

ciative posterity; or perhaps say something to some giddy worldling, temporarily appearing there outside his chosen *milieu*, which would cause him (the worldling) to abruptly shut up, and afterwards come meekly back and shake hands with the sarcastic but very upright old doctor, and say that the rebuke had done him a power of good, upon which the doctor would say considerably more to the same purpose.

All this, and much more beside, I had accepted as a matter of course, without being tempted in the least to nail up my shingle in Bœotia, and also without having, when all was said, the remotest notion of what the real compensations of a country practice actually consisted. Indeed, I should not be prepared to speak with any authority of these compensations now, had not the fervent desire of my friend Pillory to get away from the country coincided so closely with my own to get away from the city. I do not mind even confessing what city it was. It was Washington. But Doctor Pillory was all for excitement at that time, and I was all for tranquillity. So he took an army surgeoncy and went to the Philippines, and I took some work I had and went to Seminole. He sent back his photograph from San Francisco taken in uniform, and that, no doubt, was the beginning of the excitement. The beginning of the tranquillity, which was to be my portion, may not unfittingly improve the present hour.

Having dressed up so as to look like an earnest, plain man, but without going to the unnecessary expense of a photograph, I packed together a few knives, a stomach pump and a pair of Simpson's forceps and said farewell to my friends who came down to see me off at the Chesapeake and Ohio station. Now, the way to get to Seminole after you leave the train is to take the little steamer *Louisa*, which is the only thing that ever goes there now: for it doesn't pay, they say, to run the stage any more. The *Louisa* is also the mail boat, and has a sort of monopoly, so that the captain appears to be quite indifferent to the passengers. His knowledge of navigation is not extensive. After having been dropped by the train at four in the morning near the lonely wharf, together with a sewing machine and a few barrels of flour, I had waited for some hours with considerable interest for the coming of the *Louisa*, and was therefore much relieved when I saw her make her appearance at last around the point. This little vessel is run by two men: a large, oily man who does things about the engine, and lets off steam and things like that; and the captain, who bellows orders to the passengers on the wharf. The mooring of the *Louisa* is the duty of the passengers, and they are supposed to attend to this without any pecuniary return. If there are no passengers I don't think she moors.

On this occasion the *Louisa* did not describe a scientific curve