

after the approved manner of steamboats and gently run alongside the dock, but approached it straight and came up with an awful bump, stem on, which upset the sewing machine. At this she recoiled, and floated in an apparently dazed condition for a few moments a little distance off. The captain's dædal hand was upon the wheel, however, and presently she began to describe a number of crafty loops, and then came up with another bang against the wharf. As she bounced off the second time Simpson (the captain) noticed me and told me parenthetically to go to h—. That is what I mean when I say that he is not conciliatory with the passengers. After some further delay the *Louisa* had got in such a position that her poop was helplessly facing the wharf, and, having counselled with himself like *Palinurus*, the captain came to the conclusion that an unusual naval manœuvre was called for, and she was accordingly propelled backwards towards the wharf, coming this time very slowly. The effect was very similar to a lady's entering a room backwards, and unexpectedly coming up to greet one in that reversed position. When the *Louisa* was near I stirred myself with alacrity and fastened the mooring hawser, and so was able, after a good deal of bumping and knocking, to get aboard through a little trap-door over the screw. The sewing machine and the barrels were also brought in by this opening, the captain attending sulkily to these matters himself, as I showed no further disposition to make myself accommodating the moment I got a foothold on board. When we arrived at *Seminole*, which was fifteen miles away, and which occupied the rest of the day, the captain simply and uneventfully ran the *Louisa* into a narrow slip which was originally a part of a saw mill, and there jammed her fast. Simpson's field of usefulness was formerly confined wholly to this saw mill. I have since learned that the recent responsibility of running a steamboat has tended to sour an otherwise amiable disposition. There is also considerable tension, I am led to infer, between Simpson and the engineer. The latter speaks with considerable disrespect of the chief's attainments in navigation. In private Simpson claims, I regret to say, to be an atheist.

Pillory's office, for which I was destined, was over the drug-store across the way from the *Ocean Hotel* and *Beasley's stables*. My coming, I found, was not unexpected, and a couple of days before there had been a paragraph in the *Weekly Vociferator* stating that Doctor Pillory's practice would be regularly carried on during his absence by me, and that I was a phrenologist of considerable skill and would practise that specialty in addition to the forms of regular medical procedure. Also that I hailed from the good old State of Virginia (the Old Dominion), and that I was an enthusiastic "Modern Woodman of the World."