



NEWSLETTER

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

VOLUME LX

MAY 2021

NUMBER 1

Organized June 21, 1956

MISSION STATEMENT

To collect, preserve, study, evaluate and publicize the history of Brunswick County, NC. To devote meetings to presentation of materials about Brunswick County and the Lower Cape Fear through lectures, slides, and discussion. To publish a newsletter which contains news of the Society's activities, research papers and articles that pertain to genealogy.

Society Officers For the 2019 & 2020 Term

President: James Green
Vice-President: Gwen Causey
Secretary:
Treasurer: Bob Armour
Directors: Sally Robinson
 Jim Marlowe
 Dave Lewis

Newsletter Editor: Dave Lewis



VIRTUAL MEETING SCHEDULED FOR MAY 10, 2021

You are invited to a Zoom meeting scheduled for May 10th, 2021 at 7:30 PM. Copy and paste the following address to your browser and follow the prompts to log in. <https://zoom.us/j/3524170693?pwd=NkRDWHRrWGFqTWtyNVczMjhrbDJKQT09>

Meeting ID: 352 417 0693

Passcode: NDf7PB

You will also be receiving an invite to the meeting via your email.

The February 2021 issue of the *NEWSLETTER* began the 60th Volume. Volume I, Number 1 was printed September 1961. A complete set of the Newsletter from September 1961 to February 2021 can be found in the Wilson Library at UNC-Chapel Hill, NC and at the New Hanover County Public Library North Carolina Room in Wilmington, NC. There were no publications of Volume 17, #3 & 4 (1977) and Volume 18, #1 (1978).

Dues

DUES are now past due unless you are a **Life Member**. The annual dues are \$15.00 for an active member or \$150.00 to become a Life Member. Checks may be mailed to the **BCHS** in care of Bob Armour. Use the membership application found on page 7 for contact information or changes. Make checks payable to the **Brunswick County Historical Society**.

Program

Our guest speaker for the May meeting will be Liz Fuller. She will be speaking on the sinking of the John D Gill during WWII.

Liz Fuller, PhD is the Vice President of the Southport Historical Society where she teaches classes on a wide range of topics relating to Southport's history. She's a popular speaker among local history organizations and has written several guest columns on Southport history in the State Port Pilot. In her presentations, Liz tries to foster a more intimate connection to the past by exploring the lives of everyday people within the context of larger historical events.

What do Mill Creek and Mount Pisgah Baptist Churches, have in Common?

The area of Brunswick County between the Lockwood's Folly River and the Shallotte River was settled in the mid 1700s by a group of fishermen from Cape May, New Jersey. They were already Baptists when they came but with no minister. Sometime around 1757 or 1758 Nathaniel Powell and James Turner from the Sandy Creek Baptist Association came and preached to them. Then, in 1762 the Rev. Ezekiel Hunter, from the Baptist Church at New River in Onslow County, preached and baptized among them and organized this small group into a branch of his church. This organization known as Lockwood's Folly was for many years a member of the Sandy Creek Association, but the relationship having been broken by the disorders of the Revolutionary War became a member of the Kehukee Association in 1789.

The presence of these Cape May Baptists at Lockwood's Folly was noted and discussed in letters to the Society by more than one minister of the establishment. These fishermen calling themselves "New Light Anabaptist" were mentioned in a letter dated June 15, 1762 by John MacDowell, Rector of the Parish of St. Phillips, to The Rev. Daniel Burton. A quote from this letter saying (as written) "We have in all about 200 families: and are about to have our Parish made into a County. We have no dissenters of any sort, excepting a few Poor families of Fishermen, who came in from Cape May at the mouth of the River Delewar and are settled by the Sea side, between the mouths of the Rivers Lockwood's folly and Shallot, they call themselves new light Anabaptist; but we hope this frolic will soon dwindle away and disappear among them, as it has already done in many Places in this and the neighboring Provinces."

At first, they began to have prayer meetings but had no place to assemble and worship. Being led by the Holy Spirit they joined together in building a one-room log structure on the banks of the Lockwood's Folly River where they could meet together. They called this new building the "Lockwood's Folly Meeting House". The Lord

shed his blessings on this humble beginning which was later to become Mt. Pisgah Baptist Church in 1762. This Meeting House was apparently used until about 1800. Just after the organization of the church in 1762, The Rev. James Turner settled among them and preached with zeal and success. Thus, the church stood until the death of Elder Hunter in 1772. The Rev. Turner left soon afterwards leaving the church without a pastor. The church was then visited frequently by Robert Nixon and Samuel Newton.

In 1778 Elder William Goodwin of Duplin County moved into Brunswick County and served as pastor until his death in 1793. Shortly afterward Abram Baker of Pitt County moved into the area, but he found the conditions such that he could not accept a pastorate until the church was re-organized in 1779.

This little Lockwood's Folly Church continued to grow, and the congregation moved farther up the river to a site now known as Sand Hill and built another building in which to worship. They continued to have prayer meetings and sometimes preaching services. In March 1800 the church divided and a new church, known as Seven Creeks Baptist Church, was founded on the west side of the Waccamaw River. As the Lockwood's Folly Church continued its growth, they moved to a new location but still not far from the banks of the river. According to the church minutes on April 25 and 26, 1818 they held a two-day quarterly meeting in a frame building about two miles south of Supply on the Old Stone Chimney Road. Records indicate another quarterly meeting on April 22 and 23, 1820. Conference was held at both meetings, and the doors of the church were open to receive candidates for baptism.

Mill Creek Missionary Baptist Church was established in 1776 and constituted in 1800 by a part of the congregation from the Lockwood's Folly meeting house and withdrew for the purpose of establishing a new congregation. The church was located in the wooded area between the present church site and the Willetts Cemetery in Winabow. All the records that can be found indicate that Mount Pisgah is quite possibly the oldest active church in Brunswick County, originating from

The Lockwood's Folly meeting house with Mill Creek not far behind.

Records covering the period from 1820 to November, 1888 were destroyed by fire. On Saturday before the 4th Sunday in November, 1888 we find that the members of Mount Pisgah worshipped in a larger frame building, which was located approximately two miles west of the old site and was built about 1876. The Rev. J.P. Lennon was the pastor and remained with them until 1880.

From the Mill Creek Baptist Church record book:

Male members, April 8, 1800:

Absolom Robbins, Pastor, Joel Reaves, Deacon, Joel Robbins, Clerk, Arthur Robbins, Sr., Arthur Robbins, Jr., Abraham Sellers, Ebenezer Hewitt, Jobe Holden, Sr., Jobe Holden, Jr., John Outlaw, ___ Faulk, Michael Ward, Hosi___ Nettleton, Richard Davis, Solomon Taylor, Samuel Taylor, Enoch Ward, Nathaniel Sellers, John Lewis, John Holmes, John Portevine, Jeremiah Wescote, Joseph Graves, William P. Elsworth.

Female members, April 8, 1800:

Ann Gregory (?), Ann Nettleton, Ann Wescotte, Ann ____, Penelope Robbins, Penelope Grave, Mary Hewitt, Mary Robbins, Mary Thornton, Sarah Holden, Sarah Ward, Sarah Robbins, Sarah Rutland, Sarah Sellers, Sarah Murrell (Horrell?), Catherine Ganey, Rebecca Robbins, Priscilla Robbins, Rebecca Taylor, Mary Taylor, Ann Taylor, Hannah Outlaw, Martha Holmes, Ann Bell, Elizabeth Robbins, Sarah Faulk, Hannah Robbins, Prudence Robbins.

Sources: Great Is Thy Faithfulness, written by Gwen Causey; Colonel Records of NC, Vol. 6; First Settlers along the Lockwood's Folly River, Wilmington newspaper, July 1930; Mill Creek Baptist Church Record Book, 1818-1848.

Travels Through the Lower Cape Fear Region

Editors Note: Patrick Tailfer gives a true and historical narrative of his journey taken in 1734 from Charleston, South Carolina to the Cape Fear region of North Carolina. Copied as written

from "New Voyage to Georgia" by Patrick Tailfer and found in the "Collections of the Georgia Historical Society", Vol. II.

Patrick Tailfer was a physician and writer born in Scotland. Little is known about Tailfer's life before his arrival in the colony of Georgia. Born and educated in Scotland, Tailfer was reputedly a practicing physician in Edinburgh when, in 1733, he received a grant of 500 acres from the trustees of Georgia, the largest grant their policies permitted. After arriving in Georgia, he discovered that his land lay nearly seventy miles from Savannah, in an area that struck him as remote and unpromising. Once a supporter of Gen. James Oglethorpe, ESQ. and later the Governor of Georgia they began quarreling in 1740 and Tailfer fled to Charleston.

I set out from Charleston on the 10th of June (1734) on my travels to Cape Fear, in North Carolina, in company with thirteen more, and the first night reached Mr. More's (Moores) in Goose Creek. The next night we reached Captain Screen's, at French Santee, and the third reached Winneaw ferry, which is about one hundred miles from Charleston. There we lay that night, and there being so many of us, it was twelve the next day before we crossed the ferry. We dined there at one Mr. Master's, on the fens on the other side, and the same night reached on Muenly, who keeps another tavern on the road, about twenty-two miles from Master's.

The next morning, about five, we left his house, and about six came on the long bay (Surfside Beach, S.C. area), the tide just serving for us to get over the swashes. We had twenty-five miles farther to ride on the bay, or sea-shore, and five miles after before we came within sight of a house, so that we were obliged to ride gently for fear of our horses. When we got about fifteen miles over the bay, my horse gave out, and I was obliged to take one of the negro's horses, leaving him behind to take care of mine. When we rode about two miles farther, another of our companions' horses gave out, and in short two more before we got to Ash's or Little River, which was the next house.

The next morning, just as we were setting out from thence, our tired horses came in, when we ordered

them to be left there till further orders: we left the boys behind to come after us as well as they could. We reached Little Charlotta (Shallotte) by dinner time, which is about fifteen miles from Ash's or Little River: we dined there, and in the afternoon crossed the ferry, where we intended to sleep that night. We reached there about eight the same night, after having crossed the ferry.

It is named so after on Lockwood, a Barbadian, who with several others attempted to settle it some time ago; but, by his cruel behavior to the Indians, they drove him from thence, and it has not been settled above ten years. We left Lockwood's Folly about eight the next morning, and by two reached the town of Brunswick, which is the chief town in Capt Fear; but with no more than two of the same horses which came with us out of South Carolina. We dined there that afternoon. Mr. Roger More (Moore) hearing we were coming, was so kind as to send fresh horses for us to come up to his house, which we did, and were kindly received by him; he being the chief gentleman in all Capt Fear. His house is built of brick, and exceeding pleasantly situated about two miles from town, and about half a mile from the river; though there is a creek comes close up to the door, between two beautiful meadows about three miles length. He has a prospect of the town of Brunswick, and of another beautiful brick house, a building about half a mile from him, belonging to Eleazer Allen, Esq., late speaker to the Commons House of Assembly, in the province of South Carolina. There are several vessels lying before the town of Brunswick; but I shall forbear giving a description of that place; yet on the 20th of June we left Mr. Roger More's, (Moore's) accompanied by his brother, Nathaniel More (Moore), Esq. to a plantation of his, up the north-west branch of Cape Fear river. The river is wonderfully pleasant, being, next to Savannah, the finest on all the continent.

We reached the Forks, as they call it, that same night, where the river divides into two very beautiful branches, called the North-east and the North-west, passing by several pretty plantations on both sides. We lodged that night at one Mr. Jehu Davis's, and the next morning, proceeded up the north-west branch; when got about two miles from thence, we came to a beautiful plantation, belong-

ing to Captain Gabriel, who is a great merchant there, where were two ships, two sloops, and a brigantine, loading with lumber from the West Indies: it is about twenty-two miles from the bar: when we came about four miles higher up, we saw an opening on the north-east side of us, which is called Black river, on which there is a great deal of very good meadow land, but there is not any one settled on it.

The next night we came to another plantation belonging to Mr. Roger More (Moore), called the Blue Banks, where he is going to build another very large brick house. This Bluff is at least a hundred feet high, and has a beautiful prospect over a fine large meadow, on the opposite side of the river; the houses are all built on the south-west side of the river, it being for the most part high champaign land: the other side is very much subject to over flow, but I cannot learn they have lost but one crop. I am credibly informed they have very commonly four-score bushels of corn on an acre of their overflowed land. It very rarely overflows but in the winter time, when their crop is off. I must confess I saw the finest corn growing there, that ever I saw in my life, as likewise wheat and hemp. We lodged there that night at one Captain Gibbs's, adjoining to Mr. More's plantation, where we met with very good entertainment. The next morning we left his house, and proceeded up the said river to a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, where we dined. The plantations on this river are all very much alike as to the situation; but there are many more improvements on some than on others: this house is built after the Dutch fashion, and made to front both ways on the river, and on the land, he has a beautiful avenue cut through the woods for about two miles, which is a great addition to the house. We left his house about two in the afternoon, and the same evening reached Mr. Nathaniel More's (Moore's) plantation, which is reckoned forty miles from Brunswick. It is likewise a very pleasant place on a bluff upward of sixty feet high. I forbare mentioning any thing either as to the goodness or the badness of the land in my passage from South Carolina, it being, in short, nothing but a sandy bank from Winneaw ferry to Brunswick; and, indeed, the town itself is not much better at present: it is that which has given this place such a bad name on account of the land, it being the only

road to South Carolina, from the northern part of the continent, and as there are a great many travelers from New York and New England who go to Charleston, having been asked what sort of land they have in Cape Fear, have not stuck out to say, that it is all a mere sand bank; but let those gentlemen take a view of the rivers, and they will soon be convinced to the contrary as well as myself, who, must confess, till then was of their opinion, but now am convinced by ocular demonstration, for I have not so much as seen one foot of bad land since my leaving Brunswick. About three days after my arrival at Mr. More's (Nathaniel Moore), there came a sloop of on hundred tons, and upward, from South Carolina, to be laden with corn, which is sixty miles at least from the bar. I never yet heard of any man who was ever at the head of that river, but they tell me, the higher you go up the better the land, and the river grows wider and wider. There are people settled at least forty miles up, but indeed the tide does not flow, at the most above twenty miles higher.

Two days after, I was taken very ill of an ague and fever, which continued on me for near a month, in which time my companions left me, and returned to South Carolina. When I began to recover my health a little, I mentioned to Mr. More the great desire I had to see Waccamaw Lake, as I had heard so much talk of it, and had been myself a great way up river, that I was sure by the course of the country, I could not be above twenty miles from thence, he told me he had a negro fellow, who he thought could carry me to it, and that he would accompany me himself, with some others of his acquaintance. On the 18th of July, we set out from his house on horseback, with every one his gun, and took the negro with us. We rode about four miles on a direct course through an open pine barren, when we came to a large cane swamp, about half a mile through, which we crossed in about an hour's time, but it was astonishing to see the innumerable sight of musquitoes, and the largest that ever I saw in my life, for they made nothing to fetch blood of us, through our buckskin gloves, coats and jackets.

As soon as we got through that swamp, we came to another open pine barren, where we saw a great herd of deer, the largest and fattest that ever I saw in those parts: we mad shift to kill a brace of them,

which we made a hearty dinner on. We rode about two miles farther, when we came to another cane swamp, where we shot a large she-bear and two cubs. It was so large that it was with great difficulty we got through it. When we got on the other side, it began to rain very hard, or otherwise, as far as I know, we might have shot ten brace of deer, for they were almost as thick as in the parks in England, and did not seem to be in the least afraid of us, for I question much whether they had ever seen a man in their lives before, for they seemed to look on us as amazed. We made shift as well as we could to reach the lake the same night, but had but little pleasure; it continuing to rain very hard, we made a large fire of light wood, and slept as well as we could that night. The next morning we took a particular view of it, and I think it is the pleasantest place that ever I saw in my life. It is at least eighteen miles around, surrounded with exceeding good land, as oak of all sorts, hickory, and fine cypress swamps. There is an old Indian field to be seen, which shows it was formerly inhabited by them, but I believe not within these fifty years, for there is scarce one of the Capt Fear Indians, or the Waccumaws, that can give any account of it. There is plenty of deer, wild turkeys, geese, and ducks, and fish in abundance; we shot sufficient to serve forty men, though there was but six of us. We went almost around it, but there is on the north-east side a small cypress swamp, so deep that we could not go through; we returned back again on a direct line, being resolved to find how far it was on a straight course from the north-east side a small cypress swamp, so deep that we could not go through; we returned back again on a direct line, being resolved to find how far it was on a straight course from the north-west branch of Cape Fear river, which we found did not exceed ten miles.

We returned back to Mr. More's that same night, having satisfied our curiosity, and the next morning set out with an intent to take a view of the north-east branch, on which there is a great deal of good land, but not in my opinion, for the generality, so good as on the north-west, but I think the river is much more beautiful. We lay that first night at Newtown (Wilmington), in a small hut, and the next day reached Rocky Point, which is the finest place in all Cape Fear. There are several very worthy gentlemen settled there, particularly Colonel

Maurce More, Captain Herne, John Swan, Esq., and several others. We stayed there one night, and the next morning set out on horseback to take a view of the land backwards, imagining that there might be only a skirt of good land on the river, but I am sure I rode for above twenty miles back, through northing but black walnut, oak and hickory; we returned the same night to Rocky Point, and the next morning set out for a plantation belonging to Mr. John Davis, within six miles of Brunswick, where I was a second time taken ill, so that I thought I should have died; but by the providence of God, and the care of good Mrs. Davis, I recovered in a fortnight's time, so that I was able to set out on my journey to South Carolina. I took leave of that worthy family on the 10th of August, when she was so kind as to force me to take a bottle of shrub, several other things with me. I reached Mr. Roger More's the same night, where I was again handsomely received, but being resolved to set out on my journey the next morning, he generously offered me a horse to carry me to the house where I was obliged to leave mine on the road, as likewise a servant to attend me, which I refused. I left his house the next morning, being the 11th of August, at half an hour after seven, and reached Brunswick by eight. I set out from thence about nine, and about four miles from thence met my landlord of Lockwood Folly, who was in hopes I would stay at his house all night. About two I arrived there with much difficulty, it being a very hot day, and myself very faint and weak when I called for a dram, and to my great sorrow found not one drop of rum, sugar, or lime juice in the house, (a pretty place to stay all night indeed,) so was obliged to make use of my own bottle of shrub, which made me resolve never to trust the country again on a long journey. About five I ferried over in order to proceed to Captain Hernes's; but about half way between that and Charlotte (Shallotte) met him going to Brunswick. About eight I reached little Charlotte (Shallotte), where I waited for the ferry-boat till nine, in which time I had like to have been devoured by musquetoës; about half an hour after I arrived at Captain Hernes's, and, thank God, met with good entertainment. I slept very well all the night, and in the morning, about ten, set out on my journey to Little river, and reached there about three. I met with a very prating fellow there, that diverted me very much. I immediately ordered my

horse to be got up, but to my great grief found him in a worse condition than when I left him, the negroes having rode him to that degree without a saddle, that he had a swelling in the middle of his back as big as my double fist, which hindered my proceeding in my journey that night as I intended; but by applying things to his back, it broke before morning, which in some measure eased him. At seven the next morning I left his house, and by eight reached the Long bay. When I was about half way over the bay, I intended to stop at the next spring and take a tiff of punch; but by some unfortunate accident, I know not how, when I came within sight of the spring, my bottle unluckily broke, and I lost every drop of my shrub; but examining my bags, I accidentally found a bottle of cherry brandy, with some gingerbread and cheese, which I believe good Mrs. More ordered to be put up unknown to me. I drank two drams of that, not being willing it should all be lost in case it should break, and mounting my horse, took some gingerbread and cheese in my hand and pursued my journey, and by eleven reached Bulloyns, or the end of the bay; by eight I reached Murrels, where I met with plenty of rum, sugar, and lime juice, and a good pasture for my horse, but no corn. The next morning I set out from thence, and by noon reached Master's, or Winneaw ferry; but the ferry-boat being gone adrift, could not get over till near ten at night, after I had supped upon wild turkey. The next morning I set out from Shingleton's, or the ferry on the other side, and the same night reached Daubuth's. The next morning I set out from thence, and about two miles from the house met with a possum, which is very like a little pig; it has a false belly, so that when they have young ones, if you fright them, they immediately run into the bag, which closes up immediately. I reached Witton's by noon, and had my possum dressed for dinner; the same night I reached Mr. More's in Goose creek, and the next night I arrived at Charleston, on the 7th day of August (1734,) where I remained till the 23rd of November, when I set sail for England, and arrived safe in London on the 3rd of January, 1735.

James Herbert Robinson

Shortly after our last BCHS virtual meeting we lost another longtime member. James Robinson was the

subject of the February meeting as presented by Gwen Causey. James and his wife Sally both have held officer positions within the BCHS.

“James Herbert Robinson was born in Brunswick County on August 11, 1931, son of the late Vance Potter Robinson and Linnie Sellers Robinson. His father Vance died when James Herbert was a young child. Later his mother married Mr. Jarvis Sellers who was a wonderful father figure to him. As a young man, he joined the Shallotte National Guard and later joined the United States Air Force serving December 1950 until September 1954 and reenlisted October 1955 and served until October 1959. During his time of service he was an airborne radio operator. He served as plant manger at Atlantic Telephone Membership Coop in Shallotte until 1976 then moved to Belhaven, North Carolina where he worked with the Tri County Telephone Coop until his retirement in 1996. He moved back to Shallotte in 2003. He was a member of Shallotte Lodge #727 A.F.&A.M. James Herbert was an avid Ham Radio enthusiast and still remained licensed as an operator. He was preceded in death by five brothers and five sisters.”

“Survivors include his wife of 64 years, Sally Robinson; nieces Margaret McCranie, Gladys Stanley, Diana Dorsey, Dora Henry, Linnie Robinson, Wilma Hitt, and Denise Drew; nephews, Jack Drew and Gene Drew.”

Prayers for Sally.

“No person was ever honored for what he received. Honor has been the reward for what he gave”

Calvin Coolidge



Memorial Day
Monday, May 31, 2021

***Membership Application ... Invite a Friend to Join
Brunswick County Historical Society***

Name(s): _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____ E-Mail _____

New: _____ Renewal _____ Amount Enclosed _____

Receive *Newsletter* by email: Y N

Annual Dues: Individual \$15 Life Membership \$150

Mail this form with your check to: P.O. Box 874, Shallotte, NC 28459

Please submit any articles or information for future newsletters to Dave Lewis.

Email: davelewis@atmc.net

CALENDER OF EVENTS

BCHS Meetings: February 08, 2021

May 10, 2021

August 09, 2021

November 08, 2021

*Wishing all Mother's a
Happy Mother's Day*

BRUNSWICK COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
PO BOX 874
SHALLOTTE, NC 28459

