brought out his brother Charles (was it not John?), but was driven from the field by the Odd Fellows' School. He then went into the shipping commission business, having for his clerk Anthony D. Cazaux. Afterwards, he engaged in turpentine distilling, and finally returned North, where he died in a good old age.

Mr. Mulock's principle in teaching was thoroughness. There were no heads nor tails to his classes. Boys came up to the front bench to recite and standing erect were questioned, or went to the blackboard to do the "sums," as the problems in mathematics were called. Smith's grammar was used and Walker's dictionary. A part of speech was named and parsed, with the reason why for everything. A word was spelled and defined, and a sentence constructed with the word properly used therein. There was no precise verbal memorizing required, and there could be no dodging nor evasion. The chinquapin was always ready for use and was in frequent demand. Boys were detained sometimes until long after nightfall, as "Nick" puts it, "staying in until perfect, even to the bringing of your candle for night study." Being a very small boy, the writer was excused from night service. Day's algebra, we thought, was the hardest algebra to be sure. It most certainly tried one's intellectual calibre more than Davies', which was used in the Odd Fellows' School. But we are reminded that Mr. Mulock was patient with all boys and helpful to all, even while he required good conduct and exacted perfect lessons.

As to Madame Clement's and Miss Verina Moore's schools, about which we are asked, they came on after the forties—that is our recollection. Miss Verina afterwards married Dr. R. H. Chapman, a Presbyterian minister, taught school in Goldsboro, perhaps also in Asheville, and died at the latter place a few years since.

Our last article closed with the blowing up of Philip Bassadier. He was, as has been said, of mixed blood and appears to have come to Wilmington from one of the West Indian Islands long before the days of the forties. At that time he was recognized as a character. He was exceedingly Frenchy in his politeness and doubtless the only tonsorial artist in the town. At least the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Chronicle* of November 1, 1843, would indicate that then for the first time Walsh Revells or some one else was making his opposition felt. Here is Philip's ad., after an announcement of his readiness to serve the public: "He has carried on this business in Wilmington for upwards of forty years, which he thinks some evidence of merit in the use of razors and scissors, and as giving him some claim to public patronage." There seems to be force in the claim. Philip, with his grey-white kinky hair, brown complexion, and knee breeches—well, maybe not—looms up before us now. His shop stood at the corner of the alley next north of Boatwright's store, on the precise site of that store in fact, a small one-story wooden building with the inevitable striped pole in front, and there he was to be found presumably for forty years before 1843. The shop was destroyed by fire on the early morning of November 26, 1846. Perhaps too much time and space are given to Philip Bassadier, but he can not be dismissed without reference to his musical ability, displayed as violinist on festive occasions of all kinds, at the theatres, etc., and especially of his services as bugle man to the Clarendon Horse Guards about 1845 and later. The Horse Guards, under command of Dr. James F. McRee, jr., and later of Capt. William C. Howard, to the small boys of the period stood as representative of military pomp and prowess, but the company itself did not call forth more admiration than Philip Bassadier as, early in the morning on the day of the "turn out," he blew his bugle at one street corner, then in a gallop rushed to another, reined up, and again awakened the echoes with his blast. We see him now in his cocked hat and red flannel coat and note the beaming pride on his countenance, and we almost hear the shouts of delight of the urchins enjoying it all.

The Wilmington Volunteers on April 30, 1840, celebrated their ninth anniversary. They were then in command of Junius D. Gardner. Afterwards Capt. O. G. Parsley was chief in command, and previously, probably, Capt. John MacRae. This company was the pride of our town in those days, and on the anniversaries it always had target practice at Hogg's Folly, and thereafter marched through the streets, the well-torn target in the rear and the best marksman, usually Billy Burch, or Mr. Jimmy, his brother, conspicuous in the ranks by reason of the yellow plume which decorated his cap and proclaimed his skill. The New Hanover Rifle Corps paraded the first time November 3, 1841, with R. F. Brown as captain, R. G. Rankin, first lieutenant, J. B. Cumming, second lieutenant, and Louis H. Pierce, third. In 1846, about June, the Wilmington Guards were formed, with James Anderson, captain, Alexander MacRae, jr., first lieutenant, Henry Nutt, second lieutenant, and