

was no small advantage. When I got to Macon, my attention was forcibly called to the newness of things, by my friend's pointing out to me the ground where there had been a bloody fight with the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and I was told how many Indians had been slaughtered there, and how the present clerk of the Circuit Court was the last survivor of those who had won the battle. The memory of General Jackson is quite idolized here. It was enough for him to give public notice in the papers that he should have great pleasure in meeting his friends at a given point on a given day, and there was sure to be a muster of several hundred settlers, armed with rifles, and prepared for a desperate fight with 5000 or 7000 Indians.

At Macon I was fortunate enough to meet with Mr. William Pickett, a friend of Mr. Blount's, who, after returning from the wars in Texas, had most actively aided Mr. Koch in digging up the skeleton of the fossil whale, or zeuglodon, near Clarkesville. As I was anxious to know the true position of that remarkable fossil, and to ascertain how much of it had been obtained in a single locality, I gladly accepted Mr. Pickett's offer, to act as guide in this excursion. On repairing to the stable for the horse destined to draw our vehicle, we were met with a singular piece of intelligence. The stable-boy who had groomed it in the morning was "up for sale." Without his assistance we could not start, for this boy had the key of the harness-room. So I determined to go to the auction, where I found that a sale of land and negroes was going on, in consequence of the state having foreclosed one of those mortgages, before alluded to, on which public money borrowed from European capitalists had been lent by the state, for agricultural improvements. I first saw an old man sold for 150 dollars; then a boy, seventeen years old, knocked down for 535 dollars, on which a bystander remarked to me, "They are selling well to-day." Next came on the young man in whose immediate release I was more especially interested. He stepped forward, hat in hand, with an easy, natural air, seeming to be very indifferent to the scene around him, while the auctioneer began to describe him as a fine griff (which means three parts black), twenty-four years old, and having many su-