dozen cheeses were included and several gross of black tacks. Instead of the cheeses, they sent a dozen English chaises, and for the tacks there was sent an immense number of black jacks, as they were called, a kind of japanned-tin drinking mug; his correspondent apologizing for not completing the order as to the cups, as he had bought up all that could be found in the shops of London. Mr. Quince either spelled badly or wrote illegibly, probably a little of both.

There was one of the Quinces, who, for some family reason or other, adopted the name of Hasell—William Soranzo Hasell.[1] He was much esteemed and the intimate friend of many of the gentlemen of his day. When party politics ran high between the old Federalists and Republicans he edited a paper called *The Minerva,* advocating the principles of the Federal party, and was well sustained and caressed by his friends. He must have been a man of fine literary taste, judging from the number of old volumes of the best English literature with his name and coat of arms inscribed on them, which I have come across in the old libraries.

Rock Hill was handsomely located on a bluff commanding a fine view of the river. It was in olden times the residence of Mr. Jehu Davis, and more lately of Mr. Thomas J. Davis, his son. The name of Davis, both in early and later times on the Cape Fear, has always been associated with all that was highly respectable and honorable, and it has been most eminently sustained in the person of Hon. George Davis, of Wilmington, and the late Bishop Davis, of South Carolina.

Proceeding farther down, but not immediately on the river, was once a place known as Nesces Creek, on a creek of that name, which before the Revolution was the residence of Arthur Mabson, Esq., a gentleman noted for his great energy and industry, by which he had accumulated a considerable estate, but he died the first year of the war, at the early age of forty. This place was long ago abandoned, and I do not suppose there is a vestige of its improvements left.

Crossing Nesces Creek and going a mile or so farther on, we come to where once stood Fair Fields, also gone totally to ruin. Here lived Mr. John Hill, a gentleman of note in his day, frequently representing the county in the Legislature. He had been a soldier in the Revolution, entered the army while quite

[1]He took the name of his mother, who was Susannah Hasell, a granddaughter of Chief Justice Hasell.

young, and served with General Greene in his southern campaigns.

Passing on, we come to Sans Souci. Of the early history of this place the writer knows nothing. For many years past it has been the residence of the late Mr. Arthur J. Hill.

Crossing Smith's Creek, we come to Hilton. This was the residence of Cornelius Harnett, Esq., and the old mansion was erected by him. It is not surprising that this point should have attracted the admiration of those who first selected it and built upon it. A fine bluff, near the junction of Smith's Creek with the river, it has a commanding and extensive view up and down the stream. Although much out of repair and the grounds mutilated by the deep cut of a railroad passing through them, it is still the most attractive spot near the city of Wilmington.

Cornelius Harnett was about the most noted and conspicuous personage of his day in the whole Cape Fear region. No man more entirely commanded the confidence and admiration of the community in which he lived.

Either on account of feeble health or advanced life, Mr. Harnett was not an active participant as a soldier in the War of the Revolution; both heart and means were nevertheless enlisted in the cause, and after Wilmington was occupied by the British, he was wrested from a sick bed and confined in their prison, where he died in consequence of their harsh and brutal treatment.

Mr. Harnett, I believe, left no descendants, and in after times Hilton became the property and the residence of William H. Hill, Esq. This gentleman was said to have possessed fine qualities of both head and heart. Genial of temper and fond of conviviality, he attracted many friends around him, and was always the life of his company. He was a leading spirit among the gentlemen of the Federal party, when politics ran high, and represented the Wilmington district in Congress during the administration of the elder Adams.