George Burgwyn, and Mary, who became the wife of Col. Hugh Waddell, from which union sprang the Waddell family, so long and honorably known on the Cape Fear.

Turning east from Castle Haynes and crossing the county road, we come to The Hermitage, the residence of the Burgwyn family. The founder of this family was Mr. John Burgwyn, an English gentleman, in olden times an opulent merchant, who carried on an extensive commerce between Wilmington and Bristol in England. He must have had fine taste, as displayed by the manner in which the grounds around The Hermitage were laid off and improved. Its fine avenues and handsomely arranged pleasure-grounds surpassed everything in the whole country round. Mr. George Burgwyn, who occupied The Hermitage after his father's death, was also a gentleman of good taste, and devoted much attention to the decoration of the place, keeping it in handsome condition.

Mr. George Burgwyn reared a numerous and highly respectable family. His oldest son, Capt. John Burgwyn, of the United States Army, was killed in battle in the Mexican War, and his grandson, Gen. George B. Anderson, died of a wound received at the Battle of Antietam.

We will turn now westward and, crossing the county road at a short distance, come to Rocky Run, where lived Dr. Nathaniel Hill. In earlier times this place was the residence of Mr. Maurice Jones, whose daughter Dr. Hill married. Of the history of this gentleman, Mr. Jones, the writer never heard much. But a tradition worth relating will illustrate his firmness and remarkable self-possession and presence of mind. He was a great woodsman, and in the habit of still-hunting. On one occasion he was creeping to shoot a deer, which was feeding at a dogwood tree. When, feeling that something was dragging at one of his legs, he turned his head and saw that it was a large rattlesnake, which had struck and fastened its fangs in the buckskin leggings that all huntsmen wore at that day, he deliberately crawled on, dragging the snake as he went. Getting within proper range, he fired and killed the deer, then, turning, killed the snake.

Dr. Nathaniel Hill was sent to Scotland when he was quite young, where he was placed with an apothecary. Having completed a full term at this business, he entered the medical college at Edinburgh, where he remained until he had completed his medical course. Returning home before he was quite of age,

he entered actively upon the practice of his profession at Wilmington. Full of energy and earnestness, with remarkable sagacity and decision, he very soon acquired the confidence of the community. His reputation was established and not surpassed in the whole Cape Fear region.

After a laborious and lucrative practice of twenty-five years, Dr. Hill retired with an independent estate to Rocky Run, where he had built a comfortable and commodious house. Here, before the prime of his life was over and in the full vigor of manhood, he took up his abode and for many years dispensed a liberal hospitality to a large circle of friends and relatives.

On the first day of January of each year, that being Dr. Hill's birthday, a numerous party of friends and relatives always assembled at Rocky Run to celebrate the event with feasting and good cheer. Then it was that those fine deer hunts came off, which were so skillfully conducted that they were invariably successful. The standers were judiciously placed, and the bringing down of the game depended on their skill as marksmen. In the management of these hunts, the guests, whether old or young, were invariably placed at the best stands, the doctor taking the chances as they might arrive for himself. He always carried a long flint-and-steel single-barrel silver-mounted gun, and it was not often that he failed to bring down the deer coming fairly by him within one hundred yards. Many a day of sport has the writer enjoyed with this noble old gentleman at his fine old seat. Most systematic and punctual in his habits, invariably as we rose from the breakfast table (8 o'clock in winter) the driver was waiting with horses and dogs, eager for the drive, and as punctually we returned by 2 o'clock, the dinner hour, as the family were never kept waiting.

The old Rocky Run mansion was destroyed by fire many years since, and the place has shared the fate of all others on the Northeast and fallen into stranger hands.

The next two places below on the river were Rose Hill, the residence of the Quince family, and Rock Hill, of the Davises, two rather inconsiderable and inferior rice plantations. The Quinces were among the earliest of the gentry settlers on the Cape Fear. I have heard an old story related about a Mr. Parker Quince, somewhat characteristic, I presume, of himself and his times. It seems that he was a merchant and quite a trafficker. In sending an order for goods on one occasion to London (from whence most all importations were made) a