

A  
**NEW VOYAGE TO GEORGIA.**  
BY  
**A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.**

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS TO SOUTH CAROLINA,  
AND PART OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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I ARRIVED safe at Charleston, in South Carolina, after a long and tedious passage of three months from London, on the 10<sup>th</sup> day of December, 1733, where I was handsomely received the night of my arrival by his Excellency, Robert Johnson, Esq., captain general, governor and commander in chief in and over his majesty's province of South Carolina.

...I stayed there [Charleston] till the 10<sup>th</sup> of January, 1734, when I set out with an intent to see the town Savannah, in the colony of Georgia, as likewise the new township of Purysburg, in the province of South Carolina, accompanied by several other gentleman, in a schooner,, belonging to captain Colcock of Charleston. ...

... Tybee is a very pleasant island, and has a beautiful creek to the westward of it, so that a ship of any burthen may lie safe at anchor; we saw there a sloop for Barbadoes, which was forced in by the badness of the weather. We stayed on the island till about four in the afternoon, where we saw great plenty of deer, but not being acquainted with the nature of the woods, could not shoot any of them. Having got the pilot on board, we went up to Savannah river, and about eight at night reached the town of Savannah, which is about ten miles from the bar, where we were very handsomely received by the honorable James Oglethorpe, Esq., one of the trustees for establishing that new colony, who is a worthy gentleman, and one that has undergone a great many hardships in settling of it, and one that the English nation will always be bound to pray for; it is to be wished, all other gentlemen, especially those that have it in their power, would have the good of their country, and of all his majesty's subjects as much at heart, as this honorable gentleman. ...

[Back in Charleston] I stayed in Charleston till the 1<sup>st</sup> of February, [1734] when I set out with an intent to see the northern part of South Carolina by land, accompanied by two other gentlemen, one servant and a sumpter horse: I gave thirty-five pounds for my horse in Charleston, or five pounds sterling. ...

[Heading northward along the coast of SC]...we came at last to one Lewis's, about twelve miles from his [Mr. Robert's, at Cedar Creek, near Santee River] house, and about fifteen miles from Georgetown in Winneaw; it being a small tavern, we called for some punch; but he had nothing to drink but a little bumboe, which is rum, sugar, and water, and some hominy and milk, and potatoes. Hominy is a sort of a meal much resembling our oat meal in England, made of their Indian corn; we stayed there till three in the afternoon, when we mounted our horses and reached George Fort the same night. Georgetown is a very pleasant place, being situated on a fine bluff on Sandpit creek, and about ten miles from the bar; the said creek heads about ten miles above the town, but any ship that can come over the bar, may come up to the town. The bar indeed, they say, is not extraordinary good, but there has been several ships of a hundred and fifty tons there and upwards. The town is laid out very regular, but at present there are a great many more houses than inhabitants; but do believe it will not be long ere it is thoroughly settled, it being a place that has a very good prospect for trade, though I must confess, the land to the southward is much

preferable, only this place, they say, is not in much danger, in case of an Indian war, which the people to the southward are in daily fear of; though for my part, I think, without any reason. We stayed there two days, and on the 7<sup>th</sup> of February [1734] set out from thence in a large canoe, leaving our horses behind us, with an intent to take a view of the lands on Waccumaw river. There are three rivers which vent themselves into one, which make the bar of Georgetown, which are Waccumaw on the main, and P.D., out of which there are several cut offs into Waccumaw, and Black river. The same night we reached Mr. Gordon's on P.D., where we slept; it is about ten miles from Georgetown. The next morning we set out, accompanied by himself, to Major Pauly's, on Waccumaw, and from thence proceeded up the said river, accompanied by them both, and on which we found a great deal of good land; but it is all entirely taken up for above forty miles. We slept that night on a bluff belonging to one Captain Matthews, in Charleston, about ten miles from the Major's, passing by several pretty settlements on the main; we found there two half barrels of pitch, and being very cold, set fire to them, and dressed some salt beef and rice for our suppers. We left that place about four the next morning, and by eight came to a bluff belonging to one of the Major's sisters, adjoining to which there was vacant land, which, after having breakfasted, we took a view of; but it proving to be mostly pine barren, and that is but very indifferent, and not fit for any thing but tar and turpentine, we left it for the use of others that might have occasion for it; from thence we came to another beautiful bluff, but an island, and very small, not being above one hundred acres at most, and inquiring the name of it, found it had none; so one in our company named it after his, by throwing a bottle of rum against the largest pine tree, and it goes after his name to this day. We slept there that night, and the next morning proceeded on our voyage, and came to a beautiful bluff on P.D. side, about two miles from the other of the opposite side, which we took a particular view of, and liking the situation of the place very well, we encamped there, and found a great deal of good oak and hickory, and the pine land very valuable, and a great deal of good cypress swamp, which is counted the best for rice; and having a surveyor with us, one gentleman in company concluded to run some out, which he did the next morning; but in the interim, while we were running out the land, our companions went up the said river in the boat to look for more, leaving only one bottle of punch, and a biscuit a piece, promising to be back again in the afternoon; but in short, they never came near us that night, nor the next day, in which time we had like to have been starved, and not knowing what might be the occasion of their stay, we concluded to tie some trees together, and make a barque, as the Indians call it, to ford over to the main, where we might possibly find a house. But the next morning, when we were in the midst of our work, our companions came back to us, but without one morsel of provision, the oarsmen having eat it all up, so that we were then almost as bad off as before, save only our having our guns again, which we had unluckily left in the boat. We made shift to shoot some crows and woodpeckers, which we lived on that day; but inquiring what might be the occasion of their staying so long, they told us one of the men had straggled out in the wood by himself a shooting, and it was with great difficulty they found him again. The next morning we went out with an intent to shoot some venison; but having hunted a considerable time, and not meeting with any, concluded to return to our camp; but in our return met with a wolf in full chase after a deer, and had the good fortune to kill them both; so that we had then provisions sufficient for two days longer, which time we spent very pleasantly; and finding by our companions that there was still a better land higher up, we concluded to see it, trusting to our guns to supply us with provisions, which they did very plentifully.

The next bluff we came to was the bluff on which Kingstown [Conway] is to be settled, but there are yet no inhabitants; the lower part of the township is not above fifty miles from Georgetown, but the tide runs seventy miles up; it is much the boldest river in all South Carolina; in a parallel line with the sea coast, which runs north-east and [sic] south-west, and is not above two miles across to it in some places. But the township is now settled on P.D. side, though it was first run out, half on one side and half on the other. The people have great advantage in settling in these townships, for they pay no tax for ten years, nor quit rent, which those that settle out of them are obliged to do the first year. The land hereabouts is, for the generality, very good, and for the most part high champaign land, and is not subject to overflow, as a great many of the rivers do, particularly P.D. and Santee; this river runs about two hundred and fifty miles up, and heads in a beautiful lake. [Vide the particulars in my travels to Cape Fear.]

The next night we encamped on Bear Bluff, about thirty miles above the township: I think this tract is much the finest on all the river; and, I believe, if we had had each of us a warrant, we should have fell out about the choice of it: but we had neither of us one with us, so were obliged to leave it for some other. That night we had a very odd affair happened. One of our men had killed a venison in the evening, and about 12 o'clock at night as we were all of us fast asleep, one of my companions was waked by a noise he heard at a small distance from him, and as I lay the next to him, he endeavored to wake me as gently as he

could: when I awaked, he bid me present my piece, for he had just seen something not above six yards from him, which he did imagine was a bear; we lay in that posture with our pieces presented to the same place where we first saw him, for near half an hour, when we heard him coming again, and soon after saw him, when we both fired and shot him dead on the spot: but instead of a bear, it proved to be a wolf, that had stole one quarter of venison before, and was just then come for a second; and, indeed, it was very lucky for us that we killed him, or otherwise we must have come to short allowance. On the 20<sup>th</sup> of February, [1734] we set out on our voyage back again, and the first night reached Kingstown bluff [Conway], where we had the good fortune to kill one bear, some of which we barbicued for our suppers. The next morning we sat out from thence, and the same night reached Major Pauly's, where I had the misfortune to lose my pocket-book, with fifteen pounds in it, but could not find it again, though I offered the negroes the money, so I could but have my book. The next morning we set out from the Major's, and reached Georgetown the same night, where we stayed two days to refresh ourselves, after our fatiguing voyage. On the 20<sup>th</sup> [sic] of February, [1734] we set out on our journey to Charleston; one of our companion's horses having strayed away in our absence, he was obliged to borrow another; the first night we reached Captain Smith's, about ten miles from Georgetown, who is one of the Assembly in that province, who told us he had got a warrant, and did intend to run out Bear Bluff the next week, but was very much afraid lest we had been beforehand with him, but having assured him to the contrary, he entertained us very handsomely. The next morning we left the house, and by noon reached Lewis, where there had been a very unhappy accident the night before. Two men being in liquor, they quarreled till they came to blows, when one had the fortune to throw the other down; the undermost, finding the other to be too strong for him, bit off his nose, which made the other immediately let him go; upon which the fellow made his escape, and was not then to be heard of. ...

[While in Savannah, GA] 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, as likewise to the beautiful lake which is the head of Waccamaw river. ...

I set out from Charleston on the 10<sup>th</sup> 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, in Goose creek. The next night we reached Captain Screen's, at French Santee, and the third reached Wineaw 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 all crossed the ferry. We dined there at Mr. Masters's, on the fens on the other side, and the same night reached one Muenly [Munnerlyn ?], who keeps another tavern on the road, about twenty-two miles from Masters's.

The next morning, about five, we left his house, and about six came on the long bay [Surfside Beach 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 settling 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, NC] 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 one 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 Cape Fear; but with no more than two of the same horses which came with us out of South Carolina. ...

[Later, at Mr. Nathaniel More's plantation, forty miles above Brunswick] ...I forbore 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, New England, &c., 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, there came a sloop of one 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 higher 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 the 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 18<sup>th</sup> 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 made 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 round, 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 Cape 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 round it, but there is on the north-east side a small cypress swamp, so deep that we could not go through it; 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.

[Later, left Mr. Roger More's house just above Brunswick, NC on the 11<sup>th</sup> of August, 1734 at 7:30 AM 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 say 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, NC] met him going to Brunswick. About eight I reached little Charlotte [Shallotte, NC], where I waited for the ferry-boat till nine, in which time I had like to have been devoured by musquitoes; 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 [Myrtle Beach area]. When I was about half way over the bay [the strand along Myrtle Beach], 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 [Munnerlyn's ?], or the end of the bay [Surfside Beach area]; 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 Masters'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 a 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 7<sup>th</sup> day of August, [1734] where I remained till the 23d of November, [1734] when I set sail for England, and arrived safe in London on the 3d of January, 1734-5.

**FINI**