

tice. We would say to the great city, in the benedictory spirit of the patriot of Venice,—*esto perpetua!* Notwithstanding thy manifold “honest knaveries,” peace be within thy walls, and plenty pervade thy palaces, that thou mayest ever approve thyself, oh queen of capitals,

“ Like Samson’s riddle in the sacred song,
A springing sweet still flowing from the strong!”

SNORERS.

WE are one of that extensive class of human creatures who enjoy a fair night’s rest. The day emphatically belongs to earth. We yield it without any reluctance to care and labour. We toil, we drudge, we pant, we play the hack horse; we do things smilingly from which in secret we recoil, we pass by sweet spots and rare faces, that our very heart yearns for, without betraying the effort it costs; and thus we drag through the twelve long hours, disgusted almost, but gladdened withal, that the mask will have an end, and the tedious game be over, and our visor and our weapons be laid aside.—But the night is the gift of heaven. It brings freedom and repose; its influence falls coolly and gratefully upon the mind as well as the body, and as we drop the extinguisher, upon the round untouched pillow we at the same time put out a world of cares and perplexities. What then, must be our disappointment to find ourselves full at length, side by side, with a professed, regular bred, fullblooded snorer, when the spell of sleep is in every few moments forming on us; and then broken by the anomalous, incongruous nasal vociferations against which at this particular moment, we are endeavouring to excite the indignation of the reader?

It is one of the advantages of authorship, however, that even evils, by yielding prolific subjects for the pen, may be made a source of amusement and profit. We experienced this the other night when returning from a day’s absence, the traveller’s vicissitudes sent us to sleep on board a steamboat, plying between this city and Albany.—Fancy us, good reader, you know, (or, we have been hand and glove with you for so long a time, you ought to know,) our sly *penchant* for comfort—our harmless piece of epicureanism on a small scale—our enjoyment of a shady, still corner—our horror of being pushed and thrust about “any how.”—We have even, on occasions, betrayed too many of our secret tastes and antipathies, and have been rated sometimes by anonymous correspondents, (those familiar, invisible gentry) for preferring a slant sunbeam through a heavy curtain to one that comes in like other beams. Imagine us then, in a “night boat,” which even the captain confessed was “slow;” the wind and tide against us, a hot night, numerous passengers, the engine heaving and working laboriously, with a regular and heavy impulse, that jarred through the massive vessel with jerks and shocks like little earth-quakes, and the subtle languor of slumber stealing through our limbs, and