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WHOLE NO. 154

MISCELLANEOUS.

MY SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLMASTERS.

From the N. C. University Magazine.

In the course of the last month we have read two Autobiographies, which afford in some respects a parallel, but in most, a contrast the strongest possible. In one, a woman tells the world what has been her manner of life and why, and a man gives us his story in the other. They are both eminently earnest characters—to borrow a cant word of the day—both know what work is—both have achieved the ends for which they labored—and neither, we think appear to have any apprehensions in awaiting the verdict of the public. But here the parallel ceases. The lives of Anna Cora Mowatt and Hugh Miller, were not more widely sundered and discordant in sphere and object, than are the details and conclusions of their autobiographies. Mrs. Mowatt was born a butterfly, and lived the happiest, and most amiable, and most beautiful, and most fortunate of butterflies, till the weather changed. Then unlike most butterflies, she met the storm bravely and cheerfully, left her garden of roses, and went honestly to work. We do not quarrel with her field of labor. It was the one best adapted to her tastes and abilities, and in which by nature and education she was peculiarly fitted to excel. When a butterfly takes to work at all, we should not be too rigid in allotting it for her. What she did, she did well and with all her might, honestly, and we had almost said manfully—woman fully however, is a much better word. And now, as she retires gracefully and honorably from her chosen scene of action, let no one who values and applauds at any time well-directed, upright and persevering talent and industry, refuse her the appropriate wreaths and garlands.

Far different the estimate of this other life, far deeper the lessons taught, far higher its aims, and more enduring its rewards. Hugh Miller is one of the men of the age. As a man of science and of letters, he has made his mark, well defined and lasting, and needs no panegyric of ours—even were we capable of estimating all that he has done. But as a self-taught, self-made man, who owes his present position to no patronage of wealth or fashion, but solely to his own unassisted efforts, we find it good to contemplate and admire him.

An autobiography is very pleasant reading, when we have reason to believe it honest. It is enlarging the circle of one's acquaintances, one's sympathies and interests, without the formalities of introduction and the slow lapse of months and years. We shake hands with Mr. Miller over many a sentiment, enter into his speculations, share in his disappointments, and rejoice over his successes with all the zeal of growing friendship, and at the close of his book look once more at the steady manly face in front, as at that of a tried and trusted personal friend.

Descended from a race of brave adventurous sailors, or a family poor but eminently respectable, Mr. Miller tells us that he spent a daring, rambling and somewhat untractable childhood and youth, in the town of Cronarty, on the wild seashore of Northern Scotland. The acknowledged leader of the town boys in all adventures and scrapes; excelling in personal strength and activity of body and mind, he yet lived alone, a life of his own, not profitable to look at, but yielding fruit at last. His long rambles on the seashore, and among the glens and moorlands of the country gave full scope and exercise to an inquiring mind, and to the powers of close observation and induction, which we consider more a gift, than a habit of mind. If they are indeed a habit that may be acquired, they are the best substitute for genius the world will ever know, but if they are given, and one man may have, and another may not, then they are genius itself. He was a Geologist born. Where his schoolmates saw only rough caves and precipices, shining bits of rock, and queer shells, he like the man in the fairy tale whose sight was cleared to behold gems and precious things where others saw nothing, was stirred to admiration and wonder, and inquiry, and study, and fresh discoveries, and finally to a larger life and hope than his comrades could ever know. He was a reader too of old ballads of Scotch worthies, of old books of travel and romance, for to a shrewd and sober and steady Scotch Presbyterian in every vein and thought, yet was he a poet within, loving all things beautiful and noble from the bird singing in the breezy tree-top, to the hero lives of Wallace and the Bruce.

On arriving at an age to choose his business for life, with his preferences for outdoor employment, and inevitable geologic tendencies, he decided upon the life of a stone mason, much in opposition to the wishes of his family, who like most Scotch people, set a high value on education and distinction in some liberal profession. But as a boy, our friend had not availed himself of advantages for "schooling," and as a young man he was still unwilling to submit to such discipline of mind. His Schools and Schoolmasters were to be under the blue sky, in quarries and "old Red Sandstone" formations. But at the close of his biography he records his emphatic testimony against his own neglect, for which he paid the penalty of spending ten of the best years of his life in hard manual labor: arriving by slow and laborious processes at conclusions and benefits to which a systematic education would have smoothed and accelerated his progress.

Meanwhile we are selfish enough to be glad of his experience among stone-masons. We

like to read about the people of a country—Not the gentry and nobility with their conventionalities and conservatories—nor the scientific men with their associations and theories—nor the literary men with their refinements and gossip, but we like to know what the men and women who live on oat meal and potatoes the year round think about, and how. Where the mechanic differs from the day laborer, and how far this difference is to be charged to difference of employment, since the operations of their minds are more affected and controlled by the occupation of their hands, than of those whose hands are employed by their minds. In one of his published works, one of the most delightful too—"First Impressions of England," we went heartily with him in his "Second Class" tour through the country. We are tired of letters of introduction, and invitations to dinner from Miss Mitford and Carlyle, and Earl Grey, and Mr. Peabody, and the stereotyped round of courtesies and hospitalities. When we go to England, unless indeed it be in an official capacity, Envoy Extraordinary from our beloved country, or some little matter of that sort, we shall go as did Mr. Miller, in second class cars, to second class, or perchance third class hotels—dealing largely as became that eminent geologist with the primitive formations of Society, the lower strata, so to speak. He has a hearty sense in that book which is worth much fine spun philanthropy, and is a key to much of our enjoyment in association with our fellow men—"It is pleasant to throw oneself unknown and uncommenced on the humanity of our fellows, and to receive kindness simply as a man."

The life of a stone mason involved much hardship and privation among a class of men in no way calculated to forward Mr. Miller's plans and aspirations for self-improvement. When the hard day's work was done, he hurried off to the rocks and woods to get new lessons in geology and natural science, but so slow were the processes of an untaught, unaided mind that he often details in a few sentences, facts and conclusions, which were the result of years of toil and struggle to him. The lives of men of mark are not records of sudden intuitions of genius—at one bound as they were establishing their superiority and triumph—but of long and patient labor, persevering efforts towards definite object, often among unpropitious surroundings, and frequent discouragements. Step by step he won his way. Having his winters free, he employed every means to add to his store of facts and general information. A visit to Edinburgh, where he found employment for two years in stone-cutting opened fresh sources of interest, and gave him more confidence, a quality which he seems to have lacked, though possessing a full share of the national traits of self-respect and self-reliance. His first essays at writing attracted attention. Sometimes suggestive facts of his own observation in natural science, sometimes poetry, and sometimes dipping into the church questions in which every Scotchman feels a personal interest, whatever he wrote bore the stamp of originality and clear sense. Friends were made, and influence established among the good and honorable, but it is pleasant to see his sturdy independence of all "patronage."

He was never ashamed of his occupation, nor afflicted with fears of criticism. An honest stone mason he was content to be, believing doubtless with Carlyle that there is a perennial nobleness and sacredness in work.

The large majority of men have their own way to make in the world. To the large majority then such a record as this should be interesting and valuable. The atmosphere of the book, if we may so speak, is in a remarkable degree healthful and invigorating. There is no cant, no weakness, no bigotry, no infidelity. A Christian man, working with his two hands for his daily bread, yet sending a keen and powerful mind far abroad among his Maker's works, exploring fresh fields and making new discoveries, admiring, adoring—and then recording for the benefit of his fellow men, is surely an object worthy our admiration and emulation.

With many scientific details and speculations, there is much poetical feeling and expression in this volume, and indeed in all his books that we have read; and with a vein of dry humor "cropping out" at intervals with wonderfully pleasant effect. He tells of a large eagle shot by one of his uncles, which he divested of its skin to preserve as a trophy. Some young fellows of the town seeing the eagle after the operation looking remarkably clean and well conditioned, sent it to a half-witted old woman as "a great goose the gift of a gentleman." It was thankfully accepted, and the old lady's cottage proved odoriferous for several days at dinner-time. Being asked how she liked the great goose the kind gentleman sent her, she replied, "Unco sweet, but O, teach, teach."

We were left by this anecdote into speculation as to whether the race of eagles was quite as extinct in the neighborhood of Chapel Hill, as has been heretofore supposed. We are sure that "great geese" are not.

Since every good man's life should disclose more or less of Love in its manifestations, we were glad to see the motto for one of the later chapters contain some hint of a "maiden's ear." We confess to much skipping of limestone and cephalopodous molluscs, upon that discovery; for with all our admiration of fossils, ichthyolites, ammonites and the like, we have also a great desire for more information, upon the mention of a pretty girl. We cannot help it, but truth is truth and must be told—we like to read about a genuine courtship, and the

greater the man, the more curious are we to learn how he acquired himself in the "nice art of love-making." We remember that Chancellor Eldon's life had an added charm for us as well as for Eldon himself when his "Bessie" made her appearance. We fell in love with her at first sight, when she wore a white frock and long curls like a child, and when she tied a wet towel round her forehead to keep herself awake to share her young husband's toils and studies far into the night—our admiration knew no bounds. So when we spied the motto of the twenty-third chapter of Mr. Miller's autobiography, as we said before, we made haste to get to it.

A very pretty story and very nicely told—Mr. Miller is hewing stone in somebody's garden, some ladies stop to chat with him, when another "very pretty young lady"—"a ligh and somewhat petite figure"—"clear complexion," and all that, runs artlessly down the walk, her idly specks to one of the ladies, and is off again, without having seemed to notice the man who stood by. The mason saw her, however, without dreaming of what he learned some time after, that the hurried run down the garden was a premeditated artifice, to get a look at the poet mason whose name was beginning to be widely known. He, poor man, seems to have been hoodwinked at the first glance, and therefore cannot be supposed to have seen many steps of his after way. We, however, have our own opinion as to the sequences—How came it, we ask, that this young lady happened (?) soon after that first interview to be walking along one of his favorite walks, "a tree-skirted glade"—sauntering leisurely along, now and then dipping into a rather bulky volume which she carried that had not the least look of a novel, and which proved to be an elaborate essay on causation? Pray, will any body tell us? We don't say we know how it "happened," but we do say that though Mr. Miller may have known a great deal about "trap," it is very evident to our mind that he was not quite up to it. And we will lay a wager to any amount that that young woman knew a blessed deal more about effect than she did about cause.

It only remains to be added that they were married. After that treatise on causation we saw how it would be. Soon after his marriage he was offered a place of trust in a Bank in his native town, which he filled for a short time removing thence to Edinburgh to take charge of a paper which under his hands has become one of the leading journals of the kingdom. Besides his duties as Editor he has given to the world a series of volumes which are no less admirable as contributions to literature than as scientific manuals. Geology of the Bass Rock, The Old Red Sandstone, Footprints of the Creator, and First Impressions of England, are all emphatically valuable and charming books.

We especially like his delineations of national traits, and his estimation of national character. "First Impressions of England" has more about the formations of church and State, Dissent and Radicalism, than about organic remains and Saliferous systems, and we find its pages more attractive than his more strictly scientific productions. As a book of travels it is eminently fresh and original, and for free and fair consideration of various social and religious systems, and national and individual peculiarities and prejudices we know not its equal.

As to Mr. Miller's geology, we would like to say something if the greater part of it were not as yet terra incognita to us. The theories of modern geologists make a near approach to the something "new under the sun" so many years ago pronounced unattainable. The science, however, as yet is but feeling its way to the formation of a complete and coherent system. The prejudices against it that have been entertained by good men and even the learned from the apprehension that its theories were in opposition to the revelations of Scripture, are fast subsiding as apparent contradictions become less prominent and fresh grounds for reconciliation are every day more apparent. Cowper's well known lines are yet quoted, though with less and less confidence.

Some drill and bore
The solid earth, and from the strata there
Extract a register by which we learn
That He who made, and revealed its date
To Moses, was mistaken in its age."

Geologists deny that its date was revealed to Moses, or that a date was assigned to any thing but the age of our race. Meanwhile the witnesses are being examined on both sides, and we doubt not they will be found to agree at last, and Geology will take her stand with her sister Sciences as the hand maid of that Religion without which our world would be infinitely more dreary and uninhabitable than when brute monsters alone ranged its surface or rolled in its strange seas. The geologic systems and theories of Lyell and Miller, as far as we have read or comprehended them, are as beautiful as they are new, and even more grand than beautiful. The links that connect the lower orders of animal life with the higher are stretched to infinite extent; and for a vision of earth descending from her Maker's hand in full robes and perfect beauty "in the space of six days," we are taught that earthquakes and fire and rolling oceans were at work for their appointed series of ages, preparing it by slow gradation and gradual progress for the final consummation of beauty, when it was pronounced very good, and fit for the abode of an intelligent creature in its Maker's own image.

Yet Mother Earth is sadly changed to our filial eyes by these curious considerations. We lose the soothing idea of her kind natural bosom, where all her weary children long to be at rest. Consumed by internal fires raging fierce and untamable—washed by the hungry sea that prowls restlessly day and night around—tossed and trembling with strange throes and convulsions—ever changing and bearing within the wild elements of her own destruction—this cannot be our rest.

C.

THE MEBANE FAMILY.

"Colonel Alexander Mebane, the patriarch of the family, came from the north of Ireland and settled in Pennsylvania, where he remained several years, when he removed with his family to North Carolina and settled in the Hawfields, in Orange county. He was a man of good sense, upright, industrious and prudent in the management of his business affairs and soon acquired considerable wealth. He was commissioned Col. and Justice of the Peace under the Regal government. He had twelve children, six sons and six daughters, all of whom, except one, married and settled and raised families in Orange county.

After the Declaration of Independence it was soon ascertained that they were in the neighborhood of many Tories; but the old gentleman and all his sons except the youngest who was not grown, at once became Whigs and active defenders of the liberties of the country and supporters of the army. The British and Tories committed great depredations on the old gentleman's property—burnt his barns and fences, plundered his dwelling and took away every thing they could carry, even emptying the feathers from the beds and carrying away the ticks and furniture. The old gentleman was too old to become an active soldier himself, but his sons were active and zealous in the cause of Independence. William, the oldest, was a Captain in the militia. Alexander was constantly and actively engaged in the service of his country, and in addition to other duties, he discharged that of Commissary in collecting and distributing supplies of necessary provisions to the troops. The neighborhood was so much harassed by the Tories that he was compelled to send some of his oldest children and servants to a place in an adjoining county out of their range. When Cornwallis took Hillsboro', he narrowly escaped on foot, leaving a valuable mare, saddle and bridle, holsters and pistols. Whilst the British army were in Hillsboro', a company of them who went into the country around to collect supplies visited his mill and dwelling, when there was no person on the premises except his wife and some of the youngest children, and carried away meal from the mill, and bacon and poultry from and about the house. A few days after this, Lee's company of Light Horse with a company of Catawba Indians passed by the mill, and in a day or two after this, eight or ten of Genl. Pickett's men called at the gate, when Mrs. Mary Mebane, wife of Alexander, went out accompanied by some of the youngest children who were at home with her; and one of the men presented a pistol to her breast and threatened to shoot her unless she would tell them where her husband was. She replied that he was where he ought to be, in General Green's camp; and after some more talk, they asked her for something to eat. She brought it out to them, and they eat it sitting on their horses and departed.

Col. Robert Mebane was a man of undoubted courage and activity in the cause of his country and was a Colonel in the Continental line of the army. He was in many battles and skirmishes with the British and Tories. At the battle on Cane Creek he displayed great prowess and valor and fought hero-like. General Butler having ordered a retreat, Colonel Mebane rushed before the retreating army and, by violent efforts, got a part of them stopped, and gained a victory. Towards the close of the battle, ammunition being scarce, he passed along the line carrying powder in his hat and distributing it among the soldiers, encouraging and animating them to persevere in the bloody strife. He was afterwards with his regiment on the waters of the Cape Fear, contending with the Tories; but being notified that his services were needed in the northern part of the State, he set out accompanied only by his servant. On the way, he came upon a noted Tory and horse thief, by the name of Henry Hightower who was armed with a British musket. Knowing him, and perhaps too fearless and regardless of the consequences, he pursued him and when within striking distance with his arm uplifted, Hightower wheeled and shot him. Perhaps one of the first expeditions in which he was engaged was in company with General Rutledge, in 1776, with one thousand and nine hundred men, against the "overhill Cherokees," routing them, burning their towns and destroying their crops, in which he displayed his fearlessness and unflinching courage. In person he was large, strong, active, and of commanding appearance.

Colonel John Mebane, late of Chatham county, entered as Captain in the service of his country in the time of the revolution. When Hillsboro' was taken by the British and Tories, the Tories commanded by the notorious David Fanning, he was captured and with Thomas Burke, Governor of the State, and William Kinchen and others, was marched under the Tory Col. McDougal, who, although there was an attempt made by the Whigs to rescue them at Lindley's mill, succeeded in taking them to Wilmington, N. C., when they were put on board a prison-ship and from there taken to Charleston, S. C., where they were still confined on board the ship

for a long time, suffering extremely by the privations, heat, filth and vermin and the diseases common on board prison-ships. As John Mebane and William Kinchen, after their release, were on their way home, Kinchen was taken sick and died.

A skirmish took place in the Hawfields, near old Colonel Mebane's house, between a small party of Whigs and Tories, in which the Tories were defeated and fled. The Whigs pursued them. Joseph Hodge, a valiant Whig, who was very resolute and eager in the pursuit, overtook a noted Tory, by the name of John Hasting, who was an active Tory and had piloted the British and Tories through the neighborhood (he living near Col. Mebane's) to places where their property was concealed.

Hasting was armed with a British musket and bayonet. He was overtaken, surrendered to Hodge, and pitched his musket from him which stuck in the ground by the bayonet—Hodge wheeled to pursue the other Tories who were still before, leaving Hasting to the care of John Steel, who was just behind. Hasting took his gun and shot Hodge, as he rode from him, in the hip with the iron ramrod, and attempted to escape. Steel fired his rifle at him and the ball struck a tree near Hasting's head. Steel then charged upon him with his sword, cutting his nose through into the face, and splitting his head in a variety of places, and would have killed him if it had not been for the entreaties of Hodge, who was lying near with the iron ramrod sticking in him, and begged him to spare his life. He being then literally cut to pieces, he got a hat, fitted the pieces of skin on his head and put on the hat to hold them together. He was then put into the custody of Moses Crawford to take him to jail in Hillsboro'; but as they were passing the lane of Jas. Mebane, Senr., Hasting snatched a stake out of the fence, knocked Crawford down and escaped. The ramrod was drawn, with much effort, from Hodge, and he had to secrete himself from the Tories until he got well. During this time he was occasionally visited by Doct. John C. Umstead, a worthy man and eminent physician, who practiced medicine successfully for many years, after the war, in the Hawfields, and whose memory is yet cherished by many who had partaken of his kindness and skill. David Mebane, the youngest of the brothers, did not arrive at the age at which men were taken into the service until near the close of the war, yet he served two terms in the militia.

After the close of the war, the sons of old Col. Mebane were highly respected for their services in obtaining the liberty and independence of the country, and were frequently called upon to serve their country in various departments. William Mebane was chosen by the freeholders of Orange county, in 1782, to serve them in the Senate of the General Assembly, with William McCauley and Mark Patterson in the Commons. He was twice married. His first wife was a Miss Abercrombie, with whom he lived many years, and in his old age he married a Miss Rainey, a daughter of the Rev. Benjamin Rainey. He died leaving no child, having had none by either marriage.

Alexander Mebane was a member of the Provincial Congress or Convention that met at Halifax, on the 16th day of December, A. D., 1776, to form a Constitution of the State, and of the Convention at Hillsboro', to fix the Seat of Government and adopt the Constitution of the United States. He was a member of the House of Commons of the General Assembly, in 1783, '84, '87, '88, '89, '90, '91, and '92.

About this time he was elected a Brigadier-general by the General Assembly of North Carolina. In 1793, he was elected a member of Congress and served two sessions in Philadelphia. He was elected again to the next Congress, but died before the commencement, on the 5th day of July, 1795. He was distinguished for his sound practical sense, his unblemished integrity and unflinching firmness. General Alexander Mebane was born in Pennsylvania, 26th of November, 1744. He was married to Mary Armstrong, of Orange County, in February, 1767, by whom he had twelve children, four sons and eight daughters. One of the daughters died before she was grown. All the other children married and had families. Of his sons there are yet alive, James Mebane, Esquire, now near Yanceyville, Caswell county, who has been much in public life, served very often in both Houses of the legislature, was one of the first students at Chapel Hill, and one of the founders of the literary societies there. The Dialectic Society, to perpetuate his name and his services, have procured a life-like portrait of him, that may be seen in their hall. He married in early life Elizabeth Kinchen, the only child of William Kinchen, whose name has been mentioned in this sketch, by whom he had six children, five sons and one daughter. William, who lives at Mason Hall, in Orange county, and Doct. John Alexander Mebane, at Greensboro', Guilford county. Of his daughters, two only survive, Frances, the wife of the Rev. William D. Paisley, who is the son of Colonel John Paisley, a brave and valiant soldier of the Revolution, and Elizabeth, the wife of William H. Goodloe, of Madison county, Mississippi. General Alexander Mebane was, in his person, what is generally termed a likely man, about six feet high, of ruddy complexion, black hair, and of robust appearance. He was a member of the Presbyterian church, and died on the 5th day of July, 1795, with a comfortable assurance of a glorious and blessed immortality. Some of his last words were—I know Him in whom I have believed.

Capt. James Mebane was also actively employed during the Revolutionary war. He married Margaret Allen, of the Hawfields, by whom he had a large family of children. He died some years before his wife.

Col. John Mebane, late of Chatham county, was elected for that county, and served in the House of Commons of the General Assembly, in 1790, '91, '92, '93, '95, '98, '99, 1800—1—3—8—9—11. About the close of the war he married Mrs. Sarah Kinchen, widow of William Kinchen, who died on his way home from the prison-ship, at Charleston, S. C., by whom he had one son, John Briggs Mebane, who represented the county in the House of Commons in 1813, and one daughter who married Thomas Hill, of Rockingham county.

David Mebane, the youngest son of the patriarch of the family, represented the county of Orange, in the House of Commons, in the years 1808, '09 and '10. He married Miss Ann Allen, of the Hawfields. He had a large family of children, of whom George A. Mebane of Mason Hall, merchant and Post Master, is one. After the death of his first wife, he married Mrs. Elizabeth Young, of Caswell, by whom he had one daughter. He died several years before his last wife.

A considerable portion of this numerous family are now living in Orange, Caswell and Guilford counties; but a large portion have migrated to the west and are living in various States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, Indiana, Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas.

The above sketch was furnished by James Mebane, Esq., of Caswell county, who is so well known over the State for his integrity, his strong good sense, his public spirit and the consistency of his Christian deportment. It was furnished at my special request; and for this act of courtesy and kindness I consider myself under strong obligations.

It was my design from the first, provided the memoranda could be obtained, to give a sketch of Col. Robert Mebane, whose military and patriotic services, during the war, I had always heard mentioned in terms of high commendation; and for this purpose I applied to his nephew, Doct. John A. Mebane, of Greensboro', who told me that he had several brothers who were equally patriotic and active during that eventful period of our country's history. I then told him that I would be glad to get an account of the others also; and he referred me to his brother James who was much older and much better acquainted with the history of the family. At my request he promptly consented to procure the facts from his brother; and the sketch which he has furnished is certainly a very well written one for a man who is seventy-five years of age. It contains many facts of interest, as matters of history, and having been written, as it evidently was, with great candor and modesty, it will be read with pleasure by every one who admires the spirit and character of the men who achieved our independence.

According to the information which I have had from other sources, I would say that the writer, in this plain and honest statement of facts, instead of exaggerating, has fallen below the truth; and that in all honesty and fairness, much more might have been said. Some ten or twelve years ago I called to see Nathaniel Slade, then a man of advanced age, but a respectable citizen of Caswell county. He had been in the Guilford battle, and on more than one expedition with Col. Robert Mebane. The energy and firmness which Mebane displayed in the battle on Cane Creek have been already noticed. Disregarding the order of General Butler for a retreat, he rallied as many of the men as he could, renewed the conflict and gained a victory, or rather made it a "drawn battle." At the first opportunity, he went to Butler, told him that he had disobeyed his order to retreat, and then offered him his sword; but Butler had, of course, too much sense to receive it. In this he showed the courage and magnanimity of a hero; and all the testimony I have had, in regard to this whole affair, is perfectly accurate.

Immediately after the battle on Cane Creek, General Butler collected as many men as possible, on the spur of the occasion, and pursued the Tories. Slade and Mebane were both on this expedition, as they both belonged to Butler's District. Whether it was owing to the difficulties which could not be overcome, or to the want of sufficient firmness on the part of the commanding officer, the writer has no means of ascertaining; but they did not overtake the Tories and could not rescue the Governor. At a place called the Brown Marsh, they met a party of British and Tories, and a skirmish ensued. Slade told me that Butler, under an impression that the enemy had "fold pieces," ordered a retreat after the first fire and set the example himself; but Mebane did just as he had done on Cane Creek, disobeyed orders, rallied as many of the men as he could, and continued the fight until they were overpowered by numbers, or by British discipline, and were obliged to retreat. Slade said that he was not far from Mebane, and heard him giving his orders in a bold, strong voice: "Now give it to them boys—fire! Load again, boys, and give them another round—fire!" True courage is one of those things which cannot be counterfeited; and a man of real energy and firmness will make his mark wherever he goes. In this affair at Brown Marsh, as at the battle on Cane Creek, Mebane showed an utter disregard of his own safety; and the old man Slade, when speaking of it seemed to be quite enthusiastic. It was on his return

from this expedition that he was killed or mortally wounded by the Tories, as above related, and his death was much regretted by the Whig party.

In the last will and testament of Colonel John Mebane, of Chatham county, which is dated May 31st, 1834, I find the following bequest which relates to a military relic of his brother, Colonel Robert Mebane, and touchingly indicates the martial spirit of the two brothers.—"Item, I give and bequeath to my nephew, Dr. John A. Mebane, of Greensboro', my silver hilted sword, it being the first sword taken from the British in North Carolina during the revolutionary war, by my brother Col. Robert Mebane."

The sword mentioned in the above extract, was taken by Colonel Mebane, from a British officer, somewhere about Wilmington, or in that region, but precisely when, and under what circumstances is not now recollected. It has been carefully preserved by Doct. Mebane, to whom it was bequeathed; and will probably be handed down as a kind of "heir-loom" in the family, for generations to come.—*Caruthers' Revolutionary Incidents of the Old North State.*

NATURALIZATION LAWS.—It is somewhat singular that there should be so extensive a misapprehension in regard to the naturalization laws of this country, as seems to prevail. While the general ideas concerning them are very vague and indefinite, there are also very many persons who have entirely mistaken views on the subject, and few, except those whose business leads them to investigate the subject, are really familiar with their provisions. At the present time there is a very general interest in the matter, and we have thought a slight and brief account of them as at present existing, might not be amiss.

Under the present laws for the naturalization of aliens every applicant must have resided in the United States for the term of five years previous to making his application and in the State where he applies at least one year. The application may be made to any State Court, which is a Court of record and has common law jurisdiction, or to any Circuit or District Court of the United States. The fact of residence must be proved to the satisfaction of the Court by oath of two citizens of the United States, who must also swear that the applicant is a person of good moral character, "attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same." The applicant must also swear to the fact of residence and his desire to become a good citizen, and must take a solemn oath to bear true faith and allegiance to the United States, and to renounce all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state, sovereignty whatever, and especially to such potentate (by name) as he has previously been a subject of. It must also (except in one case, hereafter mentioned), be proved to the Court that the applicant has, two years at least before applying for naturalization, declared on oath his intention to become a citizen, and to renounce all allegiance to his former sovereignty before some Court such as is described above. In practice, this declaration is signed and sworn to before the clerk of one of these courts; and by him filed as matter of record, while the declarant takes a copy certified by the clerk and the seal of the Court. There is one case where this previous declaration of intention is not required, and that is, where the applicant can satisfy the Court that he arrived in the country three years or more before he came of age, that he has resided here the full five years, is of the requisite moral character, and has intended, bona fide, to become a citizen for three years before making his application. In this case no previous declaration is necessary. All applicants must also renounce any title, or order of nobility, if they should have any such.

It is also provided by law, that children of persons only naturalized, if minors at the time of such naturalization, shall become citizens, and the widow and minor children of an alien, who has declared his intention of becoming a citizen, and died before his admission, shall be deemed to be citizens.—*Salem Observer.*

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect this he has, in maturity and health, 60 bones in his head, 60 in his thighs and legs, 62 in his arms and hands, and 67 in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes 64 pulsations in a minute; therefore 3,740 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of inanimate bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a ladybird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues an hour; and a Canary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound, 1,142 English feet in a second.—*Buch.*