sawmills, from which lumber, along with the products of the farms, was shipped in plantation brigs and schooners to distant ports. At Orton a large sawmill was run by water power, and vessels were loaded in the river opposite the mill with lumber, rice, and indigo.

In its early years Brunswick was in Carteret Precinct, for when Carteret Precinct, as the counties were formerly called, was established in 1722, it ran down the coast to the unknown confines of North Carolina, and back into the wilderness without limitation.

So the settlement at Brunswick, in 1725, was in Carteret, until New Hanover Precinct was established; and then it was in New Hanover, which at first embraced the territory now in Duplin, Sampson, Bladen, and Brunswick Counties. It was not until shortly before the Revolution that Brunswick was cut off from New Hanover.

As the Cape Fear region was originally in Carteret Precinct, some of the early grants and deeds for lands in New Hanover and Brunswick were registered at Beaufort, the county seat of Carteret.

A VISIT TO THE CAPE FEAR IN 1734.

(Georgia Historical Papers, Vol. II, page 54.)

I intend after my return to Charleston to take a journey, by land, to Cape Fear in North Carolina, which I have heard so much talk of. * * *

I set out from Charleston on the 10th of June, on my travels to Cape Fear, in North Carolina, in company with thirteen more, and the first night reached Mr. More's, in Goose Creek. * * *

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 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 [Lockwood's Folly] is so named after one Lockwood, a Barbadian, who 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 Cape 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 hearing we were come, 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 Cape Fear. His house is built of brick, and exceedingly pleasantly situated about two miles from the 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 Eleazar Allen, Esq., late speaker to the Commons House of Assembly, in the province of South Carolina. There were several vessels lying about 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, accompanied by his brother, Nathaniel More, Esq., to a plantation of his, up the Northwest branch of Cape Fear River. The river is wonderfully pleasant, being, next to the 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 Northeast and the Northwest, passing by several pretty plantations on both sides. We lodged that night at one Mr. Jehu Davis', and the next morning, proceeded up the Northwest branch; when we got about two miles from thence, we came to a beautiful plantation, belonging to Captain Gabriel, who is a great merchant there, where were two ships, two sloops, and a brigantine, loaded with lumber for 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 northeast side of us, which is called Black River, on which there is a great deal of 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, called the Blue Banks, where he is a-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 southwest side of the river, it being for the most