but hardly a success in truck farming. When or whither he retired is not known to us.

"Say something about schools," says a friend, and we are disposed to comply. What follows must be largely reminiscent. We would like to speak of some schools, Miss Maggie McLeod's, for instance, but could say nothing of personal knowledge. This much is known, however, that this good old lady, who, well on in the eighties of her life, left us only a year or two since for her heavenly home, laid the educational foundation deep and strong for many of the best citizens of today. The same ought to be said of the teaching of Miss Laura Rankin, now Mrs. Rothwell, whose temperance societies and strict moral training otherwise implanted principles which will tell throughout eternity. Rev. A. P. Repiton, Rev. Mr. Shepherd, and Rev. W. W. Eells taught schools that were well patronized, but for the reason given above we can do no more than note them.

The forties were the birchen time in schooling. Methods were drastic—if that is the word. They had moderated from the days of Mitchell in the Old Academy, for then the methods might, without a strain upon language, be called sanguinary. But there were exceptions. Good old Mrs. Easter Coxetter—did she whip? Well, we do not recall it, but the goggles made out of the "Jack of hearts"—was it? (we are not up on that nomenclature), we do remember, and a friend whose recollection is vivid says the three-legged stool and the dunce's cap were used. That was not all, however. The dear old lady had us on Friday evening to recite the Apostles' Creed, and maybe the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. And here we took our first lessons in the Episcopal catechism—and our last. Yes, she was a dear old lady, a dear old saint, now over half a century in heaven. In a former article Mr. Jesse Mulock was referred to, and we only note here that Wilmington has had few, if any, better teachers than he.

Cape Fear Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F., was organized on the 13th of January, 1842—the place, a room over the grain store of B. F. Mitchell & Son. The charter members were Gen. Alexander MacRae, W. S. G. Andrews, Willie A. Walker, and Valentine Hodgson from Weldon Lodge, No. 1. Thomas H. Howey and Levi A. Hart were initiated the same night. The lodge soon moved its quarters to an upper room of a building on the corner of the alley next south of the Purcell House. This is only preliminary to saying that in 1842 a committee consisting

of Col. John MacRae, Rev. B. L. Hoskins, and Owen Fennell, Esq., was appointed to report on the propriety of establishing a school. On June 10, 1843, we quote from the *Wilmington Chronicle,* "Trustees of Wilmington Academy resolved to lease the eastern end of their property to Cape Fear Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F., for twenty-five years for the erection of a schoolhouse, at an annual rental of a peppercorn."

The Odd Fellows' School was established, and a benevolent work was thus done for Wilmington which ought to be remembered with profoundest gratitude by all who were recipients of the benefits conferred by the institution. With all books and stationery furnished, the tuition fee was only $3 a quarter—and it was a quarter, or well-nigh so—for a scholastic year was then eleven months. The school was opened in October, 1843, with Mr. Robert McLauchlin, of Baltimore, principal. Mrs. McLauchlin had charge of the female department. Mr. McLauchlin was tall, strongly built, and well proportioned, without a pound of superfluous flesh. His hair, which was exceeding scant, was of a reddish color, and his beard the same. The boys regarded him as a veritable Samson. He did not use, too well we remember—he did not use the ruler as the instrument of correction. You know there was a firm belief prevalent that a ruler could be broken by crossing eyelashes in your hand and moistening them with spittle. Somehow or other the process always failed, but that was because the lashes did not lie right, of course. But Mr. McLauchlin would jerk a boy up on tiptoe with his left hand and thrash him with his right. By way of variation he sometimes threw out his cork leg, drew a boy over it, and then—but it is not necessary to be precise on what is really very much a matter of feeling. Some readers know just how it was. The writer does.

But there came a day, Monday, the 21st of April, 1845, when we had gathered at school and were dismissed because our teacher was too indisposed to be present. We made the welkin ring with shouts of delight that we were to have a holiday. A few of us went with Henry and Robert and Billy, the MacRae boys, into the woods to enjoy our Indian play, or whatever it might be, and in a few hours returned to learn that Mr. McLauchlin was dead. We mourned for him, because we loved him. He was strict and maybe severe, but never unjust and never cruel, and we loved him with a love both strong and true. He was buried on the lot, northwest corner of Fourth and Dock