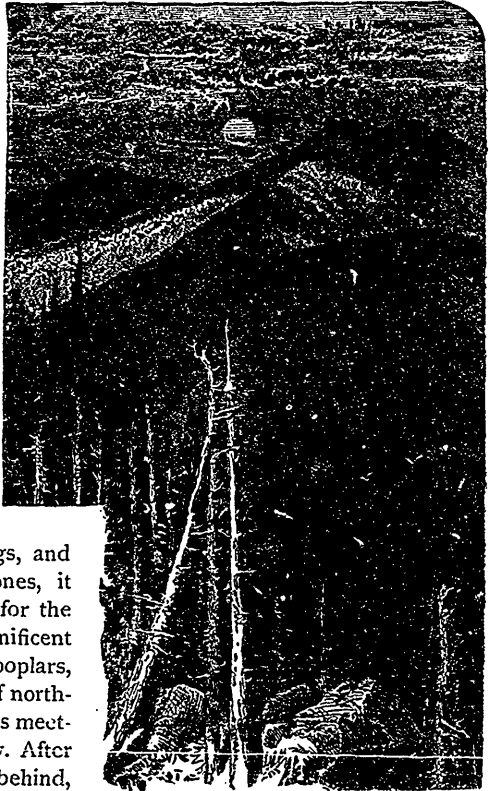


ness" are often round his lofty dome, as if it were too sacred for the common gaze of mankind. On its loftiest altitude lies buried the body of Prof. Elisha Mitchell, D.D., who first trod this lonely spot and measured its height. It is called Mount Mitchell in honour to his memory, and it has become at once his monument and his tomb.

That genial tourist, Charles Dudley Warner, thus describes, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, his ascent of this mountain:—

"From Wilson's to the peak of Mitchell is seven and a half miles; we made it in five and a half hours. A bridle path was cut years ago, but it has been entirely neglected. The way was exceedingly steep in places, and what with roots, and logs, and slippery rocks and stones, it was a desperate climb for the horses. What a magnificent forest! Oaks, chestnuts, poplars, hemlocks, and all sorts of northern and southern growths meeting here in splendid array. After the great trees were left behind, we entered a garden of white birches, and then a plateau of



MOUNT MITCHELL.

swamp, thick with raspberry bushes, and finally the ridges, densely crowded with the funereal black balsam. Half way up is a colossal tree, more like a column than a tree, rising high into the air, with scarcely a perceptible taper, perhaps sixty, more like a hundred, feet before it puts out a limb. Its girth six feet from the ground is thirty-two feet! It stood here, of course, a giant, when Columbus sailed from Spain.

"The struggle was more severe as we neared the summit, and the footing worse for the horses. Occasionally it was safest to dismount and lead them up slippery ascents; but this was also dangerous, for it was difficult to keep them from treading on our heels in their frantic flounderings in