

ists," pointing to two gayly-dressed ladies, in the latest Parisian costume.

I had seen, in the pale countenances of the whites in the pine-woods I had lately traveled through, the signs of much fever and ague prevalent in the hot season in Georgia, but at Macon we heard chiefly of consumptive patients, who have fled from the northern states in the hope of escaping the cold of winter. The frost, this year, has tried them severely in the south. Two days before I reached Macon, a young northern man had died in the hotel where my wife was staying, a melancholy event, as none of his friends or relatives were near him. Lucy, the chambermaid of the hotel, an intelligent bright mulatto, from Maryland, who expressed herself as well as any white woman, came to tell my wife that the other ladies of the house were to be present at the funeral, and invited her to attend. She found the two drawing-rooms thrown into one, and the coffin placed on a table between the folding doors, covered with a white cloth. There were twenty or thirty gentlemen on the one side, and nearly as many ladies and children on the other, none of them in mourning. The Episcopal clergyman who officiated, before reading the usual burial service, delivered a short and touching address, alluding to the stranger cut off in his youth, far from his kindred, and exhorting his hearers not to defer the hour of repentance to a death-bed, when their reason might be impaired or taken from them. After the prayers, six of the gentlemen came forward to carry the coffin down stairs, to put it into a small hearse drawn by a single horse, and three carriages followed with as many as they could hold, to the cemetery of Rose Hill. This burial-ground is in a beautiful situation on a wooded hill, near the banks of the Ocmulgee and overlooking the Falls.

These falls, like so many of those on the rivers east of the Alleghanies, are situated on the line of junction of the granitic and tertiary regions.* The same junction may also be seen at the bridge over the Ocmulgee, at Macon, the red loam of the tertiary formation resting there on mica schist. At the distance of one mile southeast of the town, a railway cutting has exposed a series

* See "Travels in N. America," vol. i. p. 132.