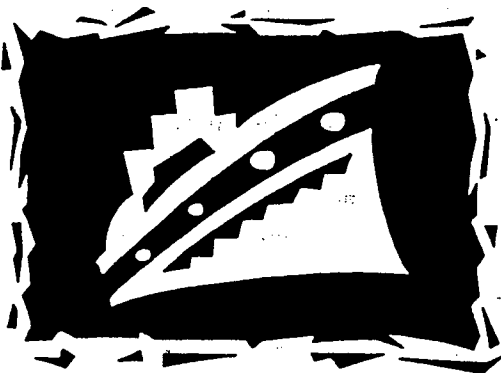




501 North Atlantic Avenue
Southport, North Carolina 28461

Volume XXII, No. 5 September 1998

Cruise UPDATE



Friday, Sept. 25, 7:30

ILA Hall, Southport

Dr. Charles Peery

Blockade Runners on the Cape Fear

note change
of location

Saturday, Sept. 26, 1:00--4:00

***Royal Winter Queen* cruise**

departing from Small Boat Harbor

Dr. Peery and Dr. Chris Fonvielle

tickets: \$30 / person call 457-6053 or 457-6940

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**University of North Carolina
at Wilmington**

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For more info
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**The
1898
Wilmington
Racial
Violence
And Its
Legacy**



The Life-Saving Porpoise
by Marjorie Potter Livingston
A life-long resident of Southport

My daddy, John F. Potter was a fisherman in Southport for many years. I had five brothers, Monroe, John, Frank, Bryant and Ralph and one sister, Esther Mae. When we were all children my daddy would take my mother and the family over to Bald Head Island camping for a week, sometimes two weeks. He would fish in the creeks and in the Bay and return to Southport to sell his catch. There was a one room camp at the end of Bald Head Island where we stayed. We had a two-burner oil stove we cooked on. We mostly ate what was caught in the nets. Our camp was located at the end of the beach where Corncake Inlet went into the ocean [the north end of East Beach]. On this particular day we were all going clamming on a shoal just across the channel from our camp. My mother, daddy, oldest brother Monroe, his wife Juanita, their baby, Claire, Esther Mae, Ralph and I went across to the shoal in a row boat. They always stuck an oar down and tied the boat to it while we clammed.

The tide began to rise so Esther Mae, Ralph and I got back to the boat to wait until the others finished clamming. The tide washed the oar loose and we began to drift away toward Corncake Inlet. The current is very swift in the Inlet and with all the rocks the larger boats could seldom go through the Inlet. We had the other oar but none of us were old enough to know anything about handling a boat. The three of us could not swim. The tide was rising very rapidly and we could see that the tide was getting dangerously high around the ones left stranded on the shoal. No one on the shoal could swim either. Our boat finally drifted ashore just before we went into the Inlet. I jumped out of the boat onto the oyster rocks to try to pull it ashore. I still have the scars on my leg from cuts I received on the rocks.

The water had risen to the shoulders of the ones left on the shoal. Juanita had the baby sitting on her shoulders. Monroe decided he would wade to the closest point on the shoal from the beach and try to swim ashore to get the boat and return before the others drowned. Just as he started to try to swim a porpoise came along. Monroe put his arm over the porpoise and it took him to shore! Needless to say, when everyone was safely on the beach we were a very happy family.

(The following originally appeared in "The Semi-Weekly Messenger" of August 26, 1898, as written by Walter Curtis Galloway and it has been provided verbatim by Susie Holtz.)

CUSHING'S SIGNAL DEFEAT

His Effort to Capture Blockade Runners

GALLOWAY'S DEFENSE

of the vessels which put into Little River to escape the Blockading Fleet

Cushing's attack on the Fort Repulsed by Coast Guardsmen

**His Expedition by night to capture, the vessels successfully
repelled--gallant band of confederates**

"When the blast of war blows in our ears" North Carolina furnishes men, but other states are honored with generals; and she is ever doing illustrious deeds, while other commonwealths are building monuments and writing history.

As it might interest some of your readers, and, at the same time help to splice a broken link in the slumbering chain of past events, I take the liberty to corroborate one of the numerous encounters within the old coast guard, the brave gallant defenders of our southern coast, and the federal navy.

During the month of September, 1863, two confederate blockade runners, one American, the Argyle, in command of Captain Morse, the other named Bailey, hailing from Nova Scotia, in charge of Captain Brown, put in Little River harbor for safety late one afternoon, fearing a scout from the blockading fleet which was faintly visible many miles away. When the ships of the blockading fleet passed beyond the range of the long guns at Forts Caswell and Campbell, they often scurried along the beach close in shore seeking, like the roaring lion, whom they might devour. The prowling scout that day, with the eye of a hawk, had been leisurely ploughing the main as near the land as prudence would permit, but, for some reason, put to sea shortly after mid-day with a bone in her mouth. She did not go too far out to prevent her from spying the blockade runners as they were about to enter Little River harbor, but too late, however, to make a dash for them, and lay off for a night attack, knowing there was but a small force at the inlet, poorly armed, and the game, therefore, they thought would be at their mercy.

Lieutenant Cushing, of Albemarle fame, who, several times, had boldly entered the Cape Fear river and performed a number of daring and successful deeds, was thought to be shadowing the coast in the neighborhood and proved to be one of the officers on the scout seen by our fleeing ships.

I here give my impressions of that brave, dashing, intrepid officer as I saw him when I was a lad of thirteen. It was at the Walker residence in the historic town of Smithville, rechristened Southport (a shoestring to the Atlantic cable, comparing the latter to the former) a few days after the surrender of Fort Fisher.

Baldhead, Caswell, Campbell and Johnson had just been evacuated, and Cushing, momentarily, came to take charge of the forts. In company with another officer and two marines, he was talking to my recently widowed mother and requested of her in courteous terms the arms of the house, explaining at the same time, his reasons for so doing. He was tall, slender, graceful, young man, apparently not more than 23, smooth shaven. His chin did not look like it would sprout a beard. His head was uncovered in deference to womanly virtue, and, in a new suit of blue with his rank stamped upon it, he was very handsome, but there was nothing of the dare-devil about his countenance, save, perchance, a deep, piercing blue eye.

It was an attractive face; you liked to look at it. At the moment I did not know it was Cushing, and, yet I took no particular notice of the other officer, and have no clear recollection of him, but I could not keep my eyes off Cushing. The more I looked the more the fascination grew. There was something about him almost womanly, and, yet, his presence was striking and imposing. His complexion was light, the kind that bronzes without cropping out into freckles, nose neither large nor small, of the classically Grecian type; a good, shapely mouth, full jaws, a strong chin, an expressive, intelligent forehead, and his head was covered with a growth of luxuriant flaxen, almost golden, hair that was so long it quite touched his shoulders. It shook when he moved his head like the mane of a lion. Just as he was about to depart my mother politely inquired the name of her auditor, and when he announced it, I was dumbfounded; I could scarcely believe my eyes. In my boyish fancy I thought a man who could perform such wonderful and hazardous exploits, and pass, unscathed, through such thrilling and dangerous adventures, must be at least middle-aged, with rough, unkempt beard and look like a Gulliver, Robinson Crusoe or Richard, Duke of Gloucester, made memorable by the genius of Shakespeare.

From Fort Campbell, which is on the sea beach a mile and a half southwest of Fort Caswell, the coast to the South Carolina line at the mouth of Little River, a stretch of some forty miles, was protected by the coast guard, in command of Captain Jno. W. Galloway, who was then at the Little River camp. As we desire to know something of the chief actors in a drama, and as I have given you a pen picture of the dashing and heroic Cushing, I will turn my camera upon Captain Galloway.

He was 6 feet in height, straight as an arrow, with square, broad shoulders, well proportioned and weighed without superfluous flesh, 175 pounds. He was an athlete, very muscular, active as a kitten, and possessed the kind of courage out of which heroes are made. Danger quickened his perceptions and added to his capacity, but a cool head and sound judgment kept him from unwarranted rashness. His bright, ruddy face, always clean shaven, was strong, manly, attractive. The rich, glossy, raven hair at 52 was without a trace of gray, and the dark, sparkling blue eyes twinkled merrily as at the age of 25. His forehead, broad and moderately high, rose prominent with a slight Roman cast, lips well formed and a thin, jaws and chin full, and together with his lips, donated great firmness; indeed, firmness and determination were among his marked characteristics. Though he was a modest man as a soldier and as a citizen, in common parlance he would not do to fool with. It is said he was never matched in a personal encounter. Dr. Tom Hill, of Goldsboro, who knew him well, states he was the best man physically and mentally ever produced in Brunswick county. (The Battle -- to be continued)

Written by Walter Curtis Galloway, August 26, 1898. The Semi-Weekly Messenger
Copied Verbatim by Susie Holtz

The Book Page

Southport Historical Society is actively engaged in publishing books dealing with the history of the lower Cape Fear. Works listed below are available for sale by the Society, and at book stores in the area.

Architecture of Southport, by Carl Lounsbury. Southport Historical Society, second printing 1966, 62 pp., soft-cover. \$15.00. The styles of old Southport homes are described and illustrated.

Cap'n Charlie and the Lights of the Lower Cape Fear, by Ethel Herring. Southport Historical Society, fourth printing 1995, 120 pp, ill., soft-cover. \$10.00.

The Cemeteries of Southport, compiled by Dorcas W. Schmidt. Southport Historical Society, 1983, 94 pp., soft-cover. \$8.00. A unique reference book listing names of those buried in the cemeteries of Southport and environs.

Fort Caswell in War and Peace, by Ethel Herring and Carolee Williams. Published by Broadfoot's Bookmark, Wendell, North Carolina, 1983. 138 pp., ill., hard-cover. Sold out. New edition expected in mid-1998.

A History of Brunswick County, by Lawrence Lee. Published by Brunswick County, Bolivia, North Carolina. 1980, 279 pp., ill., hard-cover, \$18.30

A History of Fort Johnston, by Wilson Angley. Includes index. Published by Southport Historical Society, in association with the Division of Archives and History, North Carolina Department of Cultural Resources, 1996, 150 pp., ill., soft-cover. \$10.00.

Joshua's Dream, a history of old Southport by Susan S. Carson. First printing published by Carolina Power & Light Company in 1992, second printing published by Southport Historical Society, 1994. 168 pp., ill., soft-cover. \$15.00.

Long Beach, A North Carolina Town: Its Origin and History, by Wolfgang Furstenau. Published by the author in Long Beach, NC. 1995, 2. printing 1997, 364 pp., ill., hard-cover, \$17.95

Southport (Smithville), A Chronology, Volume I, 1520-1887, by Bill Reaves. Published by Broadfoot Publishing Company: Wilmington, North Carolina, 1978. Second edition 1985, 129 pp., ill., soft-cover. \$15.00.

Southport (Smithville), A Chronology, Volume II, 1887-1920, by Bill Reaves. Published by Southport Historical Society, Southport, North Carolina, 1978. Second edition 1990, 324 pp., ill., soft-cover. \$20.00.

Southport-Brunswick County, North Carolina, Volume III, 1920-1940, A Chronology by Bill Reaves. Published by Southport Historical Society, Southport, North Carolina, 1996, 248 pp., 46-page index, ill., soft-cover. First edition. \$12.00.

Southport Secrets, compiled by Donald K. Johnson. Published by Southport Historical Society, Southport, NC. 1998, 88 pp., ill., soft-cover. \$12.95.

Note: Membership entitles you to purchase these books from the Society at a 10% discount.
Please include \$2.00 per book for mail orders.

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