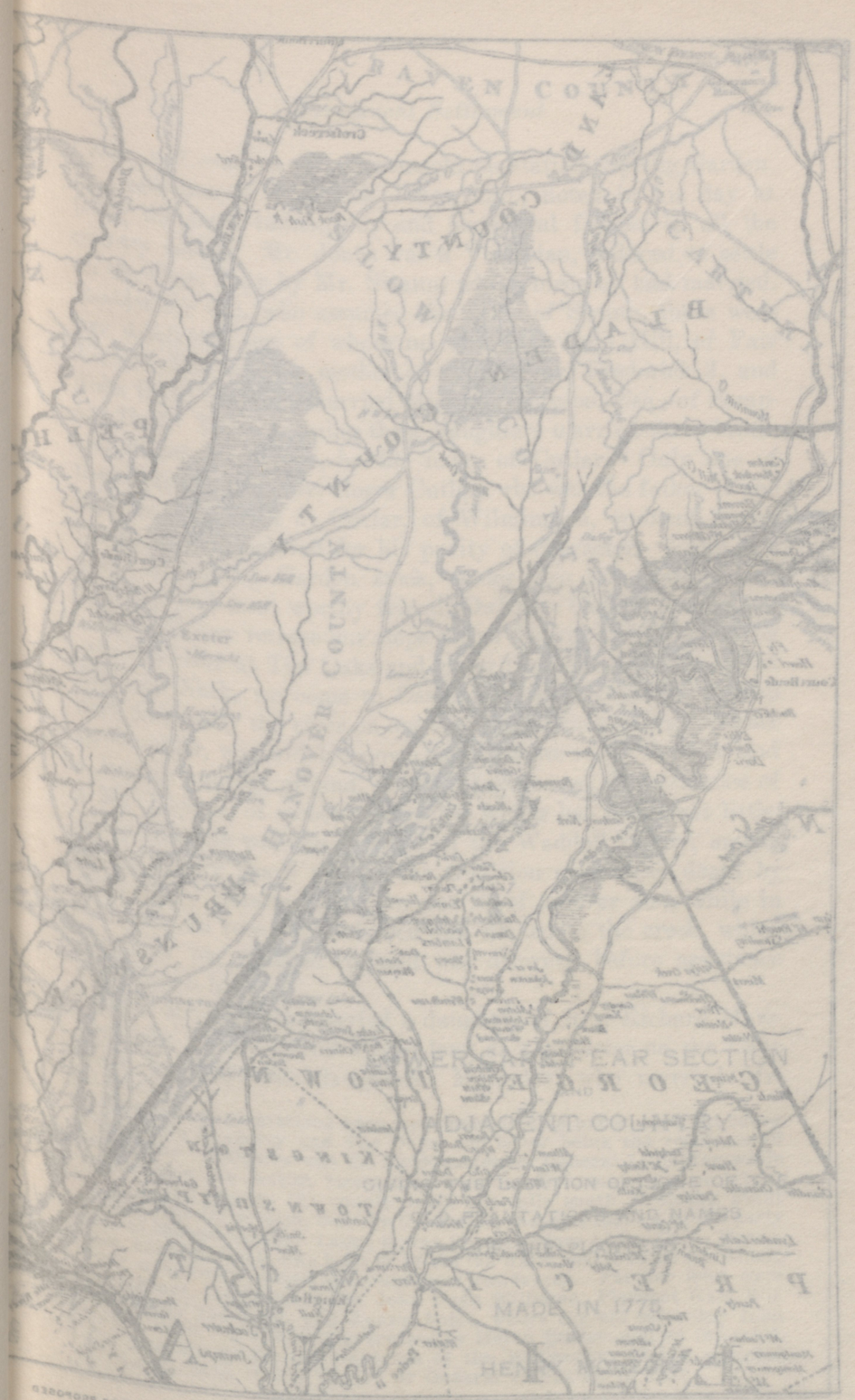
leading west to where it crosses the main county road, come to Moore Fields. This was the residence of George Moore, Esq., one of the most prominent gentlemen of his day, both before and after the Revolution. I remember the old mansion as it stood, but much dilapidated. Not a vestige of it is left now. There had been raised near the house two mounds for rabbit-warrens, and near by was a fishpond. Mr. Moore was the father of a numerous progeny. He was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Mary Ashe, a sister, I believe, of Governor Ashe; the second was a Miss Jones. There is extant an old copy of the Church of England Prayer-book in the possession of one of his descendants (Dr. William H. Moore) in which are recorded the births and names of his children by these marriages, and there were twenty-seven. From these or the survivors, for many of them must have died during infancy, have sprung many of the families of the Cape Fear region, some of whose descendants are still living there, among whom can be mentioned the Hon. George Davis, who has no superior, if any equal, here or in any other part of the State. Also, the Hon. Thomas S. Ashe is one of the lineal descendants of this old stock. There was one of the granddaughters, Miss Sallie Moore, who was reputed to be the greatest beauty of her day. Her father, William Moore, removed to the State of Tennessee, where she was heard of still living a few years since.

George Moore of Moore Fields, as he was familiarly called, was remarkable for his great energy and good management; a man of considerable wealth, owning many slaves. He had a summer residence on the sound, to reach which he crossed the Northeast River at The Vats ferry; and from a mile or two to the east of it, he had made a perfectly straight road, ditched on each side, twenty miles in length. This road, though no longer used, can still be traced. It is related that when corn was wanted at the summer place, one hundred negro fellows would be started, each with a bushel bag on his head. There is quite a deep ditch leading from some large bay swamps lying to the west of the county road. It used to be called the Devil's Ditch, and there was some mystery and idle tradition as to why and how the ditch was cut there. It was doubtless made to drain the water from those bays, to flood some lands cultivated in rice which were too low to be drained for corn.

We will now pass down the old Swann Point Avenue to the county road, and, traveling west, soon reach and cross Turkey