the present age. Some of them had town residences, but most of them lived on their plantations, and they were not the thriftless characters that by some means it became fashionable to assume all Southern planters were. There was much gaiety and festivity among them, and some of them rode hard to hounds, but as a general rule they looked after their estates, and kept themselves as well informed in regard to what was going on in the world as the limited means of communication allowed. There was little display, but in almost every house could be found valuable plate, and, in some, excellent libraries. The usual mode of travel was on horseback, and in 'gigs,' or 'chairs,' which were vehicles without springs but hung on heavy straps, and to which one horse, and sometimes by young beaux, two horses, tandem, were driven; a mounted servant rode behind, or, if the gig was occupied by ladies, beside the horse. The family coach was mounted by three steps, and had great carved leather springs, with baggage rack behind, and a high, narrow driver's seat and box in front. The gentlemen wore clubbed and powdered queues and knee-breeches, with buckled low-quartered shoes, and many carried gold or silver snuffboxes which, being first tapped, were handed with grave courtesy to their acquaintances when passing the compliments of the day. There are persons still living who remember seeing these things in their early youth. The writer of these lines himself remembers seeing in his childhood the decaying remains of old 'chairs,' and family coaches, and knew at that time several old negroes who had been body servants in their youth to the proprietors of these ancient vehicles. It is no wonder they sometimes drove the coaches four-in-hand. It was not only grand style, but the weight of the vehicle and the character of the roads made it necessary.

"During the period embraced in these pages, four-wheeled pleasure vehicles were rare, and even two-wheeled ones were not common, except among the town nabobs and well-to-do planters. The coaches, or chariots, as a certain class of vehicles was called, were all imported from England, and the possession of such a means of locomotion was evidence of high social position. It was less than twenty years before the period named, that the first stage wagon in the colonies, in 1738, was run from Trenton to New Brunswick, in New Jersey, twice a week, and the advertisement of it assured the public that it would be fitted up with benches and covered over 'so that passengers may sit easy and dry.' "

Some of the prominent Lower Cape Fear men of colonial and Revolutionary days were, Governor Burrington, of Governor's Point; Gen. Robert Howe, of Howe's Point; Nathaniel Moore, of York; Gov. Arthur Dobbs, of Russellboro—all below Orton. "King" Roger Moore, of Orton; James Smith, of Kendal; Eleazar Allen, of Lilliput; John Moore, of Pleasant Oaks; Nathaniel Rice, of Old Town Creek; John Baptista Ashe, of Spring Garden, afterwards called Grovely; Chief Justice Hasell, of Belgrange; Schencking Moore, of Hullfields; John Davis, of Davis Plantation; John Dalrymple (who commanded Fort Johnston), of Dalrymple Place; John Ancrum, of Old Town; Marsden Campbell, of Clarendon; Richard Eagles, of The Forks; Judge Alfred Moore, of Buchoi; John Waddell, of Belville; Gov. Benjamin Smith, of Belvidere. These were all below Wilmington. Many others equally important resided on their plantations above Wilmington. All are recorded in Colonel Waddell's *History of New Hanover County,* but these are mentioned here in support of the statement that the Cape Fear planters of olden time were men of mark.

COLONIAL ORTON.

Many of the old homesteads described by Colonel Waddell have fallen into decay and some of the residences have entirely disappeared, but Orton, on the lower Cape Fear River, still stands as it did in colonial days, when it was the home of "King" Roger Moore, of Gov. Benjamin Smith, of Richard Quince, and in later years of Dr. Fred J. Hill and Col. Kenneth McKenzie Murchison.

It is a majestic domain of more than ten thousand acres, and the house is still regarded by competent critics as one of the finest examples of pure colonial architecture in America.

The lordly residence of Chief Justice Eleazar Allen, upon the adjacent plantation of Lilliput, which was distinguished in his day for a large and liberal hospitality, has long since disappeared, but the grand old oaks which lifted their majestic branches to the soft south breezes in colonial times still sing their murmured requiem above a "boundless contiguity of shade."

Here, upon the banks of our historic river, which stretches two miles to the eastern shore, is heard the booming of the broad Atlantic as it sweeps in its might and majesty from Greenland