

members of the Faculty as may be willing to undertake them, and, if necessary, to appoint one or more tutors. That such temporary arrangements shall be in force for and during the present session only; or, for such shorter period as the Board of Trustees or this Committee shall hereafter determine.

Test:

CHAS. MANLY, Sec'y.

### RESOLUTIONS OF THE FACULTY.

CHAPEL HILL, July 17, 1857.

At the first regular meeting of the Faculty of the University, after a solemn prayer to Almighty God, the following paper was unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, since the last meeting of the Faculty of the University, an All-Wise God has been pleased, by a dispensation the more distressing because unexpected, to take unto Himself the oldest member of our Body, the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology:—bowing in humble submission to this sad bereavement, We, the Faculty of the University, desiring to bear our testimony to the worth of our departed companion and friend, and enduringly to record our tribute to his memory, have unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That in the lamented death of our late associate we feel that the Institution to which we belong has lost one of the most valuable officers she ever possessed; and that in the devotion of forty years to her service his zeal never slackened, his diligence never relaxed, his faithfulness never slumbered; but during all that long period, ripening constantly in experience, he consecrated his best faculties and varied attainments to the advancement of the usefulness and honor of the Institution of which he was so distinguished an ornament.

*Resolved*, That we cannot but feel also the loss that Science has sustained in the removal of our departed friend. Pursuing it in various departments and not unsuccessful in any that he attempted, the rich and varied stores of his well cultivated mind gave to him, deservedly, a celebrity that, reaching beyond the limits of this his immediate sphere of action, secured to his name and opinions a weight of authority that was felt and acknowledged by the scientific throughout our land; and in the midst of our regrets it affords us a melancholy satisfaction to reflect that he met his death in the cause of Science, and thus, in appropriate keeping with the duties of his life has, in his death, added his name to the list of her honored martyrs.

*Resolved*, That our loss is in our view more sorrowful still when we think of him as the christian gentleman, whose heart overflowing with the tenderest sympathies of humanity, made him the ever beneficent friend of the poor and wretched; as the minister of our Holy Faith, dispensing the precious truths of eternal life to the sinful and wayward; as the watchful friend and faithful guardian of the young, by whom he was surrounded, ever ready to speak to them in gentleness and love, the wise words of warning and counsel; as the intimate companion and associate of ourselves, whose presence brought experience to our deliberations, and the cheerful playfulness of innocent mirth to our social intercourse.

*Resolved*, That this our faint tribute to the worth of Dr. Mitchell be recorded on our Minutes and that a copy thereof be communicated to the family by the Secretary; accompanied with the assurance of the deep condolence and the heart-felt sympathy of every member of the Faculty.

*Resolved*, That the Rev. Dr. Phillips be requested to deliver in the Chapel of the University, on Sunday next, an appropriate Funeral discourse and that the President of the University himself be respectfully desired to prepare and pronounce before the University an Eulogy on our deceased brother, at such time as may suit his convenience.

### RESOLUTIONS OF THE STUDENTS.

CHAPEL HILL, July 22, 1857.

At a Meeting of the Students held in Girard Hall, the following resolutions were adopted in memory of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology.

WHEREAS, The All-wise God as part of his inscrutable dealings with men has seen fit to call our beloved and honored preceptor, Dr. Mitchell, from a life of labor and usefulness;

*Resolved*, That we do sincerely lament his decease, and tender our sympathies to his afflicted family.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell, the University has sustained a loss scarcely to be repaired; that we the students miss a true friend, Science an active, able and learned follower; and Religion a sincere and zealous advocate.

*Resolved* That his habits of laborious and patient research rendered him a model for every aspirant for honorable distinction; that his great proficiency in the departments of which he had charge, admirably fitted him for his office as a teacher; that his intellect, naturally acute and comprehensive, and by many years of reading and reflection the repository of al-

most every kind of useful or recondite knowledge, rendered him eminently an honor to this Institution and to the State; that his high toned principles commanded universal respect, and the kindness of his heart made him near to all who knew him.

*Resolved*, That in token of our high esteem for his memory, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

#### MEETING OF THE DIALECTIC SOCIETY.

DIALECTIC HALL, July 24, 1857.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, by a most sudden blow to remove from the midst of our community the Rev. Dr. Elisha Mitchell; the Dialectic Society, acknowledges that the intimacy of his personal and official relations with all of its sitting members demands that it depart from the custom which renders such obituary tributes as this appropriate only to those who have been members of its particular organization; the more especially as Dr. Mitchell was eminent among the lovers of Virtue and Science;

*Resolved*, That this catastrophe, which has caused a shock through all the domain of letters, occasioned a loss to this University, so great and peculiar as to call for the deepest sorrow on the part of all who have any connection therewith.

*Resolved*, That although none of us had been privileged to follow our late revered Professor along those paths of study which were specially his own, yet we desire to say that we make it matter of honest pride that we were Students of the University during his era; that we can recall in after life many circumstances of profit and pleasure in our intercourse with him; and record here our obligations to him for that high example that the much absorbed and universal student need not, amidst such pursuits, divest himself of those homely yet noble qualities which make the benevolent and public spirited citizen, the courageous magistrate, and the humble and sincere christian—that the youth not only of the State, but of the country, will in years long yet to come, remember him as one who guided the footsteps of their fathers amid many rugged paths in the search of knowledge and truth, and even by them will his name be recorded with those great benefactors of his race.

*Resolved*, That upon the loss of this their distinguished member, we tender our condolence to our brethren of the Philanthropic Society, and pledge ourselves to co-operate with them in such manner for erecting a permanent memorial of our respect and gratitude as may be deemed suitable.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be filed in the Archives of our Body and that one be sent to the bereaved family of the deceased as the last sad tribute of our respect to his memory.

*Resolved*, That we also wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

J. G. McNAB,  
J. G. MOREHEAD, JR., } Com.  
F. D. STOCKTON.

#### MEETING OF THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

PHILANTHROPIC HALL, July 26, 1857.

THE members of the Philanthropic Society having learned the sudden and melancholy death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., the Senior Professor in our University; to express the feelings which the sad event has inspired us with, have

*Resolved*, That in the death of Dr. Mitchell our University and the cause of learning in our Country have suffered a great and irreparable loss; that we, his pupils, are bereft of a most able, skillful and learned instructor, and have been separated forever from a man whom we admired and a friend whom we loved, whose many kind offices and wise counsels we shall sadly miss.

*Resolved*, That we offer our sincere and earnest sympathies in this affliction to the family of our deceased friend, and to the Faculty of the University which he served and honored so long.

*Resolved*, That our Society, of which he was a member and whose interest he always gladly served, has lost a warm and zealous patron and friend; and that our members wear the badge of mourning for thirty days.

*Resolved*, That the Committee present copies of these resolutions to the family of Dr. Mitchell, and to the Faculty of the University.

W. S. HUMPHRIES,  
ADDISON HARVEY, } Com.  
S. D. GOZA,  
E. S. J. BELL.

#### MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, July 16, 1857.

On motion of Rev. Dr. Lacy,

*Resolved*, That a Committee consisting of C. L. Hunter, M. D., Rev. W. W. Pharr and Edwin R. Harris, Esq., be appointed to prepare resolu-

tions expressing the views of the Board, in relation to the sudden and melancholy end, of the late Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor in the University of North Carolina.

The following Preamble and Resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Board of Trustees of Davidson College has just learned of the death of a venerable and learned Professor of the University of North Carolina, the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., who fell as a martyr to Science, and whereas his name is intimately connected with the building up and dissemination of sound learning in this State:

Therefore, *Resolved*, That we deeply deplore the great loss sustained by the State at large, by the Church of Christ, of which he was an active and a useful member, and by the Institution of which he was a distinguished and prominent Professor.

*Resolved*, That it becomes us, as a body of Christian men, to bow with reverence and humility, to this dark, melancholy and inscrutable dispensation of Providence, thus impressively reminding us that "in the midst of life we are in death."

*Resolved*, That we cordially extend to the family and relatives of the deceased our sincere condolence, and heart-felt sympathy in this their sudden and afflictive bereavement.

*Resolved*, That a copy of the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, to the President and Faculty of the University, and to the Raleigh papers, with the request that the same be published.

C. L. HUNTER,  
W. W. PHARR,  
EDWIN R. HARRIS. } Com.

#### MEETING OF THE FACULTY OF DAVIDSON COLLEGE.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, July 18, 1857.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Davidson College held on the 18th day of July 1857, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:—

Whereas the painful rumors which reached us a few days ago of the sudden and melancholy death of a distinguished Professor of our State University has been surely confirmed, we cannot refrain from some expression of the thoughts and feelings so naturally prompted by the sad news.

We regard the death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., as a public calamity, which must fill all who knew his eminent worth with the profoundest grief. Not only the University, but the State, has suffered an irreparable loss in being thus suddenly deprived of the invaluable services of one of her most laborious, ardent and successful instructors of youth. And we have abundant reason to know that there are those among the best and ablest in nearly every State of the Union who have carried with them from the University the impression of his high and generous character as a christian gentleman and scholar, who will mourn his death as a personal bereavement. The church also, in this general grief, sorrows most of all, because she has lost, in this distinguished philosopher an eminent christian minister and a noble exemplar of the high and essential harmony of Science and Religion. Through the whole of a long life he was an assiduous and enthusiastic devotee of Science; and to us there is something of a melancholy, poetic grandeur and greatness in the place and manner of his death—whereby Science in burying one of her worthiest sons has hallowed a new Pisgah, which future generations shall know and mark.

His career on earth is closed; and this mournful dispensation of Divine Providence brings forcibly to the mind of us all the solemn admonition of our Lord, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the Faculty of the University, of which he was the oldest member, and has been so long an ornament and pillar, in the great loss they have sustained in this sudden and mournful visitation.

*Resolved*, That a copy of this paper be sent to the family of Dr. Mitchell, not only to convey to them the expression of our sincere sympathy and condolence, but to remind them that though he, their stay and guide and light, is taken away from them and us, all is not taken; that there is still left to them an imperishable heritage in the good fame and the wide and distinguished usefulness of this eminent servant of the Church and of the country.

By order of the Faculty.

C. D. FISHBURN, *Clerk*.

#### MEETING OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF CHAPEL HILL.

CHAPEL HILL, July 13, 1857.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Our Heavenly Father in whose hands alone are the issues of life and death, to call from among us our venerable and

much beloved fellow member, the Rev. Elisha Mitchell; Therefore,

*Resolved*, That we have received with feelings of the deepest sorrow, the intelligence of his sad and melancholy fate.

*Resolved*, That while we bow with humble submission to the decree of the Supreme Governor of all things, we shall ever cherish in our hearts, the sentiments of esteem and friendship, with which his life and character have impressed us.

*Resolved*, That in his death the Commissioners and community of Chapel Hill have sustained an irreparable loss.

*Resolved*, That we most sincerely sympathise with his bereaved family in their trouble and distress.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the journals of the Village, that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased also to the Chapel Hill Gazette with request for publication.

E. MALLETT, *Magistrate Police.*

P. H. McDADE,  
H. B. GUTHRIE,  
J. H. WATSON,  
C. SCOTT.

} COMMISSIONERS.

#### MINUTE OF PRESBYTERY.

MINUTE adopted by the Presbytery of Orange at its session in Lexington, N. C., October 20th 1857.

"Inasmuch as it has pleased God to remove from us so suddenly, by a mysterious providence, our beloved brother, Elisha Mitchell—for nearly forty years a Professor in the University of North Carolina, having successively filled the Chairs of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and of Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology—it becomes us, while we deplore our weighty loss, to submit humbly to the stroke laid upon us. Let us, therefore, remember that we are now taught in this Providence that the time is short, and that no loveliness, nor usefulness, nor learning can exempt us from the solemn call that soon awaits each of us.

We recommend that a copy of this minute be sent to the family of the deceased brother with the hearty sympathy of this Presbytery.

WM. N. MEBANE, *Ch'n. Com.*

#### MINUTE OF SYNOD.

THE Committee appointed by the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in North Carolina, at its meeting in 1857, reported the following minute to the meeting in 1858.

"The Synod of North Carolina records with heart-felt sorrow the loss of one of its oldest members by the death of the Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, in the University of North Carolina. Late in 1817, Dr. Mitchell was licensed to preach the everlasting Gospel by a Congregational Association of orthodox faith in Connecticut. He was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry by the Presbytery of Orange. His first sermon was preached in the Chapel of the University not long after his licensure, and his last in the Presbyterian Church in Salisbury, a short time before he perished. So his ministerial service of nearly forty years was rendered altogether while in communion with this body. He was probably the most learned man that ever lived in this State. He was a skillful and conscientious Professor, and as such was constantly engaged in preparing for their various walks in life the youth of the land. He was a well-grounded believer in Revelation, and no common expounder of its doctrines in matters of Natural Science, as well as in those of Religion. The Synod gladly recognizes the healthful influence of his teachings upon the many generations of his pupils, in that he always led them, by precept and by example, to look for the Lawgiver of nature as well as for its laws. He also preached regularly to them the great doctrines of moral depravity, the necessity of an atonement by a Divine Redeemer, of regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and of faith and repentance by each individual of the one race of Adam. By the will of God, he served his generation faithfully in his day, and he was cut off while surrounded with unfinished plans of usefulness. This death calls upon the Synod to lament that Science has lost a learned, patient, and devout investigator—that Education must miss an honest and accomplished guide, and that Religion needs another faithful watchman upon the walls of Zion. The Synod also mourns for itself, the absence of one who was to many of its members a revered preceptor, and to all a sincere friend, and a worthy co-laborer in the harvest of God.

In view of this solemn event the Synod resolves,

That while it thanks the great Head of the Church for its long and fraternal intercourse with Dr. Mitchell, and for the example of untiring industry, unflinching liberality, unceasing acquisition, fearless conscientiousness, and consistent piety afforded by his life, its surviving members will so improve his sudden and unexpected death in the midst of his un-

dertakings, that, when their work here is done, they too may leave behind the savor of a life spent in the fear of God and the love of man.

That the Stated Clerk of the Synod send a copy of this minute to the family of Dr. Mitchell as a mark of respect and sympathy from his brethren in Christ the Lord."

DRURY LACY, *Ch'n. Com.*

## THE RE-INTERMENT.

### PROPOSED MONUMENT.

#### TO THE PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

*From the Asheville Spectator.*

THE sad fate of the late Professor Mitchell of the University of North Carolina is well known to all. He perished in one of the wild gorges of the Black Mountain, during a laborious investigation which he had undertaken relative to the highest of the different peaks. Upon receiving this melancholy intelligence, a large number of the citizens of Buncombe and adjoining counties assembled in the Court House at Asheville to give some public expression of their feelings in regard thereto, when among others the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

*Resolved,* That, in our opinion, no more suitable testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased could be given, than the erection of an appropriate Monument upon the mountain, with which his name and sad fate are so intimately associated; and to carry out this purpose, we ask the assistance of all good citizens of the State and the friends of education and science generally.

In pursuance of the object herein expressed the undersigned were appointed a committee to solicit aid from the citizens of North Carolina, and the former pupils and friends of the deceased everywhere. The family of Dr. Mitchell have given their consent to have his remains removed from Asheville and deposited on the highest peak of the Black Mountain, and as soon as the arrangements are all made this will be done. Abundance of granite, capable of being worked, is to be found on the very spot where we propose to erect this monument, and it is thought that \$5,000 will be amply sufficient to accomplish what we desire.

In view of the fact, that he was the first to visit these mountains and to make known their superior height to any east of the Rocky Mountains, and that he spent a great portion of his time, and finally lost his life in exploring them, we think it will be admitted that no more fitting testimony of esteem could be offered his memory, and no more fitting spot found whereon to erect it. The noble mountains themselves will stand his most worthy and enduring monument, but the State of North Carolina certainly owes him something, who has so long devoted his best energies to the instruction of her youth.

The committee propose by this circular simply to make known what is intended, feeling confident, that to the good people of the State and the vast number of old pupils and personal friends of the deceased, nothing more need be said. The plan of the monument will be discussed when sufficient funds are secured for its completion. They invite the co-operation of the county committees, and of single individuals throughout the State. Contributions can be transmitted to the committee or any one of them, by any means most convenient, who will deposit all such sums in the Bank of Cape Fear at this place to await the making up of the requisite amount. All papers friendly to this project are requested to copy this circular.

Z. B. VANCE,  
JAS. A. PATTON,  
JOHN A. DICKSON,  
A. S. MERRIMON,  
D. COLEMAN,  
W. M. SHIPP. } Com.

### THE RE-INTERMENT OF DR. MITCHELL'S REMAINS.

BY RICHARD H. BATTLE, ESQ.

From the Raleigh Register, July 10, 1858.

On the evening of Monday, the 14th of June, the body of Dr. Mitchell, after having rested for nearly a year in the pretty little grave-yard of the Presbyterian Church in Asheville was exhumed for re-burial on the top of the highest peak of the Black Mountain. Encased in coffins of wood and metal it was laid at the foot of a large Oak tree, preparatory to its removal the following morning. It was entrusted to the care of several energetic, able-bodied mountaineers, whose zeal in performing the laborious task assigned them is worthy of high commendation. From the dawn of day on the 15th, till a full hour after darkness had settled down on the sides of the Black, and from a very early hour till near midday on the 16th, they were at work with scarcely a minute of rest or relaxation.

From the nature of the road, by which the top of Mt. Mitchell was to be reached, it was hardly practicable that a regular procession should attend the body; but many citizens of the town and visitors from a distance—among the latter, the venerable Bishop of the diocese of Tennessee, the distinguished President of the University, and Messrs. Ashe and Mitchell, the

son-in-law and son of him we had met to honor—some in vehicles and others on horseback, left Asheville between 8 and 9 o'clock, a. m., several hours after the corpse had been taken from its former resting place. It being only twenty miles to Mr. Stepp's, a place of accommodation at the foot of the Black, we easily reached it in time to refresh ourselves with a good dinner, and a rest to prepare us for the more toilsome portion of our journey. The vehicles hitherto used being here dispensed with and bridles and saddles substituted in their place and animals being hired by those of us who had not provided ourselves upon leaving the village; the upward journey was begun about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. By a few, of preference or necessity, the ascent was made on foot; but much the greater number were mounted on surefooted horses or mules.

The winding of the road up the steep sides of the mountain, to make the climbing possible for man and beast, gave to the long line of horsemen quite a striking appearance. Those in front seemed often to be going in a direction just opposite to that of those in their rear and the line was constantly assuming the form of the letter S. It was to one at a little distance a sight strange and picturesque, viewed in connection with the surrounding beauties of mountain scenery—the majestic oaks and chestnut trees, the undergrowth of mountain laurel and ivy and the large red and yellow honey-suckles, the overhanging rocks and the little brooks, fresh from the springs a few yards higher up, that met us at every turn. At the expiration of about the fourth hour from the time of starting we had made but five miles, but half the distance from the base to the summits and reached the "Mountain House" a little before sunset. This is what may be called a *Summer Hotel* and is from its situation a somewhat singular place of entertainment, standing, as it does, on or rather *against*, the side of the mountain at a point where, in some directions the declivity is very precipitous. It was, I believe, built at the expense of a wealthy citizen of Charleston, S. C., Mr. Wm. Patton, (lately deceased), who was himself in former years an occasional tenant during the heats of Summer. The furious winds of Winter and the driving rain storms of the Spring would deter the stoutest heart from making it a permanent habitation. It is therefore left to the mercy of the elements for six or eight months of the year and was untenanted at the time of our visit.

It may not be amiss here to remark, that near the Mountain House is first observed the change in the character of the growth on the mountain that constitutes its distinguishing feature. The trees and shrubs before mentioned as overhanging the first half of our winding road, at this point, and the corresponding altitude on all sides of the Black, give place to the Balsam, which is the exclusive growth of the mountain tops. It is

the dark green of this tree as seen from a distance that has given the name of "the Black" to this mountain or rather to this *long range of peaks*. It would be too much of a digression to enumerate the many uses to which this tree, with the resin it exudes, is put by the people living about the mountain for many miles from its base.

The kind hospitality of some of the relatives of Mr. Patton, the proprietor, had procured for us the keys of the hotel, and made all our large company free to enter at pleasure every apartment from cellar to garret, and select their places for sleeping. To the same gentlemen and to Dr. Boyd of the "Eagle Hotel," Asheville, we owed the means of satisfying a craving appetite, the necessary consequence of the continuous exercise we had taken. Our numbers making sitting impracticable, we ate standing a primeval meal; using our hands and fingers as plates and forks, and I might add, *spoons*. We were glad to find in hot coffee, which we swallowed with avidity without milk or cream, an effective sedative to nerves which the cold piercing air of our great altitude was rapidly unsettling.

In the meanwhile those in charge of the body were toiling slowly upward. In many places, the oxen drawing a sled, upon which it had been placed, became useless in consequence of the muddiness or steepness of the way and for short distances the corpse was carried on the shoulders of the mountaineers. It was after nine o'clock, and many of our company had retired for the night before they arrived. One by one, tired, wet, muddy and chilled, these worthy men came in, seeking a share of the supper of which we had partaken and the pallets we had spread upon the floors. It was late before the house was quiet and even then, as thoughts of the novelty of our situation and of the mournful purpose for which we were there; besides occasional whispers from some one more awake than the rest; and the wintry state of the atmosphere—which not the blazing fires on our hearths, the thick blankets in which we were wrapped, nor the animal heat diffused from the bodies of so many room-mates could entirely dispel—all served to prevent our falling asleep for some time.

An early start, after a hasty breakfast on the remnants of the supper of the preceding evening and securing the animals turned loose to shift for themselves during the night, enabled most of us from the Buncombe side to reach the top of Mt. Mitchell before 9 o'clock. While awaiting the commencement of the ceremonies we had several hours in which to enjoy the magnificent prospect our lofty elevation afforded us. The cold mists that at first enveloped the tops of the mountain were gradually dispersed by the sun as he rose higher in the heavens, and then was revealed to us a grander scene than it had ever before been our lot to behold. The majestic heights of the peaks that with Mt. Mitchell rise from a common

base; the Blue Ridge in the distance; the deep frightful gorges on all sides below us, growing every moment more distinct as we gazed upon them and pictured to ourselves the fall and death of the old friend we were then to bury; the river winding with their silver streams in every direction from their little sources in the recesses of the mountains; the beautiful farms with their golden harvests, cultivated spots amid the boundless wilderness of trees; the light fleecy clouds dotting the horizon; and the blue sky above; all formed a picture that any one not entirely devoid of a taste for the beautiful in nature could not fail to gaze upon with feelings of silent admiration.

In the meantime the sturdy mountaineers of Yancey were assembling in great numbers. They, many with their wives and daughters, had toiled up the long and steep ascent to witness the burial of the friend, who nearly a quarter of a century before, endeared himself to them while laboring to ascertain the height of their famous mountain and explore its hidden recesses, who had died amongst them while verifying the results of those former labors and who was found by *them* at the bottom of his watery grave. A stranger did not require words from them to know how they loved him while living and cherished his memory after death. They had not long to wait; for the body, kept with much difficulty in its place on the sled, as the oxen made their way over the miry road and slippery roots was drawing near its final resting-place. At the foot of the steep knoll that forms the summit, the oxen and sled were finally dispensed with, and a friendly emulation was displayed by the Yancey Mountaineers in offering their broad shoulders to support the corpse.

R. D. Wilson, Esq., of Yancey, being requested to act as Marshall, here formed a procession in the following order:

Citizens of Buncombe.

Citizens of Yancey.

Students of the University.

THE CORPSE.

Family of the Deceased.

Trustees and Faculty of the University.

The President and Rt. Rev. Orator.

Upon reaching the summit of the Mountain, the lines in front of the the Corpse were opened and the procesion in reversed order advanced to the grave, Bishop Otey reading the impressive service of the Episcopal Church for the Burial of the Dead. Arrived at the brink of the grave, a necessarily shallow one dug mostly through rock, the body was lowered; and the Bishop, from a desk formed of a stone taken from the grave, delivered a funeral address to an audience that stood or sat with heads reve-

rently uncovered. When it is remembered that with great inconvenience and trouble and upon very short notice the Bishop had come from his distant home on the banks of the Mississippi, every one is assured that he spoke the truth when he said, that *gratitude and love* caused him to be there to pay the last honors to the instructor and friend of his youth—surely such a tribute to friendship has been seldom offered in this selfish world. We scarcely knew whom more to admire—him who *inspired*, or him who *felt* such undying friendship—him who was *eulogized* or him who *spoke the eulogy*.

Upon motion of Gov. Swain a vote of thanks, that seemed to come from the inmost heart of the audience, and a request for a copy of the address for publication were unanimously adopted and were but a feeble testimony to the general appreciation of it. Though composed chiefly of people of the surrounding counties, Mountaineers, whose lives had been spent far from schools and academies of learning, the whole assembly seemed most deeply interested and impressed. And when the Rt. Rev. Orator spoke of the zealous and untiring labors of his departed friend, for forty years, in the cause of religion and science and in the instruction of hundreds of the youth of this State—of all the Southern States, and of his tragic death in verifying in his old age measurements and observations made by him on that mountain long years before. I am sure there was not one of his hearers too young or too ignorant to *feel* that in the death of Dr. Mitchell, North Carolina lost one of her noblest sons, one of her brightest ornaments.

The able President of our University then, after paying a graceful compliment to the address we had so much admired, in words eloquent though unstudied; added his testimony to the truth and justice of its eulogy; and alluding to the eminent appropriateness of the place of burial he expressed an intention on the part of himself and his friend N. W. Woodfin, Esq., of Asheville, as owners, to present the ground on which they stood, the top of the high peak, to the Trustees of the University on condition that it shall be called *Mt. Mitchell*—alleging very truly, that the right of property is not more theirs than the right to give it a name. Of the propriety of this name, it seems to me, no one who has had the opportunity as we had on that occasion of interrogating Dr. Mitchell's guides to the different peaks in 1835, can entertain the slightest doubt. If the word of man, corroborated by independent circumstances, is to be believed, *Dr. Mitchell was on the summit on which his remains now rest, with William Wilson and Adoniran Allen in 1835.*

At the conclusion of ex-Governor Swain's address, which was extemporaneous, James W. Patton, Esq., moved that he be requested to write it out for publication; and R. Don Wilson, Esq., of Yancey, Col. Washington

Hardy, of Buncombe, and J. W. Graham of the University were appointed a committee to confer with him and with Bishop Otey, and to urge most earnestly the permission to publish their several addresses.

To these solicitations I was happy to learn neither of the distinguished speakers considered himself at liberty to turn a deaf ear, and consent was given that the public should have in print, what was so edifying to us who were present at the delivery. Though they have not the propitious accessories of the occasion—the top of the lofty mountain, the open grave, the body of the departed, the tone of the speakers and the mournful faces of the listening hearers, to heighten the effect of what was said, I feel confident that the general appreciation of it will be akin, if not equal to ours.

It is a coincidence not unworthy of remark, that on Mt. Mitchell, in the persons of Bishop Otey and his respected friend and class-mate Dr. Thomas H. Wright of Wilmington, and of Mr. Graham and Mr. Mitchell the beloved son of the departed, were here to mourn at his funeral, members of the first and of the last class that Dr. Mitchell instructed at the University.

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#### MOUNT MITCHELL—JUNE 16, 1858.

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From the University Magazine.

PROUD PEAK! so sternly rising 'mid the smiling heaven—  
 Thy haughty brow by thunderbolts and tempests riven,  
 Dark bristling with thy jagged pines, like warriors mailed,  
 And beetling crags where erst unharmed have eagles sailed,  
 Among thy giant brothers grim, without a peer;  
 Thy solitudes unwoke from rolling year to year,  
 By man, or aught, save howling storms or brutes of dread;  
 To-day, how thou must marvel at th' unwonted tread  
 Of those who climb thy heights, and cloud-throned summit scale,  
 To chant o'er Science' martyred son the funeral wail.

Oh, haughtiest ingrate!—to prove thy pride and place,  
 E'en o'er proud Washington, king of the mountain race;  
 This was his eager wish from year to year pursued—  
 And with his blood thy cruel clutches thou'st imbued!  
 Rock-hearted type of Pride, thou would'st undoubted claim,  
 By search or measure true, of king the rank and name!  
 Oh hateful cliff, from whose rough, treacherous, wildering height,



The kind and wise old man fell on that saddest night,  
 Sweet stream beneath! whose pitying bosom took him in,  
 As down, down, down, with headlong crash and horrid din  
 Of hurtling stones around he fell, and none was nigh  
 To hear, for help his last, heart-thrilling, gasping cry.  
 Uproot the frail, weak, Laurel tree to which he clung;  
 False herb! a precious life in truth upon thee hung  
 That night, as oft it has on thy poetic meed—  
 Alas! thou'rt ever but the broken, piercing reed!  
 What, though it mocked his dying grasp, the treacherous laurel bough,  
 Fame's self he'd won, and needed not the emblem now.  
 A crown of glory shall be his beyond the grave  
 O'er which his well-earned earthly laurels fadeless wave.  
 Sleep, good and kindly man, in this thy tomb sublime:  
 Such was thy wish, here to await the end of time.  
 Honored wherever Science lifts her searching eye,  
 Loved in thy classic home thy memory cannot die!

And OTTEY, who o'er thy pale, cherished form, doth say  
 The last fond words that loving, honoring lips e'er may;  
 Well may he feel the spell of place-upon him now;  
 For he is mountain-born. Lo! on his glorious brow  
 High thoughts inspired fleet on, as storm and sunshine chase  
 Each other o'er the calm, uplifted, mountain's face.  
 Thou'rt like to Saul amidst his brothers; he like each,  
 And like thy far-off heights, his lofty soarings reach,  
 Far, far beyond the aching sight and easy ken,  
 Of most who walk this earth and bear the names of men.

On dark, blue, Otter's rounded peak, oft hath he said,  
 "Make thou, my well beloved, my last and lonely bed:"  
 But oh! may God, the Merciful, forbid that thou  
 Shouldst find a martyr's grave, as he we mourn o'er now.  
 Yet what more noble, worthy, death may be desired?  
 The great, the good, he long pursued—achieved—expired.

True nobleman of nature thou—gentle, yet firm,  
 Honored to terror's verge by scholars through the term;  
 But like a brother loved, when college rule was done;  
 The master so august, and genial friend in one.  
 Oh, noble MITCHELL! thy revered and cherished name  
 Old CHAPEL HILL deems sweetest heritage of fame.

Oh! tender, loving ones of his dear home embalm  
 His memory with sighs ye must; but seek for calm  
 In all the good he living, did; and dying, paid  
 His life—upon the shrine of zeal in duty laid.

Dark mountain king! baptized with sacrificial blood,  
 Mt. Mitchell *now*. Gained by this broad and easy road,  
 Black Peak, no longer frowning unattained and wild,  
 Love hath subdued thee to the footsteps of a child:  
 A monument to that immortal power, thou'rt given  
 To man, by HIM who made and ruled Earth and Heaven.

RICHMOND, VA., JUNE 16, 1858.

V. O. M.

*"That 'tis Man's highest glory TO BE GOOD."*

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A FUNERAL ORATION

AT THE

RE-INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS

OF THE

REV. ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D.

LATE PROFESSOR OF

CHEMISTRY, MINERALOGY AND GEOLOGY IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ON MOUNT MITCHELL,

JUNE 15, 1858.

BY THE

RT. REV. JAMES H. OTEY, D. D.,

BISHOP OF TENNESSEE.

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CHAPEL HILL:

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1858.

## A FUNERAL ORATION.

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Who needs to be told, in the midst of the awe-inspiring scenes of grandeur which here surround us, that "God only is great?" "There is neither speech nor language," but a voice comes from all these lofty heights, these profound and awful gulfs, comes to the soul of man—of every reflecting man here, and re-echoes the sentiment of reverence to which Moses gave utterance in the sublime language, "Before the Mountains were brought forth, or ever the earth and the world were made, Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end!"

Man and his works are perishable and ever perishing. Nature is more stable and enduring. The scenes of great events serve as striking memorials to future ages; while the changeless features impressed upon them, convey by contrast, an awakening lesson of the mutability of human things.

In the art in which genius sometimes displays its most brilliant powers, and fancy amuses itself with mimic representations of passions and wants on the great stage of life; the curtain falls upon the scenery and action together: and when the walking shadows of being disappear, the "counterfeit presentment" of objects, introduced to strengthen the illusion, is removed from view, as unmeaning lumber.

Not so with the reality enacting on the wide and varied field of human existence and enterprise. The action, it is true, is fleeting and inconstant. Generations succeed each other in mournful and rapid succession; and their

works are swept away, as the leaves of the forest are driven before the chilling blasts of autumn. But the scenes among which men labour and toil and struggle remain with the same characters unchanged, which God impressed upon them; having all of perpetuity that earth can give; destined to witness other crises and other catastrophes in the ever-passing drama of mortality; and to furnish to the end of time, silent but truthful monuments to the facts of history. Races, institutions, religions and governments; arts, trades, associations, and dynasties follow each other in mighty and varied series, sheltered beneath the shadows flung from the same mountain heights, and mirrored in the same placid waters. The storied plain of Marathon with its encircling hills, its meandering rivulet, its marsh—the grave of many a Persian horseman—its beach, battered by the surges of the Ægean sea, continues now, as on that memorable day, when it was pressed by the feet of the flying Mede, with shaftless quiver and broken bow, or trampled in hot haste by the furious and conquering Greek, with red, pursuing spear! But the nations, the ideas, the altars and the institutions of those who contended there for victory, are dissolved as utterly, and almost as long ago, as the bodies of the slain in the lonely mound which yet marks the spot of their inhumation.—The majestic summit of “high Olympus” still overlooks the peaceful vale of Thessaly, with the same lofty and pure eminence which commended it to heathen fancy as the throne of the Gods; as the council chamber where “Jove convened the Senate of the skies,” to decide the fate of nations. But the divinities themselves, the intellectual creations of ancient poets; the fair humanities of those old religions which the ingenuity of Statesmen invented, or employed, to effect political objects; the power, the beauty and the majesty that had there their imagined haunt, on its consecrated heights, have all vanished and live no lon-

ger in the faith or fancy of mortals. The truth of which I am speaking is most strikingly illustrated in the associations which henceforward will cling to this Father of American Mountains; rising here in majestic grandeur; with its rocky battlements scathed by the red lightnings, but yet unharmed; and throwing back the voice of the loudest thunders, from its deep-muttered and reverberating caverns, and transmitting the awful roar from crag to crag, until earth herself appears to shudder with fear and trembling. A few years only have elapsed since it stood here in solitary loneliness, unchronicled amidst changes which have marked the passing away of nations of men that roamed under its woody sides or climbed its dizzy heights!

We tread the scenes over which buried tribes and generations of men once wandered; we gaze upon the cloud-capped summits which once filled their vision; we strain the eye to trace the dim and distant outline that bounded their horizon; the places which know us, knew them; saw all that we would vainly explore; and heard those shrouded secrets of the shadowy past which we never to be recovered from oblivion till the coming of that hour when “the earth shall give up her dead!”

The eye of one who first drew breath in a northern clime, and moved by the most honorable motives which can govern human conduct, to seek useful employment in this, his adopted State, and led by the desire to add to the stock of human knowledge, or by the natural love of the sublime and beautiful, rested some twenty three years ago upon this glorious monument of the Creator's handy-work. He traversed its most deeply wooded dells; he stood upon its loftiest peaks; he gazed in rapture upon its bold and magnificent outlines of grandeur; his spirit here drank in the sweet and elevating influences of the Heavenly world, and though no angels, messengers from the spirit land, met him here to lift the veil that covers eternal things, yet here he

doubtless held communion with his God, and in that solitude and silence which are most propitious to devotion, he felt in the mingled affections of love, reverence and fear that filled the soul of the disciple upon the mount of transfiguration and which inspired his breast, that it was indeed good for him to be here.

"Early had he learned  
To reverence the volume that displays  
The mystery, the life, that cannot die;  
But in the mountains he did *feel* his faith!"  
\* \* \* \* \*

"The whispering air  
Sends inspiration from the mountain heights."

WORDSWORTH.

We know not what were the varied emotions and exercises of mind which the contemplation of these scenes of sublimity and beauty excited in him. We know that he possessed a soul thoroughly attuned to the full appreciation of all these things; and tastes formed and educated by study and observation to derive the most exquisite pleasure as well as profit from their contemplation. He has not, so far as I know, left on record any account of the reflections to which acquaintance with the view of these things gave rise. Whatever shape they took, sure I am, they were in spirit holy and elevating and if now they exist in words of human language, they remain as precious mementoes of love and affection to those who were enshrined in his heart. But mere selfish gratification formed no part of his character and its elements, if they mingled at all in the motives which actuated his pursuits, did so incidentally. If this constitution of his mind led him to investigate the laws and operations of nature and derive pleasure from such occupations, the affections of his heart influenced him not less to turn all his discoveries and convert all his acquisitions to the good of mankind. Perhaps not a flower blooms on this mountain and sheds its fragrance to perfume the bree-

zes that fan its brows, but a specimen of it adorns his herbarium. Perhaps not a root draws nourishment and healing virtue from its soil, but its like or a description of it enriches the collection of his Cabinet. Perhaps not an animal roams through these wilds; not a bird warbles its matin notes of joy, or sings its vesper-hymn of praise, amidst these umbrageous groves; not a reptile crawls around these rock-serrated ridges; nor insect floats in the morning beams that herald the approach of the "powerful king of day," or sports in the rays that leave their dewy kiss upon the brow of this giant son of the everlasting hills (as Night throws around him her sable folds, inviting to repose,) that he has not observed its habits, tracked its ways, learned its instincts, and chronicled its history. Is there a rock upheaved from yonder summit that throws exultingly its thunder-rifted crags to the sky, or that protrudes in stately and proud disdain, from yonder iron-bound and beetling cliffs, as though it held in contempt all smaller things?—He knew its class, its composition, its age. Is there a mineral that has been dug from these hills; that has rolled down from these ridgy steeps; or been uncovered by the torrents that rave and roar down these mountain sides?—He knew its form and family, its value and its uses. Hither he brought the theodolite with its unerring precision to compute angles; the surveyors chain to measure distances; the compass to determine bearings; the barometer to weigh the atmosphere and the hygrometer to ascertain its humidity. From all these elements of Scientific calculation as developed by means and instruments that speak no language but that of truth, simple, and naked truth—unmoved from propriety by envy, unswayed by the whisperings of ambition—he ascertained and proclaimed that this spot on which we here stand—this glorious summit, raised above the scenes of a toiling and weary world, was the highest land in the United States, East of the Mississippi River!

Who then has a better right than he, to give it a name?—None; by all that is praiseworthy in honest labor, sacred in truth and just in reward!

But what has convened this vast assembly? What has brought the people from their homes as far as the eye can reach from this proud eminence over all the land below, to gather here in solemn silence—seriousness impressed on every countenance and reverence enthroned on every brow? The dwellers in vales and on the mountain tops are here. The husbandman has left his plough; the artisan his tools; the professional man his office; the merchant has quit the busy mart of trade; the man of Science has closed the doors of his study; the student has laid aside his books to come hither! "The bridegroom has come forth from his chamber and the bride from her closet," the Fathers and Mothers of the land are here! "Young men and maidens, old men and children;" and the ministers of the Sanctuary are here to do honor to this occasion, and in this place no "unfit audience chamber of Heaven's King," to consecrate the spot, as far as the act of man may, "to deathless fame!"—No martial music breaks upon the hearing, stirring the hearts of men and gathering armed hosts in the serried ranks of battle; no sound of the trumpet, nor voice of prophet has collected this mighty concourse of living men! I never saw such an assembly: I never expect to see the like again! I never read of any thing in history approaching its equal or its parallel, except the gathering of the hosts of Israel on Mount Carmel at the call of Elijah! In the physical features of the scene here presented to the eye, the proportions of grandeur and beauty more than equal those of Carmel. The moral grandeur of the object and of the assembly gathered by Elijah far surpass ours. Indeed they were never equalled in our world except when God descended upon Sinai and surrounded by

terrible emblems of power and glory proclaimed his law to his people.

But what has moved us, as by the spirit of one man to be here to-day? From the banks of the majestic Mississippi in the West, and from the shores where thunders the Atlantic wave in the East, we have met on this midway ground. For what? To do homage to GOODNESS, my countrymen! Some of us to pay the tribute of our love in tears to the memory of one who was dear to us as a Father! Many of us who in years long past could appropriate the language of the prophet in behalf of Israel and say, "My Father! thou art the guide of my youth." All of us to testify our appreciation of merit and by one act to link forever the honored name of ELISHA MITCHELL, with this Monarch of Mountains. Here then, and to-day, we commit to the ground all that remains of his perishable body. Here, in the face of Heaven, in the light of yonder Sun, whose radiance beams brightly on this spot when darkness veils the world below, and the storm-cloud with its fringes of fire girdles the mountain waist,—in the name of truth, honor, and justice; by right of prior discovery; by merit of being the first to claim the honor of actual measurement and mathematical determination; by virtue of labors endured with unremitting patience, and terminated only by death; we consecrate this mountain by the name of Mt. MITCHELL and we call upon you to speak your approval and say Amen! Yes, we consecrate it—a monument raised to the memory of Dr. ELISHA MITCHELL, to a fame,

"Unwasting, deathless and sublime,  
That will remain while lightnings quiver,  
Or stars the hoary summits climb,  
Or rolls the thunder chariot of Eternal Time."

A. PIKE.

Here I might consider my undertaken task as finished—the object of my long and wearisome pilgrimage as consummated; but I must crave your indulgence, while I endea-

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vor in humble imitation of him whose death we deplore, and whose virtues we honor, to improve even this occasion to the practical benefit of my fellow men. Such, methinks, would be his course, if he were living and called to act in the circumstances under which I find myself placed. He allowed no opportunity to pass unimproved, if by any means he could employ it to the good of mankind. Little did I think, this time last year, that I should be soon called to officiate at his burial—to see the doors of death opened and then closed upon him, till the clangor of the Archangel's trumpet shall break the silence of the grave, and the dawn of the resurrection morn shall shed its light over all the places of the scattered and slumbering dead! But God's ways are inscrutable—his wisdom unsearchable and his judgments a great deep. Submission, trust and hope are the virtues which his dealings with us evermore and emphatically inculcate.

About seven years ago I stood by the tomb of Sir WALTER SCOTT, the great Weird of the North—the man whose genius by a kind of magic influence held the world spell-bound. His grave was made under an arch in the ruins of Dryburg Abbey and covered with a plain slab of Sand-stone, his name with the date of his birth and death inscribed upon it. His wife and eldest son reposed in death by his side, one on the right, the other on his left. It was the most melancholy-looking place I ever saw. The spirit of sadness seemed to preside over the spot; to utter its low voice in the gentle and just audible murmurs of the Tweed; to breathe sighs in the light winds that whispered through the trees and to brood over all the scene like a dull haze obscuring the brightness of the sky. It seemed to me, as if this great man had come to this secluded spot to lay down the burden of mortality in mockery of the pride and vanity of human expectations. It is well known, that his fondest and most earnest desires were to attain the honors and ti-

tles of a baronetcy and to become the founder of an ennobled family. For this, his vast and versatile powers were taxed to the utmost strength, and even beyond endurance. He seemed just on the eve of realizing his ardently cherished hopes. His literary fame was redolent with the praises of a world of admirers. He attracted the favorable notice of his sovereign, and through the interest of one and another, powerful in Court influence, he gained the name of Baron. And very soon the vicissitudes of trade, through which he hoped to acquire the means of maintaining his newly conferred dignity, imposed on him the stern obligation of laboring for his bread, and the liquidation of the just claims of his creditors. Bravely he waged the battle of life: But "time and change happen to all" and at last the mightiest of all conquerors met him: and in his grasp he yielded up life and all its promises of distinction, with as little resistance as an infant offers to the over-mastering and crushing strength of a giant. For what purpose had he lived and to what end had he employed the commanding talents with which God had endowed him? It is an accredited maxim, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—that is speak nothing derogatory of the dead. We accept the aphorism, and mean not to deny its obligation in practice. We would not take one leaf of pine or laurel from that crown with which the suffrage of a world has graced the brow of Scotland's favorite son. But by suggesting a comparison between the works of the great Magician of the North and the unobtrusive and patient labors of the Professor toiling for forty years in the Academic shades of Carolina, in their acknowledged results upon human society, I would add a modest and unpretending *Forget-me-not* to the wreath which adorns the honored head of our beloved friend.

We ask, how much have the writings of Sir Walter contributed to the formation of correct principles of human

conduct, and enforced the obligations of virtue? To the entertainment of the world they have made a large contribution. He has made Scotland classic ground. He has converted her hills into mountains, her fresh ponds into magnificent lakes, her rivulets into deep, flowing rivers. Every thing he has robed with the colors of imagination; but when you come to look at the reality, you are astonished to find that of all men, he has furnished in his descriptions of men and things, the most striking, marvellous and thoughtful exemplification of what his brother poet, Campbell says, in the opening of his poem, on the Pleasures of Hope;

“Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”

His characters are unreal; his estimate of the obligations and standard of virtue, defective; his exemplifications of principles in practice, imaginary and very rarely such as any judicious father could safely propose for the imitation of his children. It is more than probable that there is not a living man in the world, whose character has been fashioned after the model which Sir Walter Scott has drawn of the most brilliant conception which his mind has realized of human excellency. And herein lies the marked difference between the practical teacher—the conscientious instructor and trainer of the young, and the man whose conceptions of life and its responsibilities are embodied in the dreams of poetry, and in the thrilling and moving scenes depicted in the descriptions of the writers of Romance and Fiction.

When we stand by the grave of Professor MITCHELL we feel that we are near the ashes of one who has labored and striven conscientiously in the noblest and holiest of the causes of humanity. That cause was, and is, and must ever be, to develop and strengthen the intellectual powers in alliance with efforts to cultivate and cherish and bring into healthy action the moral affections; in a word to

educate the head and the heart at the same time. Never was there a greater mistake nor one more injurious to personal and relative interests, to social and public weal than to separate these and attempt to effect a divorce between the intellectual and the moral in man. What sort of a creature would a man be, if he had no heart? No heart to feel for another's woe; nor to rejoice with them that rejoice; and never to weep with them that weep; to have no word of encouragement for the desponding; no look of compassion for the suffering; no hand to feed the hungry or clothe the naked; no promptings to go on errands of mercy to the sick and dying? Yet this is what the presuming wisdom and arrogant spirit of this age has attempted in some of the highest and, in point of mental furniture, some of the best endowed institutions in our country.

With such a system Professor MITCHELL held no sympathy. Defective as all institutions founded upon Legislative patronage unquestionably are, in necessary provision for teaching christianity as a system of divine revelation for the salvation of men, and that, in consequence of the petty rivalries and mean jealousies of sectaries, who seem unable to comprehend and embrace the enlarged and catholic spirit of the gospel, and who would see every institution of learning in the land crumbled into ruins rather than not have a direct share in its management and government,—this defect in moral training founded on the recognition of the great facts and doctrines of Christianity, so justly complained of by parents, and particularly by religious parents, in the education of their sons, Professor MITCHELL, I know, endeavored to supply by infusing the religious element, as much as possible, into his instructions in the lecture room, and more especially in his conversation with those who were so fortunate as to win his personal regard. More than forty years have now elapsed since he first entered the walls of the North Carolina Universi-



ty, and assumed the duties of the chair of Mathematics. I was there then, an untaught, undisciplined and unsophisticated youth. I remember what a deep impression his commanding form, his noble brow on which mind seemed enthroned, and his dark, lustrous eye made upon our young hearts. Besides him there were the President, the venerable Dr. CALDWELL, Dr. HOOPER, Professor of languages, and two Tutors, the late PRIESTLY H. MANGUM, and JOHN M. MOREHEAD, afterwards Governor of the State. Professor OLMSTED, now of Yale, his "*fidus et carus comes*" added his strength to the Academic Corps, some months later. How many now living and dead whose characters, as developed in the various departments of human life, have the precepts and example of Professor MITCHELL in the last forty years contributed more than any other man's influence to form and develop!

Does any one ask where are the monuments of his labors? We answer they will be found among the members of the Cabinet—among Senators in the Council Chamber—Representatives in the Halls of Congress—Governors of States—Judges sitting in the highest places of Justice—Legislators—Ministers to Foreign Governments—Heralds of the Cross—Men of renown in all the departments of human enterprise—Lawyers, Physicians, Professors, Schoolmasters—a mighty array of talent, of learning and worth, the influence of which is felt through all the land, and will continue to be felt while industry and knowledge shall be honored, or gratitude find a name and place of esteem among men.

Have not the recorded observations of mankind given the character of an established and admitted fact to the assertion that a man's future usefulness depends upon his early associations? and that the destiny of every human being is written upon his heart by his Mother or by his Teacher? If "the Boy is father of the Man," how much of

the excellency and usefulness of that manhood depends upon the wisdom, the sagacity, the care and the skill of him to whom is entrusted the rearing and training of that boy! Socrates was the teacher of Plato and of Aristotle, the brightest luminaries of the ancient heathen world! And of this last, Philip of Macedon, the wisest monarch of his day, and father of Alexander the Great, is said to have expressed his high admiration by writing, that he was not so "thankful to the Gods for making him a father, as he was for their giving him a son in an age when he could have Aristotle for his instructor."

If the time permitted I could tell you, by the recital of remembered instances, how Professor Mitchell's wise and far-reaching care, his ever-present and friendly watchfulness and parental solicitude for the student, manifested themselves in the lecture room, on public occasions, in the social circle, and in the administration of discipline. Every where, and in all things, he acted as if under an abiding conviction, that he was forming the principles and character of those to whom would presently be committed, not only their own individual, personal happiness, but the guardianship of the great public interests of the land, and the momentous concerns of souls that would live when the cares and turmoil of this world were ended. Thoughts dwelling upon these responsibilities were ever present with him, and words of instruction, of advice and of warning, as the occasion served, mingled themselves in, and if I may so say, infused fragrance to, all his direct communications with the young. I could tell you how he projected short pedestrian excursions into the surrounding country for the benefit of his class, in order that they might reduce the principles of science which they had learned from the book into practice; and how his conversation always abounded with striking and pleasant anecdotes, about men of other countries and other times; intended by him not only to relieve

the weariness of labor, but to serve as striking illustrations of some moral truth spoken, or as incentives to persevering effort, or to inspire a worthy emulation. I could tell you how he was ever ready to relieve the difficulties of the student, by patient efforts at explanation; to unfold to him the intricacies of mathematical calculations; the mysteries of science—its sublime truths, the use and the beauty of their application—how he wrought for his improvement from the garnished heavens where myriads upon myriads of worlds speak the Creator's glory, power and praise; through the rich and variegated fields which the science of Botany displays, to the wonders of Geology with its mysterious history and revelations, "graven with an iron pen in the rock forever;" and to the marvellous discoveries which the microscope makes in the insect world; and from all these departments brought forth stores rich and abundant, to enlarge and improve his understanding and mend his heart.— A task so grateful to me, so just to his memory, and which, if faithfully performed, might be so beneficial to the living, I must leave to others having more time and better opportunity to do it justice.

"Can that man be dead,  
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?  
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust  
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."

MISS LONDON.

We must hasten to the performance of the melancholy duties for which we have here met. His "record is on high!" His memory, enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him, shall live till this mountain which perpetuates his name shall perish in the fires of the last conflagration.

We may pause a moment to speak of his death. Its circumstances are too well known to you all to make their detail necessary. It is sufficient to mention that on the 28th day of June 1857 he parted with his son to cross the mountain to Thos. Wilson's.

A storm, not an uncommon event in this region at that season of the year, arose and shrouded the mountain in thick darkness. He wandered from his way, and never reached the point of his destination. The fact of his being missed and the consequent uneasiness of his son and daughter were soon made known to the hardy sons of this region; who, touched with the genuine feelings of sympathy and humanity so characteristic of all people whose dwellings are in proximity to Nature's grandest and noblest works, assembled speedily and in large numbers to begin the work of search for him who was missing, and whose visits to their mountain homes, and whose affability of manners, simplicity of deportment and instructive conversation had gained for him a sure lodgment in their respect and in their hearts. It may indicate the savage wildness of the region to state, that this search was continued for ten days diligently but without success. At length, at the end of that time, perseverance and diligence, animated by affection and led by love, were rewarded by the discovery of the body.— His manly, breathless form was discovered in a deep, clear basin of water at the foot of a precipice forty feet high, from which he had fallen in the darkness of the night, when none but God was nigh. His noble features were not disfigured and not a bone of him was broken. What a death, my hearers! probably without a pang—without consciousness of pain or suffering! In the mysterious appointment of Heaven, his hour had come, and his transition from the mortal to the immortal state, was as rapid as the ascent of Elijah, by a "chariot and horses of fire." We know not of the communings held with his own heart, in the loneliness of that last walk upon the mountains, while the storm-cloud wrapped its folds of darkness around him, and the hoarse thunder uttered its loud dirge to herald the passage of his spirit from the cares and toils of a weary world, to the rest and peace of the better land. Did in-

stinctive fears alarm him, as all unconscious of danger in his path, he approached the fatal ledge of the precipice?—We know not. Did any exclamation burst from his lips, at the instant he became sensible of falling from its dizzy height? God only knoweth. We only know that his life had been such as to give to all who knew and loved him, the precious consolation of hope in his death. We only know that his name will hereafter be encircled with the same halo that sheds its light upon the names of the Franklins—the Andersons and the Kanés, who perished in prosecuting their labors in the cause of science—in making known the wonders of God's works, and the fruits of whose efforts and cares were meekly and modestly laid at the foot of the cross. I hold up the example of his life as embodying the elements of precious consolation to his surviving family and friends; of animating encouragement to the young, and of solemn warning to the living; admonishing them to remember, by a catastrophe never to be forgotten, that "in the midst of life we are in death." I hold it up to his children, as the strongest incentive that can nerve the heart by sweet memories of the dead, to walk as he walked, in virtue's ways. I take it to his now desolate hearth-stone—to his widowed home, and unfolding there a life and conversation, all of which are treasured up in the deepest recesses of the soul, I would say to the bruised spirit, in remembrance of the rich mercies of the past, be comforted, by all the kindling hopes of the future. Let the holy recollections of years gone—the path of life's pilgrimage, illuminated by the light which shone from a faith illustrated by good works—throw brightness over his grave; consecrate his memory; and spread the hue of Heaven's own gladness over the bereaved and rifled bosom, in contemplating the assurance of a happy re-union beyond the tomb.

As the traveller wends his weary way along the journey of life, his eye, from many a distant point in his road, will

catch a glimpse of this lofty eminence, rising heavenward, like a great beacon-light over the waste of mortality; and its name repeated by men who will ever be found dwelling under its shadow, will remind him that here repose the ashes of a great and a good man. In this palace of nature—this vast cathedral raised by God's hand, where swift winged winds mingle their voices with the dread sounds of Heaven's thunder, we leave him—leave him—

"Amid the trophies of Jehovah's power  
And feel and own, in calm and solemn mood,  
That, 'tis man's highest glory, to be good."

**A VINDICATION**

**OF THE PROPRIETY OF GIVING THE NAME "MT. MITCHELL,"**

**TO THE HIGHEST PEAK OF "BLACK MOUNTAIN:"**

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**AN ADDRESS,**

**DELIVERED 16TH JUNE, 1858,**

**BY**

**HON. DAVID L. SWAIN, LL. D.,**

**PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF N. C.**

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**CHAPEL HILL:  
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**PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY.**

**1858.**

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE arrival of Professor CHARLES PHILLIPS had been anxiously expected until the close of the ceremonies. He was, however, confined at home by severe illness. At the conclusion of Bishop OTEY's address, and before the coffin was lowered into the grave President SWAIN remarked that the duty of representing the University in these ceremonies had most unexpectedly devolved upon him. That the audience were aware, that his friend and colleague, Professor PHILLIPS, had carefully investigated the points of controversy which had recently arisen with respect to the original discovery of this mountain height. To the Professor's published papers he would refer for a more extended vindication of Dr. MITCHELL's fame than was necessary to his purpose.\*

President SWAIN said that in relation to this question, he was very loth to indulge himself in a statement even of facts within his own knowledge, or susceptible of direct proof, by persons then present whose truthfulness no one would question. That his reluctance arose not merely from a consciousness of his inability to do the full justice to the subject, anticipated from Professor PHILLIPS; but from a painful apprehension, that anything he should say might serve only to mar the effect of the most touching and interesting exhibition of filial piety he had ever witnessed. That the venerable Prelate to whom they had all listened with so much delight, had at an unreasonably short notice, in the midst of pressing engagements, harassing anxieties and cares, left the sick-bed of a near relative, and travelled six hundred miles from the Mississippi to the Alleghany, to pay a tribute of respect and affection at the grave of an instructor, with whom his intercourse began quite forty years ago. This simple incident is all the evidence that need be required of the true character of the living and the dead. It is an incident, with the attendant circumstances, such as has never occurred before and will never occur again. The moral sublime is in beautiful harmony with the surrounding scenery. He who of the race of men first stood in life, is the first to find repose, in death, on the highest ascertained elevation on the continent, east of the Mississippi. Of the latter distinction, no one can divest him. Of his right to the former, the evidence is believed to be scarcely less clear and conclusive.

After referring to the fact that he was a native of the County of Buncombe, during five years one of their Representatives in the General As-

\*See University Magazine for March 1858, pp. 293-318.

sembly, a resident of Asheville until 1831, and a citizen until his removal to the University in 1836, President SWAIN remarked, that to the deceased he stood in a relation no less intimate and endearing. He was his pupil in 1822, had been a Trustee of the University since 1831, and at the head of the Institution since 1835. His friends Bishop OTEY and Dr. WRIGHT, were class-mates, and their acquaintance commenced at an earlier period, they had known him longer, but there was no man living who knew him as well as he. For several years previous to, and during the entire period of President SWAIN's connection with the University, Dr. MITCHELL was the Senior Professor. More than twenty years of daily intercourse afforded the fullest and fairest opportunity to form a correct opinion of his true character. He was a man of no ordinary ability, of very unusual attainments in literature and science, of indomitable perseverance, untiring industry and unflinching courage.

It was natural that the sudden death of such a man should produce a deep sensation in any community of which he was a member. But there was a kindness of heart and amenity of manner, that had endeared Dr. MITCHELL to all within the range of his associations; and the manifestations of grief by the Faculty, the Students, and the community, were heart-felt, and universal. The rich and the poor, the bond as well as the free, men women and children, united in the award of funeral honors to an extent without a parallel, in the history of Chapel Hill.

Two days after the observance of the ceremonies upon the mountain, the addresses of Bishop OTEY and President SWAIN, at the earnest request of the citizens of Asheville, were repeated at the Court House, to a large auditory. The subjoined narrative, is more nearly a report of the remarks of President SWAIN upon the latter, than upon the former occasion.

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## ADDRESS.

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In the year 1825, in the city of Raleigh, while a member of the Legislature from the County of Buncombe, I was introduced to the late John C. Calhoun, then Vice-President of the United States. After a playful allusion to my height, which he said corresponded with his own and that of General Washington, he remarked that we could also congratulate ourselves on the circumstance, that we resided in the neighborhood of the highest mountain on the continent, east of the Rocky Mountains.

The suggestion took me entirely by surprise, and I inquired whether the fact had been ascertained. He replied, not by measurement, but that a very slight examination of the map of the United States, would satisfy me it was so. That I would find among the mountains of Buncombe, the head-springs of one of the great tributaries of the Mississippi, flowing into the gulf of Mexico; of the Kenhawa, entering the Ohio; and of the Santee and Pee-dee, emptying into the Atlantic. That these were the longest rivers in the United States, east of the Rocky mountains, finding their way in opposite directions to the ocean, and that the point of greatest elevation, must be at their sources.

In June, 1830, in company with the late Governor Owen, and other members of the Board of Internal Improvements of the State, I descended the Cape Fear river from Haywood to Fayetteville. Professor Mitchell of the University, availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded for a geo-

logical excursion and accompanied us. In the course of familiar conversation, I referred to the conjecture of Mr. Calhoun, in relation to the height of our Western Mountains. He intimated then, or at a subsequent interview, his concurrence in opinion with Mr. Calhoun, and mentioned that the distinguished naturalists, the elder and younger Michaux, had arrived at the same conclusion about the beginning of the century, from very different data.—They had found in the Black Mountain, trees and other specimens of Alpine growth, that they had observed no where else South of Canada.

In the summer of 1835, Dr. Mitchell made his first attempt to verify by barometrical measurement, the accuracy of the opinions expressed by these gentlemen. His exploration was laborious, careful and patient. A subsequent explorer remarks "that at the time Dr. Mitchell began his observations, with regard to the height of the Black Mountain, it was much more inaccessible than it has since become, by reason of the progress of the settlements around its base, so that he was liable to be misled, and thwarted, by unforeseen obstacles, in his efforts to reach particular parts of the chain, and when he did attain some point at the top of the ridge, nature was too much exhausted to allow more than one observation, as to the immediate locality." The accuracy of this statement will be most clearly perceived and readily admitted, by those most familiar with the character of this mountainous region, then and now. It is impossible for a stranger to form a clear conception of the obstacles that were encountered and the difficulties overcome.

Dr. Mitchell's account of this exploration was published in due time, and attracted very general attention at home and abroad. There are few, even of the most obscure village newspapers of that day, in which notices of it may not be found. It was the first authoritative annunciation, that

the summit of the Black Mountain in North Carolina, was higher than that of the White mountains in New Hampshire, and the highest in the United States east of the Mississippi. The accuracy of the measurement was at first controverted, but subsequently yielded by writers in Silliman's American Journal of Science, and has long since ceased to be the subject of doubt.

The question that remains to be settled is of less importance, but it is believed, that its proper and truthful solution, is no less favorable to the deceased Professor's claim to accuracy as a man of science—was the pinnacle measured by Dr. Mitchell in 1835, the highest peak of the Black Mountain?

In 1839, an agent of the publishers of Smith's Geography and Atlas, called upon me at the University, and requested an examination of the work and an opinion of its merits. On an intimation that it was not very accurate in relation to the Southern States, and especially erroneous in various instances with respect to North Carolina, he requested me to revise it at my leisure, and transmit a corrected copy to the publishers. I complied. A copy of this book is now before me, and on page 138, in the section descriptive of North Carolina is the following paragraph:—"Mount Mitchell in this State, has been ascertained to be the highest point of land in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains."

At the time I revised the Geography and Atlas, I requested Dr. MITCHELL, to mark upon the map of North Carolina, the highest point of elevation in the Black Mountain range. He did so, and I wrote against it "MOUNT MITCHELL." A copy of this corrected map "entered according to an Act of Congress in the year 1839, by Daniel Burgess, in the Clerks office in the District of Connecticut," is now in my possession. I have examined it carefully and with all the aid to be obtained from Cook's map of the State,

and the knowledge derived from a recent visit to the mountain, I am by no means certain, that if the maps were submitted to me a second time for revision, I could make a nearer approximation to accuracy in the delineation of the highest peak, than did Dr. MITCHELL in 1839.

The following Book Notice is copied from the *Raleigh Register* of June 5th, 1840. The replies to the suggestion of a name for the highest peak of the Black Mountain, appeared in the *Highland Messenger*, the first newspaper that was established west of the Blue Ridge.

The Rev. D. R. McNALLY, D. D., extensively and favorably known as the Editor of the *Christian Advocate* at St. Louis, Mo., one of the official organs of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, was at that time a citizen of Asheville, and the Editor of the *Highland Messenger*. It is perhaps proper to state that the article copied from the *Raleigh Register*, was written by me, and that I am the friend alluded to in the closing editorial of the *Messenger*. The name of Mount Mitchell as "an appellation" of the highest summit east of the Mississippi had its origin in these publications.

[From the *Raleigh Register*, June 5th, 1840.]

#### SMITH'S GEOGRAPHY AND ATLAS.

We took occasion, some weeks since, to direct attention to the very neat and excellent Geography of S. Augustus Mitchell, and the admirable Atlas, by which it is accompanied. We have no disposition, in noticing the work placed at the head of this article, to abate in the slightest degree the high commendation we bestowed upon the labors of Mr. Mitchell.

It is due to Mr. Smith, however, to say, that a very slight inspection of his book will satisfy any one, that it will prove a dangerous competitor to the whole tribe of candidates for patronage in this department.

The Geography is well written and what is quite as important, is very accurate in its details, geographical and statistical. Like other School Books by the same author, it is upon the *productive system* and well adapted to the comprehension of the younger class of learners. Among the pictorial embellishments, is a good representation of our new State House

of the armorial device of the State copied from the Great Seal. In the description of the State, Mount Mitchell is stated to be the highest point and in the United States, east of the Rocky Mountains. We are gratified to see the reputation of the Senior Professor in our University established upon so durable, firm and elevated a basis.

The mechanical execution of the book however, is decidedly inferior to Mitchell's; but such is not the case with the Atlas, which is the neatest and most accurate collection of maps for the use of Schools, which has fallen under our observation. The new counties, Henderson and Cherokee, created by our last General Assembly, are delineated on the map of the State.

[From the *Highland Messenger*, June 12, 1840.]

It seems that Mr. Smith, the geographer, and the editor of the *Raleigh Register*, have taken "the responsibility" to inform "the whole world," that the Black Mountain in this County, is hereafter and forever to be called Mount Mitchell. Now, inasmuch as this has been done without once deigning to consult the good people of Buncombe, whose authority is always higher, than any powers whatever at Raleigh (as they are something like a mile above them,) we hereby give notice to all whom it may concern, and to all whom it may not concern, that Black Mountain is to be Black Mountain as long as Buncombe remains Buncombe. If Mr. Smith will publish another edition of his work, and consent to call Buncombe, Mount Smith, then we will consent to call the Black Mountain Mount Mitchell.

[From the *Highland Messenger*, June 19, 1840.]

#### SMITH'S GEOGRAPHY.

It has been suggested to us that our remarks last week in reference to the change of the name of the Black Mountain, were calculated to do injustice to the individual, to perpetuate whose memory the change of the name had been proposed. It was certainly the farthest from our intention to do injustice to any one, and particularly to detract in the smallest possible degree from the well earned, and well deserved reputation of Professor Mitchell. We penned the article in question, under the impression that Mr. Smith had applied the name of Mount Mitchell, to the whole mountain range, so well known in this region as the Black Mountain.—The latter appellation has its foundation in nature, and is too old and too well established to justify any attempt at substitution. The thought would be preposterous. We are perfectly willing to concede the name of Mount Mitchell to that particular point on the Black Mountain, which Professor Mitchell, after a degree of labor and expense, which none other than a



genuine devotee of science would have incurred, demonstrated to be the most elevated point of *measured* land east of the Rocky Mountains. We say *measured* land, because we have long believed, and still believe that there is one, if not two points, in the same range of mountains higher than that one measured by Professor Mitchell, from forty to sixty miles west of the Black Mountain.

If Mr. Smith will, in the next edition of his work, use language a little more precise than in his last, we will concede to him the right to pronounce Mount Mitchell one of the peaks of the Black Mountain to be 6,476 feet in height, and the most elevated summit that has been as yet correctly measured in the United States. In reference to this particular peak, none will more readily or cheerfully unite in giving it the appellation of Mount Mitchell than we. It is nothing more nor less than what the worthy Professor is entitled to, as discovery is the foundation of right all over the world to regions previously unknown, and a great proportion of our geographical nomenclature will show that it frequently gives title as well as right. We shall, at a leisure hour, recur to this subject, and most respectfully invite the attention of Professor Mitchell, and other scientific gentlemen to the peaks, which, in our opinion, are much higher than those already measured.

In the meantime, an esteemed friend has kindly promised to procure and transmit to us for publication the interesting article of Professor Mitchell, on this subject, originally published in the *Raleigh Register*, and subsequently transferred to the "American Journal of Science," conducted by Professor Silliman.

During a visit to Asheville in the summer of 1843, I found the half of a large tract of land bounded for several miles by the extreme height of the Black Mountain, for sale, and more for the purpose of becoming, in connection with my friend Nicholas W. Woodfin, Esq., a proprietor of Mount Mitchell, than for any other reason, I purchased the moiety owned by W. B. Westall. Two years afterwards, in June 1845, the tract was surveyed by Nehemiah Blackstock, Esq. His son Robert V. Blackstock, was marker, the late James P. Hardy, a member of the Palmetto Regiment who died a soldier's death in Mexico, and W. F. Angel were the chain bearers.

On Wednesday the 16th June, in company with Bishop

Otey and many others, I took part in the funeral ceremonies, at the re-interment of the remains of Dr. Mitchell, on the highest peak of the Black Mountain. Among the persons present were my old friend William Wilson, whom I had not seen for many years, his cousin, Thomas Wilson, the well known guide to the Black Mountain, who was the first to discover the body of Dr. Mitchell, in the pool, at the bottom of the Falls which bear the Doctor's name, and Nathaniel Allen, the son of Adoniram Allen. The two latter are comparatively young men, and were children when I ceased to be a resident of Asheville.

Bishop Otey and myself examined each of them carefully and minutely in relation to the leading facts connected with Dr. Mitchell's explorations of the Black Mountain, and the fatal catastrophe which terminated his existence. William Wilson stated, that he was never on the spot, where we then stood, until the Summer of 1835, that then in company with his friend and neighbor Adoniram Allen, deceased, he went there as the guide of Dr. Mitchell. He entered into a detail of the leading incidents connected with the difficult and laborious ascent of the mountain, pointed out the route and referred to the most remarkable localities and objects, which then presented themselves on the way. He stated that after the exploration of 1835, he had never been on the top of this mountain until some time subsequent to Dr. Mitchell's death; when, hearing that a controversy had arisen with respect to the pinnacle then measured, he determined, old and feeble as he was, to ascend it again, and had done so. He said that he recognized, as he went up from point to point, the remarkable places which had attracted his attention when he climbed it with Dr. Mitchell. He had now gone over the same route the third time, and entertained no doubt of the accuracy of his recollections. There is probably no one, whose course of life and long familiarity with this range of

mountains, entitle his statements in relation to it to me implicit confidence.

He referred repeatedly to young Mr. Allen, for confirmatory statements, in relation to the line and manner of ascent, which he had heard from his father, the late Adoniram Allen, and was corroborated by him throughout.

Mr. Thomas Wilson and Mr. Allen united with the old gentleman in the statement that this was the only peak, known during many years to the citizens of Yancey, as MOUNT MITCHELL; and that until recently they had never heard the name applied to any other pinnacle.

Mr. William Wilson mentioned in the course of his remarks, that during the time they were on the mountain, Dr. Mitchell climbed the highest Balsam he could find, cut away the limbs near the top of the tree, and after repeated observations with the instrument he carried with him for the purpose, said that the peak on which they were, was the highest of the range. I examined the tree to which Mr. Wilson pointed as the one, or near the one, which Dr. Mitchell climbed, and found the initials R. V. B., J. P. H., plainly carved in the bark. It stands within a few feet of the newly-made grave of Dr. Mitchell.

On my return to Asheville, two days after parting with Mr. Wilson, I met very unexpectedly with Mr. Robert V. Blackstock, whom I did not recollect to have seen before, but who, I am glad to hear, is worthy of his lineage. With his father, Nehemiah Blackstock, Esq., well known as an accurate surveyor, a skillful woodman, and a man of intelligence and integrity, my acquaintance began in my early boyhood. The young man, on an intimation of my desire to see his father, and examine the plat made for me in 1845, informed me that it was in Asheville, and that he could probably supply the information I desired in relation to it. He obtained it immediately. Directing my attention to the beginning corner, he traced the line from point

to point, until it reached the extreme height where Dr. M. was buried, and the marked corner tree which Mr. Wilson had shewn me, standing within a few feet of the grave.—The following entries, copied from the plat, require no explanation, for those familiar with such muniments of title. "Mitchell's highest point, Balsam, R. V. B., J. P. H."—Here Mr. Blackstock remarked that at the time he cut his initials upon that Balsam, he climbed either that tree, or one standing near it, in order to obtain a more commanding view of the mountain scenery, and that when near the top, he was surprised to find that limbs had been trimmed away, and called out to his companions below:—"some one has been here before us." Mr. B. was not on the mountain, when the funeral ceremonies took place, and had, at the time his statement was made, no knowledge of what had occurred between Mr. Wilson and myself.

Mr. William D. Cooke's map of the State was published in 1847. It is, in most respects, greatly superior to any previous attempt at a correct topographical representation of North Carolina. He had access to such surveys of roads and rivers, as had been made with a view to the internal improvement of the State, and preserved in the public offices. No surveys were made at the public expense to facilitate his labours, and he received no assistance from the public treasury. The enterprise was arduous, expensive and hazardous; and, under the circumstances, accomplished in a manner highly creditable to his industry, liberality and skill. There was no public survey to guide him in his attempt to delineate this mountain range; but there is no evidence of any effort having been made to avail himself of the best private materials, which might have rewarded proper research.

To attempt "to remove an ancient landmark," is both a private and a public wrong. To transfer the name of the discoverer of the interesting geographical fact, that the

BLACK is the highest mountain on the continent, east of the Mississippi, from the point designated by Smith in 1839 and by Blackstock in 1845, and place it beneath the names of a series of persons who in 1855 or subsequently, when settlements had encroached upon the base, and paths had been opened to the summit, with published data as a guide for computation, may have successively measured a loftier peak than their predecessors, is as inconsiderate as it is unjust.

Mr. Cooke cannot suppose that the point designated by him as "Mount Mitchell," in 1855, and by Blackstock as the "Party Knob" in 1845, is the summit that was measured by Dr. Mitchell in 1835. It is impossible for any one to compare Smith's map and Blackstock's plat with Cooke's map, and not perceive that it cannot be. The "Party Knob" rises near the dividing line between Buncombe and Yancey. "Mount Mitchell," as delineated by Smith and Blackstock, is in Yancey county, east of south from Burnsville, and some four miles north of the Buncombe line.

Mr. Cooke may erase "Mount Mitchell" from his map, if he chooses to do so—the continent does not bear the name of its discoverer—but he will not be permitted to perpetrate a double wrong, by placing the name of Dr. Mitchell where neither the Doctor, nor any friend of his, ever desired to see it.