport and about six miles Southwest from Bolivia. It is about three miles from Antioch Baptist Church.

The first of the Galloway-Swain family to own Goose Marsh was Nathaniel Galloway, Sr., and it has been in the family for nearly one hundred and fifty years.

Ann Eliza Galloway, daughter of Nathaniel Galloway, Jr., married George W. Swain over one hundred years ago. However, the Swains and Galloways have scattered over many states of the Union, and have contributed to the many phases of American life. Bishop Charles Betts Galloway came from this family.

Goose Marsh is now owned by Mrs. R. R. Stone of Wilmington, who is a direct descendant and was born on this plantation. She is the 5th generation to own it.

The "old house," as it was affectionately called, was a large two story building with dormer windows. It was built of "squared" logs—large—dovetailed together and pinned. Plastered between the cracks, lathed and plastered inside and shingled on the outside.

The interior woodwork in the old Goose Marsh house would seem to indicate it was built in the Colonial period—the large fireplace and mantel, the panels in the shutters at the windows, and, particularly the Colonial color of the paint—the reds and greens used in the houses at Williamsburg, Virginia. It was probably built between 1770 and 1800.

In later years (fifty or more) the old house was torn down, but the large chimney was left standing. The brick in this chimney was to one of the neighboring farmers who tore it down. There was found to be a vault beneath the hearth large enough to hold a good size box. Rumor had it that this vault contained around \$40,000.00; but this rumor was never verified. The "Wilmington Morning Star" of that time carried quite an interesting story of this "find."

During the early years the principal money crops were turpentine, tar, corn, cotton and potatoes. Many cattle, sheep, hogs, etc. were raised, therefore the plantation was self-sustaining, both for food and clothes.

Hospitality was dispensed with a lavish hand, both to kinfolk and to friends far and near.

In time farming was discontinued, due to the scarcity of labor, etc., and the stately pines were left to rest from their productivity; and now one hears the "sighing" of their boughs in the breeze.

OLD PLANTATIONS

From: *The State* Magazine, May 19, 1956

NOTE: One of the readers of the magazine from Brunswick County was Miss Kate Johnson, niece of the late Governor D. L. Russell, who at one time was the largest rice grower in the world. Miss Johnson still lives on the old Winnabow plantation. She sent her comments on old plantations to the Editor and he printed her notes in the form which they reached him.

I would like to tell of the plantations along Cape Fear and Brunswick rivers.

Some distance from Clarendon is "The Forks," then "Beauchoi," then "Belleville," owned at one time by my aunt, the late Mrs. D. L. Russell. Then "Easy Hill," now known as the "Brunswick River Community." Then comes "Belvedere." It was founded by Col. William Dry, who built the causeway across Eagles Island and put a ferry into use where the present Brunswick River bridge is. The Colonel left "Belvedere" to his daughter, Sarah Dry, wife of Governor, also General, Benjamin Smith. The "Manor" house and grounds were on an extensive scale, had a rail track for one thing. It was here Gov. Smith entertained President Washington. The Chief of State came across Eagles Island on a boat through a canal. The President was met at the wharf by 13 young girls, representing the 13 states. They strowed flowers at the President's feet up to the house. This estate was owned by my uncle, the late Governor D. L. Russell for several years. All that's left of this place is a small brick house. "Woodburn" is the next plantation; then "Mulberry." At one time it was owned by Governor Russell's father, Mr. D. L. Russell, Sr.

I wish to mention some of the plantations on Town Creek. There were several of them—only a few can be identified. "Belgrange" is one. It belonged to James Hazel or Hassell. He was Chief Justice of the Colony of North Carolina. He had a brick house. A near neighbor of his was Nathaniel Rice. He had a brick house also. His place is now part of the Winnabow Plantation. As a child, I used to see the piles of brick where the house stood, also his brick tomb. When his family returned to England, they took his body with them. The creek that flows in front of this place is known as Rice's Creek. Mr. Rice was Secretary of State for the Colony of North Carolina.

Another place on Town Creek was "Pleasant Garden." It is now known as "Grovely." This place was owned by a Mr. Ashe.

It is believed by some people that Governor Arthur Dobbs lived on a part of the Winnabow Plantation known as "Bridgefield." This field is part of my brother D. R. Johnson's property. It is a known fact that a house once stood here, and there is an old graveyard also on the place; and history tells us Dobbs lived on Town Creek, but where is not known.

Now I'd like to mention the Winnabow Plantation. It was formed from several farms. In the 1830's a young man, Daniel Lindsay Russell, came from Onslow County. Starting out with a capital of \$20.00 and a yoke of oxen, he began working in turpentine, all that time buying lands all over the county. The plantation was made up of tracts of land he bought from a Mr. Joe Locke, Mr. Leonard, Mr. Skipper and others I know not of. Among the tracts he bought was the Rice property.

He built a house in an old Indian graveyard. The doors and windows came from the old Rice home; the paneling may have come from the old house also. You can see on the door locks a small coin inserted bearing the name of King George II. The place got its name from an old Indian woman named "Mrs. Winnabow."

Mr. Russell soon became known as the largest individual turpentine holder in the world. He had his turpentine still on Rice's Creek. His flat boats took the products to Wilmington. He had a train road that brought the naval stores from Allen's Creek. Mr. Russell's first-born, his namesake, was born in that house in a room now used as a kitchen.

In 1879 to 1881 my uncle, D. L. Russell, was a member of Congress. He had two bills passed. One to dredge out Town Creek, making it possible for steam navigation; the other bill was for a post office to be established to give the community service. He gave the name of his plantation to the new office.

DAW'S CREEK ACADEMY

Article from: *Southport Standard* Newspaper, March 8, 1900

That community on Town Creek near Lebanon Baptist Church has already shown an encouraging awakening in educational work that is in a measure a recompense for the noble efforts of certain promoters in endeavoring to open a permanent school in that neighborhood.

That section of the county cannot boast of wealth, but by united effort the people have come together with their own means and by soliciting some outside aid, have erected a suitable school building which they propose maintaining a school for eight months of the year.

The school will be controlled by a board of trustees, composed of young men of the community who have the assistance of other more experience; and it is proposed to build up a substantial common school, which will be the most potent factor in advancing that or any other similar section. The school will show what united people may accomplish.

On Saturday last Mr. W. W. Bryan, of Mars Hill, Madison County, arrived to open the school, which will have a short session this Spring. Mr. Bryan is of Wake Forest College, which fact commends him to this work in that community, in which we predict for him a successful year.

MAY 31, 1900

The first term of Daw's Creek Academy closed on Friday, May 25th. This was only a three months term, and on the whole we call it a successful one, while in fact it was not so large, but there was that earnestness and enthusiasm which is requisite to all good schools.

We did not have any exercises at the close which may be a disappointment to some of the patrons, but owing to circumstances it was impossible, and hope that it will suffice to say that in future we will do more.

The school will begin about the first Monday in next August and the patronage of all is solicited. Your boys and girls cannot find a more earnest working Christian church than that at Lebanon.

This school is strictly non political also non sectarian in its religion, but it is the aim of principal and trustees to exert a Christian influence over all. (Written by W. W. Bryan)

JULY 12, 1900

Rev. Mr. Early has arrived and will be in charge of the Daw's Creek school during the coming session. The trustees of this school will bend every effort to make a success of it.

THE ANTICS OF OUR ANCESTORS
Stories Found In Old Newspapers
By: Gwen Causey

As sure as the sun comes up in the morning you'll find a newspaper in my hands at the breakfast table. It must be an inherited trait. My mother tells of the reading habits of her parents and how her father, who worked away from home at a sawmill during the week, spent Sunday afternoon reading all the newspapers and magazines that had accumulated during his absence.

This same desire to read all available newspapers, along with my love of history, led me to numerous libraries and their newspaper collections on microfilm. What better way to get a feel for the people of the past than to read of their activities memorialized in the newspapers of their days.

Writing from his home in Shallotte, a correspondent to *The Southport Leader*, tells about the rainy weather during the latter weeks of August, 1891. The farmers have lost most of their fodder to rains and the cotton was opening fast but would be a failure unless rain stops. There was considerable sickness in the neighborhood and Mr. D. Clemmons and party killed a black bear which measured six feet and four inches in length and weighed 234 pounds.

Another bear story was recorded in the October, 1890 issue of the same newspaper. On the properties of Lemuel Phelps and Simeon Hewett bears had caught two cows. The neighbors collected and with their dogs chased the bears away into the dense Green Swamp. Mr. Asbury Simmons, a faithful old bear hunter, heard the bear coming toward him. He waited patiently for him to get close enough, and when ready he gave him a dose of Simmons' Liver Invigorator in the left shoulder, which laid him over. Mr. Simmons cut off a fore foot, weighing one pound and six ounces, and took it to the Editor.

On January 30, 1890, a large rattlesnake was killed in the Green Swamp near Bolton. The weather being warm and nice the old fellow decided to come out of his den and take a nap in the sunshine. Two of Mr. Lemuel Phelps' little sons came along and after a little scuffle, they managed to overcome the old chap and put an end to his peaceful rest. The reptile had twelve rattlers and one button. The Editor congratulated the boys for their smart act and wished they could destroy the last one of them.

The November 29, 1962 edition of *The Brunswick Beacon* told an unusual story. About 7:30 one morning a 68-year-old farmer and mule-trader of Ash was going about his routine chores when he heard his dogs making cry. Thinking his hounds had treed a raccoon, the farmer picked up his single-barreled shotgun and took off in the direction of the fuss.

Reaching a bushy pine circled by his yapping dogs, he walked directly beneath the tree, looked up for a coon and saw a bear! Instead of beating a retreat the farmer shot, the bear fell out of the tree and the dogs were on him.

Afraid to reload and shoot again for fear of hitting his dogs, the man growled savagely and dropping his gun, closed in hand-to-hand combat with the wounded and dangerous predator. The bear turned on the man. The hounds raised exultant cry to the heavens and, darting in and out, tore at the lifeless fur coat of mister bruin.

The human hunter, sweat pouring from his brow, ran into the woods. On and on he went. Briars tore at his flesh but he felt no pain—only a sense of relief which left him strangely weak and shaken. A long time passed before he realized he was lost.

Out of the woods he came—in back of Waccamaw School. The students were pouring from the corridors of learning. It was then 3:30 p.m. He had been lost in the woods for eight hours!

Speaking of schools, it has always been the duty of the superintendent to visit each school in the county. In the March 2, 1916 issue of *The Wilmington Dispatch* appeared an item about Mr. M. C. Guthrie, who was mandated by law to visit each school. BUT, there was one school he couldn't find. His predecessor, Mr. Swain, a noted woodsman and able to go unguided into exploring regions, made the last visit to the school. The institution of learning in mind is located some 40 miles from Southport in the middle of the Green Swamp in Waccamaw township. A number of times Mr. Guthrie had made an effort to reach the school house, but each time he has gotten lost. The Waccamaw Lumber Company has made innumerable roads in that region and while numbers of people have given directions as how to reach the school building he has been unsuccessful in his quest. He states that now he means to go over into Columbus County by rail and then get a guide from the lumber company to aid him in locating the school.

Whether it be stories about bears, or snakes, or crops, or schools you can read all about them in the newspaper.

LOST SCHOOL

Wilmington Dispatch, March 2, 1916

Brunswick County is a county of immense distances and vast unexplored areas. To prove this County Superintendent of Schools M. C. Guthrie states that there is one school house in the county that the superintendent has never visited, and this despite the fact that the law says that the superintendent must visit the schools. Mr. Guthrie doesn't think that a superintendent has been to this particular school house since the days of Superintendent Swain, who was a noted woodsman and able to go unguided into exploring regions. The institution of learning in mind is located some 40 miles from Southport in the middle of Green Swamp in Waccamaw township. A number of times Mr. Guthrie has made an effort to reach the school house, but each time he has gotten lost. The Waccamaw Lumber Company has made innumerable roads in that region and while numbers of people have given the superintendent directions as to how he might reach the school building so far he has been unsuccessful in his quest. He states now that he means to go over into Columbus County by rail and then get a guide from the lumber people at Bolton, and with his aid locate the building.

The school district has some 25 or 30 pupils in it. All through the Green Swamp there are high fertile lands and on these live some of the best people in the county. A number of ambitious boys have come from the Green Swamp school. This year the school is being taught by a young man who was reared in the Green Swamp region. For a number of years he has been out in the big world and Superintendent Guthrie feels that he is indeed fortunate in getting him to take charge of the school this year.