Streets, and the Odd Fellows erected a marble shaft to his memory. His remains and the stone that marked their resting place were afterwards removed to Oakdale Cemetery.

Mr. Levin Meginney[1] succeeded Mr. McLauchlin in charge of the school, with Mrs. Richardson at the head of the girls' department. Mr. Meginney continued in charge until the school was given up by the Odd Fellows, long after 1850, and then, buying the property he converted the school building in part into a dwelling, which he occupied with his family. The schoolhouse still stands, and the school is continued under the charge of Prof. Washington Catlett.

In 1846 a classical department was added to the school, in charge of Mr. Robert Lindsay, a Scotchman and graduate of St. Andrew's University, Scotland. He was a thorough classical scholar, and if proficiency of his pupils is a test—and who will deny it?—a good teacher, but as a disciplinarian he was a sad failure. He had not found his place in school teaching, and about 1850, having tried it here and elsewhere until that time, he removed farther South. There he studied law and went into politics and became governor of Alabama. While in the Alabama Legislature, in connection with the Internal Improvement Board, of which he was chairman, we think, he was largely instrumental in building the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and as governor he raised the bonds of Alabama above those of any other Southern State at the time.

We now close with naming the first class of the Odd Fellows' School, about the time of Mr. McLauchlin's death: Henry MacRae, Robert B. MacRae, Robert C. Green, Irving C. Ballard, John D. Taylor, Owen Fennell, Sidney G. Law, Joseph H. Flanner, William H. Hall, John J. Poisson, Washington C. Fergus, and John McLaurin. Irving Ballard and Henry MacRae afterwards taught in the school.

In the classical department under Mr. Lindsay were Sidney G. Law, Robert B. MacRae, Owen Fennell, Nicholas W. Schenck, Hardy L. Fennell, Washington Fergus, Alvis Walker, William H. Bettencourt, John L. Hill, Robert C. Green, Henry M. Drane, James A. Wright, Daniel Newton, John William Kelly, Arthur J. Hill, and John McLaurin.

The good work done by the school has been referred to. It was in its aim and purpose and in its results very like to that

[1]Mr. Meginney's school is mentioned at greater length elsewhere in the *Chronicles*.

done by Mrs. Hemenway, under the management, direction, and control of Miss Amy M. Bradley, something like a quarter of a century afterwards. Wilmington ought never to cease to hold both the one and the other everlastingly in grateful remembrance.

SENEX, JR.

IV.

Before proceeding to weightier matters let us gather up the loose-lying threads of memorial thought. Our friend aforesaid reminds us, on the subject of trucking, that the vegetables brought into table supply in 1840 were very limited. Lettuce was brought from Charleston, cabbages, as has been said, were not raised around here, and tomatoes were "love apples," pretty to look upon but not regarded as edible. Strawberries, now to be had in the height of the season at five cents per quart, were then 25 cents a saucer, and there were few in a saucer—cream, however, was thrown in. Hopkins, a little more than two miles east of the city and a stone's throw north of the New Bern Road, was the resort of courting couples for strawberries and cream, which suggests that courting was expensive in those days, at least to the financial partner of the concern.

And on the subject of the militia: how wondrously they were equipped—with long guns and short guns and rifles and shotguns and muskets—all flint and steel, for though percussion caps were invented as far back as 1818, and had become pretty well known by 1830—Colt using them on his repeating pistols invented in 1836—yet the United States Government did not use them before about 1842, and although the army might easily have been furnished with percussion muskets in the Mexican War, 1846, General Scott preferred the flint-lock gun, "considering it dangerous to campaign in an enemy's country with an untried weapon."

Oh, how those flint and steel locks did try the temper and the patience of the average youth of the days of 1840. See the lark, well away to be sure, but mounted on a hillock, and his bright yellow breast exposed invitingly! Snap goes the flint upon the steel; he winks his eye and whisks his tail and soars away. That chance is gone, for the day perhaps. And how tantalizing it must have been in war, in the very heat of the battle, to have the flint fail to strike fire or the powder to flash in the pan.