

Geographical Magazine

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XIV.

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 4, 1857.

NUMBER 10.

Death of Professor Mitchell.
Having spent a week at the home of this venerable scholar, in search of the body of Dr. Mitchell, and assisting in its removal after it was found, I have been requested by sundry citizens to give to the public a sketch of the deplorable event. In accordance with their request, I now take my pen to give you all I know of the accident which has caused so much sorrowful excitement in this region, and which I doubt not will arouse the public feeling to its centre throughout the State, when the sad tidings shall be generally known.

It is known to all who have felt interested in our State Geography, that there lately sprang up a dispute between the Hon. T. L. Clingman and Dr. Mitchell, in regard to one of the high peaks of the Black Mountains, called the *Black Mountain*. The former alighting in Cook's as Mt. Clingman, the latter in the *Black Mountain*. The former alighting in the superior height to any other point on the range, and the latter gentleman asserting that he was the highest peak, and measured it in the year 1844. After several letters pro and con, through the newspapers, Dr. Mitchell announced his intention of visiting the mountains again for the purpose of remeasuring the peak in dispute, taking the statements of some gentlemen who had acted as his guides on his former visits, &c. Some time since, about the middle of June, I think, he came up, in company with his son Chas. A. Mitchell, his daughter, and a servant boy; established his headquarters at Jesse Stepp's, at the foot of the mountain, and began the laborious task of ascertaining the height of the highest peak by an instrumental survey, which, as the former admissions were only barometrical, would fix its altitude with perfect accuracy. He had proceeded with his work near two weeks, and had reached to some quarter of a mile above Mr. Wm. Patton's Mountain House by Saturday evening 27th of the month, at which time he quit work and told his son that he was going to cross the mountain to the settlement on Casey River for the purpose of seeing Mr. Thomas Wilson, Wm. Riddle, and I believe another Mr. Wilson, who had guided him up to the top of the former visit. He promised to return to the Mountain House on Monday at noon. There was no one with him. This was the last time he was ever seen alive. On Monday his son repaired to the Mountain House to meet his father, but he did not come. Tuesday the same thing occurred, and though considerable uneasiness was felt for his delay, yet there was no way to account for his delay that it was scarcely thought necessary to arm the neighborhood; but when Wednesday night came and brought no token of him, his son and Mr. John Stepp immediately started on Thursday morning at five o'clock, on their way to the mountain. On arriving at the Mountain House, they were informed that their father had not been seen or heard of since that time. They immediately returned to Mr. Stepp's, the alarm was given, and before sun down on Friday evening, companies of the hardy mountaineers from the North fork of Swain's were on their way up the mountain. The writer happened to be present on a visit to the Black, joining the first company that went up. About eighteen persons camped at the Mountain House that evening, and continued as long as it was possible to do so, and on the morning of the 29th, the party started on their way up the mountain. The writer happened to be present on a visit to the Black, joining the first company that went up. About eighteen persons camped at the Mountain House that evening, and continued as long as it was possible to do so, and on the morning of the 29th, the party started on their way up the mountain. The writer happened to be present on a visit to the Black, joining the first company that went up. About eighteen persons camped at the Mountain House that evening, and continued as long as it was possible to do so, and on the morning of the 29th, the party started on their way up the mountain.

men ardently desired to have the body buried there, and contended for it long and earnestly. They said that he had first made known the superior height of their glorious mountain and noted their fame almost throughout the Union; that he had died while contending for his right to which he then stood, and at the other spot, it would indeed have been an appropriate resting place for him, and it was wished for by the whole country, before its being told that his family wanted his remains brought down. They reluctantly yielded, and the Burialmen proceeded to bring the body slowly down to the valley of the Swainson. Before leaving the top, the writer took down the names of all present, and will ask you to publish them to the world, as men who have done honor to our common humanity by their generous and disinterested conduct on this melancholy occasion. I am no flatterer, Messrs. Editors, but I must confess that the labor which these mountain men expended, and the sacrifice so willingly and cheerfully made, is worthy of all praise and admiration. May God reward their kindness! I feel sure that the numerous kindred and pupils of the dear deceased, would rather read the list of the many names than the "ages names" of any congressional vote that has been recorded on many a day.

FROM YANCO.
Nathan B. Ray, J. M. Broyles, Joseph Shepherd, Washington Bruyles, Henry Wheeler, Thomas Wilson, James M. Ray, D. W. Barlow, G. B. Silvers, J. O. Griffin, E. Williams, A. D. Allen, A. L. Ray, Thomas D. Wilson, B. W. Austin, James H. Riddle, Dr. W. Grumley, G. D. Ray, Barton Austin, James Allen, Henry, Ray, T. L. Randolph, John McPeters, W. R. Creaman, S. J. Nancey, Samuel Ray, E. W. Brown, Ray, W. C. Bowman, J. W. Bailey, Thomas Silvers, Jr., Thomas Callaway, James Callaway, Henry Allen, J. L. Gibbs, Jesse Ray, James Housley, Robert Riddle, W. D. Williams, J. D. Young, William Rolen, G. W. Williams, John Rogers, James Allen, Jr., W. Ayres, J. E. Frenkel, R. A. Ruple, W. J. Housley, D. H. Silvers.

OF VOLCANIC THUNDER-CLOUDS.
The clouds of ashes, smoke, and vapor, which issue from volcanoes, exhibit the phenomena of thunder and lightning. All observers, ancient and modern, concur in their evidence on this question. *Pliny, the younger*, in his celebrated letters to Tacitus, speaks of the lightning that issued from the clouds in the eruption of Vesuvius, in the year 79 of the Christian era, in which his uncle, *Pliny the naturalist*, lost his life. *Della Torre* gives the same evidence respecting the eruption of 1182; and *Bracini* states that the column of smoke which issued from the same volcano in the eruption of 1631, and which spread in the atmosphere to a distance of forty leagues, was attended by lightning, which many persons and animals were killed. The lightning in all these accounts is described as being tortuous and serpentine. The same description is given by *Giovanni Valeta* of the appearance of the eruptions of 1708.

EDUCATIONAL MEETING.
A meeting of the citizens of Charlotte was held in the Court House on Saturday evening last for the purpose of considering the educational interests of the Town. W. R. Myers, Esq., was called to preside. After an explanation of the object of the meeting by the Chairman, Col. W. A. Williams made a statement in regard to the Female College building now in course of construction. It is expected that in about a month the building will be finished. Its cost has been, thus far, \$11,500, which has been paid, leaving about \$1,000 still in the Treasury. About \$2,500 more must be raised to complete the edifice and enclose it.

DEMOCRATIC ROW IN BALTIMORE.
Everywhere—almost in every State and in every neighborhood in the Union—the triumphant Democracy are at loggerheads, and fighting and scratching each other like so many dogs. In Baltimore a few evenings ago, there was a regular row among them. The *Sun* contains the annexed account of the doings of the Democratic City Convention, which met on Thursday night to select eleven delegates to the ensuing State Convention of the party for the nomination of a candidate for Governor:

ANGRY WORDS.
There is nothing that sounds so harsh, so grating, so discordant to the ear, as angry words. They thrill the nerves, pain the heart, awaken bitter emotions in the breast; they cause the eye to flash, the cheek to glow, and they bring a stinging reprimand to the tongue. Truly hath the wise man said, "Grievous words stir up anger." Could we only control our tempers, when irritated by the hasty language of others, and give the soft answers that turn away wrath, how many bitter feelings would we save ourselves and our friends. But we do not make one effort to subdue our angry passions, but yield to them at once, and cruel, reproachful words and abusive epithets pass our lips, of which, soon after, we bitterly repent. We are told that the heart is desperately wicked, prone to sin as the sparks fly upwards; and how true it is! we feel it every day and every hour. The most trifling circumstances, even a word, or look, or tone, are sufficient to fill the heart with anger, and the tongue, that unruly member, is ever ready to execute its promptings, and word follows word in quick succession, till we scarcely know what we are saying. The sounds of our own sharp tones excites us still more, and fans the flame, which already burns fiercely within our breasts. At length we are exhausted by our own violence, the fires of anger gradually expire, and we become cool and collected. In our hours of solitude, we reflect upon what has passed, and our brows flush with shame, as we recall our passionate words; we reproach ourselves bitterly, and wish that we could obliterate them; but we cannot; they have sunk deep into the hearts of our friends, and the memory of them rankles painfully in our own. Angry words—they pollute the lips; they estrange friends; they bring self-reproach to those who utter them, and sorrow to those to whom they are addressed. They let us guard our hearts against angry passions, and our lips against angry words. Let us keep constant and vigilant watch over our tongues, the wounds of which are sharper than a two-edged sword. Let us strive never to speak amiss, and a victory more glorious than that of a conqueror here will be ours.—*Evangelist.*

REVISION OF THE TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.—The Cuban business men want a telegraphic connection with the United States. The Government has conceded the right, and a proposition is now pending whereby the Magnetic Telegraph Company propose to furnish an independent line for all through Cuba. Business to this city and New York, Cuba will, doubtless, soon come in for the benefit of telegraphic connection with the continent.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*